THE FOSSIL

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STEPS FORWARD
President's Report

Guy Miller

Election Time is upon us. I refer to our Fossils election which, beginning with this new year 2008, will be starkly different from those of our past. Beginning with this year's election, instead of the traditional slate of officers, you will vote for only three candidates who will serve within the structure of a **Board of Trustees** for a two-year term. All other officers will be appointed by this Board. If you would like to offer your name as a candidate for one of the three Trustees, you will find enclosed with this April issue of *The Fossil* a form stating that fact for you to sign and return to our Secretary-treasurer Tom Parson or a designate by June 30, 2008. Be sure to study our new By-Laws, mailed to you along with the January issue of *The Fossil* for the duties of the new Board. If you did not receive a copy or have mislaid yours, write to me at 2951 Archer Lane, Springfield OH 45503-1209, and I will send you a copy as soon as possible.

In other news, both AAPA President Lee Hawes and NAPA President Arie Koelewyn revealed plans for their upcoming conventions. In a surprise move for NAPA, President Koelewyn, responding to the desires of the membership, has announced that NAPA's 133rd convention will depart from tradition and meet on July 15-17, rather than around the July 4th date. Place will be in the Townsend TN area. Further details can be obtained from Convention Chairman Bill Boys at 6507 Westland Dr., Knoxville TN 37919, E-mail: <wboys@compuserve.com>,

President Hawes has elected Tampa FL for the AAPA meeting. Dates are June 12-14. The chosen hotel is the Howard Johnson Plaza Hotel in downtown Tampa, conveniently located to the planned activities. The rate for delegates is $85. For more information, check with Fossil Lee at 5009 Dickens Ave., Tampa FL 33629, E-mail: <lmhawesjr@earthlink.net>. Last year, Fossil Editor Ken Faig was sent detailed coverage of both conventions. Hopefully he will receive the same favor this year.

In the meantime we are happy to report that Fossil matters are running smoothly, thanks to the work of our officers and the cooperation of the Board of Trustees members Stan Oliner and Chairman Jack Swenson. As I reported in our January issue of *The Fossil*, Stan has successfully engineered placement of Victor Moitoret's immense library; and I learn that he is in the process of organizing the papers of deceased NAPA member Harold Davids.

Editor Ken Faig's contribution is evident with every issue of *The Fossil*. Our Vice President Lee Hawes and I have chosen the recipient of the Russell L. Paxton Memorial Award, and Fossil John Horn has graciously agreed to continue to provide the plaque for presentation. Secretary-treasurer Tom Parson, in the midst of a swirl of personal responsibilities, continues his stewardship; and Membership Chair Martha Shivvers ably assists him despite serious health setbacks.

Our Webmaster Dave Tribby carries on with the chores of his office including arranging with website contractors and searching out a more dependable server than we have recently been connected with. I would be more specific about all his activities, including his setting me up with an “alias” e-mail address (see the roster of officers), except that, as a near-illiterate of internet prestidigitation (or downright sorcery), I don't pretend to understand how Dave is accomplishing it all. But he has been patient in dealing with my ignorance, and for that I am grateful. In fact, no less am I grateful to all our officers who are

making my job as your president manageable. I hope that you, our loyal members, are experiencing the benefits.

And don't forget, if you want to volunteer your labors to forward the progress of our venerable organization, put your name on the enclosed nominations form and mail it to us, or write the president at his "alias" e-mail address.

FOSSIL NOTES

The Fossils note with sadness the passing of **J. Ed Newman** on February 10, 2008, at the age of ninety-two. J. Ed served as president of NAPA in 1969-70 and president (and official editor) of The Fossils in 1986-87. He was well known for his writings about the history of our hobby and published twenty-one miniature books in editions of 100 copies during his retirement years. He was married to his first wife Lou, for forty-two years, and is survived by his second wife June, his partner for twenty-nine years. Condolences can reach Mrs. June Newman at 603 W. Warren St., Le Roy IL 61752-1040. We thank Bill Boys's *NAPA Email News* (vol. 8 no. 21, Apr. 1, 2008) for most of this information.

Fossil ex-President **Harold Smolin** has found a snug dwelling at 8975 W. Golf Rd., Apt. 511, Niles IL 60714-5821 after the passing of his beloved wife Shirley in February 2007. Harold and Shirley formerly divided their time between Chicago's Peterson Park neighborhood and Florida. Harold's new apartment is close to the homes of his two daughters, who help him with the business of daily living. Harold was a founding member of AAPA in 1937 and was one of four members to attend the first AAPA convention in Chicago in 1938. He served as Fossil president in 1978-79, between Hyman Bradofsky and Karl X. Williams, and published *Consider* in AAPA. At age eighty-eight, Harold finds that the computer is his window to the world and would love to hear from fellow ajays at <essandaitch@att.net>. We hope to feature an e-mail interview with Harold in a future issue of *The Fossil*.

Please send the editor **your** news for publications in a future issue of *The Fossil*.

JAMES GUINANE
1925-2007

The only obituary written after Jim's death was a notice put in our daily paper by the family. However, it is possible to give you a résumé of Jim's life. He grew up in a small town in New South Wales and was writing at an early age. While still at school he published his own magazine on the mimeograph on which he subsequently printed all his *Churingas* and the Rheinhart Kleiner booklet. This mimeograph is now in a print museum. When he left high school at the age of sixteen he was immediately employed by the Australian Broadcasting Commission (the government-owned broadcasting station) as a cadet journalist. At eighteen he joined the Royal Australian Air Force and graduated as a pilot with the rank of Flight-Sergeant. The Second World War ended before he was sent overseas and he immediately returned to the A.B.C.

In 1947 he was transferred to Tasmania to work and it was here that he met Norma, who was a typist in the News Department. They were married two years later. Jim remained with the A.B.C. until he retired. He was a man who loved what he did for a living–being a reporter. He rose through the ranks and when he retired was News Editor for the A.B.C. in Tasmania.

On the personal side–he had four sons and eight grandchildren (four boys, four girls). Over the years his hobbies changed. Although he continued writing for some time, this was mainly for his own satisfaction and was quite varied. He developed a love of music and also became a stamp collector. However, for the past 25-30 years his passion was model trains, He took over a room of his house, designed, and (with a son's help) built a large model railway. This he operated, with the help of friends, for the remainder of his life.

He is survived by his wife, Norma, three sons (David, Barry and Geoffrey) and his eight grandchildren.

JAMES GUINANE, 15
RUNS HIS OWN PAPER
...FROM OFFICE BOY TO PUBLISHER

(Reprinted from the Sunday-Telegraph Color Pictorial*, March 30, 1941.)*

Fifteen-year-old James Guinane, North Sydney schoolboy, is probably Australia's youngest news-magazine editor. He writes, edits, and prints his paper, *The News-Zine*, in his bedroom, at Falcon Street, North Sydney. He prints it on a duplicator.

The News-Zine is a fortnightly 12-page commentary on world affairs. Its circulation is now

100. The paper sells at 2d, 3d posted. Subscriptions just cover the production cost, but the proprietor-publisher-editor James doesn't worry.

EDITOR. James Guinane subscribes to American *Time*, British *Cavalcade*, and other news magazines. He keeps cutting-books of newspaper cabled news. "More than anything else foreign affairs interest me," says James. His writing is clipped, modern; his articles well-informed. *The News-Zine* urges a National Government and social reconstruction now.

REPORTER. Frowningly James tries to interpret the Balkan question. Paper's Headline History carries proviso: "At time of going to press, all the news in TNZ was topical. If it is not now, don't blame me–blame that cow in Germany."

RETOUCHER. So interested was Telegraph artist George Finey in *The News Zine* that he drew this cartoon about Bulgaria's surrender to the Axis for its editor. Here James Guinane traces the cartoon on to the wax stencil for duplicating.

PRINTER. Every word of *The News Zine's* 3000-odd words is written after school hours. Next issue will come out on Wednesday. Yesterday James spent 12 hours cutting stencils. All today he'll spend running off copies on the duplicator. Somehow, James says, he gets his homework done. James is sitting for his Inter. this year; hopes to be a newspaperman.

BUSINESS MANAGER. Advertising rates are 5/- a page, 3d a line. Paper gives column to Cammeray Comet Club activities; in return, members take 40 copies.

OFFICE BOY. James posts 35 copies to subscribers. About a half dozen new subscriptions come in each week from all States from people who have heard of his paper. Others offer to write articles for him. One offer ran, "Unfortunately (for me) I am a girl, and 17 at that; but–"

THE DAY THAT JIM DRIED UP

He learnt a valuable lesson the day the Governor came to the rescue.

(Reprinted from Woman's Day*, April 1, 1963.)*

There's one day in Jim Guinane's life he'll never forget. That was the day he had to do a television interview for Hobart's Channel 2 with the Governor of Tasmania, Lord Rowallan, who had just returned from a holiday in England.

"I had to interview the Governor," said Jim. "I was so nervous that I dried up, but his Excellency kept talking until I could think up my next question. Only he knew how tongue-tied I was."

