

THE FOSSIL

Official Publication of The Fossils, Inc., Historians of Amateur Journalism
Volume 103, Number 2, Whole Number 332, Glenview, Illinois, April 2007

A LETTER FROM UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN-MADISON SPECIAL COLLECTIONS DEPARTMENT

Robin E. Rider, Curator

December 18, 2006

Dear friends and supporters of the Library of Amateur Journalism:

On behalf of the Department of Special Collections and the General Library System, I want to extend thanks for the following additions to the Library of Amateur Journalism:

American Amateur Press Association, 19 packets;
Bay Stater, 1 packet;
Edwin Hadley Smith Collection, 5 bound volumes;
H.L. Lawson Amateur Publications, 1 bound volume;
National Amateur Press Association, 38 packets;
The Fossil, 14 issues;
The National Amateur, 11 issues
United Amateur Press Association of America, 30 packets;
LAJ-related miscellaneous, 6 items.

We are most grateful to all of you for sending these materials to us.

Ms. Rider sent copies of this letter to the editor, Mike Horvat, Stan Oliner, Guy Miller, Hugh Singleton, Charles Hoye, and UAPAA. The editor has kept LAJ up-to-date with AAPA and NAPA mailings (including The National Amateur) through the end of 2006 and intends to continue to do so in the future. UAPAA independently supplied LAJ with its mailings through their recent suspension. Guy Miller has supplied copies of The Fossil while the bound volumes of the Edwin Hadley Smith Collection and the bound volume of Horace L. Lawson's amateur publications came from Stan Oliner, who acquired them as part of a group of amateur material offered by the Book Bin in Salem, Oregon.

As Chair of the LAJ Committee, the editor was pleased to receive this acknowledgement from UW-

Madison Special Collections. It was received just a little too late for inclusion in the January 2007 issue of The Fossil.

The fact that UW-Madison has accepted and acknowledged additions to keep LAJ up-to-date should help to increase our confidence that LAJ has found its permanent home there, where it will join the Ralph A. L. Breed collection of British amateur journals and the Dr. Marvin Sukov collection of "little magazines."

The editor intends to keep our members advised of any further updates relating to LAJ from UW-Madison Special Collections.

EYES FRONT PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Guy Miller

Spring is here with much to look forward to. First, of course, are the upcoming conventions of AAPA and NAPA. NAPA Host Fossil Gary Bossler, now apparently fully recovered from his recent heart problem which laid him up for a few weeks, is once again his usual optimistic self and has announced that the group's 132nd convention will be held on July 5, 6, 7, at the Hampton Inn in Massillon, Ohio. A group of us met at the hotel on February 24 to lay initial plans for the event. Gary is striving to publish a book reflecting on our past three decades as well as our visions of the future. So far he has invited Fossils Ken Faig, Louise Lincoln, Tom Whitbread, and me to contribute to it.

The one disheartening aspect of the project comes with news of the death of Fossil Don Brady who was planning to bind the volume for Gary. Don, a Fossil since 1985 and a bookbinder by trade, was active in both AAPA and NAPA. He was happy to put his binding skills to work for his fellow ajays and had done many tasks for the Library of Amateur Journalism without charge. Other evidences of his handiwork are seen in publications such as Harold Segal's hallmark of work for NAPA, *The First Hundred Years*. Sadly, shortly after accepting this latest assignment from Gary, Don discovered that he had only a limited time to live and had hoped to find a suitable home for his supplies and equipment which included his miniature bookbinding

paraphernalia. His several miniature volumes in my possession occupy a special corner of my amateur library.

Meanwhile, AAPA's Convention is still in the planning stage. Fossil booster (and a former Fossil, I might add) Ivan Snyder of Portland, Oregon, will be hosting the affair; so, we can be certain that we will be in for a fine get together. Dates and exact location have not been fixed at this writing; but we can assume that the meeting will be held sometime in August.

On the Fossil front, I am sending Fossil Stan Oliner, chairman of the Gold Composing Stick Award Committee (other members: Les Boyer and Tom Parson), two three-inch type sticks for the committee's use; and Stan and his committee plan to make an award this year, 2007. The Gold Composing Stick Award consists of a gold-plated stick mounted on a plaque carrying a suitable inscription and has been given but 10 times since its inception in 1953. The first recipient was Edward H. Cole. The latest was Victor Moitoret who received his Stick at the Fossil's 100-year anniversary luncheon at NAPA's 2004 convention in Lexington KY. The Stick is a hobby-wide award and highly recognized throughout our beloved world of amateur journalism. Ralph Babcock had his Stick interred with his remains, and Helen Wesson's Stick (which she carried with her to the various conventions she attended) is now preserved among her daughter Pamela's treasured items.

As highly recognized is the Russell L. Paxton Memorial Award for Service to Amateur Journalism. This award, first presented to Russell Paxton in 1986, has since thus far been passed on in the form of individual plaques to 17 ajays representing all the major ajay groups: AAPA, NAPA, UAP, UAPAA. Not a Fossil award as such, originator Fossil John Horn has asked the Fossils to handle the administrative details of the presentation for him, a task which we have felt privileged to take on. At present, Vice President Lee Hawes, chairman of the committee, and I are in the process of selecting the 2006 recipient. Last year in New Orleans NAPA President Troy McQueen with the assistance of NAPA Secretary-treasurer Bill Boys made the presentation on our behalf to Fossil Gary Bossler, former secretary-treasurer and past President of The Fossils as well as past president of NAPA, several times its Official Editor, and host or co-host of soon to be five (or is it six?) AAPA and NAPA conventions. Needless to say we honor Fossil Horn for underwriting this award and for putting his faith in The Fossils to properly follow his stipulations for eligibility of the recipients.

One other award, known as the Past Presidents Award is strictly reserved for a Fossil member who is recognized for accomplishments reflecting the finest

traditions of The Fossils. Responsibility for the administration of this award rests with the president. Recipients thus far have been John Horn, Kenneth Faig, Jr., Martha Shivvers, and Martin "Mike" Horvat. The president plans no award for 2006.

In other news, we are happy to tell you that our treasury now has a healthy balance of \$5,654.55. But, however heartening this announcement may be, we are especially delighted to recognize the affiliation of our two fresh 2006 Fossils Robert Lichtman of Oakland CA and Danny L. McDaniel of Lafayette IN, plus our 2007 member Fossil Sean McLachlan currently residing in Madrid, Spain. May your association with this venerable organization prove fruitful.

ACRONYMICALLY SPEAKING

Marion Fields Wyllie

Dear DD; Bad news from Colingwood! I was with
J when he drove
To the A&P and collided with a BMW. I'm OK,
but J was KO'd. An
Officer from the S.A. gave him CPR, and then
drove us in her SUV to
The G&M hospital. I waited in the ER for J to
come from the OR, but
An MD came and said J was DOA.

Poor fellow! He had been run in several times for
DUI; and once he
Nearly bought it when he OD'd on LSD. I'm
writing as I sit here outside
The old GTR station, now a museum. A friend
who works here will fax this
Letter to you PDQ. Please let CC know ASAP.
RSVP. CU. V.V.
PS. Wonder if I can have his PC? V.V.

A PSALM

Martha E. Shivvers

Grant mercy to us, O Lord
that we will feel
cleansing in the heart;
renewal of the right spirits,
forgiveness of fellow men.

Teach us to love others, O Lord;
may we not think more
highly of ourselves than

we ought;

May Your teachings awaken
righteousness within
us, bringing PEACE.
Selah.

JAMES J. O'CONNELL

(The editor thanks Marilyn Wurzbarger of ASU Library Special Collections in Tempe for a photocopy of this typescript. The typescript was prepared by Edwin B. Hill and has appended the following notes written by Hill: "The title of this paper is 'Biographies of Amateurs,' and this is No. VIII. This biography of James J. O'Connell, sent me by his daughter, is copied from a page-proof in Leslie's Young American. This is not dated,—is on page 559,—and probably dates about 1882, as that is the year of the National convention in Detroit, mention of which is made in another column on this page. When the paper appeared the convention had not been held.")

Although not claiming lineal descent from any great man, Mr. O'Connell is proud of being begotten of the proverbial "poor but honest parents." Mr. O'Connell was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., March 25th, 1861, and is consequently now in his twenty-second year. Having something of the cosmopolitan in his complexion, he emigrated to Nova Scotia at an early age, and resided in Halifax up to 1876, having in the meanwhile taken two trips to England, when he returned to the United States. After spending a few months visiting the principal Eastern cities, the feeling which attracts every man to the land of his birth, directed his footsteps toward Brooklyn, which then became his permanent home.

About 1873, while residing in Halifax, he became acquainted with the editors of two amateur papers, the *Bedford Mirror* and *Tablet*. The novelty of printing took such possession of him, that he established a small office, which was prospering fairly when he resolved to settle in the United States. In 1877, having then much better facilities for printing, he published a small eight-page paper called the *Fire-fly*, which was subsequently enlarged and changed to the *Phoenix*. The latter paper immediately took a prominent place among its contemporaries, and for three years was one of the leading papers of Brooklyn. When the *Phoenix* suspended, rather than sever all connections with amateur journalism, Mr. O'Connell devoted his leisure to writing for the press, and in the early part of 1881 accepted the editorship of a literary department in *Our City Boys*. As an editor Mr. O'Connell displayed a spirit of independence bordering on to obstinacy, and his

outspoken remarks made him many enemies and involved him in numerous newspaper quarrels. Being diametrically opposed to all that is low and depraved, he severely criticised the vulgarity of several papers. This was the signal for opening the sluices of scurrility. Papers all over the country began to abuse him, old enemies took advantage of the opportunity to attack him anonymously. Instead of retiring, however, he devoted himself more assiduously to his duties, and silenced his most bitter opponents. His pertinacity discouraged his antagonists so much, that many of them are now among his foremost admirers. His claims as an author have been acknowledged, and he has taken his place with the *literati* of amateurdom. He has contributed over one hundred articles to the amateur press, and has written for the *Danbury News*, *Waverly Magazine*, and other professional papers.

Mr. O'Connell is a careful and conscientious writer. His ability is testified to by the fact that he won the prize offered by the N.S.A.P.A. for the best sketch and also carried off the first prizes in the contest inaugurated by the *Golden Moments* and *Hornet*.

Mr. O'Connell is at present a printer by occupation, and has done the mechanical work on over three hundred different amateur papers. He is five feet, seven inches in height, slightly built, with chestnut hair and blue eyes. Mr. O'Connell is an ardent worshipper of the Muses; and has just entered a didactic poem on "Mammon" for the Laureateship. In childhood he evinced a great liking for drawing and painting, having executed some twenty oil paintings, one of which, finished in his twelfth year, was on exhibition at the Centennial. Being a confirmed student, he leads a very sedentary life, making few intimate acquaintances, though his friendship with Gleason and Buckley is almost proverbial.

(The only NAPA laureate shown for O'Connell in the list in Spencer's History is in 1882 for history for "Amateur Journalists" in Our City Boys. O'Connell printed at least two amateur books, Clarence Eastman Stone's Poems and Sketches (1883) and his own Stanzas and Sketches (1883). Later, O'Connell was one of the leading players in the establishment of the Literary Lyceum of America (1886-87), earning the enmity of NAPA loyalists like Louis Kempner. His friend Edwin B. Hill incorporated much of the information from the 1882 sketch in Leslie's Young American into his own account of O'Connell, reprinted below.)

THE FORGOTTEN LEADER

Edwin B. Hill

(Reprinted from Hyman Bradofsky's *The Californian* [Vol. VI No. 1] for Summer 1938.)

The literature of amateur journalism—the cultural element—is under lasting obligation to one man who was pioneer in genuine criticism. With his retirement, our little world lapsed into dire philistinism. Later, the renaissance,—and then, old lessons were re-learned and new life was instilled. The Golden Age redivivus!

I write of this one man of that age whose name has high place in the memory of those of another and long-past day. He was a critic and a writer of wondrous prose, and verse of lasting merit.

James J. O'Connell was born in Brooklyn, New York, March 15, 1861. At any early age his parents removed to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where they resided until 1876. Two trips to England were followed by a return to his birthplace, which became his home for many years. In childhood, O'Connell was an ardent artist. He drew and painted, and a painting, executed in his twelfth year, was exhibited at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876.

In 1873, while living in Halifax, O'Connell made the acquaintance of the editor of *The Bedford Mirror* and also that of *The Tablet*—amateur papers now wholly forgotten. The establishment of a small print-shop followed naturally, and it is said to have prospered fairly. But the call of the old home was heeded, and when he returned to Brooklyn, O'Connell established a greatly augmented print-shop at his home, 476 Lafayette avenue. In 1877, he published a small eight-page paper, *The Fire-Fly*. This was subsequently enlarged, and the name was changed to *The Phoenix*. The paper at once became prominent among its contemporaries, and for three years was one of the leading amateur papers of Brooklyn. After suspension of *The Phoenix*, O'Connell devoted his scant leisure to study and writing for the amateur press. His work was memorable for ripe scholarship and acute critical taste and expression.

Early in 1881, O'Connell was editor of the literary department in *Our City Boys*. Always out-spoken and unsparingly critical, he made many enemies among the philistines of the amateur press, while the few discerning litterateurs hailed him as the saviour of the little world of letters.

As a printer of amateur papers and magazines over a series of years, O'Connell's work entitles him to rank first in the annals of amateur journalism. His output was finished, and the work from his office was distinctive for

both accuracy and artistic excellence. More than three hundred issues of different papers were printed at O'Connell's press up to 1882, and his activities beyond that year until 1887 saw many other papers added to the output.

O'Connell's print-shop at 476 Lafayette avenue became the headquarters for the lovers of literature in that section. Here o'nights came Gleason and Buckley and Andrews and others who loved amateur journalism and strove to make it a school for young writers who aspired to accomplish something worthwhile in their chosen field.

It was here the so-called "Reform Movement" came into being. The plans formulated resulted in the Literary Lyceum of America. The battle however failed after a year of varied accomplishment owing to lack of magazine and paper support. The results of the campaign proved a glorious victory for amateur literature. It was the Golden Age,—poems, essays, and sketches of high merit were printed in amateur magazines of sixteen to twenty-four pages, monthly and quarterly.

The interest of the reformers never lessened, and their work continued. But they were few, and the philistines were numerous. The reformers finally gave up the futile struggle. However, the example was not wholly lost. Those who were bitterest in denunciation adapted themselves to the new regime, the tone of the papers was greatly improved, and for several years the amateur press took high place in the estimation of the thoughtful public who knew it for the ideals it clung to so steadfastly.

O'Connell, Gleason, Buckley, Edkins, Emery, Antisdel, and others now forgotten were all for the literature of amateur journalism and for the Lyceum. Shelp, Stephens, Miller and Spencer, leaders and writers of ability, held aloof and never allied themselves with the reformers. They remained faithful to the National when the Lyceum members withdrew.

The Days of Gold passed, and dross succeeded dross. Then came the upward turn once more, and hope was reborn.