It's hard to realise, as you watch Jim conducting interviews on the channel's news programs, that he knows what it is to be nervous.

Experiences early in his career have taught him how to put people at ease. He has an air of assurance–of quiet confidence–that encourages others to be expansive on camera.

Jim has met most of the VIPs visiting Tasmania and says of them, "The more important they are, the easier they are to talk to.

"For instance, we filmed the King and Queen of Thailand on their visit to the big Florentine Valley logging forests.

"For half and hour or more the king good-naturedly put up with the flash bulbs and grinding movie cameras. Then an aide called a halt and asked the Press and TV men to line up.

"Next thing, the King produced his own camera, said, `Smile, gentlemen, please,' and took several group photographs.

"His Majesty gave a wide smile and said, `Thank you, gentlemen. You've been most co-operative.'

"The funniest interview I remember was with the Livingstone brothers aboard their yacht Kurrewa, when it had just won line honours in a Sydney to Hobart ocean yacht race.

"Toward the end I asked if they'd had a good wind for the voyage. `Wind!' cracked Frank Livingstone. `We didn't need it.' And he produced some bagpipes and proceeded to play them. It was hilarious. It broke up the camera crew."

Jim and his wife, Norma, and their four sons, David, Barry, Geoffrey and Roger, live in the Hobart suburb of New Town.

THE MESSAGE STICK
SELECTIONS FROM CHURINGA

James Guinane

No. 2, April 1944

As perhaps most of you know, I am serving in the Royal Australian Air Force as a trainee

pilot–Leading Aircraftsman Guinane J. F.–hoping to get my wings in four or five months time. The Air Force does not allow much time to pursue my amateur activities. So may I beg forgiveness of members whose letters remain unanswered and magazines unacknowledged. They are all appreciated. I shall try from time to time to produce *Churinga* and make my amends therein.

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Kooraka, *The Victorian Kangaroo*, *Ye Wayside Goose*–pictures of all those grand old Australian amateur publications flood into mind as we browse through *Koolinda*, edited by Leon Stone, printed by that creator of artistic amateur journals of the past, Hal E. Stone. Laboring under the difficulty of wartime type, paper and ink shortages, Mr. Stone has produced a fine magazine for the NAPA. We hope all American amateurs enjoy it as much as we did. Coming as a complete surprise to us, for Leon steadfastly kept it dark until almost publication date, we were overjoyed to find Australia once again represented in the amateur field and especially by two people who had done so much in their respective generations for the propagation of amateur journalism in this country: one, the founder of the hobby out here way back at the end of the last century; the other reviving it, after a sad demise, in the 1920s to see it flourishing again for a few years before its final exist from the Australian field in 1929–sadly, before we came on the scene for we should love to have been part of those grand days and the old Australian Amateur Press Association. Best news of the lot however, is the promise of a reappearance of *Koolinda* again this year. Sly observation during a recent visit to the Stone household gives us to believe that its editor is already working on copy for the next issue. Contained therein, too, we noted, much to our surprise, something that will, no doubt, prove of interest to Tim Thrift.

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From the Good Earth, Fossils...

Like the hauntingly reminiscent tales of a very old man to his young grandson, come the last revival issues of *Go Ahead*, wise and dignified in their age, but frequently revealing the enthusiasm and absorption of interest of the boy who is still very much within their pages. The three copies in *Churinga's* possession, the Rip Van Winkle, Prairial and Brumaire numbers, are filed amongst our most valued journals. A solid attractively produced magazine with a well chosen and excellently edited list of contents, it took its place from the first issue amongst the aristocrats of amateur journals. With such an impressive line-up of contributors as have already appeared in the comparatively few pages of three issues, one must pay tribute to Mr. Batchelder's industry and ability and be truly grateful that he has again returned to the ranks of ajay. Brodie, Edkins, Freitag, White, Edna Hyde McDonald, Dora H. Moitoret, Mabel M. Forrer are but a few of our prominent amateur litterateurs who have graced *Go Ahead's* pages. And of them all, though it was difficult to choose, we liked best Michael White's splendid poem, "Byron's Grave," in our opinion the best contribution to amateur poetry for quite some time. We see no reason for Rip Van Winkle's "Apology to the Adolescent" for devoting so much space "to the reminiscences that naturally come to mind in planning a paper that reappears above the horizon after an Arctic night of almost sixty years." If the Fossils can produce such interesting and entertaining writers as Warren Brodie, the Reverend Wicks, George A. Hough and Frank Batchelder himself, to relate their tales and memories of ajay long before we knew it as the Prince of Hobbies that it really is, then no excuse is needed for presenting the "harkbacks of the Fossiliferous" to those grand old days. We would welcome more of them. May we always be included on *Go Ahead's* mailing list.

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We Diverge...

Mention in the Rip Van Winkle *Go Ahead* of the early quarrels of the youthful editors of the last century, of the brickbats they hurled indiscriminately back and forth brings to mind the feuds of early Australian ajay when editors were at each other's throats battling in an alarming manner with insults and spicy articles in the pages of their respective magazines. The quarrels arose early in the piece between Hal E. Stone and William Coxhead, the two founders of amateur journalism in this country. Things ran smoothly enough for a while following the inception of ajay in Australia while the two men had their own separate organisations in their respective states. Coxhead, however, finally tiring of his efforts vainly to bolster up the diminishing ranks of his New South Wales Society, and desiring something more like the American and British Amateur Press Associations, resigned from his own club and, with six members, inaugurated the Australian Amateur Journalists' Association in 1894. At their first meeting Coxhead had himself unanimously elected President, and, of the other five members, one was elected secretary and two

made councillors. As the AAJA was to envelop the whole of the country it was decided to award Hal E. Stone's Victorian Society two seats on the council. When all this was settled and recorded Coxhead wrote to Stone telling him for the first time of the formation of the AAJA and informing him that two of his club members had been elected to the council. At the time there were not 30 active amateur journalists in New South Wales while Victoria's active list comprised no less than 64. Considering this and the fact that the Victorians had not so much as been given a single vote in the officers' election, Stone became very indignant at Coxhead's offhand treatment and immediately refused to recognise the AAJA. Relations, of course, became strained, and, amateur journalists not being noted for their diplomacy, open rupture soon occurred between the New South Wales and Victorian Societies. The two propagandists, Coxhead and Stone, went for each other with a reckless abandon of the finer ideals of the movement. Quotations from their respective publications, the *Kangaroo* and the *Victorian Kangaroo*, may prove amusing:

Coxhead: "Oh, Stone! miserable worm; go thou and throw mud at thyself for thou are a vile perverter of the truth."

Stone: "In amateur journalism there should be less humbug, and in America amateurs like Coxhead are soon crushed out of existence."

Coxhead (describing Mr. Stone who was always slight of stature): "You bantam. Ugh, you thing! Hide thy puny, spleen-affected body behind the skirts of thy towsled lady (?) president."

(At the time the President of the Victorian Society was a Mrs. L. B. Carrick.)

Coxhead: "Step forth Mrs. lb.–ahem–L. B. Carrick. This poor thing that purports to be a lady (!) President (heaven save us from such ladylike creatures) writes a pasquinading jeremiad at which even our `offis kat' grinned, so *unconsciously* funny was it. In this outburst of tommyrot she says: `It's babyish to be up in arms isn't it?' and in the next sentence she almost tumbles over herself to let us know she intends to get up in arms i.e., to become a baby! Do not laugh."

Coxhead: "More than ever we are convinced that dirty, mean spite and petty jealousy were the causes that prompted him [Stone] to make this quarrel."

Can you Americans produce anything from your history quite to equal that?

And incidentally we might add that years later Coxhead contributed some of the most valued and rare Australian amateur journals to Leon Stone's ajay collection.

Oh that these days and their great amateurs might live again!

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But Not So Bellette...

...wisecracking blithely and joking irreverently through its 17th issue, with Vondy skipping lightly from paragraph to paragraph, jabbing fiercely with a sarcastic pen here, sketching gently with an affectionate one there. There are definitely two sides to Vondy's character–the gay, careless one revealed in her *Bellettes*, and the thoughtful, sometimes sad side presented in her poetry. That she keeps these two sides separate is obvious from the fact that *Bellette* never publishes her own poetry. We are sorry, but Vondy's usually sparkling wit and pellucid comments seemed just a little labored this issue. We are afraid that her birth pangs were not quite so justified as Babcock's "five days of labor and six nights of sin."

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Personality Plus...

That Mr. Edkins must be our most popular contributor of current amateur prose seems obvious from our frequent comments on and references to him. Despite two earlier paragraphs, we risk incurring our readers' boredom by further mention. His advice "On Editorialising" in the Autumn *Aonian* prompts us to comment.

Much comment in amateur papers, according to Mr. Edkins, is devoid of stimulation because the editor will not expound his views; he fails to arouse interest, because his remarks do not reveal the mental processes of the writer. In essence Mr. Edkins is saying that the writer does not reveal his own personality. In our comparatively brief association with ajay we have always believed that to make a success of the hobby one must reveal and, if necessary, develop a real personality. Support for this argument is readily found in the writings of Crane, Cole, Thrift, Stark, Edkins, Telschow–all popular ajay litterateurs. By preaching or in practice they all advocate the personality-revealing individual commentary style of writing for our journals. If you analyse each you will find you have a distinct picture in your mind of each man's personality–we have and we've met none of them and had letters from but two. Perhaps our imagined pictures of them are incorrect. That is not the point. We have found sufficient in their writings to conjure up patterns of personality for each man. And that is most important,

we think, in ajay. “I met Vondy at the convention. She is just the gay, friendly soul I had always imagined her to be.” And when every editor realises that and begins in his comments to include his opinions and his thoughts–his personality–or, as Mr. Edkins calls it, his “mental processes,” then will all our amateur writings take on definite reader-interest-value and real literary worth. In one respect we must agree with Stir's “Old-Timer” in his description of the National as “a social organisation with emphasis on personal contacts, and chitchat writing.” But he is wrong if he believes it ends there: “that the arts of printing and writing have little appeal (with a few exceptions) to the boys and girls and men and women” who are today engaged in the hobby. Babcock, Thrift, Batchelder, Robinson...there are a score of names whose mere mention is sufficient to confound that foolish and untrue statement.

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Concerning Bulls...

From the Press of the Bilious Bull–creator of fine craftsmanship–in May of last year, came an excellent publication: *Masaka* by name. It isn't new, but its every reappearance on our desk is greeted with a feeling that we have discovered something rare; something we should hold onto, for we mayn't see it again. Once again Burton has produced a really fine magazine: a work of art.

It had never occurred to us to ask (as the Bilious Bull does) why such “great” amateurs as the Spencers, Hills, Thrifts and Coles should spend so much time creating beautiful publications. We took it for granted. But perhaps there is a reason as Burton suggests: that they know someday their creations will become legend. That may be true; but there is a more pressing reason. They are really artists as all true craftsmen are. They have within them the urge to create beauty for beauty's sake. It is quite simple and therefore more urgent. Hours of careful writing, selecting, discarding; weeks of painstaking typesetting; days of presswork; trimming, stitching and binding. A craving for recognition by posterity never drove man to burden himself with such labors. It could only be love–love of a glorious art to them most dear.

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Pen, Paper and Perspiration...

Our admiration for Edwin Hadley Smith has increased greatly of recent months. If he isn't a very bad tempered old man who quaffs a glass of vinegar with every meal we will be most surprised. That he could be of sweet disposition after his fifty odd years of collecting and filing amateur papers is humanly inconceivable. We are now speaking from bitter personal experience gained after foolishly offering to help sort and count the Leon Stone Library of Amateur Journalism. After wading through the first few thousand, we became used to no dates, no numbers, no publishers, and in one case, no name. That was all right. We even held ourselves in check when we happened on some Spring, Summer, Fall and Winter issues. With pen, paper and perspiration we finally worked out how the seasons run in North America. But what finally floored us was Charles A. A. Parker's *Bavardage*. Quite sweetly, how does one file “Spring Reverie,” “Spring Interlude,” and “Spring,” all during 1941? Just how many of each season do you Americans have in a year? Even pre-rationing we had to be satisfied with one Spring every twelve months Down Under.

No. 3 (September 1944)

Brickbats...

Oldtimers speak of the “good old days” in the “'dom” and refer affectionately to the feuds that raged fiercely and frequently between amateur editors of the nineties when ajay wasn't interesting unless some writer was clawing at the throat of another. Frank Wicks in the revised *Go Ahead* No. 2 admits in his reminiscences of the early days that “I was very truculent and attacked various other editors in the hope that they would attack me in turn and thus adding to my scrapbook.” And George A. Hough, another Fossil from the Past (again, in the Rip Van Winkle *Go Ahead*) quotes extracts from amateur papers of the day suggestive of the battles they loved so much to wage: “Hough the thick-skulled (sic) editor... Now we wish to inform this insignificant young cur that his kickings and barkings are all unnoticed and we advised him to retire in peace to his wonted place of abode, the New Bedford Lunatic Asylum.” And again, in the pages of the recent *Spectator*, revived paper of Walter J. Held another of NAPA's rejuvenated veterans, we find this confession of its editor: “...I assumed to criticize the great and small of the 'dom. Nothing, 30 years ago, was right–unless, possibly me–and I blush as I read what this so-called Candid Friend presumed to tell his betters.” All our ancient Fossils it appears, retain nostalgic memories of the word wars and pen duels fought with vitriolic vehemence in the pages of their

early amateur papers. Even *Churinga* in its last issue recorded with glee stories of the strife between Hal Stone and William Coxhead, Australia's two leading exponents of ajay at the turn of the last century. We counted with a certain wistfulness the acrimonious excoriations that seared the pages of their respective magazines in their efforts to pasquinade each other. Too, we expressed longing that those days might flourish again and that we could hurl ourselves into the fray with complete abandon. We were dreaming, it seems, in an ersatz world cloaked with a completely false glamour. For now, in the National, we have a feud, and *Churinga* finds it not to its liking.

The question of the constitutional amendments, now temporarily settled at the Boston Convention apparently, has wasted far too much space in our journals. Especially in the magazines of two our leading editors–Burton Crane and Edward H. Cole. Their heated argument to date has been splashed indiscriminately over no less than 45 pages of their respective magazines–and that, probably, is a conservative figure. Two issues of *Masaka* have fed 13 pages to the controversy, while Ed Cole's *Files on Parade* and April *Opinions* have contributed no less than 32 pages towards this abortive flare-up. And, no doubt, there has been other matter which has escaped us. Surely, even to the two protagonists, this must seem a completely worthless waste of material and effort and a dark blot on the National's slate. We seem to recall a certain supercilious attitude, not long since dead, on the part of some Napians towards the squabbles and disunity of the UAPA. We can call to mind a couple of none too complimentary aphorisms which might fit into the picture now. And also, that line of Helen Wesson's concerning NAPA's "cloying sweetness" which the February *Masaka* took such exception to, might, in this new light, be truer than we had supposed.

Though we have expressed uninterest in this constitutional controversy, there is one statement in the May *Masaka* which rouses our attention for we feel it may have unpleasant repercussions for its editor. Crane says: "The bulk of non-attending membership has voted on constitutional amendments according to the published advice of these same interested members, not from any inner conviction." There, Burton rather flaunts his readers with subtle insult, suggesting that, like a mob of sheep, we allow our opinions to be conceived, born and nurtured by the political demagogues of the association. That surely isn't true of any active amateur. As a non-voting associate member these lesser side issues are of little concern to us, but still we have always had our own ideas on issues, arrived at by our own independent reasoning, not from any pernicious propaganda circulated by Burton's "interested members."

However, we can't help feeling that Mike White in the Winter *Bavardage* has offered the wisest comment of all. His attitude is that a constitution of any description is unnecessary. One item would be sufficient, he declares. "Thou shalt pay two bucks a year for the support of the *National Amateur* and a few other vital expenses."

But perhaps our impertinence becomes long-winded, for after all, we are only an associate member for whom this issue has really no concern.

Vondy brings up in her 18th *Bellette* (Jezebellette?) the interesting, age-old question: which came first, the hen or the egg? We confess we are mystified. But we'd like to point out to *Bellette's* editor while on the subject, that it was not us (or we?) but Ralph Babcock who originated that phrase she questions, "five days of labor and six nights of sin." It had occurred to us, too, to investigate its practicability, and we found out that it must undoubtedly work the other way round to be effective; with procedure reversed as Babcock proclaims, it tends towards the ridiculous. All of which hardly settles the problem of the hen and the egg. Personally we are inclined towards a priority-for-the-hen belief, for a farmyard friend of ours insists that "heggs won't 'atch, unless sat on"–gently, of course. What really worries us, though, is science's complete disregard for the rooster–for Cain's peace of mind even Eve had Adam.

It is interesting to note that over the past few months in swift and strict rotation, Vondy has gained the disapproval of the Woburn Bard, Michael White, B. F. Moss and medievalist, Clifford J. Laube. Mike doesn't like her because, unfortunately she is so alarmingly feminine. Mr. Moss disapproves because she lacks implicit faith in conscience and religion, and Cliff Laube because she scoffed at his Puritanical pioneers–though even Vondy can't remember where or when. All of which has proved immensely amusing to *Churinga* because we think that NAPA's Jezebellette when she gets wound up, is as devastating as the five tons of T.N.T. we are hoping to drop on Tokyo soon. All this condemnation started to flow soon after *Bellette* (around the 12th or 13th issue) changed from an "intimate" to an "impudent publication." Apparently Vondy wasn't kidding. But then what could she expect

after publishing so much brazen bilge about God, religion and conscience. Personally we don't think she gives half a thought to most of it but it doesn't worry us anyway. We don't write *Churinga* with a Bible in one hand and a pitchfork in the other—we carry a club in each. But not matter what they say we still think *Bellette* contains the brightest comment and most sparkling wit of any of the National's publications. With Number 18 you regain prestige, Vondy—but definitely!