Charles N. Andrews, a life-long friend of O'Connell, in an appreciative paper said: "To his deep convictions that amateurism was something more than a mere school for the study of Cushing and politics may be traced the period of literary renaissance that his famous reform theories augmented and made possible."

Brainerd P. Emery, editor of *The Sentinel* and of *Athenia* (both printed by O'Connell) paid fine tribute to his friend as poet, essayist, critic, in a paper entitled "The Reform Movement." O'Connell had no patience with that element in amateur journalism which was given to the petty political battles,—to the crude personal journalese so prevalent in the dark ages of amateur journalism.

To O'Connell is credited the first real book issued by an amateur,—“Stanzas and Sketches,”—consisting of papers and poems contributed to the amateur press by the author-printer. This book was followed by another in the same year—1883—“Poems and Sketches,” by Clarence Eastman Stone. While the first-named book was of intrinsic merit, the volume by Stone was wholly a commercial output of the O'Connell press, and of little literary value except possibly in the eyes of the author. O'Connell's “Stanzas and Sketches” was a fine publication. The type was set and the press-work done by the author after hours devoted to labor commercially.

In 1887, O'Connell sold his printing outfit and thereafter devoted his time to writing, as free lance on the professional press. *Puck*, *Judge*, *Vanity Fair*, and other periodicals of the day printed many of his verses and skits. He also wrote for the New York *Evening Sun*.

O'Connell never mingled with the throng. In the early days his closest friends were James R. Gleason, William F. Buckley, and Charles N. Andrews. My friendship began in 1884, and ended only with O'Connell's death [February 10, 1934—ed.]. We corresponded intermittently. When I was in Arizona, 1908-1918, O'Connell sent me a bundle of amateur papers which he had printed. I returned them, and in a letter jokingly suggested that they be willed to me. After O'Connell's death, among his effects his daughter found the bundle, carefully wrapped and doubly addressed to me, with the added instructions: “Do not destroy. Valuable for data.” The package came,—a legacy from a man for whose ability I have greatest admiration, and whose friendship was very dear to me.

GRACIA SMITH WOFFENDEN MEMOIR

Fred Metcalf, Jennie M. Day and George Edgar Frye
(Reprinted from *The New England Amateur* (vol. XI no. II) for December 1889.)

In October, 1888, our beloved friend and co-worker in amateur journalism, after a lingering illness of some two years duration, passed calmly, trustingly on to join her young husband in that land where sorrows never come and trouble is no more.

Gracia A. Smith was born in September, 1865, in Springfield, Mass., where her early years were passed. Her father lost his life in a boiler explosion while she was yet a little girl. An only child, too delicate to join in the rough sports of other children, she was thrown into close companionship with her mother, whose strong, cheery nature and clear insight contributed much to the development of her character.

She attended the Providence, R.I. high school, from which she graduated in 1883, and after spending a year at the old family farm near Wilbraham, recruiting her strength, she taught school successfully for two years in Springfield. In October, 1886, she was married to Mr. Herbert Woffenden of that city.

On her wedding trip she caught a severe cold which settled in her lungs, and in spite of all efforts developed into old-fashioned consumption. She passed the summer of 1887 with her husband in the Adirondacks, but on her return was forced to take to her bed. Late in the fall Mr. Woffenden was attacked by malignant consumption, which carried him away in a few months.

Mrs. Woffenden lingered on, awaiting death with a gentle patience touching in its pathos, and a kindly interest in the world about her, scarcely less strong that she was so soon to leave it. One seemed to see in her in those last months, the cheerfulness of the reviving convalescent rather than those deeper wells of sorrow that marked her swift pursuit of the one she held so dear. Thus she in turn passed away, “quietly, peacefully, as a tired child falls asleep.”

Mrs. Woffenden's work in the amateur press showed her bright, earnest, enthusiastic nature. She believed in it thoroughly, and gave to it her most devoted efforts in the years from 1882 to her illness in the fall of 1886. As editor of the *Glance*, *Dart*, *Quartette* and *N.E. Official*, her life in the 'dom was one of unremitting editorial activity. She held various offices in the New England, Massachusetts, and National associations, and was a frequent and ever welcome attendant at amateur gatherings.

In accordance with a joint resolution of the New England and Massachusetts Amateur Press Associations, the following resolutions are adopted and ordered published in the official organs and extended upon the minutes of the two associations:

Resolved:—That in the death of Gracia Smith Woffenden, we mourn the loss of one of our dearest friends and a most earnest and devoted adherent of Amateur Journalism. Her kindly humor and strong resolution, coupled with exceptional abilities and many accomplishments, have long served us an example, and their memory remains to us as an inspiration. Though filled with grief at her untimely loss, we realize how much she has been to us in life, and we thank God it has been our privilege to know and love her.

Resolved:—That we extend to the bereaved mother our most heartfelt sympathy in the loss of one who was not less tender and dutiful as a daughter than she was admirable as a woman. Though the home is desolate, she at least has the comfort of knowing that her early training bore good fruit in the development of an active,

well-balanced mind, and a firm upright but gentle, lovable character. The great, busy world is better that she has lived in it.

Fred Metcalfe,)

Jennie M. Day,) Committee.

George Edgar Frye,)

Signed for the N.E.A.P.A.

Gracia A. Smith (later Mrs. Herbert Woffenden) was one of the young women who were the first to attend a NAPA convention in Boston, Massachusetts in July 1885. The editor's article on them appeared in The Fossil (vol. 99 no. 5, whole no. 317) for July 2003 under the title "The Girls of Eighty-Five." The foregoing reprint provides more biographical information about Gracia (Smith) Woffenden. Edith Minitier first met Gracia Smith at NEAPA's Gardner, Massachusetts convention in 1883. In "A Rearward Glance" (Going Home, p. 678), Mrs. Minitier wrote of Smith: "Gracia Smith, big and earnest, with large eyes and the most magnificent head of hair I ever saw, was a faithful worker and an industrious, but not a brilliant writer. She lived in Springfield, and spent her summers in North Wilbraham, the little town where I also "summered." Her stopping place was miles away from mine, I used often to go down the road a bit and gaze at a big red barn—oh, miles and miles away, gleaming on a hill top, and think that there she was, perhaps at that minute reading the very same amateur paper that the morning mail had brought me. Infrequently we met, most romantically, in a glen by the river, nearer my home than hers, but a long way from either. And how our tongues would run on politics, laureateships, and "the Metcalf boys." Alas, her fate was a sad one. She was married in the fall of 1887 [actually 1886—ed.], caught cold on her wedding trip, developed consumption, and sank rapidly. Her young husband, named Woffenden, whom she eagerly asserted she "met through amateur journalism," because he was employed in the Springfield post office, and made her acquaintance through selling her stamps to put on amateur papers, soon fell ill of the same disease, and was sent South in search of health. He was caught in the famous blizzard of March, '88, and died. She survived him a brief while, taking a pathetic interest in A.J. to the end, her last written words being letters planning to get out a paper and be once more active in her loved pursuit."

AN UNCHARITABLE RECOLLECTION

I was going to tell about the time that Everett [E. Everett Evans] and I went bookhunting and he erased the price of a book, marking it down from \$2.15 to \$1.15, but if I did people might think that he does not follow the teachings of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, in whom he believes, so I

won't mention it. Since I was the only witness, and I have resolved to keep my mouth shut about it, this matter rests between Everett and his God.

(Extracted from F. Towner Laney's memoir Ah! Sweet Idiocy! [FAPA, 1948])

THE DISADVANTAGES OF THE HUB CLUB

Jennie E. T. Dowe

(Reprinted from The Hub Club Quill (vol. 2 no. 3) for March 1904.)

There are long trips in the trolley,
When you want to be in bed;
And there is indigestion
With the goodies that are fed;
But the worst of all the Hub Club—
If you eat, or ride, or walk—
Is when you want to talk yourself,
They'll talk, talk, talk.

And there's the "Rambling Bramblers"—
Oh the shoes I have worn out,
And the places I have been to,
That I didn't care about;
But the worst of all the Hub Club—
If you sigh, or cry, or walk—
Is when you want to talk yourself,
They'll talk, talk, talk.

And if you're of the "Boston Gang,"
New York—alack! ah—well!
Will hate you with a great big, "H,"
And with a little "I;"
But the worst of all the Hub Club—
If you love, or hate, or walk—
Is when you want to talk yourself,
They'll talk, talk, talk.

Then there are cranky creatures,
That in the club will stray;
Sometimes their name begins with Z,
And sometimes with an A;
But the worst of all the Hub Club—
Than with cranks to ride or walk—
Is when you want to talk yourself,
They'll talk, talk, talk.

Oh the days and nights I've labored
But labored all in vain,
To get a word in edgewise,
Is a theme of poignant pain;
Yes, the worst of all the Hub Club—
Though you run, or ride, or walk—
Is when you want to talk yourself,
They'll talk, talk, talk.

THE END OF THE N.E.A.P.A.

Nelson G. Morton

(Reprinted from The Hub Club Quill (vol. 2 no. 3), March 1904.)

Twenty-one years ago, on January 3, 1883, a band of enthusiastic amateur journalists met in Boston and organized the New England Amateur Press Association. On January 31, 1904, a number of equally active amateurs assembled in the same city and formally terminated the existence of this association. Rising from the ruins of the New England Amateur Journalists' Association, which had flourished for several years, the N.E.A.P.A. quickly became the largest and most active amateur press association of its class ever known. Now that it is disbanded, it lives in history as having had the longest and most famous career of any sectional amateur press association. From its ranks have come scores of the leading amateurs; its editors have issued many of the most notable papers ever published; its authors have always been in the front rank; in the management of association affairs it has been foremost, having furnished the National Amateur Press Association with a large proportion of its officers, including four presidents. Until the last few years, nearly all New England amateurs joined the N.E.A.P.A. first, then the N.A.P.A.

Of late years, however, the association had dwindled in numbers, and its annual conventions had been slimly attended. It has become evident that the day of sectional amateur press associations is past. Accordingly, loth as the remaining members were to see the old N.E.A.P.A. die, they decided that it was better to end it formally than to let it drag out a weak and useless existence and finally sink into oblivion.

In celebration of the remarkable history of the N.E.A.P.A., a final dinner was held at Hotel Cecil, Boston, on Sunday evening, January 31st. The following were present: Mrs. J. E. T. Dowe, Mrs. Edith Minitier, Mrs. Laurie A. Sawyer, Miss L. M. Morris, Miss Ethel M. Johnston, Messrs. Albert F. Raymond, Walter H. Thorpe, John L. Peltret, Charles A. A. Parker, Frank S. Morton, Theodore Khayat, W. B. Russell, and Nelson G. Morton. The menus, printed and donated by John L. Peltret, were in the form of dainty little scrolls, tied with narrow blue ribbon which was fastened to the paper with little gold seals. On the outside of the scroll were the words:

“1883-1904. Menu and responses of the dinner in honor of the New England Amateur Press Association, Hotel Cecil, Boston, January Thirty-first, Nineteen Hundred and Four.”

The menu was as follows: Bluepoints, Olives, Radishes, Salted Almonds, Mock Turtle, Consomme, Filet of Sole Tartar Sauce, Potato Julienne, Tenderloin of Beef with Mushrooms, Potato Delmonico, June Peas, Banana Fritters au Rhuen, Chick Cutlets Macedoine, Ices, Fancy Cakes, Roquefort, Toasted Crackers, Coffee.

The list of responses was thus printed:

Mrs. Edith Minitier, Presiding. John Leary Peltret, Our Writers, Nelson Glazier Morton, The N.A.P.A., Charles A. A. Parker, The Interstate, Albert F. Raymond, The Hub Club, The Ladies Speak for Themselves, Mrs. J. E. T. Dowe, Our Boys, Messages Interpreted by Miss Ethel May Johnston, Mrs. L. A. Sawyer, Old Friends, Walter H. Thorpe, Our Ex-Presidents, Frank S. Morton, The Future.

Mr. Peltret unfortunately was obliged to leave before the speaking began. owing to an urgent engagement, and an indisposition prevented Mr. Parker from saying more than a few words. Otherwise the responses were as printed.

Mrs. Minitier, from her inexhaustible store of reminiscences of the New England, supplied most admirably fitting sentiments for each toast, and introduced the speakers in an interesting manner. The writer spoke particularly of the part New England amateurs have played in the N.A.P.A., and concluded by expressing a firm belief that the National would emerge stronger and better than ever from the present inactivity and somewhat chaotic state of affairs. Mr. Raymond and Mrs. Dowe both responded in verse, and most pleasingly. Miss Johnston and Mrs. Sawyer read messages from former N.E.A.P.A. presidents and members, which were listened to with great interest. Among those who were thus represented were Mrs. Harriet Caryl Cox Dennis, Miss Susan B. Robbins, Mrs. Capitola Harrison Spencer, Truman J. Spencer, Hon. Howard K. Sanderson, Charles E. Wilson, and Willard O. Wylie. Their letters were full of affection for the N.E.A.P.A., gratitude for the lessons learned in it, and regret that it must die. Mr. Thorpe alluded humorously to conditions during his term as president of the N.E.A.P.A., and told of his gradual growth of interest in amateur journalism. Frank S. Morton spoke hopefully of the future and urged all amateurs to be active and to strive to bring about a renewal of interest throughout the country.

A business meeting followed, at which the association was legally disbanded, the little money remaining in the treasury being donated to the Interstate A.P.A. An hour of informal conversation brought the evening to a close.

So, after many years of usefulness, after alternating periods of enthusiasm and inactivity, after many exciting political and literary contests, after being the means of

binding indissoluble ties of love and friendship, the New England Amateur Press Association ended its history. Learning that it is no more, many a former member will shed an honest tear! All honor to its memory!

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Entered for the Historian Laureateship N.A.P.A.

OLDTIMERS' REUNION BANQUET

Edwin Hadley Smith

(Reprinted from Smith's United Amateur (whole no. 23) for April 1904.)

Printed invitations to reunion banquet Saturday May 28 at Arena Hotel 41 West 31 Street, New York have been mailed 150 amateur journalists of New York and vicinity since 1869.

Committee of 20 comprises Frank J. Martin, assistant document clerk Board of Aldermen, chairman, Joseph Dana Miller, editor *Single Tax Review*, secretary, James M. Beck, ex-assistant attorney general, C. Fred Crosby, editor *Tobacco*, George W. Baidon, city editor Brooklyn *Times*, J. Austin Fynes, general manager Proctor theatres, Homer M. Green of Jersey City *Evening Journal*, Charles C. Heuman, business associate of ex-Lieutenant Governor Woodruff, Louis Kempner, ex-Superintendent U.S. registry system, Prof. Carl Fique, Max. A. Lesser, Abe L. Levy and Charles H. Young, attorneys-at-law, John Moody, publisher *Moody's Manual*, Dr. E. B. Swift, Charles N. Andrews, J. Roosevelt Gleason, John H. Stover and John F. Walsh Jr.

Mr. Miller will be toastmaster. Eloquent reminiscences will flow from Mr. Beck and many other history-makers and be stenographed by James M. Reilly for publication with attendants' names by committee as a souvenir.