For Services Rendered...

One hundred and four pages for a single volume of the *National Amateur* is evidence enough of the energy, enthusiasm and ability of the Official Editor, and surely must create a record for our official organ in recent years. Were it quantity alone, however, that Willametta had contributed to the National, we might not be so eager in our praises. But when first rate quality of contents is included too we must pay tribute to the lady's sedulous efforts. The fact that we can recall from memory many of the leading articles that have appeared in this 66th volume, is adequate proof of our approval, for, hitherto, the *National Amateur* (with the exception of the reports from the Bureau of Critics) has generally proved inordinately uninteresting for us. Which statement implies no slur on previous editors, but rather a high compliment for Miss Turnepseed. She made an organ carrying little but the stereotyped geneses of amateur journalism and the dull official jargon of Secretaries' and Treasurers' reports, a magazine of genuine interest, with topical, meaty articles and lively comment and criticism on the doings of our little fraternity. It was not a miracle she performed, merely a sensible, sterling service to the NAPA. And we are really glad to see that members recognised this and repaid her with their highest honor: the presidency of the association. They did not make a mistake.

Number Ten (May 1947)

The State of Affairs

The most turbulent corpuscles of the National's pre-war youngblood are again circulating within the arteries of amateur journalism. But youngblood is potent like red wine, and while giving us that exhilarated feeling of power it's quietly boosting our blood pressure and speeding up our pulse beat to a mad tattoo.

The world that is not amateur journalism has recently had a mighty revolution, and we can't escape its legacy of turmoil: it is the empty cartridge that is left in the breech when we have fired the gun of war. Six years of killing have sapped the sensitivity of our emotions, like some awful leprosy, and to excite any sensual pleasure from our jaded feelings we are now forced to reach almost to the extremes of perversion. That is the present spectacle of the world that is not amateur journalism. And as we must move within the twin spheres of our vocation and our avocation it's hard to halt the penetration of the disease into our amateur world. Our returning servicemen have unknowingly brought it with them.

Part of this post-war habit of perversion springs from a newfound contempt for the old and idolatry of the new. Perhaps this is natural, because the war meant so much more than just the elimination of fascism. To most people it was a revolution against what had been: an opportunity to strive towards everyone's Utopia. In mid-Atlantic we signed a charter which was to be the constitution of our Brave New World. So that when soldier and citizen handed in their khaki uniforms of wartime thinking, their new civilian clothes were the revolutionary ideals, "Away with the old, and on with the new." True to all precedent this is merely devolving into abuse of the old with evidence of anything New and Better. We are giving less and less respect to the traditions of pre-war culture—simply because they are pre-war—and always seeking after the new post-war mirage of better standards and conditions. It's a dangerous disease that may become an epidemic, because so far it has been always revolutionary instead of evolutionary.

In amateur journalism it is beginning as a tendency: a tendency towards the use of knuckle dusters instead of boxing gloves. Once we sparred amiably in our own amateur ring, thoroughly enjoying the bouts as a sport. Now we seem to prefer the atomic bomb as a gentle means of literary debate. Stimulating, I grant, but surely upsetting to one's train of thought to be periodically blown skyhigh in the middle of a pleasant argument on, say, just how much more lint Burton Crane could have dug out of his navel if Irvin Cady hadn't been shocked.

Recently, for instance, Vic Moitoret found the amateur scene a little dull, and decided on some fireworks. A decade ago our oldtimers knew the same impulse: they took a length of slow-burning fuse and connected it to a penny squib. But not so our revolutionary naval commander: he grabbed a short

inch of magnesium foil, stuffed it into a drum of atomic energy, lit it, and ran like hell. Aptly enough he called his deviltry, "Salvo," and Neil R. Peirce, the teen-aged target, was reduced to a quivering embryo when the bomb went up. Which, no doubt, had some aesthetic satisfaction for an explosives expert, but surely shocked the gentle amateur journalist. I still think the penny squib is the more effective stimulant: it's like giving a pound of epsom salts to a constipated caterpillar: there is a limit to everyone's reactive capabilities.

This psychological revolution which has come like the guard's van at the end of the war express, is manifesting itself in another direction, too: it's becoming obvious in a newfound impatience with life. No one has the time anymore to bother with life's slower pursuits, and amateur journalism is one of them. We snatch at it briefly as though we had made a hobby of walking greasy poles: one mad dash to reach the end before we fall off into the stream of worldly distractions. This results in speedy but messy contributions to amateur activity, and we see them in every bundle the Mailing Bureau sends out.

No longer does the amateur writer spend an hour or two in thoughtful appraisal of the recent papers, or attempt a phrase of critical appreciation. He picks one or two journals from the bundle, reads their front and back pages, and tell us he "likes Tweedledum's Amateur Gaff." Occasionally he pauses long enough to scratch his head and finds that such physical agitation prompts a modicum of mental energy: terrifically proud of himself he adds a Comment: "...because there wasn't no poetry in it." And with these couple of phrases he has satisfied himself that he is an active and valuable member of the Association. Such activity, if maintained, is likely to overload the amateur circuit and blow the many weak fuses in our midst. The moral: "Keep clear: live-wires at work."

Other vigorous currents in the network are our amateur publishers: they share the four-posted bed of sin with our writers in giving too little, too late, and invariably too rarely. Four pages these days seems to be the limit of any one burst of activity without permanently short-circuiting the system.

The day of the bulky amateur journal with its great diversity of content is apparently dead, and their ghosts haunt us as bitter reflections when we wander in the graveyard of modern amateur journalism. The stuff of the pre-war world must die because a revolution has been ordered. Even the tombstones of the buried past are unhonored because the past was wrong, and right lies only in the future. Our present-day member is keen to tear up the Constitution, to reorganise the mailing system, to introduce new offices, to alter our dues—each of these things merely because it is a New Idea. But he ignores the fact that our greatest achievements were in the past, and were performed in the circumstances he wants so urgently to alter.

In the world about us this feeling of discontent and impatience is becoming fact; in amateur journalism it is the tendency I speak of. Our oldtimers must view it with the apprehension of Samson, could he have seen Delilah approaching with the scissors: for these hundred amateur Delilahs in our midst are surely as bent on emasculation as any biblical traitoress. But they don't come flashing their scissors in the easily recognisable garb of the black-cloaked, bearded villain who has stepped from caricature. They appear as enthusiastic amateur journalists, having deluded themselves, as well as the rest of our younger membership, with their half-baked ideals for better post-war conditions. These, they have decided, should be applied within our hobby as well as in the outer world.

Because the world generally was in need of a thorough spring-cleaning when the war ended, they take as unquestioned corollary a belief that amateur journalism needs dusting-up, too. Is this really the case? Are five-dollar dues essential for our continued functioning? Must the Constitution be re-written to admit a score of new by-laws? These and other questions are quite probably very controversial, and we shan't presume to answer them either way. But we do suggest these questions are swelling to a size out of all proportion to their importance.

The National Amateur Press Association, as a machine, has one prime function: to provide the fabric on which the individuals may weave the designs of literary composition. Of necessity we must make provision for the continued manufacture of the fabric, but we mustn't allow the menial task of cloth-making to overshadow the creation of the design. Let each of us examine his reason for being an amateur journalist. It should be either that he is interested in writing or interested in printing. Subsidiary interest, such as the desire for social contacts, are perfectly allowable: but they must remain subsidiary. Otherwise the member is an imposter in our midst. And it is these impostors who are introducing this contagious tendency towards impatience and dissatisfaction with our hobby.

Amateur journalism, to carry on in a properly-

conducted fashion, needs no revolution. It needs only a little more concentration on good writing and good printing (and I include good mimeographing.)

Number 11 (April 1948)

The Decline of Amateur Journalism

The ball which servicemen's slang accuses of tangling up our affairs so often, seems to have been thrown vigorously through the window of amateur journalism. It has shattered the pane which protected us from the winds of realism and left a mess on the floor. And now with these breezes stirring the fug of steam from our sociable teacups, this is a very good time to pause and take stock of ourselves.

Just who or what "balled" us up is not immediately apparent, but that we are in a mess is obvious. Amateur journalism has put on its hat and coat and is tramping off smartly to the dogs. That is all right if betting on the greyhounds is all we want, because the National Amateur Press Association, as a society–just any old society–is managing to function quite well: but as a body of amateur writers and printers it is rapidly becoming funny–funny if you like your humor in bitter doses.

One or two of our members don't, and have recently put their writing on the wall. A few more protests from the sincere amateur journalists might be enough to prick the upturned posteriors of the ostriches in our midst and make them lift their heads from the sand. And when they blink the grit from their eyes they may see the same unpretty sight that has already alarmed the few.

Amateur journalism suffers from never having had its objectives clearly stated and from having no yardstick to measure the degree of accomplishment or otherwise of those objectives. Our aims have always rested merely on the vague definitions of the hobby that each member has built up for himself. Originally, during those nebulous "halcyon days," a majority of members had very much the same desires and ambitions for a high literate quality in amateur journalism, so a clear statement of objectives was not necessary. These would be happier circumstances of course, because no one likes to be yoked with an official creed which must at all times be lived up to.

However, we have drifted so far from living up to any code of literary morals that it might be as well to review the list of requirements in our hobby so that our recent members who have got off on the wrong foot may be given the chance to change step.

Firstly, let us admit that we have given our Association a misleading name. "Press" to the average man in the street means newspapers, slick wise-cracking journalists and sensational headlines. It has nothing whatever to do with literature or even serious-minded magazines. An "amateur press association" probably suggests exactly the same thing only on a more mediocre scale with untutored juveniles playing at a game which Hollywood popularised on the same scale that it glamorised Hopalong Cassidy and his sixgun badmen.

This is probably the first interpretation that the new recruit places on those curiously misleading words, "amateur journalism." And if, after the first year or so of his membership, he changes this view, he is to be admired for his transcendental optimism. Because the evidence to the contrary that he would find in a dozen of the National's current mailing bundles would be microscopic.

Is it any wonder then that we are finding a dearth of literary talent listed on our rolls? We are asking for nickel and hoping to get silver. We must have something better to offer than splotchy mimeographed sheets and crudely printed wastepaper containing only the inanities of social chatter, if we hope to capture even the casual interest of genuine amateur writers and printers.

I throw no censure into the faces of our more recent members who may be responsible for the present crop of crudities that we call amateur journals. To blame them would be to whip a grossly overspoilt child for its lack of manners. We brought them into the Association, showed them the low quality content of the mailing bundle and said go ahead without instructing them in any of the higher literary ideals of the hobby. Maybe some of them had good manners and didn't like to embarrass us by producing the high-ranking efforts they were capable of; probably most of them found the level of social slapstick in our bundles was what they wanted. It was then we should have told them in critical articles that that was not what amateur journalism aimed at.

But could we have told them in a concerted voice what we did aim at? Are there enough amateurs in our midst who still remember younger yesterdays when the joy of writing was at least a dominant interest in the NAPA? The companions of this once joyous mood fall fast around us, but unfortunately their bones seem not to fertilise the soil where the new generation

springs. Perhaps it is futile to seek stability in the face of what seems to be a worldwide change of mood that has come like some tremendous climactic phenomenon.

The once pleasant literary mood of amateur journalism is a thing I know only as a borrowed reminiscence–borrowed from the pages of some fading *Lucky Dog* or an ancient *Sentinel*. But the spell it casts is more real to me than the phoney incantations of today. Why should some of us find the true spirit of amateur journalism in the writings of amateurs now behind the hump of twenty, thirty or fifty years?

The belief that amateurdom's "undying literature" was all written in the last century, I have frequently called a myth; and a myth no doubt it is, because still within our ranks are created essays, stories and poetry of equal merit; but they are harder to find amid the growing heap of slag. Do we dream an old man's pipedream then of bygone halcyon days? Perhaps; but those pipedreams are lent tangible shape by what we find in the papers that our predecessors have handed on to us: not all volumes printed in the inspired gold dust of the classics, but a lot of neat journals containing "the thought of thinking men." Our forefathers in this hobby when they lived had the capacity for conversation; they knew more than the drivel that represents the interchanges of today. They had a thought and a mental reaction to every topic that was broached in the amateur press, and they had the time to tussle with another man's ideas, and above all the desire to put their opinions on paper in lucid English.

Words are a pathway that may lead us to heaven or to hell and all the places in between. Words are exciting because all the mortal knowledge of mankind and a lot of our spiritual speculation are framed in them. The beauty of a sunrise that may quiver in one's soul can be told in words, or a turgid demon-driven stream of a men's despair in God or his fellow beings. Words can be built into drama as a bricklayer might build a wall; phrases can be woven into a canvas of beauty as a loom might weave a tapestry. Words are a supreme adventure because they picture life itself. They may be the study of a lifetime or the inspiration of a moment. Above all they can be the driving urge of an appreciative man's whole being.

Amateur journalism once was aware of all this, and its members had word fever, unconscious but compelling, in their blood. They wrote their stories, their poetry and their articles, and ran their affairs with the vigorous drive of a community that knows it has some particular purpose in being. And here in this outlook I at least find the stuff with which to re-build modern amateur journalism into the fascinating hobby that it really is.

The formula is so ridiculously simple that I am apprehensive of its reception. It calls merely for recruits who have the restless urge to write and the desire to cultivate the dilettante's love of literature and fine printing.

In the parchments from the past we see more evidence of appreciation of the written word, and more striving to build a top shelf of classics in the library of amateur journalism. The men and women who have gone from our hobby found relish in reason and a robust sort of joy in swapping erudite argument. Another man's amateur journal was more to them than scrap paper to be thrown half read into the waste basket. Perhaps because more amateurs in those days printed their own papers, there was finer appreciation for the magazines that were produced; perhaps because more members contributed to the amateur press and knew for themselves the despairs and triumphs of authorship, there was more intelligent criticism of the other fellow's writings.

That is what we need so badly in amateur journalism. Today there is general dissipation of our standards both for typography and writing; and it is very easy to be contemptuous of the other fellow's marksmanship when we have no target ourselves to aim at. The only clause in the Constitution which refers to the *practice* of amateur journalism is the one which demands so much activity, or else you don't vote. This has given rise to the attitude that if only quantity is required why bother about quality. And so we have drifted into a state where each member worries only about fulfilling the necessary amount of activity without troubling himself with such nebulous and uncalled for considerations as craftsmanship or finesse. Sufficient to trot out the three hundred words per annum, he thinks. Amateurs? Rather are we hack journalists and job printers intent on a bare bread-and-butter existence. Nectar and ambrosia are wasted on our degraded palates.

There are far more important things to do in amateur journalism today than write or print. There are social gatherings to attend, local get-togethers to eat and drink at, and tidbits of gossip to be exchanged.

These activities of course have their place; but it seems a pity to sacrifice the high ideals that once drove our chariot merely for mundane practices which

could be carried on in any other association. Amateur journalism used to be a unique little world that offered enchantment for the dilettanti. But now we are dragging it through the mud of mediocrity by turning it into just another social organisation.

What is the outcome? If we go on as we are now we shall soon have a majority of members who are interested only in social chitchat, typographical jimcracks and the other lesser objectives and side issues of amateur journalism. Then, according to democratic principle, the few sincere writers and printers remaining will have no voice in the management of our affairs. The NAPA will quickly devolve into just another group of society's playboys and playgirls more interested in each other and in general social skullduggery than in the practice of amateur literature. If this is what we want then of course let us continue to sit open-mouthed in girlish lack of gumption. But if we want to preserve the traditions of amateur journalism for heaven's sake let us act!

The Vital Purpose of Criticism

Repeatedly I find the prompting to ponder when some writer in the amateur press snarls at the critics. I am interested to know the reasons for his growls.

If he responds with intelligent argument and seeks to draw the critic into a pleasant bout of pen-jousting, then I heartily applaud. If I be the critic I may lash back with sharpened verbal steel, but under my breath I call him brother; for a true critic is also a conversationalist–a dealer in ideas–whose foil is used ofttimes in sportive mood to provoke a debate; and if some should seek to parry the chastening lance then the true critic is supremely happy.

But if the young writer bares his teeth at the critic's approach and snarls like a disturbed jackal, I know he has the jackal's guilt of eating secondhand food, and like the Arabs I waste no further ammunition on him but leave him for the dogs to run down.

But on some occasions the wounded writer turns on his critic with reproachful rather than baleful glare. He borrows plaintive ink and answers in words of hurt dignity that seem to say: "Why pick on me? I meant no harm." And then I wonder: does he have any understanding of the vital purpose of criticism? Does he think the critic writes only to annoy because he knows it teases? Perhaps he listened to Disraeli who in petulant mood called the critics, "Those who have failed in art and literature," and proved that great men too have their less noble moments when they may snarl like a jackal.

Without doubt there are some laboring critics among us who find it difficult to compose two consecutive grammatical phrases. Their pronouncements may be ludicrous monstrosities framed in ill-knit syntax; but because we find one rotten egg in the nest we don't turn round and massacre the whole fowlyard. Among the flock are some worthy birds who lay the gold egg of apt advice.

The true critic has a weighty function and it's a thankless one. Like the income tax collector he's considered fair game for all the abuse and the machinations of the layman; but without him we might have journalistic anarchy.

Critics as a body are the constabulary of literary law: in their hands are the rules of the writing game. If an author calls the sea "a deep blue rolling expanse of ocean," or says his hero is "tall, dark and handsome," then there is need for someone to tell him that his phrase is unoriginal and that the modern readers wants newer words for these old ideas. This is the critic's most important job: putting to the writer what the reader wants, according to the rules that have been drawn up in the unofficial Parliament of well-bred taste.