Arena Hotel's rule requiring guarantee number and payment when engaged Chairman Martin has advanced for 30 attendants. But, with 150 invitations the acceptances should easily exceed 68 at New York convention-banquet July '02.

Charles Scribner and Charles S. Diehl have been personally invited and asked further notice. Mr. Scribner may attend and Mr. Diehl will attend unless in Chicago. Mr. Scribner, publisher *Scribner's Magazine*, edited *Merry Minutes* and organized first A.J. club and association in the world in 1869. Mr. Diehl, assistant general manager Associated Press, published *Our Boys* and was Napa president 1873.

Mr. Miller suggested this oldtimers' reunion banquet Sunday March 27 to Messrs. Martin, Crosby, Kempner

and Hal Stone in my workshop while examining A.J. collections. The enthusiasm with which others notified accept shows strong sentiment for such an affair and insures memorable success.

If you were ever interested in Amateur Journalism you should attend. Your associates of years ago will be there to reminisce with you. But, leave your wife home—this roundup is for males only.

Write Joseph Dana Miller, 11 Frankfort Street, New York that you will come. Attendants' names desired immediately so as to prepare toast list for notification and printing.

The Fossils were formed as a result of the adoption of a resolution at this Oldtimers' Reunion.

IN A REMINISCENT VEIN

Ella Maud Frye

(Reprinted from The Hub Club Quill (vol. 4 no. 1) for April 1908.)

I was fortunate enough to receive a late number of the HUB CLUB QUILL and so have recalled to me the first publication of the Hub Club. It was called the *Hub Official* and appeared quarterly or bi-monthly as the funds permitted. It was printed at reduced rates by "Smith of Haverhill" [Charles W. "Tryout" Smith—ed.], so called to distinguish him from "Smith of Waltham." There were other distinguishing points, of course, particularly that of age, as "Smith of Waltham" was only a boy and a very small boy at that, but it was much easier to name them after their respective cities, and Hubbites were ever prone to do the easiest thing, especially if it suited their fancy best. It seems to be more or less the custom to refer to amateurs by their last name rather than by their given name and the Hub Club has several examples of that custom. Who ever thinks of calling Thorpe "Walter"? It could not be done by any real amateur of the Hub Club stripe. In the long ago days Helen Small used to call him "Wally Herbert" in teasing mood only, because the combination was so inappropriate, and several of the girls took it up, but his real name ever since he came into the ranks has been "Thorpe" and must so remain. He would be less himself by any other title. It has a ducal sound and matches his size.

One is so apt to associate names and characteristics often without any cause. Somehow I never hear the name of Waltham without thinking of Smith. To many, I have no doubt, the name recalls time-keepers, but to met it brings only the recollection of a small boy in knee breeches who came regularly to the Hub Club meetings

in the days of the early nineties. I have never been to Waltham and so have never rid myself of the idea that it is a city of small boys in knee breeches, publishing amateur papers and running for trains to attend amateur gatherings. There would probably be a sad awakening for me if I once visited this busy town, but I am wise enough to forbear, and thus I keep my imaginary picture intact.

“Smith of Haverhill” was a noted editor and publisher in those days and for some years bore the palm for regularity in issuing his paper. The *Monthly Visitor* was always out on time and contained the most general amateur news. It was too the one paper always willing to give space to the recruit and many of our successful writers began their career with an article in Smith's paper. It has always seemed to me that there was not sufficient credit given to Smith of Haverhill for the work he did for amateur journalism in those days, work, too, that has stood the test of time and will last after he has been forgotten.

Judged by the standard of the work done in some of the leading publications of that time, the *Monthly Visitor* fell far short of perfection. It was full of typographical errors and many were the heart burnings and shamed faces caused by these same errors, but the printing was done after working hours by a man no longer in the first flush of youth and who had small means for carrying on his labor of love. His devotion to amateur journalism was most unselfish and many an aspiring youngster would have been relegated to the shades of oblivion had it not been for Smith. He was to the recruit in those days what the syndicates have been to professional recruits these days, and through his agency they were enabled to improve. He not only published all the manuscripts for which he could possibly find space, but he made special rates for publishing amateur papers, doing the work upon them without regard to profit.

It was this characteristic of his that the Hub Club took advantage of when it decided to have an official organ. I remember when I was so fortunate as to think of founding the Hub Club it occurred to some of the members that I should have an office and I was approached on that point by some of the associate organizers. At this late date I am not unwilling to admit that I had something of the sort in my own mind, but not along the lines that the others suggested. I did not aspire to be the president or secretary or indeed any of the chief officers, but in my bonnet buzzed the editorial bee.

One of the best of the early members was Fred Metcalf, a youth of unusual perspicacity where a woman's whims were concerned. He divined that there was something more than mere modesty behind my refusal to serve in any of the before-mentioned offices, so he called me aside and asked me what I had in my mind,

and whether he could help me work out my scheme. No one could resist Fred, least of all myself, so I confided to him my ambition to fill the office of official editor if the Club decided to have an organ. At first it was thought that we could only afford to issue a half-yearly paper, but as soon as a paper had been decided upon and I was chosen as editor, I agreed to provide one-third of the expense for a quarterly or even a bi-monthly, and Willard Wylie, one of the best of the Old Guard, promised to defray another third, thus leaving only one-third to be met by the Club. Thus it came about that I was the first official editor of the Hub Club and the *Hub Official* became an established fact. It was natural that Fred Metcalf should protest against the Club accepting such a gift, but in this instance his wishes were over-ruled, and then, if never before, he learned that when a woman wants a thing she wants it very much, and is not willing to listen to any argument against her desire.

The Club did not restrict the editor in any way, although it was generally understood that Club matters were to take precedence of all other news. In this way the *Official* became a printed record of the doings of the Club as the fullest reports were regularly published. Smith of Haverhill made it possible for the paper to be continued, as he made the lowest possible figures and at that time that was all we could compass. Somewhere among my belongings I have a file of this organ but it is impossible for me to say just where. I have been settled for a time in so many places that I have stuff in storage in half a dozen different spots and in which of these spots that particular lot of amateur papers is, it is beyond me to say. However, I am starting a still [sic] hunt for them and may be successful in locating them before long. I know that James Morton has them all, but he too is separated from his amateur Lares and Penates and so it is useless to appeal to him.

It is interesting in looking back to recall how many Hub Club members have become active amateurs in a broader sense than simply local activity, while there were necessarily many who had little interest outside of the Club. These have been forgotten by the amateurs at large but still hold a place in the memory of those who were associated with them in Club circles. I have in mind the Lewis boys of Lynn and their neighbor Mills Hoyt, all three of whom were loyal, enthusiastic members of the Hub Club. There were also Frank Bayrd and the two Buckminster boys of Maplewood, who were members of the editorial staff of the Malden High School paper.

I remember that we took ourselves quite seriously in those days and felt that the world could hardly fail to be the worse for any failure on our part. We met from house to house then as now, although it must not be forgotten that there was a halcyon period in the history of the Club

when he hired a hall for our regular meetings. But before that became a common occurrence, I recall one meeting to be held with me in Maplewood when I feared I would be unable to accommodate all who were expected, so, on my own responsibility, I hired a small hall and held the meeting there. The discussion—we were great on discussions, by the way—was on the “Greatest American Novelist.” I cannot now recall who was selected for that high honor, but it surely either was or wasn't Howells. Either way it affected nobody so much as ourselves, and I don't for a moment suppose that Howells ever heard of it, though had it been intended for his edification, it could not have meant more to us. We had visitors, local visitors, whom we felt we greatly impressed. They were good old times and I am sure we were all the better for those gatherings.

There have been so many changes that there is an undertone of pathos in all the recollections of those days, however one may try to hide it with a touch of levity. Few are left as active members who recall the meetings of '91, '92, '93 and '94. Yet they are worth recalling. Of the memorable Leap Year party held in '92, only Thorpe, Morton and Mrs. Small, who by the way had the reputation of being the best Treasurer the Club ever had, besides myself, can speak of its unique features with the authority of participants. But at some other time and in some other place this will be more fully referred to.

No attempt has been made in this paper to follow any particular line of reminiscence. I have merely jotted down a few notes in answer to the flattering request of the editor [Jacob Golden] that the founder of the Club say a few words about its early days. It is harder to leave off than it was to begin, but as it has to be done it might as well be done here. There is much yet to be written which will be written some day, for, as the president [Charles A. A. Parker] remarks, the history of the Hub Club is worth writing, and should be worth reading by amateurs everywhere. Who can begin to imagine all that might be said of an amateur club which has held regular monthly meetings for more than seventeen years? It is of more than local interest. It ranks next to the National in point of age and it seems to me that it is not expecting too much if we ask that it be regarded as next to it in importance in the work done for Amateur Journalism.

THE UNITED'S FUTURE

J. F. Roy Erford

(Reprinted from Chester O. Hoisington's The Evergreen Amateur (vol. 1 no. 2) for January 1909.)

The United Amateur Press Association of

America—what of its future? Shall we terminate its existence by consolidating with the National? Are we going to get along about as in the past? Or is there a greater era before us? The United's enemies are all in favor of consolidation. Its friends are unanimous for its independent existence.

We have always had among us zealous members who predict, and urge us all to work for, a membership of 10,000 or 50,000, and sometimes even 100,000. While I am inclined to believe that there are 100,000 people in this country who should be enrolled in Amateur Press Associations, I do not think it practicable, or even possible, to have an association of such great size, nor should I be in favor of membership of such size if it were possible.

Amateur press associations differ from other organizations in that they are not run for profit. Their officers do not, and should not, receive pecuniary compensation. Consequently, there is no necessity of having a great membership for the purpose of bringing in large sums to be expended in the payment of officers' salaries.

A membership of 10,000 would be disadvantageous for several reasons.

(1) It would require that some of the officers devote their entire time to the duties of their offices. This would preclude many members from accepting an official honor, and the customary reward for service would become obsolete.

(2) It would cause the average member to be merged in the mass. His individuality would be lost. His work would no longer receive general attention; and therefore, the encouragement to continued endeavor would be lacking.

(3) The charm of A.J. consists largely in the fraternal spirit pervading its ranks. Our membership is not too large for a member to know something about every other member. One may not be able to enjoy a personal acquaintance with his fellow amateur across the continent but he can come to know him by correspondence, by his utterances in the amateur press, by the extent and nature of his work, and by his official record. In this way we often come to know our distant fellow amateur better than our neighbor across the street. This know everybody experience is not possible with a large membership.

(4) It would place too great a burden on our publishers. Our papers should be mailed to every member. This requirement is not now a hardship, but suppose we had a membership of 10,000? The printing bill would be ten times as large as now, and the mailing of a single issue would entail an expense of \$100 (of course if we all had a good *drawing* business like Doc. Swift, this increase in the cost of publishing would be

immaterial).

It will be seen that a membership of 10,000 is not desirable. Our present membership of 250, we are all agreed is too small. In *The United Amateur* for November, 1905, I expressed the following opinion: "It seems to me that a membership of 500 would not be too large; it should be a normal size."

It occurs to me that it would be a good thing to limit our membership to 500. When this membership is secured (at our present rate of increase it cannot be far distant) the efforts now spent along recruiting lines may well be diverted to increasing our individual activity. A raising of the requirements exacted of members might then be of advantage. Five hundred members, every one a real, active and enthusiastic amateur journalist! Could I wish the United more?

As there is material in this country for 100,000 amateur journalists, and as a great number cannot be accommodated in any one association, it is plain that the argument for only one association national in scope is disposed of. Two associations such as the United and the National are not too many. There is room for a score of others.

Mr. Erford of Seattle, Washington, later in association with Dr. Clyde Fellows Noel (1891-1974) of the same city, was long dominant in the affairs of one faction of the United. Mr. Erford published The Abacist as early as 1903 and The Amaranth as early as 1907 and remained active in the hobby into the 1940s. His reference to Edwin B. Swift's "drawing" business refers to Swift's employment as a dentist which undoubtedly facilitated his ability to issue a weekly amateur publication in 1906-1908. From Mr. Erford's remarks we may conclude that the cost of mailing a typical amateur journal was one penny in 1909. While fiercely protective of the United's separate identity, Erford presciently recognized the need for multiple associations to accommodate different abilities and interests. Perhaps the Internet's blogs and discussion groups represent the ultimate realization of Mr. Erford's hopes for the involvement of hundreds of thousands of persons in not-for-profit literary activity.

HISTORY OF 1912-'13

[uncredited]

(Reprinted from United Amateur Press Association of America Year Book 1913)

The year just closed has been a very successful one, when everything is taken under consideration. It is to be

regretted that the year presented so much political dissension, but now that the trouble has been weathered, we can see bright prospects ahead for the dear old United. There were many things to mar the good work planned by President Shepherd and the resignation of the Second Vice-President, Official Editor, Laureate Recorder, and Western Manuscript Manager, together with the disgraceful conduct of those who were politically opposed to President Shepherd's election, served in a degree to stop the grand progress the Association was due to enjoy. The appointment of competent officers to fill the resignations helped to make the year more successful.

Literature

The year produced many papers and many new publishers. Many of them were of excellent appearance and the contents of the best. The devotedness to literary work was surprising and added to the quality of the papers. Among the papers of the year the following were received:

The Amateur Arena, Leston Ayres; The Bema, Edward Cole; the Nutmeg Amateur, Carl Morgan; The Union Amateur, W. R. Shoenberger; The Spark Plug, A. M. Shaefer and Chester Sharp; Youths' Progress, H. B. J. Weckstein; The New Member, H. E. Hoffman; The Amaranth, Roy Erford; Archives, S. P. Rowell; Marathon, H. Shepherd; Onyx, Gus Kiss; Hoisington's, Chester Hoisington; Chinook Wind, George E. Wright; Occasional Press, Ed Suhre; Lake Breeze, Ed. Daas and John Christiansen; Dixiette, Louis Starring; Philomoth, Louis M. Starring; Clipper, Gerald Macomber; Boy's Herald, E. H. Smith; Boys Herald, Mac Clark; Progressive Amateur Press, Mary Lehr; Brooklynite, H. E. Hoffman; Bay State Advocate, George Thomson; Olympian, Ed. Cole; Bington Blister, Anonymous; Idle Hours, Ernest Morris and Vincent Haggerty; Trail, Dora Hepner; Apprentice, M. Moe; Southern Journalist, Wm. Way; Read's Magazine, Everett Read; Owl and Owlet, L. B. Crane; Pioneer, W. R. Murphy; Valley Press, Geo. Thomson; Tar Heel, Chas. B. Way; Tennessee Tooter, Percy Russell; Just Me, Olive Owen; Boy, Wm. Shultz; Black Hawk, W. A. Ralston; Amateur Press, Roscoe Goens and George Macauley; Monadnock, W. P. Cook; Venture, Ira Seymour; Skule News, E. Martin; Ye Pumpkyn Vinne, J. L. Robertson; Yellow Sheet, Ben Gekeler; American Youth, Max Janes; Dope Sheet, A. M. Adams; Prospector, Clarence Rengstorff; Clarion, Ed. Hornbach; South, Louis M. Starring; Pen and Press, Clarence Rengstorff; Bystander, John F. Hall; Ingloo, A. H. Jacobsen; Chee-Chahko, Edgar A. Rowell; New Era, S. P. Rowell.