Readers as a mass are cruelly apathetic. They either accept or reject a writer; they never tell him, "Do it this way and we'll buy your book." That remains for the critic: to detect where the writer's fault lies and tell him, because the writer will be blind to his own shortcomings. In this work the critic may bring about an author's success in life. That is why I call it a weighty office to criticise another man's compositions. A true critic is never, in Disraeli's phrase, a run-down artist or writer; he is an artist in his own right who must be born with that slant of mind that will carry him into his profession. It's an inherent predilection as surely as vegetarianism or a taste for cigars.

The qualities for a critic are numerous: I think Ernest Edkins has described them well in some of his many articles on the subject. He lays some emphasis on the need for humor in the well-written critique. After fluency of thought, the humorous allusion is probably the most important component in a piece of criticism, because it's the sugar that carries the castor oil more gently into the reader's maw. It is a purely modern addition to the list of by-laws governing the function of criticism. In more medieval days, when spider webs in any open cut were considered a healthy cure, readers

took their literary criticism solemnly. They read the serious-minded Hazlitt or the lugubrious Emerson because they thought it was good for them. In these days when beer and skittles and Bob Hope are more important, the critic must use humor to sugar-coat the pill of his serious thought if the reader is to swallow it.

Fluency of thought is naturally the critic's prime requirement, because his writings must move swiftly through the arc of his message. Criticism in our amateur world could be called the conversation of the intelligent. Under the broad label of criticism are listed the functions of the amateur editorialist, the leader writer, the essayist, the occasional philosopher in our midst and even the amateur columnist–in fact all of those people who have ideas that they want to discuss. Fiction writers and poets deal in ideas too, but their ideas are more factual: they don't put them forward to be hammered on the anvil of debate. They may have them seized occasionally by the critic who will seek to tangle them with controversy; but then that, as I say, is the job of the critic, for it's invariably he who injects debate into the amateur press.

Occasionally, and the word is used advisedly, the critic must be a pedagogue. When he meets a Cady or a Peirce he must haggle over the double negative or correct a straying comma. Though the art of writing cannot be taught, correct expression must be, and a critic who allows an author with any talent to write ungrammatically is betraying his calling. This phase of his activity may be unattractive to a critic, for in the lowly business of comma-correcting he is moving in the petty courts of common law. His greatest relish lies in criticising the works of the matured writer, for in this he has stepped into the realms of supreme literary jurisprudence. It is here that the critic gains any profit that is to be found in his game: not profit to be stored in strong boxes, but profit in the terms of producing satisfaction for doing and having done, for having prompted thought in another man's brain and learnt something of his philosophy.

In seeking to explain "the vital purpose of criticism," as I labelled these remarks, I have managed to give merely one man's outlook on his own chosen interest in life–and even this is an incomplete list of the tenets of my religion. It was designed to prevent that plaintive note in the voice of the young writer who has had his hide pricked by the critical barb.

Perhaps there are three reasons why the writer should welcome the attentions of the critic: he is provided with subject matter for a future article in which he may argue the critical ruling. He may regard the critics in the amateur press as a bed of nails upon which, like an apprentice Yogi, he may practise in order to toughen his skin against the harsher jabs of the professional critics. If we lift the trajectory of our vision beyond the meagre span of our mortal years, most of us who are not atheists or agnostics will admit that life is merely a college for the upbringing of the spirit, and in a college we must learn to take criticism, because it is criticism and correction that teach us. Until life is run none of us is too old to accept criticism. A writer, before all others, should learn this.

Number 12 (August 1948)

People, Papers, Persiflage [Extract]

The queer predilections, complexes and allergies that drive men and women into amateur journalism must be legion; but among the queerest must be the allergy that has transformed Emerson Duerr from a fulltime lawyer to a parttime publisher of amateur magazines. From a long range diagnosis we should say attorney Duerr suffers from a brand of hay fever that is aggravated by the dust of his tedious law books. To relieve his agony of legal boredom he sneezes explosively into the amateur press at irregular intervals and the result is another *Strictly Personal*.

Duerr's revulsion for the deadly jargon of "Joshua-versus-Joseph" is evident in the exuberant pages of his various amateur publications, where he recoils so far from anything like legal exactitude that one might conclude that amateur journalism has become a very necessary form of escapism for him. The comic cuts, the flamboyant typography and the crazy catchlines that bubble through the pages of *The National Frying Pan*, *The National Oaks*, *The Treed Elephant*, *National Lamplighter*, *Duerr's Cat* and *Strictly Personal*, all denote the high spirits of a schoolboy released from classes.

Duerr's hobby, it seems, must be a revolt against his vocation, the one activity restoring the energy to pursue the other. That, at any rate, is how it appears to us.

At the beginning, which was in March, 1946, the ebullience of Emerson Duerr was at fever point. Each of his magazines erupted like a rash with its variegated typefaces, its inks which switched from purple to blue, green, red, black and brown on successive pages, and its profuse array of cuts which overlapped into margins and sprawled over type matter.

There's color at least in the sheaf of little journals, numbering slightly more than a dozen, that Duerr has published in the past two years; but their various styles, sizes and formats put us in mind of the Edkinsonian phrase, "the whole damned clamjamphry of them."

Though Mr. Duerr, eligible as he is for Fossil membership, is no novice in the practice of amateur journalism, he seems to have been going through a growing-up process in the hobby. Approaching maturity as an amateur publisher is seen in his 24-page *Strictly Personal* Number Six, and the first of the new series of *The Tryout* that he has revived. These two magazines reflect firmer editorial character and an expanded appreciation of what lies beneath the superficialities of amateur journalism.

We would be impertinent of course if there were any bite in our bark about the "adolescent" period of Emerson Duerr's publishing. If he was choosing merely to let off enthusiastic steam in the amateur press after years of lawyer-ish restraint that is none of our business, except to admit that much of it was amusing. But if, as gentle suspicion suggests, he first interpreted our pastime to be a novel system of swapping neighborhood gossip and light-hearted banter among our friends, then we may deplore the wasted time dedicated, as he confesses in one colophon, to the "confusion and consternation of the National Amateur Press Association."

While we can appreciate the hours spent by some publishers who joyously caper around the outskirts of amateur journalism, we could wish to see them spend their time occasionally in more serious deliberations. Though typographical and journalistic frolic can be most diverting, for us in our present penurious literary state it's a luxury that can be ill-afforded.

The painstaking days that Ralph Babcock spent in his printshop creating clumsy artistry for the Bullmoose edition of his *Scarlet Cockerel* seem like spendthrift use of valuable publishing time. And the barb of his witty manoeuvre, methinks, was too subtle to register effectively upon the slapdash publishers for whom it was meant.

Let us by all means play all the pranks we want, but let us remember too that we need a stage on which to act the giddy goat, and that stage is the serious floor of amateur journalism.

Perhaps I take my alarmist words too far; for certainly the merry masquerading of Emerson Duerr does not warrant such portentous warning. But add to it the conscious clowning of Joseph Gudonis in his *Lord Chords* and the dizzy comedy of Alf Babcock's *Cats* and you have a total flow of frivolity that might at present be more valuable to NAPA if it were directed into quieter channels.

No doubt there are many amateurs who will insist that young and old Joey Gudonis are two of the funniest people in the NAPA. I agreed with them when, in 1942, young Joey at the age of 3 1/2 was making bigger and sloppier mud pies to throw at the then Willametta Turnepseed because she had dumped him after a public proposal of marriage and a promise that she would wait. But even clever slapstick begins to pall when repetition robs it of its novelty.

However, it may be that Emerson Duerr has thrown his last custard pie and chased his final Keystone Cop, and we can't help but welcome it. The change will be to the benefit of our hobby because in Emerson Duerr the NAPA has secured one of its brightest recruits in recent years. His energy for spoofing will be valuable to us if it's knit into a pattern of thoughtful commentary on things ajay. Already there is a measure of skill going into the lighter essays of *Strictly Personal* and Duerr's talent, now bent on gentle mischief, could easily be shaped into compositions of more serious merit.

Veni, Vidi, Vici

Only once before have I ventured into print and that was in 1944 to issue an invitation to any Napian serviceman to visit Australia and the Guinane-Locke menage. How that invitation was finally accepted and a red-blooded amateur journalist from America actually arrived on our doorstep, is the story I have to tell now.

Early this year a disgruntled letter came from Jim, in Tasmania, telling that the American Task Force due to arrive in Sydney on January 30 would bring Lieutenant Commander Victor A. Moitoret to Australia on a hurried five-day visit. Jim, being tied to his newswriting job more than a thousand miles away, hadn't a hope of getting over even for a brief day or two. A little unwillingly he appointed me to deputise for him please.

But there was nothing unwilling in my taking on the job. I was anxious to meet this sea-going amateur journalist. He, and his wife Rowena, were two of the several Napians I felt I had at least a nodding acquaintance with, through letters Jim had shown me and the pieces I had read of them in amateur magazines.

By devious means (which includes everything short of sending smoke signals) Vic was contacted late on the day he arrived and came straight out to our home. Let me here pay tribute to Lieutenant Commander Moitoret's uncanny sense of direction which he displayed throughout the five days he was in Sydney. He refused to let me meet him at the ship or even in the city but found his way quite happily to our suburban abode with merely the aid of my directions over the phone plus a copy of "Guide to Sydney" which he had got hold of from somewhere or other. Just what information this ubiquitous little book of his contained I don't know; but whenever Vic seemed at a loss about anything, out would come the book and after several moments of search he would look up happily and apparently with the right answer.

Only once did I know it to fail him, and that was over a trifling matter of clocks. On the Sunday the three of us (the third person being a Viennese girl friend of mine called Hatti) were to go on an all-day hike to our National Park. Vic was quite confident about being able to find "the big clock in the main hall at Central Railway Station," where we were to meet. I arrived first, then Hatti; but no Vic. There was plenty of time but there were big queues at the ticket windows and I wanted to get in early. So I told Hatti not to budge from under the big clock while I collected the tickets. "But how shall I know it's Vic when he does come?" asked a rather bewildered Hatti. "Oh," I said airily, "look for the tallest man you can find and ask him if he's an American," and I departed hurriedly. In less than three minutes I looked round from my place in the queue to find a nonchalant Vic being dragged over in the wake of Hatti. "I picked him easily," she said, beaming triumphantly. "He's so tall." Then in her delightful Viennese accent: "Besides, he looks like a foreigner!" At which Vic was somewhat taken aback and I was amused vastly.

Then Vic explained why he was late. For ten minutes he had been waiting under a clock; then it had occurred to him that there might be more than one clock at Central Station. If you like to add up all the little ones that tell when trains should come and go there are probably a hundred clocks. In short Vic found he was under the wrong one. I thought: Oh, little Guide Book! How could you?

All that day I was acutely aware of Vic's great thirst for information, and he brought home to me how little I really knew about the country I lived in. While Hatti and I were anxious to hear about America, Vic was more keen to know such things as: "How far is Burning Palms" (where we camped for lunch) "from Sydney?" And, "How many towns are serviced by diesel trains?" We had to admit defeat and on the way home I boldly accosted a fellow traveller who I hoped would turn out to be a more knowledgeable Australian than I was. He was helpful, but he, too, was doubtful whether or not it was the George River we had passed over a couple of miles back.

Next day Vic rang and said he wanted to bring along one of his shipmates and could I find a girl friend to make it a foursome. "An *Australian* girl," Vic cautioned; "one who can tell us things about *Australia*." His emphasis was unmistakable and I hung my head a little shamefully, promising to do my best. Actually I'm surprisingly short supplied with Australian friends. Being a foreign languages student, and a little mercenary, I choose most of my acquaintances from among those who can give me cheap linguistic exercise. The best I could do short of borrowing an aborigine equipped with spear and boomerang from the local Native Reservation, was a girl friend called Beulah. When Vic rang again he questioned me carefully. "Well, she comes from Burma," I had to admit, "but she's been in Sydney since 1942 and she knows a lot about Australia." "Oh," said Vic. He was dubious. There was a remote bubble of doubtful words at the other end of the phone as he went into consultation with his shipmate. Vic came back: "Joanne, Fred wants to know what color is she?" "Her father was Russian, her mother was German, and she spoke nothing but French until she was seven," I answered with dignity, adding, "She's a very interesting girl."

At the end of the evening Vic and Fred agreed that she was an interesting girl; but, to be truthful, they had found out much more about Burma and India than they had about Australia.

The next day was Vic's last in Sydney; but it brought with it the great event of his short visit. It was the party on board the U.S.S. Valley Forge. But here I feel a little inadequate. What with port and starboard patching panels, aft ends, flight decks and hundreds of aeroplanes, it's all much too technical for me to describe. I kept thinking how Jim would have loved such an experience.

Alas, it was over so soon, and with it Vic's visit, for the Task Force sailed next day. Now, though, I feel I know a lot of persons in America, for Vic, as unofficial ambassador for NAPA, has given me an

introduction to a group of very nice people. Two of them I count as friends–Vic and Rowena. For Rowena, quietly and unobtrusively, is always with Vic in all his travels.

And so it has turned out that that invitation I issued in 1944 was one of the happiest I have made. But, please, will you buy your own book about Australia first.

–Joanne Locke, Editor's sister

Number 13 (January 1949)

Philosophy of Poetry

When Ernest Edkins in an early *Aonian* tackled the oft-told theme, "What is Poetry?" he did not escape unscathed. Michael White was the first to fall on his back with the dagger, "This is Edkins at his worst." There is little hope then for lesser critics to be successful in such a hazardous undertaking. But the lure is there and for some it is not to be resisted. Like a young poet's first love lyric some things though trite must inevitably be said because they are a burden until got rid of. Opinions that lie unvented are an impediment to the growth of more mature opinion. So if it is only to be a snake shedding an old mental skin to make way for a new one I must have my say.

Poetry, though it has been a shining chariot of artistic impulse since men first began to create classical literature, is a subject which concerns only a few people. In the few it is an accident of birth that involves them in poetry, and as the world is blasted along in the van of general scientific development such natal disasters are becoming all the time rarer. A liking for poetry is as congenital as a birthmark. When child psychology becomes a thoroughly proficient science it may even learn to recognise the predilection in the nuance of a baby's howling, so truly is the poetical urge inherent; and I should not then be surprised to find that the psychologists thought it in humanity's interest to evolve formulae to try to overcome the predilection. Then will poetry after its long period of invalidism finally cease to exist. Though an adult may acquire some environmental likings–perhaps a taste for bitters in his beer–he can never without an inborn prompting learn the fascination of reading and writing poetry.

Poetry is so much more than another man's thought put on paper to be absorbed through the intellect. It is in its supreme moments a spiritual orgasm shared by author and reader alike that tingles in an unplumbed depth of the human soul and shares with the soul an uncanny immortality. Though the brain may lose all memory of a significant poem a residue of its worth will remain always among an appreciative man's instincts. He will in some small way be a nobler being for having read it.

The ability to absorb such soul-searching stuff does not grow easily in a man. A lifetime may be too short to develop a fondness for poetry in one born unaware of its subtle music. Poetical feeling shapes itself gradually in successive generations as a pebble is slowly rounded in the bed of a water-course. The Finger of God has been laid on a poet's soul before it enters his body and is made to vibrate in sympathy with the cosmos. A poet knows what science has yet to prove and what is far beyond the lay man's cosmogony–but he must know it by instinct or he shall never know it at all.

One of the greatest misconceptions about poetry is that it must invariably convey an impression of beauty to the reader. This accounts for much of the banality that goes under the guise of verse. The only beauty that is essential in all poems is beauty of workmanship; and just as a farmer knows that a type of craftsmanship is required in erecting a dunghill, so should a poet realise that no ugliness or squalor is beyond the reach of true poetry, if craftsmanship has gone into its making. Palm trees and a mountain peak, the sunrise and the moonrise are not the only sources of poetic inspiration, though a survey of much modern poetry would lead us to think so. Because most would-be poets understand their subject so slightly they think of beauty exclusively in terms of natural phenomena and they have overloaded poesy with huge chunks of nature in the raw. This malpractice has become custom and has resulted in an unworthy restriction's being placed on the Muse and has sapped from poetry much of its rightful vitality. Concentration on the nature theme has been carried to an extreme, and, as all extremities will, has produced an opposite number in a small band of reactionary poets who have rebelled so completely against the birds-and-bees that their verse has devolved into an intellectual mumbo-jumbo. One example I know set out to prove that "x is to y as y is to z." I am afraid there was no overjoyed convulsion of my soul when I read this algebraic computation on the Poetry Page of a magazine. It and all its fellows are a ridiculous contradiction of the poetic principle. But equally to be guarded against are the hosts of insincere poets who will lazily substitute beauty of subject matter for beauty of execution because they know not how to

execute beautifully.

Alma Weixelbaum, though she lacked the turn of talent to carry it off properly, once demonstrated that such an ugly subject as “Pain” had poetic beauty.

Poetry seeks to communicate with the centre of a man's yearnings and his passions. Here rather than in the brain are seated the springs of his aesthetic love and his sense of consanguinity with humankind; and here are the sensuous appreciations. Here then are all the qualities but one that are needed for the enjoyment of poetry. The missing one is the one necessary evil in verse-writing–the pure intellectual quality that demands technical correctness of form.

The minds of men may be split by prejudice and ignorance into irreconcilable groups, but all of mankind still shares a similar set of emotions. Whereas a piece of prose dealing as it does with argument and opinion may be parochial and find an audience only among a mentally standardised clique, poetry with its appeal to the emotions should find a small audience among all groups of men whether they be agnostic, atheist or devout, black, brown or brindle. It is an esperanto for an empire of widely separated but sensitive people.