Literary Work

The year was one of unusual literary activity and many new writers proved their ability to be among the best. Among the most commendable was the work of Olive G. Owen and Miss Von der Heide, both of whom contributed many excellent articles to the amateur press. Much of the editorial space was given to discussion of the political situation, while some left the subject entirely out of the papers. W. Paul Cook's *Monadnock* contained many good stories and essays by former United members which were of the best variety. Taken as a whole the year was a success, literarily speaking.

Politics

The political situation presented three candidates for the presidency. H. Shepherd, Charles Kramer and Helen Hoffman announced their candidacies for the executive position and the campaign was nothing out of the usual and very little excitement was displayed. The majority of the campaigning was carried on by personal correspondence.

The proxy vote gave Miss Hoffman a slight lead over Mr. Shepherd, while Mr. Kramer received only three votes. The convention vote called for three ballots and Mr. Shepherd was elected on the third.

The only other contest was that of Secretary with George H. Conger and Ernest H. Morris as leading candidates. Mr. Morris' election by an overwhelming vote was much of a surprise, as a close contest was expected.

Immediately after election, Miss Hoffman's following declared a "bolt," because they believed Miss Hoffman elected and giving as a reason, the counting of three votes for Kramer when he had not paid his dues, which they declared illegal. They afterwards preferred charges against Mr. Shepherd's election and the directors by a majority voted declared the action of the La Grande convention perfectly legal.

The action of Miss Hoffman's followers in exciting rebellion led to President Shepherd's charges, which accused Helen E. Hoffman, Dora Hepner, Antoinette Brandt, Florence Shephird, Edith Haight, Leston M. Ayres, Maurice W. Moe, Anthony Moitoret, Roscoe Goens, Paul Hilt, Emma G. Davidson, John D. Christiansen and Henry Wehking of unbecoming conduct and insubordination which the directors upheld, resulting in Helen Hoffman, Edward F. Daas and Mary Lehr being dishonorably dismissed from membership forever. The others were suspended until they pledged allegiance to the administration. The action of the directors in the case

of Ed. Daas and Miss Hoffman was based on the fact that they were the chief conspirators in the bolt and Miss Lehr's refusal to turn over money collected and belonging to the Association, was sufficient cause for her removal from the Association.

President Shepherd assumed duties immediately upon election and remained in that capacity during the entire term. The political controversy lasted thruout the term and Miss Hoffman and her followers foisted an illegal association and succeeded in getting a following, mostly among young women friends, in the Association the year previous. The fact that Secretary Rafuse sent all books of the Association to the elected Secretary, Ernest Morris, gave the original association all claim to everything.

The actions and insubordination of the "bolters" was disgraceful and none of the fairminded and unbiased members conceded them the least right for their conduct. However, before the year was half over, the association was on its feet again and made very good progress.

Official Organs

Miss Lehr's refusal to give up the association's money, made the financing of the association a hard task and as a result, but four issues of the Official Organ were published. Will Gekeler was appointed to fill the office of Official Editor, caused to be vacant by the removal of Paul Hilt. He issued two numbers and was forced to resign because of change in personal affairs, which would not allow him to print the organ. Edgar A. Rowell was appointed in his stead and presented the Association with two grand issues of the *United Amateur*, which were influential in putting the association on a firm basis again.

Recruiting

The recruiting was carried on actively. Forty-five new members were admitted, which is very good considering the circumstances under which the administration had to work. J. F. Roy Erford was the most active recruiter, while Edward Hollahan, Harry Shepherd and E. H. Morris all did considerable work along these lines.

The President

In Harry Shepherd, the Association had a man who was capable of facing the great controversy the Association was subjected to. He proved himself equal to the task that accompanies the executive position and showed rare judgement at all times, insisting on

discipline and square dealing. His administration was a credit to him and not once did he shirk his duties as president.

Taken as a whole the year was one of progress, marked with political dissension and rebellion. By the end of the year we found the Association just as healthy and in better condition than it had been for many years previous. It was indeed a year of rare industry, which should prove ample warning to all who seek to wreck the Association for mere political reasons.

W. Paul Cook was chairman of the Year Book Committee which produced the volume from which this history is taken. The United Amateur Press Association of America Year Book 1933-1934, published for the association by Vincent B. Haggerty, contained a roster of officers from the inception of the association in 1895 and listed John F. Hall as Historian for the 1912-13 term. He was probably the author of the history published in the UAPAA Year Book 1913.

ON CONSOLIDATION

J. F. Roy Erford

(Extracted from Erford's The Amaranth (vol. VI no. 1) for November 1914.)

Once more the old consolidation question presents itself. The proposal to consolidate the United with its rival association has been killed a half-dozen times within the last twenty years. This time it will be buried so deep that its exhumation will be impossible.

The United believes in competition. After twenty years of independent action, of struggle to maintain its integrity against the onslaughts and intrigues of its ancient enemy, it will not, at this late date, reverse its policy and surrender to an amateur journalism trust.

No United member ever advocated consolidation unless he also owed allegiance to the National Amateur Press Association. Those of our members who are more devoted to the National than to the United will favor consolidation as a matter of course.

In view of the National's avowed enmity in the past, the open assistance it has rendered every rebel movement within our own ranks, and our constitution's provision prohibiting consolidation, no United member can support consolidation without being disloyal to the Association.

ON ASSOCIATION DIVISIONS

J. F. Roy Erford

(Extracted from Erford's The Amaranth (vol. 6 no. 2) for April 1915.)

Paul Campbell, in his *Invictus*, states that the eruption which took place in the United in 1912 "was precipitated by the indefatigable Roy Erford." Paul knows better than that if he knows anything about it at all. He was not an active member in 1912, and it is likely that he speaks from misinformation. The facts are that the so-called Hepner United was conceived in schism and nurtured by the wounded vanity of disappointed and disgruntled politicians who deliberately rebelled after being fairly beaten in the election; it was financed by funds stolen from the treasury of the United, whose name also they endeavored to appropriate. The rebels haven't a shred of legality to justify their existence. The real and only United is headed by Edna G. Thorne, and its convention will be held in Seattle next July. Any other organization pretending to be the United is a fake and a fraud.

The National had elected Edith Minitier as its first female president for the 1909-10 term. Helene Hoffman (1893-1919) [later Mrs. Edward H. Cole] (1912-13, 1913-14 terms) and Dora M. Hepner (1888-1968) [later Mrs. Anthony F. Moitoret] (1914-15 term) were prominent female presidents of the United faction which separated from Erford's UAPA in 1912. So, Erford was doubtlessly proud to have Edna G. Thorne as president of his United faction for the 1914-15 term. Elsa A. Gidlow (1917-18 term), Anita R. Kirksey (1923-24, 1924-25 terms) and Charity Westover (1927-28 term) were later female presidents of the so-called Erford-Noel United faction.

A DEFINITION OF POLICY AND A CONFESION OF FAITH

Edward H. Cole

(Reprinted from The Olympian (vol. 6 no. 6, whole no. 33) for September 1914.)

With this issue, the sixth volume of the OLYMPIAN comes to a close. NO previous volume has been published within so short a period, and the fact that the number of pages is the same as in the first and third volumes shows that my enthusiasm has, if anything, increased with the passing of the years. No other volume, also, has been subjected to so many changes of policy. Accordingly, at the close, it would seem appropriate to offer a few words of explanation, the more so because the changes have been very closely connected with my outlook upon amateur journalism.

In March the editorial column contained the statement that the OLYMPIAN was devoted to history and criticism. Since that time, without any comment, the

paper has again returned to its former policy of an all-around literary publication. The reason lies in the peculiar conditions of amateur publishing at the present time. There is a sad paucity of first-rate literary magazines, which, with the passing of the *Torpedo*, made it very desirable that there should be another frequently-published magazine representing every department of literature. Moreover, although "Chapters of History" met with hearty favor, the burden of writing them fell wholly upon me. Any one who has ever undertaken to write history with careful attention to detail and accuracy which were primarily aimed at in "Chapters of History" can appreciate that the task of preparing an instalment for each number of the OLYMPIAN is too great for any one person. The larger scope of the OLYMPIAN includes history, which will be represented in these pages with reasonable frequency. The critical reviews have steadily been published and, for the present, will form a regular department of the paper.

Two other changes occurred simultaneously in July: the editorial staff was doubled [with the addition of Helene E. Hoffman, eventually to become Cole's wife, as co-editor] and the OLYMPIAN was "devoted to amateur journalism" rather than simply "published in the interests of the National Amateur Press Association." Contrary to what might seem a keen surmise, these changes had no interdependence. Furthermore, only the second requires any detailed comment, but that will carry me far afield in the history of amateur journalism.

Five years after it was organized, the United Amateur Press Association was disrupted by a fractional quarrel. The outcome was that the members of one faction either deserted the United for the National, bringing with them all their bitterness for the faction which retained and perpetuated the name United, or left amateur journalism. There immediately followed one of the most regrettable incidents in our history, a mutual declaration of war upon one another by the two associations. Members of the National held the members of the United in utmost contempt; in turn, the United adopted for its battle cry, "Smash the National!" The National failed to absorb the United. The United's belligerency only stimulated the National to extraordinary efforts of defence and it reassumed the lead in activity and in the quality of its publications which the maturity of its members warranted. The effect of the struggle, however, was an almost ineradicable hatred of one another. From that day, the United has held a deep-seated distrust of the National and its members have been super-sensitive of any assumption of superiority on the part of the older association. As for the National, the older members have in a measure retained as bitter memories of a decade ago. These facts have persistently

prevented any attempt to bring about consolidation of the two.

Nevertheless, in the natural course of events, many members of the United have come into the National. The majority of the National's presidents and official editors for the past decade were originally members of the United. The passing of time and a constant improvement in the standards of the United have been additional forces to bring about harmony between the two associations. Of necessity, the National has gained respect for the United; the United has correspondingly had very friendly relations with the National. For five years the papers of both associations have been gratifyingly free from almost any utterance that could disturb this amicable situation.

Notwithstanding, those who have been thoroughly conversant with the real state of affairs have known that an armed truce, not an eternal peace prevailed. In both associations some of the members who were active a decade ago have never completely forgotten the bitterness of those days. Moreover, the second split in the United in 1905 repeated the history of 1900 and added to the ranks of the National a fresh quota of "defeated" Unitedites who brought with them all their bitter animosities to imperil the relations of the two associations. It takes no very keen observer to realize that, as a result of the United's third disruption in 1912, the identical forces are again at work. In the next few years, it will be not the least important part of that sound, conservative body of alumni, which has more than once proved the balance-wheel of the National, to avert the danger to the friendly relations of the United and the National that is threatening.

If the surface has been calm, then, there has yet been an undercurrent of suspicion on the part of the United, a spray of superiority on the part of the National. The traditions of 1900-1903 have been handed down in both associations by word of mouth; the new generations have to a degree been infected with the foolish prejudices of those days. A genuine *rapprochement* has been impossible. Moreover, from 1909 to 1913 the National "played in hard luck," and the United, for the first time in a decade, surpassed it in activity and achievement. That this was possible naturally wounded the pride of the older association. Secretly, the relations of the two organizations grew more and more strained. The breaking point came when, just as the affairs of the National were at lowest ebb, one of the most prominent members of the United uttered an unjustified slur upon the other association. His words were a boomerang. They stirred those who loved the name of the National to renewed efforts which resulted in the success that has again placed the National in the lead.

At the same time, an outbreak of the hostilities of

1900-1903 was averted only by recognition of the fact that the slur did not represent the real attitude of the United toward the National. The presidents of the factions of the United were anxious to preserve harmony; succeeding presidents of the National saw the wisdom of concentrating energy upon the problems of their own association. However, it was tacitly determined that, as a rebuke to the person who had uttered the slur and as a refutation of the insidious propaganda that has for several years been circulated to the effect that the National is a decaying institution and that the future of amateur journalism lies with the United, the real strength of the National should be shown by the simple publication of its papers of the legend, "Published in the Interests of the National Amateur Press Association." Therein is the reason that the OLYMPIAN, in September 1913, for the first time, bore a statement of allegiance to any one association. What the result of this movement has been, the statistics of the "Reviewers' Club" have shown, The utmost impartiality was displayed in compiling the facts of publishing activity. Even papers "published in the interests of the National Amateur Press Association" were counted as common to both National and United if the publishers were only members of both. Yet, the strictly National activity of last year was nearly double that of both factions of the United combined. The object of the movement was more than achieved.

Now, however, there is no longer any need of continuing a propaganda that may, by sensitive members of the United, be construed as an invidious comparison of the two associations. It never was that; at worst it was a refutation of an invidious comparison originating with the United. Accordingly, the OLYMPIAN has returned to the policy I have always believed in, publication in the interests of the best there is in *all* amateur journalism, regardless of associations.

I believe in the harmonious co-operation of the United and the National amateur press associations. With those who would draw a dead-line between the two I have absolutely no sympathy. Each association is an integral part of amateur journalism. Under present conditions, there is need and room for both. There should constantly be amicable relations between them, and they should have a large common membership. By the mutual exchange of papers and the constant participation in conventions, friendship should be fostered and the old antagonisms obliterated. The member of the National who expresses contempt for a member of the United *ipso facto* does an injustice; the member of the United who seeks to harm the National and believes that in the United alone is true fraternal feeling shown, is blind. As for the ultimate consolidation of the United and National, that is a matter about which I declare, in the words of old Sir

Roger, "Much might be said on both sides."

Economic forces are inevitably at work to bring about such a union, but it is seriously to be doubted that amateur journalism would afterward be so well developed as it now is. Competition is a better stimulus to achievement than over-heavy burdens and responsibility.

While the OLYMPIAN again stands for this policy of harmonious relationship and mutual co-operation between the United and the National, it shall do so only as long as those conditions exist. There would be wrong on each side if even the situation of 1900-1903 were duplicated, but in such an event the OLYMPIAN would again declare its unflinching allegiance to the National. For twenty years before the United ever existed the National alone represented those eternal principles of good in politics, of achievement in publishing and writing, and of deep fraternalism upon which amateur journalism rests. For almost twenty years more, it has adhered to those same principles. It has been the peculiar misfortune of the United to be beset by self-centered politicians who have constantly caused ill-feeling and factional disruption. Present conditions prove that this situation has by no means been obviated. Moreover, the United has only in this day attempted to represent what amateur journalism really is; to place achievement in literature above voluminousness in letter-writing, activity in publishing above selfishness and duplicity in politics. History proves that the National has always represented the more fundamental aims. Still again, the United because of recurrent factional division and direct discouraging of a body of alumni by failing to provide for such membership, has dealt blow after blow at that fraternalism which, above everything else, *is* amateur journalism. The National has added those who might have become the alumni of the United to its already strong and extensive alumnus membership. Those who attended the Bridgeport convention of the National know the value to the association of its alumni. Accordingly, in the unhappy event of a return of hostilities between the National and the United, the OLYMPIAN would reassert its allegiance to the National, because the judgement of history is that that association has consistently represented the higher and the broader amateur journalism.

To-day, the difference between the National and the United is due to a necessary and wise division of labor. Neither association can develop the utmost of amateur journalism. By reason of its terms of membership and its greater number of correspondents, the United, when it really is united—as it is not at the present time, can probably do more for a new member than can the National. The National represents a more mature

literature, a better opportunity for those who publish their own papers, and the only means of becoming acquainted with amateur journalists of the past as well as those of the present. Under these conditions, membership in the United followed by membership in both, or in the National alone (as the individual prefers and pocketbook permits), forms the natural and best course for an amateur journalist. To pursue it, harmony and completely amicable relations must exist between the United and the National. Any other situation means that the best principles of amateur journalism will not be served.

To promote this condition of harmony and to represent the best there is in the United and the National alike is the policy of the OLYMPIAN and the meaning of the legend, "Published in the interests of amateur journalism."

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

Edward H. Cole

(Reprinted from The Olympian (vol. 7 no. 1, whole number 34) for October 1917.)

The three years which have passed since the latest number of the OLYMPIAN appeared have been fraught with unusual troubles for the world and for amateur journalism alike. The Great War has touched every phase of life. The dread grip of its hand has closed no less on amateur journalism than on other human activities. The disruption of the British Amateur Press Association was the first evidence; hopes of establishing an International Amateur Press Association were shattered at once. The increased costs of paper, type, ink, and all materials used in printing and the soaring of publishing rates were blows more immediately felt; the number of amateur papers during 1917-1918 was but a third of those in 1913-1914. America's participation in the war will unquestionably strike our avocation even harder; already the enlistment and drafting of Anthony Moitoret and Jacob Golden and others have brought home clearly what we must expect. How are we to meet the situation? How can we expand, into what new fields must we enter in order to exist?

In elucidating these questions, a brief consideration of the course of events in the past few years is not without point.

A tendency of no little importance during this period has been the contraction of amateur journalism to that section of the country east of the Mississippi and, within that area, the localization of the United west of the Alleghenies and of the National to the east. A glance at the membership lists of both associations will suffice to establish the first fact. Consideration of the recent

convention seats of the two associations—Columbus [1914], Rocky Mount [1915], Cleveland [1916], Chicago [1917] in the United; Bridgeport [1914], Brooklyn [1915], Boston [1916], New York [1917] in the National—is evidence of the second. The dearth of local clubs and the total disappearance of state and sectional associations are additional proof of the lowered vitality of both associations and of the necessity of concentration of effort. Who will say that these tendencies have been good? The time is now at hand when both association should devote every energy to regaining lost ground. The fact that the National has a board of officers drawn largely from the Middle West and has chosen Chicago for its next convention seat and that Chicago amateurs have expressed an eagerness for the convention shows that this association is well on its way to a reconquest of lost positions.

In this connection, a few words about the relations of the two major associations, always a delicate topic. Until recent months there has been a laudable calm on the troubled waters. Then Mr. Davis [Francis Graeme Davis, NAPA official editor (1917-18)] reopened controversy in a characteristic National fashion and Mr. Lovecraft [UAPA president (1917-18)] joined the fray in no less characteristic United manner. Both were unfortunate. Is it not time for the National to recognize the United's services to amateur journalism and to the National itself have been neither inconsiderable nor unworthy? May it not also be expected that the United will realize that the very existence of the National is a bulwark for amateur journalism and that its life is just as vigorous and certainly more tenacious? If it is too much to hope that the two associations will become one body, it is not too much to expect that they should be one in a spirit of generous co-operation for the advancement of amateur journalism. Let there be peace within our ranks. Mr. Martin [Harry E. Martin, NAPA president (1917-18)] and Mr. Lovecraft could accomplish a wonderful work for amateur journalism by insisting upon friendly official relations between the associations and working out a program of harmonious action.

In choice of leaders during the past three years, neither association has been altogether fortunate. In the National, the administration of Mr. and Mrs. Kendall [Frank A. Kendall and Jennie Irene (Maloney) Kendall, NAPA presidents (1913-14)] brought to culmination a period that had its beginnings in 1911-1912. The leadership of the husband and the sympathy and whole-hearted admiration for the wife who bravely undertook the complete his work called forth efforts on the part of the members which have not been equalled since. Mr. Ayres [Leston M. Ayres, NAPA president (1914-15)] was not much to blame for the decreased activity that

marked his administration, but he did signally fail to show the energy and the leadership which would have offset the decline. The criticism that ended his year, however, was more petty than any acts which the president had been guilty of. The first year of Houtain's presidency [George Julian Houtain, NAPA president (1915-16 and 1916-17)] was a moderate success because of the unremitting aid given by such staunch workers as Charles D. Isaacson and A. M. Adams and others of the Blue Pencil Club, but the re-election of Mr. Houtain was symptomatic of the lethargy creeping over the association. Mr. Houtain's second term was a miserable failure. Whatever excuse may be found in the lamentable private difficulties which afflicted him during the year, nothing can gloss over the fact that the president cast the association to the winds until the danger of total disaster moved him to a semblance of energy in preparation for a convention at which he himself was needlessly the most conspicuous failure. The constitution of the National leaves it wholly to the president to make his officers live up to the constitution and to keep his fiscal house in order. It is safe to say that at no time will the association be more vigorous than its executive, and equally safe to assert that nine times out of ten it will respond to energetic leadership. It is the hope and the faith of those who elected Mr. Martin that he will realize this fact and give the National a leadership which has been felt only at sporadic and short-lived moments in the past three years.

In the United, the administrations of Miss Hepner [Dora M. Hepner, United president (1914-15)] and Mr. Fritter [Leo Fritter, United president (1915-16)] marked no advance. They were years of ambitious plans, when Mrs. Renshaw [Anne Tillery Renshaw] and Mr. Moe [Maurice W. Moe] tried to lead the association to fields of wider usefulness. Petty troubles and political vicissitudes, however, prevented the schemes. The administration of President Campbell [Paul J. Campbell, United president (1916-17)] was a purely personal success for the president. If anything, the United has been too ambitious and too little practical. It has plunged headlong into extravagant schemes without having the means to carry them out, except resources in the form of paper promises which have not always been redeemed. The newly-elected administration is one of ideals theoretically to be applauded, but practically impossible of achievement; nor is it likely that Mr. Lovecraft [United president (1917-18)] can command sufficient following to make his own achievements of permanent value to the United.

The best hope for amateur journalism in these days of stress and strain, then, is in the peaceful co-operation of the two surviving associations in a campaign of expansion of a practicable nature. The Boy Scouts and

the literary societies of secondary schools are the most promising fields for recruiting. Let there be no wasting of energy on visionary schemes; and above all things, let the two associations put their finances in order and pay their running expenses out of the treasury. The presidents must give vigorous leadership; he who fails in this respect fails utterly. The members must give support; they must contribute to the treasuries, they must join the recruiting campaign, they must contribute to papers, and they must publish papers. Papers, papers, papers, and ever more papers. These are unusual times and their problems must be met with unusual efforts.

Do your bit.

SOME WORDS FOR MR. LOVECRAFT

Edward H. Cole

(Extracted from "The Reviewer's Club," The Olympian (vol. 7 no. 1) for October 1917.)

Although the *Conservative* is one of the best papers now published and presents the views of a man who has rapidly forged to the front ranks of this day's leaders, Mr. Lovecraft's peculiar prejudices, so rigidly adhered to and so forcefully promulgated, permeate the paper so utterly as to make it oppressive. Mr. Lovecraft is convinced that there was a time when English literature and the English language reached purity and perfection; accordingly, his mission in life is to return to that Johnsonian age and to lead others similarly backward. He believes in birth and blood. To him Socialism is anathema. He has strong anti-Semitic dislikes. In amateur journalism, he is convinced of the sordidness of politics, the uselessness of the National Amateur Press Association, and the eternal damnation of all those who do not seek the divine afflatus on the loftiest tips of the Johnsonian literary mountains. Of course, there is hyperbole in this characterization and several of the statements are rather strong. That, however, is just what Mr. Lovecraft drives a person to do. He uses hyperbole so often himself and so loves vigorous expression that he is a veritable gadfly. Now, in the July *Conservative*, Ira A Cole's poem "In Vita Elysium," would move the REVIEWER to hearty applause if only it were not expressed in that stately, regular eighteenth-century verse-form. How Ira Cole has developed! What rare gems of thought he has of late set forth in exquisite settings! But oh, that rigid, even-treading verse-form! What monotony, what inflexibility! If Ira Cole has become so accomplished a master of this form, what could he not do with the freer, lighter, flexible Romantic verse-forms? He is becoming merely a second edition of Mr. Lovecraft himself. Then there is Mr. McGavack's sturdy and bold statement of facts about the Genesis of the Revolutionary War. It takes courage to tell

a democratic audience that the Revolution was really an act of unfilial selfishness, but Mr. McGavack sets forth the evidence succinctly and without patriotic gloss. Why did Mr. Lovecraft prefix the introduction in which his prejudices awaken prejudice and in which he shows sad lack of Mr. McGavack's historical knowledge and balance? Only in his editorials is Mr. Lovecraft at his best. His discussion of Mr. Tarkington's essay on Temperance is catholic-minded and fair, while his summary of the situation in the United Association stresses the one crying need of all amateur journalism.

For reasons of his own, Mr. Lovecraft has overlooked the REVIEWER on most of the *Conservative's* publication days for the past two years. Will he not believe that he is a real stimulus to the REVIEWER and observe a more fraternal attitude on future mailing days?

These words of Edward H. Cole (1892-1966) [National president (1912-13) and later a leading light of our organization The Fossils] provide a greater appreciation of the stresses which beset amateur journalism during the First World War. The United, founded in 1895, underwent several divisions during the period preceding the First World War, most notably in the wake of the La Grande, Oregon convention in 1912, when Helen Hoffman (1893-1919) (later the first Mrs. Edward H. Cole) and her followers "bolted." This split was the origin of the so-called Hoffman-Daas United, which began in the 1912-13 official year and faded into inactivity in the 1925-26 official year. Howard Phillips Lovecraft, president in 1917-18, was undoubtedly its most notable member.

It is striking that the other United faction, dominated for many years by J. F. Roy Erford and Clyde F. Noel, was not even considered among the leading associations by Cole when he wrote in 1917. Indeed, the Erford-Noel United seems to have been at a low point during the 1917-18 and 1918-19 official years. Even the meticulous historian Vincent B. Haggerty, writing in the Year Book 1933-1934 could find no official organs for those terms and could identify only the presidents: Elsa A. Gidlow, elected in Montreal, Quebec, for 1917-18, and W. Alvin Cook, elected in Bellingham, Washington, for 1918-19. At the 1919 convention in Seattle, Washington, stalwarts J. F. Roy Erford and D. Z. Gourman were elected president and official editor, respectively, to begin the task of rebuilding. With the demise of the Hoffman-Daas-Lovecraft United during the 1925-26 official year, the Erford-Noel once again became the surviving United faction—a situation which changed again when AAPA was founded in 1936-37, Jeff Jennings led a UAPAA revolt in 1938, and UAP was founded in the early 1940s.

The officer roster contained in Haggerty's Year Book 1933-1934 confirms Elsa Gidlow's early activity in the UAPAA: in addition to serving as president in 1917-18, she was Second Vice-President in the 1916-17 administration of Victor Pedroni. In her essay "The Literary Decadence of E.G." (The American Amateur, July 1920), Miss Gidlow wrote of "a series of indignant ghosts" summoned by D. Z. Gourman's February 1920 inquiry concerning her inactivity: "the reproachful shade of my active Vice-Presidency; the specter of my Presidency, baleful-eyed and threatening; the spirit of my Directorship, pitiful for my degeneracy; and trailing behind, understanding and forgiving, but very sad, the wraiths of the abused Les Mouches Fantastiques." We may speculate that she was one of three UAPAA directors during the 1918-19 administration of W. Alvin Cook. Gidlow's amateur activity definitely began before she organized a local literary club in Montreal in the autumn of 1917. The record reveals that she was already an officer of UAPAA in 1916-17; indeed, she wrote in her article: "I have read all amateur journals that have appeared in the past six years"—which would appear to indicate that she became active in the hobby very soon after commencing her first job in Montreal on January 1, 1915. Perhaps there is an entire record of very early literary efforts from her pen awaiting discovery in archives like LAJ.

In assuming the presidency of the Hoffman-Daas UAPAA faction in 1917-18, Lovecraft faced formidable challenges. NAPA's president Harry E. Martin and official editor F. Graeme Davis certainly loomed largest on the horizon but it is interesting to note that the CEO of the rival UAPAA faction during Lovecraft's presidential year was none other than his later bete-noir Elsa Gidlow. It would be very interesting to learn more of Gidlow's administration but since both Haggerty and Spencer record only the fact of her presidency (with no listing of any other officers) the hope of learning more may be slim. Perhaps the chore of hosting the UAPAA convention in Montreal (late summer 1917?) may have resulted in the formation of the local club which published Coal From Hades and Les Mouches Fantastiques.

Lovecraft was by no means done with Gidlow and her supporters once her executive term in UAPAA ended in 1918. Her correspondent F. Graeme Davis (National official editor in 1917-18) became NAPA president in 1918-19 and heralded Les Mouches Fantastiques as the beginning of a new era in amateur letters in his own Lingerer published in 1919. Doubtless at Davis's bequest, Gidlow and her friend Roswell George Mills joined the National in 1919 and appear to have remained a year. By 1920, as evidenced by her article in

The American Amateur, *Gidlow appears to have burned her bridges and washed her hands of amateur journalism. It remains to be seen how much of her very early literary career 1915-20 can be resurrected from the pages of scarce surviving amateur journals.*

*W. Paul Cook published a magnificent volume of The National Amateur for president F. Graeme Davis, himself incapacitated by illness for much of his presidential term—but not too ill to spend a month with *Gidlow and Mills in Montreal during the summer of 1919. Cook was an early publisher of *Gidlow's and Mills's* works in his own magazine The Vagrant, and in fact the final issue of The Vagrant, which did not appear until 1927, carried what are probably the last appearances of the work of *Gidlow and Mills* in an amateur journal. Through the courtesy of Fossil Historian Sean Donnelly, these last amateur writings of *amaterduom's* early literary radicals are reprinted in this issue of The Fossil.**

EARLY MORNING

Elsa A. *Gidlow*

(Reprinted from Paul J. Campbell's The Liberal (vol. 1 no. 1) for February 1921.)

Some mornings, coming renewed from sleep,
Enriched by spoil of dreams,
Brain and spirit athrill with lark-like thoughts
Too rare, too exquisitely space-hungry,
For any but the day's first misted minutes—
I feel the restless feet of song hurting me,
Hunting paths to leap along,
Feel its sudden fingers seeking latches
To gates too often closed.

These moments, the City,
With all its arrogant buildings and iron cries,
Is less than a noisy toy in a Jester's hand.
And I know, despite a thousand denying voices,
That my song is *real*, and must be sung.

Then a figure comes like a cloud toward me:
He is smoke and hub-bub of factories,
Blazing furnace fires,
Fever of traffic—
The beautyless body of Labor
Groaning his symphony of toil.
There is no light in his eyes as he looks at me,
Saying: "My song must be sung first."

I bend my head and silently follow him:
His song must be sung first.

Respectfully dedicated to New York industry.

ROSES

Roswell George Mills

(Reprinted from W. Paul Cook's The Vagrant, whole no. 15, 1927.)

I wished to send you flowers,
Symbols of our long dead hours,
Red roses like the breath of song.

I bound the crimson offerings,
Knotted them with silver strings,
Red roses like love dead.

The knots came all unfastened,
Knots I made of silver thread;
Red roses blowing out to sea.

The sea was stained with crimson,
Red petals like our passion,
Red roses meant for you.

PHOEBUS TO NARCISSUS

Elsie A. *Gidlow*

(Reprinted from W. Paul Cook's The Vagrant, whole no. 15, 1927.)

Pale Narcissus, you sleep too long!
Night grew tired
And retired
Into the shadows of dreaming blue:
Pale boy, Phoebus is waiting for you:
He has been waiting for two long hours,
Counting the minutes on white petalled flowers;
Why do you keep him waiting so long?
I can tell
He loves you well,
For very early this morning he prest
A golden kiss on your still white breast;
And I know he was jealous of even the dew,
That silently fell all over you.
Waken! The gates of morning stand wide!
Phoebus is waiting: he waits for his bride:
Soon the white nymphs will cease their song:
He waits, he waits,
Your lover waits,
Pale Narcissus, you sleep too long.

THE ERFORD AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

Paul J. Campbell

(Reprinted from Campbell's The Liberal (vol. 1 no. 1) for February 1921.)

Mr. J. F. Roy Erford, in the June issue of the

Amaranth (which is, according to Webster, “an imaginary flower supposed never to fade”), makes four statements about the 1912 La Grande, Oregon, convention, which he asserts have never been disputable. Under the headline “Will the Rebs Answer This One?” he says:

- “1. The 1912 convention was regularly held and conducted according to the provisions of the constitution.
- “2. The Hoffman supporters were in the majority on the committee that counted the ballots.
- “3. Shepherd was duly elected President after receiving a majority of the votes on the third ballot.
- “4. All the Hoffman supporters present at the convention acquiesced in the result of the election and agreed to support the administration.”

In the 1912 election Helene Hoffman received 56 proxy votes, and 5 convention votes; total, 61 votes. Harry Shepherd received 48 proxy votes, and 6 convention votes; total, 54 votes. Chester Hoisington received 6 proxy votes. 121 votes were cast, 61 votes were necessary to give a majority, so Helene Hoffman was legally elected on the first ballot. But Erford had anticipated this result, and realizing that his candidate could not poll a majority in a fair election, he hatched a scheme. There were 3 proxy votes cast for Charles Kramer, retiring Official Editor, whose membership had lapsed for non-payment of dues, and who had announced his intention of withdrawing from the Association. Votes cast for him could not be counted unless his membership was renewed, so Erford paid Kramer's dues and had the 3 votes for Kramer counted. This made the total vote cast for President, 124, and the number necessary to elect, 63. No election was declared on the first and second ballots, and on the third ballot the proxies were thrown out, and the convention voted 6 for Shepherd and 5 for Hoffman, and Erford went home happy and triumphant, and Shepherd tells us, in his first message, how deeply touched he was by the expression of confidence given him by the members!

Paying Kramer's dues in order to count out the majority candidate was a cheap trick, even if it were legal. It has usually been considered illegal to pay another member's dues and use his political rights without his knowledge or consent. But even if it were decided that Kramer, who had announced his withdrawal and allowed his membership to lapse, could still be a candidate at Erford's expense for Erford's benefit, there are three other mistakes in the election, which, if corrected, would give the majority to Helene Hoffman. Bessie Smalley, who voted for Shepherd, did not pay her dues until the week following the election, and had no

right to vote. Erford threw out the proxy of a California member in good standing, without bringing it before the proxy committee, because this member had torn out the Hoffman ticket as printed in the *West Coast Advocate*, signed it and sent it to the custodian of ballots as his proxy. The proxy committee threw out the proxy of Dora Chandler (who voted for Hoffman) despite the fact that her dues were paid before the committee met. Correcting these mistakes, we have 125 votes cast, necessary to elect, 63. Helene Hoffman received 63.

Erford was probably the only person at the 1912 convention who knew about all the fraud and deception necessary to make Harry Shepherd the apparent winner. If the Hoffman supporters on the proxy committee had been able to anticipate the exposure of Erford's political tricks, which was to come in the next few months, doubtless the editor of “the imaginary flower” would not have acquiescence to complain of, on their part.

The Association at large was not hasty about repudiating Harry Shepherd and the rest of the Erford-picked board, being at first inclined to regard the difficulty as a Roy Erford-Eddie Daas scrap—a wrangle of campaign managers. But Kramer published a letter reaffirming his withdrawal from the Association, saying he had not paid his dues nor had he authorized anyone to pay them for him, and stating most emphatically that he was not a member and had not been a candidate in the election, and Dora Hepner, who had been elected Second Vice-President at La Grande, made a public statement in which she heaped sarcasm on the “doer of alms in secret” who had paid her dues, and tendered her resignation as a member of the Erford board, suggesting that perhaps the Secretary would give his dollar back, now that she had resigned, so that he could be kind to someone else. As the facts became known, and it became apparent that by paying the dues of members who had withdrawn from the Association, and counting the votes of members not in good standing, and throwing out the votes of members who were entitled to vote, all this engineered by a certain bright young lawyer from Seattle, who was something more than a freshman in Democratic political circles in his home town, Helene Hoffman, the absent candidate, had been tricked out of the presidency despite the fact that she was the choice of the majority of the members. Ex-President John D. Christiansen, Chairman of the Board of Directors, decided Helene Hoffman to be the legal President, and the whole rank of active members, with perhaps a dozen exceptions, joined in supporting her administration. The United serenely went its way, and enjoyed a prosperous year. Some wit of the National nicknamed it “The Divided Amateur Press Association,” which recalled, to some, the days when dissension was rife in the ranks of the elder organization. The Erford

apologists argued that “the convention must rule,” but the thinking majority, remembering the rollicking irresponsibility of some of the annual gatherings, refused to endorse this doctrine of “Whatever is, is right.” The Erford faction held its breath and waited for the U.A.P.A. under Helene Hoffman to die of its defection. At first Erford carried everybody who had belonged to the United on his membership list, but as few amateurs outside the state of Washington paid dues into the Erford treasury, the list grew lean, his official organs became intermittent, and the papers of his followers few and far between.

Eight years have come and gone, and the Erford Amateur Press Association still lives, for J. F. Roy Erford must needs save his face. When nobody else will take the presidency of his association, he steps into the breach himself and by sheer force of his personality prevents its demise. When a man wants to run an association as badly as Erford evidently did at La Grande, he deserves to have one named after him, and, incidentally, he may expect to have this creature of his unscrupulous ambition sue him for non-support whenever it is in need of funds. No one but Roy Erford, the indefatigable, would have paid for the folly at La Grande through eight years of uphill pulling with an amateur organization. It is a pity so good an amateur journalist with so much pluck could not have exhibited better sportsmanship at La Grande.

ANOTHER PIPE DREAM

J. F. Roy Erford

(Reprinted from Erford's The Amaranth for December 1937.)

Now we have with us the Committee For a Greater Amateur Press.

After organized amateur journalism has managed to get on fairly well for the past sixty years, there now being three organizations national in scope, the Committee discovers it has a mission to enlarge the membership of the existing organizations by 500 a month so that there shall be, at an early date, as many thousands of Amateur journalists as there are hundreds now.

We scanned the select list of celebrated amateur journalists comprising the committee but failed to note among them any one who has distinguished himself as a recruiter. While each has gained a reputation as a writer or publisher not one has demonstrated any ability as a recruiter and organizer. Not a one ever has built up and maintained a local club. Not one has made his home town an A.J. center. Yet they have plans to convert this world to amateur journalism. Our advice to these

brethren is to begin the good work at home.

Let us see how this Committee proposes to accomplish, within a few months, such unprecedented results for amateur journalism as they now have in mind. They tell us in the October MUCH ADO:

“We would put amateur journalism on the same basis as a successful business.”

Deliberately they would cast aside the principles of ideals of amateur journalism for the sake of merely adding numbers to the ranks. Would this be worth the sacrifice?

Has the United Amateur Press Association of America been wrong in its time-honored struggle to keep business out of amateur journalism, and to keep amateur journalism out of business?

And just how is the putting of amateur journalism on a business basis going to bring about the popularizing of amateur journalism? Here is the answer to that:

“We would set up National Headquarters manned by PROFESSIONAL full-time organizers.” Imagine that! Engaging “professionals” to recruit amateur journalists! That's enough to shock the sensibilities of any genuine amateur journalist and make him sick at the stomach.

“To set up our National Headquarters, we would need money,” says the Committee. Of course. Do these distinguished brethren plan to donate the money to establish their headquarters? No, Susie dear, they are not philanthropists. They are just successful business men. They plan to get the money for their establishment by means of a commission on the membership fees collected by the associations from members recruited by the Committee. They are eager to spread amateur journalism to the ends of the earth, for a commission. No commission, no work.

The committee claims to be fair and impartial. It is ready to accept commissions from any of the three associations. It solicits the co-operation of each association.

Perhaps the American, recently formed by renegades from the United, will co-operate with the Committee. Their membership has not been made public, possibly because they hesitate to reveal their numerical weakness.

Perhaps the National will co-operate. Certainly they are in need of some new blood, in view of their insolvency, made apparent at the Boston convention, when it was found necessary to start a drive for \$250, to balance the budget.

But the United does not need the services of the Committee. Its financial condition is excellent. More new members have been received within the past ninety days than in any other period of three months, since the United was founded forty-two years ago. Its own Recruiting Committee, headed by Jeff Jennings, is doing

magnificent work; no commissions asked or accepted.

If, by compromising with commercialism and depending upon professionals to do its recruiting the United should renounce those principles it has cherished and espoused from the beginning, it no longer would be worthy of the support of any true amateur journalist. Rather than to pervert the gospel of amateur journalism, it would be better for the United to be buried

“In a beautiful hole in the ground
Where the bumblebees buzz and the
grasshoppers hop,
And the tumblebugs tumble
around.”

THE FIRST YEAR

(Reprinted from The American Amateur Press Association's Year Book 1937.)

The American Amateur Press Association became a reality on January 2, 1937. Plans for its organization had been in progress for some months previous to this date however.

The almost phenomenal success of the AAPA came as a complete surprise to quite a number of amateur journalists—both new and old. For fifty years there had been two rival associations—the National and the United who had the field entirely to themselves. Several times during that half century attempts were made to establish a third association—but without success, at least permanently. Consequently, when the American was launched scant encouragement was given to its organizers and its small circle of boosters. Quite a number of amateurs were in sympathy with the aims and ideals of the new association tho felt that it stood little chance of survival in competition with the older associations.

But these amateur journalists overlooked a few very vital facts.

To begin with, the time was right. There had been internal strife for a number of years. Constant bickering had disgusted many sincere amateurs and quite a few had dropped their membership entirely.

And in George Henry Kay the new association found a leader worth following. While a comparative newcomer to the hobby, Mr. Kay was no stranger to the writing game, having edited for a number of years one of the finest little poetry magazines in the country. Whether or not it was Mr. Kay who first suggested the idea of a new association, there is little doubt that more than any other one man Kay made the association the outstanding success that it is at the end of one short year.

However all the credit cannot rightfully be given to

Mr. Kay, for he was ably assisted by Karl X. Williams, Marvin H. Neel, Robert H. Price, Linton Clark, Walter Ward Hamill, William Haywood, James Reid and quite a number of others.

The American seemed slated for success right from the start. A monthly mailing of journals was inaugurated and followed throughout the entire year.

The monthly mailings began to attract wide attention and many old-time amateur journalists aligned themselves with the new association and renewed interest caused the monthly bundles of the AAPA to eclipse the quarterly ones issued by the older associations—both in size as well as quality. Clemence, Shepherd, Henry, Miller, Holman, Herbster, Snapp, Hoxie, Zorn, Phelan, Wollheim, Griffin, Foote, Close, Segal, and a number of others joined or again became active.

But the American can lay claim to more than just a group of old amateurs. James Francis, hardly more than newcomer a year ago, was the surprise of the year, writing, editing, printing, publishing, Francis was active in all of them.

Wesley Wise and Bob Kunde, both newcomers, stepped to the front as leading amateur journalists, along with Bud Weaver, Bayard Oxtoby, Bruce Smith, Robert Bates, and several others.

Poetry is due to come into its own soon, with the outstanding versifiers the American can claim as members: Lillian M. Svenson, Olive Scott Stainsby, Sally Everett, Ray H. Zorn, Michael Phelan, Earl Henry, Alida Grenelle, William Clemence, and others.

The American owes much activity also, to a number of old time Lone Scouts, whose program of amateur journalism was quite as complete and developed as the press associations. Neel, Williams, Price, Choquette, Tevis, Clark, Swinarski, Zifchock, Albert, Keffer, Paxton, Griffin, and others, whose introduction to the hobby came by way of that grand old organization, the Lone Scouts of America.

A NEW CROP OF REBS!

J. F. Roy Erford

(Reprinted from Erford's The Amaranth for September 1938.)

Rebellion No. 3 in the history of the United Amateur Press Association of America raised its slimy head in June last, with much less prospect of surviving than either of its forerunners, and they both failed ignominiously. None of these rebel movements has had a leg to stand upon as to legality.

We are told in the Reb.'s official organ that “The

Greenfield Committee” serving the United as a Supreme Court, finds the UNITED to be of illegitimate origin. The reb's case stands or falls upon the validity of the “court” and its deliberations.

We are now asking some pertinent questions, none of which it would have been necessary to ask if the Committee had been frank, honest, and above-board.

Who appointed the Committee?

By what authority was the appointment made?

What persons constitute the Committee?

Are they members of the United or the National or both?

By what authority does the Committee function as a Supreme Court?

Why was the appointing of the Committee kept secret?

Why were its deliberations kept secret?

Why did it require five years' deliberating to reach its judgment?

Where can be found any authority or any precedent for a Supreme Court in the United?

Where and how did the “Court” obtain jurisdiction over the United?

Why did the “Court” fail to notify The United that it was being tried by the court?

Who filed complaint against the United, and who prosecuted it?

Who defended the United before the Court?

How and where did the “Court” acquire the power of withdrawing recognition from the United?

How and where did the “Court” acquire the power of setting aside the constitution and acts of a convention?

Where did it get the power to draft a president for the United and commission him to “arrange for the election of a complete official board”?

Manifestly a secret tribunal cannot act as a “Supreme Court” or as any other kind of court in this country. The accused and all parties in interest must be summoned and given a hearing.

Whoever thought up the idea of characterizing as a “Supreme Court” the group of imposters and frauds making up the Greenfield committee must have a mentality this is anile and caduke.

The judgement of the “Court” is signed by a Secretary, but the “judges” lurk in the shadows of anonymity. These contemptible plotters and conspirators against the UNITED should be dragged out into the daylight and an end put to their sniping from ambush.

No wonder these “judges” were unwilling to sign the judgement of the “Court.” No wonder they hide their faces from the public. No wonder they are ashamed to make themselves known. No wonder they hide behind a “secretary.”

Too cowardly to confront the fraternity themselves, they wheedle a gracious and inoffensive woman into signing as “secretary.” What miserable whelps!

If the “Court” had any facts upon which it based its findings, why didn't it make the facts known?

The judgment of the “court” says that it acted upon first-hand information from “Brother Butler, celebrated orator, and friend of Theodore Roosevelt.”

Evidently it took the “court” five years to discover Brother Butler, in spite of the fact he is a “celebrated orator and friend of Theo Roosevelt.”

If the “court” had wished to get “first hand information” many old-timers, who know the facts would have furnished it readily. Of course, none of these could have qualified as a “celebrated orator and friend of Theodore Roosevelt” but they were working for the United, while Brother Butler was busy orating the public and chumming around with Theodore Roosevelt.

The fact is that Brother Butler, “celebrated orator and friend of Theodore Roosevelt,” never has done anything for the United, and he is ignorant of its history. Half a dozen old-timers, with whom I have communicated, never had heard of him, although he may be a “celebrated orator and friend of Theodore Roosevelt.” If Brother Butler is an authority on the United, then Charley McCarthy is one, too.

Brother Butler Bellows No More!

After waiting patiently but without expectation, for two weeks, the Editor has received no answer for the following letter to “Brother Butler, celebrated orator and friend of Theodore Roosevelt.”

Seattle, July 21, 1938

Mr. Wm. Tobias Butler,
85 Joralemon St.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Butler:

I wish to inquire as to whether, or not, you have been correctly quoted in the report of “The Greenfield Committee” appearing in a so-called THE UNITED AMATEUR Vol. No. 1 (New series) No. 1.

If you have been quoted correctly therein, may I inquire further with reference to this statement:

“Unfortunately certain men lacking conception of what it means to be a journalist thirty years ago brought their clodhoppers into the garden of amateur journalism. Thirty years of consecutive office-holding by these men have not served to enlighten them as to the true nature of the association.”

Unfortunately, you do not name the men you referred to. I should like to know the names of these men,

and, as intentionally or unintentionally, on your part, you have caused suspicion to fall upon Dr. Noel and myself as being two of those referred to, I think that I have a right to know those individuals you had in mind. You could not have meant Dr. Noel, for he has been a member much less than 30 years. You could not have meant me, because, though continually active for 30 years, I have been elected to office but eleven times. Just who are these men, who have held office consecutively for the past 30 years and who, thirty years ago, brought their clodhoppers into amateur journalism? A stamped air mail enveloped enclosed for reply.

Faithfully yours,
ROY ERFORD.

WE GO TO LOUISVILLE

J. F. Roy Erford

(Reprinted from Erford's The Amaranth for September 1941.)

Although I had made several visits to Kentucky in times past, this was my first view of Louisville. It is a fine city, clean, bright, and prosperous. The city itself, certainly exceeded my expectations.

The local amateurs rank higher in literary ability than the average, I believe. The 45th annual convention held in Louisville was the best of its particular type so far held in the United. Having attended twenty odd of these conventions, beginning with Milwaukee 1906, I think I am fairly able to make a just appraisal.

The type of convention was such as one might expect of clubs, like the Kiwanis, Rotary, etc. It was aimed to be a sort of exhibition, a spectacle, a display. However, the very elaborateness of the entertainment served to make the convention much less enjoyable than the 1937 convention held at Neon in the same state. That was just an old-fashioned convention in a unique setting with the spirit of fellowship and good will abounding. Mr. Gourman, who has attended six of the last eight conventions, and as many more before, says the Neon convention was the best ever held, and he doesn't believe another can be held just as good. In that opinion I fully concur.

Instead of designating one of the smaller home-like hotels as convention headquarters, the local committee named the Brown Hotel, the leading, the largest, and the most expensive hostelry in the City; that might have been advisable if there had been several hundred in attendance. While the attendance outside of Kentucky was large for an amateur press convention, still, we were so few in numbers as to be lost in the shuffle in such a

large hotel. I was registered for fourteen hours before I came in contact with or heard from any of the members, and then it happened to be one of the members from Seattle.

As a rule, amateur journalists have but little money. In fact, they usually are broke as much of the time as a professional printer or journalist. Upon registering, when the clerk asks if you will have a \$4.00, \$5.00 or \$6.00 room, it is a little disconcerting. Several of our members were obliged to seek cheaper accommodations elsewhere. The scattering of members to various places is always a mistake. Spokane solved the difficulty well last year when the committee selected the Hotel Spokane, rather than The Davenport, as the convention hotel. A nice room was obtainable at \$2.50 a day, and, when a member appeared in the lobby, it was impossible to miss him or dodge him.

Evidently the Louisville amateurs had worked so hard in preparing entertainment for the visitors that they were about worn out before the convention started. I had the pleasure of meeting only a half-dozen of them, but I observed that the others seemed to be undergoing a painful ordeal, and these observations gave me the impression that they would be greatly relieved when the visitors had left town. So I cleared out at 2.00 A.M., Sunday morning.

On Monday evening, I was unexpectedly greeted at the hotel Webster in N.Y. City, by the leading members of New York and New Jersey, including former presidents, Northrop and DeMarco, Vice-President Benzing, Official Editor Anlian, and former V-Presdt Cohen, and others.

That Week-end I attended the fifteenth annual convention of the L.I.F. at Twin Lakes, Wis., of which Ernest T. Grube, a veteran of the United, has been president, five years. It was a delightful occasion and I shall ever cherish its fine fellowship.

We Wish We Hadn't

Of course there was trouble at the Louisville convention. There always is when there are present, people who are more interested in one or the other, or both, of the competing associations than in the United itself.

The election ran along smoothly enough, for the reason that the vote cast by mail was conclusive as to every contest. At the opening session, which was not a business session, the Chairman of the Reception Committee, who, much to the discomfiture of the President, clung to the chair throughout that session and the session that followed, announced that a certain Louisville member had been "selected" as secretary of the convention. The person selected is a very charming

young woman whose name I do not recollect. The chair did not state who had "selected" her. Certainly it was not done by the convention, for no business as yet had been transacted.

Undoubtedly this was a studied attempt to rebuke me after I had travelled two thousand five hundred miles to perform the duties of my office. The Louisville amateurs are highly intelligent people, so this can not be charged up to ignorance. However, I have been battling around in amateur journalism since seventeen years of age, and the hammerings I have taken have enabled me to develop a sort of rhinoceros [sic] skin, sufficiently impervious to such affronts as to make it possible for me to view them with amusement rather than indignation, bitterness and rancor.

There were people at the convention that were determined to raise Hell, and they did it at the last session. The convention adjourned Saturday close to midnight in an uproar, and, because of the utter confusion, it is impossible to state exactly just what did happen during the last half hour before adjournment.

Everyone knows that, when a controversial issue is presented in the report of a committee on resolutions, trouble is invited. It is customary for the committee to restrict its report to resolutions of commendation of the retiring officers and thanks to the convention's hosts. When anything else is included, concerning which there is a pronounced difference of opinion, there is bound to be trouble and ill feeling, and usually it is done for the express purpose of bringing this about. Three controversial matters were included in the majority report of the committee. Mr. Harrison, Chairman of the committee, bellicose, bellowing, and belligerent, was making it certain that the convention could not close in peace, harmony, and concord, and in this, he had the solid support of the Louisville contingent. Mr. White, twice president of the United, and the ablest and soundest leader in the ranks, sensing the trouble that was brewing, attempted to save the convention from chaos by introducing, as a substitute for the majority report, the customary resolutions of commendation and thanks, but the Chairman of the committee and others in the tie-up were out for blood so Mr. White's substitute was voted down resoundingly. He is to be commended. He did what he could to preserve peace in the convention and to prevent a selling-out of the United to its enemies. His attitude was consistent with his long and distinguished career in amateur journalism as a United man first, last, and always. As far as he is concerned, its competitors can go and jump into the lake, and the sooner, the better.

One of the resolutions provided for the raising of the annual dues to \$1.00. Of course, membership is worth that, or even five dollars but the fact is that the United

had a loss of approximately forty members last year, at a time when we had more papers and greater activity than ever before. The loss was due to the falling-off in recruiting because of the inefficiency with which the recruiting campaign was conducted under the leadership of last year's first vice-president. The number of new members was smaller than ever before, and forty-seven percent of them were brought in by Dr. Noel and myself. With its present decrease in membership, it would be silly for the United to make certain a still further decrease by raising the dues, especially while the AAPA has fifty cent dues. How much easier it would be for the AAPA to compete with the United if it cost twice as much to belong to the United!

But, regardless of all that, there was not anything the convention could do to affect the matter. The convention couldn't legislate. It couldn't by resolution or otherwise raise the dues. (Nor could it add to or subtract from an officer's duties as prescribed by the constitution.)

All the convention could do in connection with this matter, was to express the sentiment of a majority of the five percent of the membership attending that session.

The proponents of dollar dues could have proposed, before last March, an amendment to the constitution, and the amendment would have been printed on the ballots and voted on in the election. They can do the same next year if they wish. There was no purpose in presenting this matter to the convention except to raise a row and to do a service to the AAPA.

Another resolution provided for the printing of the membership list in the September issue of the official organ, and of the list of new members in each subsequent issue. One objection to this was from the standpoint of economy. Last year, there was spent the entire income of the association, together with about eighty dollars in contributions (two-thirds of which came from Seattle), and nearly forty, from the amount on hand at the beginning of the year. That means that we must retrench this year.

We cannot afford to enlarge the official organ, its size must be reduced.

When that objection was made to the increase in cost of the September issue that would be required by the printing of the membership list therein in addition to the minutes of the convention, Mr. Reed said: "I will pay it myself."

When I said that promises didn't mean much to me and I should like to see the color of his money, he said, "Come on boys," and he laid a dollar bill on the table and so did five others. When I said that was not enough and invited them to double it, there occurred the fastest disappearing act I had ever seen outside of a magician's performance. That money re-entered the pockets of the

alleged donors in less than the twinkling of an eye, and Mr. Reed, mumbling something about using the mimeograph, hurriedly scooted out of the room, and that was the last I ever saw of Eddie.

That was the funniest thing that happened during my entire tour of nine thousand miles through twenty-six states.

For forty years, the NAPA, through a well-organized system of proselytising, had stolen our good members at a faster rate than the United could win and develop them. A few years ago, at the instance of Mr. DeMarco, I think it was, the United ceased publishing its membership records. Immediately the United forged to the front, and no longer did it play second fiddle to the NAPA. Now apparently the membership records are to be made available to the United's competitors.

Verily, the United has been betrayed in its own household. There were a lot of people at Louisville eager to do something for the AAPA. There were a lot of people at Louisville eager to do something for the NAPA. There were very, very few at Louisville eager to do something for the UAPA.

And still it was supposed to be a UAPA convention!

From the standpoint of safeguarding the United's welfare, the Louisville convention was, with one possible exception, the worst in history.

After-Thoughts, Previously Deleted By Printer In Space Quandry

I have been a member of the L.I.F. for many years and though this time, I lost the Chicken Eating contest, by the margin of one drumstick, to one of the boys from Kankakee, I lost to a real champion, and I am proud to have been the runner-up.

People go to conventions to greet the old, familiar faces, and to meet other interesting members for the first time. The real pleasure is derived from mingling with fellow members and in getting better acquainted. They do not go to conventions just to be entertained, to be regimented, to be required to listen, at every session, to some newspaper man or college professor who knows next to nothing about amateur journalism. At Neon, the only speakers were amateur journalists. All who have heard G.Bennett Adams and D. Z. Gourman realize that these men are eloquent speakers who know amateur journalism as only an expert can know it.

SOME FAN SLANTS ON MAINSTREAM AJAY

Francis Towner Laney

(Extracted from Laney's memoir Ah! Sweet Idiocy! originally distributed in FAPA in 1948.)

Another trend in 1942 and 1943, logical enough when one considers the Lovecraftian tinge to my fan background, was for me to try to interest mundane ajjay in fantasy publishing. This led to my digging out all of HPL's friends who were still in ajjay (notably Rheinhart Kleiner and W. Paul Cook), joining NAPA, and taking considerable time in surveying the better ajjay magazines. Since the good ones do not usually appear in the bundles, but must be wangled individually, this took considerable doing. I did not totally give up on this until late August. During the time I was in NAPA I indulged in a spat with Tim Thrift which did not prove anything except that neither of us were capable of a logical uninsulting argument, got a passal of desirable HPLiana from Cook and Edkins and Barlow, and had a brief argument with Burton Crane. This I'll dig [sic] later.

[....]

Discovering that the publicity director of the National Amateur Press Association [Wesley H. Porter] was an Angeleno, two or three of us [members of LASFS—the Los Angeles Science Fiction Society] got the idea of working with NAPA to form a local amateur press club, which could share expenses on our clubroom in exchange for the use of it and its equipment. No merger with NAPA was contemplated, but rather the formation of a sister organization, which might have the use of the clubroom a maximum of one evening a week for meetings, and the members of which might use the clubroom on non-meeting nights on the same basis as members of the LASFS.

Though it had somewhat fallen into obsolescence under [Walter J.] Daugherty and succeeding administrations, the rent payers committee as originally set up by [T. Bruce] Yerke to be used in keeping Deglers out of the clubroom as much as possible still existed. [Laney refers to Claude Degler, founder of the Cosmic Circle—ed.] We revamped the setup, wording the rent payers' document (a constitution of sorts) so that members of as many clubs as the rent payers wished to include might join the committee, regardless of affiliation with the LASFS. None of us were astute enough politically to see what this did both to the LASFS and the infamous governing body—in effect it turned the clubroom and all its contents over to the jurisdiction of the rent payers' committee at all times except when the LASFS was actually in session on Thursday nights. The LASFS, in other words, became a mere appurtenance of the rent payers' committee, existing in the clubroom only on sufferance—and except on Thursday nights the LASFS, for all practical purposes, ceased to exist and was supplanted by this committee. Sounds metaphysical, but in actuality it was an overthrow of the Daugherty faction in the club, since the governing body no longer

had control of anything except for a brief time once a week, and anyone could join the rentpayers without being a member of the club itself. It left Daugherty holding an egg-shell from which all the contents had been removed.

In early 1945, one of NAPA's top men, Burton Crane of New Jersey, was in and around LA for a couple of weeks in connection with his preliminary training for the OSS. Crane had published, in early 1943, a brief castigation of FAPA and fandom in one of his NAPA publications, and in my earnest way I had written him a letter taking issue with several of his allegations, sent him an *Acolyte*, and given him a few selected fanzine publishers to contact. I'd forgotten all about it when about a year later came a most cordial and interesting letter from Crane, telling me that he'd looked into fandom more in detail, had found it of considerably more worthwhile than he had imagined, and mentioning his intention of taking a minor part in it for a while. Very shortly we had worked up one of the best correspondences I have ever had, so I was highly excited when word came that Burton was in town.

Burton Crane is one of the very few individuals I have met who may rightfully be described by the word fabulous. The fabulous Burton Crane. Here is a tall, rather athletic man who very probably is in his late forties but who has that ageless approach to life which makes him fit in with any group, of any age. He is handsome, though balding, has one of those rich voices which is resonant without being booming, and a personality which must be encountered to be believed. Winning, analytic, witty, sympathetic, natively brilliant, Burton Crane is a man who has been everywhere and done everything—and who can apparently do almost anything with near-championship skill. He is probably the nearest thing to a genius that I have ever encountered in the flesh, easily the best integrated, most adult person I have met. He is by profession a newspaper man, but he has also met success as a playwright, as a magazine author, and as a musician. If he cared to commercialise his hobby of fine printing he could very easily make his mark as a 20th century Aldus. He spent many years in Japan in the twenties and the early thirties, speaks the language well and idiomatically, and is definitely qualifiable as an expert of the Land of the Rising Sun. At present he is in charge of the New York Times office in Tokyo. During his previous incarnation in Nippon, Crane was one of Columbia's top recording stars. Billed as the Japanese Maurice Chevalier, he waxed several dozen sides of American hit parade tunes sung in Japanese. And what a voice that man has! Some of us were out at my house talking about this and that, his recording career came into the conversation, and without warning he threw back his head and commenced signing the Japanese lyrics to

“Walkin' My Baby Back Home.” I'd rather listen to Crane than Crosby anyday, and that isn't just idle flattery either; if I thought his singing stank I'd say so.

Anyway, Crane, in his magnetic way, did a lot towards helping the LA Amateur Press Club get organised, and got us acquainted with Wesley Porter, a local advertising man who was at that time the publicity director of NAPA. Porter turned out to be a typical business man of the better class—a good egg and all that, but with a tendency towards being somewhat the bigshot executive type.

After so much piddling along, the LASFS finally held a meeting at which all local amateur journalists were asked to be present; we knocked ourselves out sending mimeographed letters to everyone who had belonged locally to NAPA, AAPA, or UAPA in the preceding decade—getting for our pains a turnout of six. The group seemed rather enthusiastic about organizing, and sharing our clubroom, but through some sort of singular coincidence the amateurs dropped the LASFS like a hot potato immediately following their second meeting, which was held at Clifton's [restaurant] and at which Walter J. Daugherty was present.

[Elmer] Perdue, Laney, and others of us were incensed, felt that Daugherty had sabotaged the club due to his known dislike of the administration. Still, there was nothing on which to accuse him. The upshot of it all was that I got Crane to look into the matter a little by letter; he did so and reported back that as far as he could learn Daugherty was innocent of any double-dealing. Crane's word was good enough for me—so I have written the matter of as a singular coincidence and nothing more, though one or two others are not so sure.

The eventual upshot was that the LAAPC quickly got on its feet as a growing organisation, and that nothing came of the club-room sharing idea, though a meeting was held at my house as late as September 1945 in which some last negotiations were made. Poor Porter; the confab was interrupted by the advent of the Ashleys [Al and Abby Lou] and menage an hour after they hit Los Angeles for the first time—he strove manfully but I am afraid had a rather ruinous evening. But I'm getting ahead of myself.

Much of the content of this issue of The Fossil derives from a group of amateur journalism year books and convention programs that the editor found in one of the boxes of collection donated to him by William H. Groveman. The Year Book 1937 of the American Amateur Press Association was a big find so far as the editor was concerned, and he is pleased to be able to use its cover and journal listing as the front covers of this issue of The Fossil. In addition, the listing of members provided in the AAPA Year Book 1937 is reproduced as

the centerfold for this issue of *The Fossil*. From the first year membership roster of the American Amateur Press Association, *The Fossils* are very proud to have Harold Smolin and Eliot Ruben on our own membership roster.

The Fossils were long ago repulsed in their effort to exclude mature adults from active participation in the amateur journalism hobby. We have ceased to try to influence the composition of and direction set by the active participants in the amateur journalism hobby. That is the role of the amateur journalism organizations themselves as they continue to evolve. *The Fossils* allow each member to participate in as many or as few amateur journalism organization as he or she chooses. Our common link is a love of the organized amateur journalism hobby and its traditions and more generally a love of independent publishing in all its forms.

So, the editor has in this issue tried to celebrate the diversity of our hobby and of our organizations—starting with the 1912 split in the UAPAA, proceeding to the complex politics of hobby during the years of the First World War, Elsa Gidlow's "phantom" year as president of the Erford-Noel UAPAA, Howard Lovecraft's challenges as president of the Hoffman-Daas UAPAA in the same year, and the rebellion which broke away from UAPAA "boss rule" and NAPA stuffiness to establish AAPA in 1936-37.

The traditions of the National Amateur Press Association are many and its history will doubtless continue to receive ample coverage in *The Fossil*. However, the majority of us would surely dissent from the thesis in Louis Kempner's 1939 fiftieth anniversary speech (reprinted in our October 2006 issue) that all rival organizations were subversive and without value. Over the years, the Literary Lyceum of America, the United Amateur Press Association, the Interstate Amateur Press Association, and the American Amateur Press Association have all done service in providing alternative venues for amateur publishing and challenging the National to attain its best. Sometimes, the inter-association relationships have been smooth, more times they have been rocky. More than once, rival officials such as UAPAA's Howard Lovecraft and NAPA's F. Graeme Davis have had to make each other promises "to be good"—some times kept, more times broken. In the last analysis, however, our hobby has been enriched by its organizational diversity.

FOSSIL REVIEWS

Ken Faig, Jr.

Robert Lichtman, ed., *Ah! Sweet Laney!: The Writings of a Great Big Man*, 132pp.+covers, unbound. Designed and published by Pat Virzi (618 Westridge Drive,

Duncanville, TX 75116) for the February 2007 Corflu Quire. Price: US\$15 plus postage (\$5 to US addresses, \$8 to Canada, \$10 overseas).

Fossil Robert Lichtman has edited a memorable anthology of writing by Francis Towner Laney (1914-1958), one of the most articulate writers attracted to science fiction fandom, whose work was noted in "mundane ajay" by Ernest Edkins and others. Most of the writing gathered by Lichtman dates to the period 1945-52, when Laney had ceased most fannish activity, except for the publication of his own *Fan-Dango* in FAPA. One of the latest pieces is the extended account of his involvement with L. Ron Hubbard's Dianetics that Laney contributed to our own Helen Wesson's *The Unspeakable Thing*.

The son of a university professor, Laney first encountered fandom in Moscow, Idaho. He made friends with local fans Duane W. Rimel and F. Lee Baldwin, who had been correspondents of the late H. P. Lovecraft (1890-1937), and soon fell under the spell of Lovecraft's work. Laney's best-known fanzine, *The Acolyte* (1942-46), largely devoted to HPL and his circle, was the result. Laney later became completely disenchanted with Lovecraft and his work, and Lichtman reprints two articles, "Lovecraft is 86" and "Who Was Howard Davison?" reflecting this disaffection. The latter recounts Laney's alleged discovery of manuscript material by Lovecraft in the erstwhile belongings of a Columbus, Ohio amateur journalist named Howard Davison who supposedly died in World War I. So far, no record of such an amateur journalist has been discovered and the presumption is that "Who Was Howard Davison?" was a Laney hoax meant to bait Lovecraft's diehard fans and collectors.

An excellent short account of Laney's career in science fiction fandom can be found in Harry Warner's *All Our Yesterdays* (Chicago IL: Advent Publishers, 1969). Laney arrived in Los Angeles on November 4, 1943 and soon became involved in the local fan club LASFS. Within a few years, Laney was quarreling with Forrest Ackerman, Walter Daugherty, and other LASFS figures. Laney had a full life outside science fiction fandom, but felt that many fans did not. One quarrel was spurred when some fans objected to his using the LASFS club room to teach Pogo (Patti Grey) to dance. Laney objected especially to the gay contingent of the local LASFS club, and made his objections explicit in his memoir *Ah! Sweet Idiocy!* (first published in FAPA in 1948 and subsequently reprinted several times).

It would be wrong, however, to dismiss Laney as an ignorant gay-basher. The writings collected by Lichtman for *Ah! Sweet Laney!* show the many dimensions of

Laney's interests. Laney felt that active participation in science fiction fandom was a stage that adolescents ought to outgrow. (The early Fossil leaders during the pre-World War I period held the same opinion concerning active participation in the amateur journalism hobby.) Laney worked most of his adult lifetime in machine shops and went through four marriages—hardly a very happy chronicle of personal history. He was an early jazz aficionado and speculated with Al Ashley concerning survival strategies after a nuclear holocaust. He was an early enthusiast of L. Ron Hubbard's Dianetics, but soon became disillusioned. When he died in Webster Groves, Missouri, in 1958, he was almost totally out of communication with fandom. Legends concerning his demise or non-demise continue to circulate and were the basis for an entire novel by Sharon McCrumb set in the science fiction milieu.

Publisher Pat Virzi has done a superlative design job for this volume. The cover, printed on bright red stock, gives Dan Steffan's impression of Laney as a VIP—very important person. Many classic covers from Laney's fanzines *The Acolyte* and *Fan-Dango* are reproduced and there is interior art by Bill Rotsler. Tributes to Laney by Charles Burbee, Jack Speer and Robert Bloch are also included. Laney was only active for a short time in NAPA, but he mentions NAPA, UAPA and AAPA as amateur press associations comparable to FAPA in his 1944 *Shangri L'Affaires* essay "My Ideals of Fandom" (*Ah! Sweet Laney!*, p. 45.)

Laney could be the rival of Charlie Heins when it came to bitter feuding. He was especially critical of the leadership of the National Fantasy Fan Federation—an organization which I believe still survives. He printed the fact that E. Everett Evans served prison time in Michigan on a morals charge while serving as N3F president, at the same time acknowledging Evans's contention that he was framed.

Fossil Lichtman has added fresh light to the history of science fiction fandom and FAPA in the 1940s with the publication of *Ah! Sweet Laney!* Anyone interested in amateur publishing in the science fiction and fantasy milieu will not want to pass this one by.

Margaret Oliphant, *The Library Window*, xvi+74pp., \$12 (Tampa FL: University of Tampa Press, 2006). Edited by Elizabeth Winston.

Cheiro [Count Louis Hamon (1866-1936)], *A Study of Destiny*, xvii+92pp., \$12 (Tampa FL: University of Tampa Press, 2006). Edited by Sean Donnelly.

These are the first two volumes in University of Tampa's "Insistent Visions" series. Series editors Sean

Donnelly, Richard Matthews and Elizabeth Winston intend to reprint nineteenth-century supernatural fiction, science fiction, mysteries, and adventure stories in affordable, attractive, limited editions, both for academic and general readership. All of the series books will be available both in hardcover and paperbound editions (the prices shown above are for the paperbound editions). The editors provide introductions, notes and afterwords for each text. Their approach is both biographical and critical and fine portraits of each author help to illumine the texts.

Fossil Historian Donnelly and his colleagues have made distinguished choices for the inaugural volumes of the "Insistent Visions" series. Designer and typesetter Richard Matthews had done a beautiful job with the first two volumes; the cover of *The Library Window*, reproducing an engraving of St. Rule's Tower in St. Andrews, Scotland from a rare 1845-52 volume, is particularly notable. The books are set in an elegant Caslon typeface, and the proofreading is immaculate—I did not find a single typographical error in either volume.

Professor Winston provides an elegant feminist interpretation of Oliphant's *The Library Window*—originally published in *Edinburgh Magazine* in 1896. This first-person account of an adolescent girl's fascination with the false window of a library building across the street from the home of her aunt, where she is convalescing, is elegantly told from a believable perspective. The mystery remains after the telling of the story is done—a characteristic of the best of supernatural stories. As with the supernatural stories of Henry James, the reader never really knows what has transpired—which adds to the richness. Mrs. Oliphant was herself the representative of very traditional perspectives but did not lack a sensitivity to the special burden of women in the arts. *The Library Window* is surely one of the greatest of her supernatural stories and richly merits the fine reprint accorded it as the inaugural volume of the Insistent Visions series.

Cheiro is a figure as mysterious as M. P. Shiel (1865-1947)—both being the subject of many biographical mysteries and both having served prison terms for fraud or deception during the teens of this century. Cheiro claimed to have learned the art of palmistry from gypsies who kidnapped him as a youth; he also claimed to be a reincarnation of the heretic pharaoh Akhenaton. Clearly, he is as far removed from western Christian tradition as Mrs. Oliphant is enveloped by the same. The universal brotherhood of man is Cheiro's religion and forms the basis for his judgments of human affairs. In this story, originally published in 1898, a cruel deed done in India is ultimately avenged on the son of the doers. The principal action of the narrative

itself takes place amongst the tombs of Egyptian antiquity. Trapped by Arab enemies in a newly-discovered tomb, the narrator, his Egyptologist father-figure (apparently modelled on Sir Flinders Petrie), and the victim of the Indian curse finally escape through a discovery whose benefit the curse-victim cannot enjoy. So, destiny is not defeated.

There is much colorful prose in Cheiro's account; clearly, he was driven by his own philosophical views concerning the place of man in this world. By way of contrast, Mrs. Oliphant's account of the young girl's "haunting" is more delicate and nuanced, reserving judgement as the best art always does. Together, the two texts are representative of the rich diversity of supernatural literature in the 1890s—the same decade that saw the birth of Bram Stoker's *Dracula* (1897).

These beautiful texts belong in the libraries of every aficionado of supernatural fiction and in university collections of nineteenth-century literature. The "Insistent Visions" series is the fulfillment of Sean Donnelly's concept and I wish for it a long and successful run. These texts will certainly not please every Fossil reader, but one thing can be said with assurance. Our own H. P. Lovecraft, one the principal exponents of supernatural literature in the twentieth century, would surely be delighted with this series. Supernatural literature has always been a small component of the range of amateur journalism. In the nineteenth century, Ernest A. Edkins, J. J. Mack and Edith Dowe Minter were among its few exponents. Perhaps we can hope that the "Insistent Visions" series—if it continues to grow and prosper—will eventually contain a volume of the best nineteenth-century amateur writing in this domain. Kudos to Sean Donnelly and his colleagues on a distinguished start.

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