There is a close kinship between poetry and religion. Both are the outcome of man's dim awareness of great forces that move in embryo at the back of his conscious mind. The quickening of the life spirit when one stands at the top of a mountain and looks out on the immensity of creation needs a voice. Prose can sometimes supply it but prose is essentially rational, and when the creative forces speak they speak in a tongue far more sensuous, far more thunderous, far more incomprehensible than rational conversation will allow. But words, chosen with the judiciousness that a poet must use, can be sensuous; poetic rhythms can be thunderous; and the incomprehensibility implicit in deep-seated emotion can be conveyed best by the added implications of the poeticised phrase. Not from the things it says but from the things it leaves unsaid does poetry derive its power. Strictly there may be no adequate vehicle for carrying the communications of the spirit, unless it be music; but poetry comes closest among the remaining arts to being that vehicle. Like music it uses the brain or intellect only as an agent for penetrating far deeper into a human being's consciousness. There it finds those impulses that give man his affinity with that which is immortal: the impulses that promote a yearning that expresses itself in religion.

A clue may here be found to the puzzle of why it is that only a tiny fraction of the world has a love for poetry. It is that the bulk of people have had their perceptibilies dulled by the coarseness of modern living. The stirrings of the spirit within them are not felt because their sensitive tissues have become clogged with all the artificialities of civilisation: and so they experience none of the inexpressible urgings that torment the poet until he has forged phrases to try to express them.

The capacity for awe which is a basis for constructing poetry is another quality that is rapidly evaporating. A million things as frightening or as wondrous as the atomic bomb have had to be accepted in our everyday lives and have sucked all surprise out of us. Poetry is not meant for an age of nuclear fission. When it is dangerous to stand still to admire the construction of a flower for fear that a jet-propelled rocket might carry away the seat of your pants, then it is time to abandon poetry as a back number. If the contemplative mood–which is a time for poetic inspiration–must be reserved for conceiving plans to protect yourself and kill your neighbor, then poetry is more than a back number–it is suicidal.

A taste for poetry is as delicate a thing as a taste for liqueurs; and in this ready-mixed cocktail-gulping age both are rare. The gourmet and the dilettante with his love for poetry have both a streak of the voluptuary in them. As the gourmet will spend delicious minutes in savoring the delights of his rare liqueur–holding it to the light, sniffing it, rolling it round his tongue–so will the dilettante drink in his poetry slowly–gloating over the sensuous rhythms of a passage, appreciating fine imagery, revelling in masterly use of alliteration, onomatopoeia or simple euphony. Both are leisurely arts linked with another century and another way of life that have disintegrated. The senses with which we absorb poetry live much closer to the stomach than they do to the brain, and so a fine liqueur that will warm the cockles of the heart may be most appropriate accompaniment to verse reading.

Of secondary consideration to the gourmet–but not unimportant–is the glass he drinks his liqueur from. It must be a fine glass worthy of its contents. So too will the dilettante look for mechanical perfection in the lines a poet has written to express the beauty that is in his soul. These abilities are not found often together. I have heard it said of *The Oxford Book of English Verse* that it has but one or two pages of technically flawless verse; and that these pages are

without much poetic merit.

Poetry is no longer a career for a young man to embark on; smaller and smaller will be his reading public. Man or God may be to blame but the age has passed when the world had the time and the inclination to seek the divine amusement of poetry. Ours is now an age of science, and science is the abnegation of so many qualities that are exercised in the creation and the absorption of poetry. Poetic beauty–recorded on paper or left unrecorded–may once have been a drug with a large number of addicts. But the drug that has long since replaced it in popularity is the aphrodisiac.

Number 14 (July 1949)

People, Papers, Pertinence [Extract]

Some words I would argue with have been uttered in a sphere ordinarily remote from me. Wes Wise, who publishes several very well-printed journals for the American Amateur Press Association, has sent me a slim sheaf of his issues, containing a couple of *Smoke Rings*, one *Futura* and a *Plain Talk*. They are among the few papers published solely for A.A.P.A. consumption that I have seen and are fine advertisement for this fellow organisation. I like them best because in building his content Mr. Wise has worked with fine-hewn mental masonry, not the rough-quarried opinions that so many amateur publishers are content to pile into their publications.

Mr. Wise's ideas are the red lamps of thinking that say "halt!" and the reader, passing through his pages, must stand and consider. He excites a world of controversy in his editorials, and this is healthy, vigorous amateur journalism.

I would argue with this man's beliefs on amateur publishing. In *Plain Talk*, issued early last year, he rebukes our printers of classic tastes, telling them that the "old school" of printing design cannot compete favorably with "modern typographic wizards." He talks of functional design in painting and the trend in modern architectural treatment away from the trappings and trimmings of styles toward pure efficiency. These are the beliefs of a restless modern seeking new avenues of expression for the age-old urgings of the creative spirit. They are not new arguments, these battles between the formalists and the functionalists. Fortunately for art in general neither side ever achieves a complete victory, but a discriminating artist, sired by the one side and damned by the other, springs up between them and continues the practice of true art by blending the old that has come down to us with the new that he himself conceives.

This seems to be eminently the most satisfactory course, for in prosecuting so difficult a task as artistic creation a man may be guided by someone else's signposts but never ordered by another's commandments. Art, be it typography, writing or dry point etching, is never an exact science like arithmetic and so there can be none but a few very broad rules to govern it. Generalisations that restrict art are stupid. No artist can obey a notice that says, "Danger–keep out of this field," for in that field where a hundred or a thousand others have failed he may succeed in finding beauty.

Art lies purely in the way a person interprets a scene or an idea, how his imagination reacts to a subject. Here, in this strange, unruly, unpredictable, very personal centre of a man's intelligence lies the conception, the grasping and the shaping of art. How can Wes Wise or anyone else lay down a law by which all our various imaginations shall operate? Can he say that for every worker and for every watcher art has now ceased to exist in the traditional vats from which for so many centuries art has been drawn; that because we are now living in the confused twentieth century we must use only the rules that have been drawn up in the twentieth century to achieve art?

No; no; no. This is the ephemeral thinking of a twentieth century dweller; not the indestructible, timeless truth of an artist who lives not only in his own generation but in all generations hence forward. For the artistic sense it is never a question of the past or the present or the future, but a question of for all time, like the universe, without beginning and without end.

This is the basis of Mr. Wise's argument, the old versus the new; upon that basis he has built some truths, some half-truths and some lies. When we pull away the base the false bricks as they fall will crumble, the true ones will remain intact.

This lie smashes into fragments: "I'll warrant, if you really believe in man and yourself, you need not ask succor from a god or any kind of tradition"; it cannot stand alone without the support of its crooked fellows. Is man suddenly no longer a frail creature at the beck of all cosmic winds; is he a creature who can now order the universe and all within it? Not only does man need for his survival all the wisdom of his forefathers but if he is to be tolerated longer in what is else a tidy plan he needs the clemency of a long-suffering divinity. What other species could continue to

exist when it has devised so many ingenious methods of self-destruction? Here is another palpable lie: "How can people who look backward lead the way to the future?" One might well ask: "How can people who look only forward know the lessons of the past?"

Mr. Wise uses a half-truth when he cries, "Form follows function." Some art has a function, like designing a factory; some art has only a form, like the Venus de Milo. Printing has both form and function and in our amateur sphere at least the two qualities are equally important.

Mr. Wise bends an unwilling truth to his bidding in this: "The best typography, like all art, represents its own era." But with this truth must go an understanding of what our own era is. Our age is not a separate interval isolated in the middle of time: it follows all past ages as naturally as footstep follows footstep along a path; we are the outcome of a development that began heaven knows when, and we have in our make-up more of the past than of the present. The only things truly present in us are our problems. The important parts of us, all those qualities we draw upon in meeting our problems, were born almost before there was a beginning, before the shaping of any of the traditions that Mr. Wise would so easily deny. How on earth then can we ignore in our art the immense influence of the past? Today is but the essence of a million yesterdays, tomorrow the accumulation of a history. Without tradition we are at a beginning, at a point where we have no equipment, where all knowledge lies before us. Even in our despair we cannot say the human race is so lowly as this.

The only honorable course to follow in art is the course of self-expression kept unfettered by the avoidance of all the accepted schools of thought, for the artist should preserve his total independence. The artistic printer should not bind his inspiration to Wes Wise's school of modern functionalists nor to Caxton's school of ancient formalists. He may learn from both but should not pledge his allegiance to either for he would be as yoked as though he had entered party politics.

Mr. Wise utters one truth that describes the situation perfectly. It is the tested, moderate view: borrow from the old that which you can use and create too the bold and the new. It is the complete truth of the matter and stands alone. It should not have its meaning influenced ever so slightly by the propaganda that the modernist embeds it in.

Futura, *Smoke Rings* and *Plain Talk* are the work of an inspired printer; a few of Mr. Wise's inspirations are a little too radical for my tastes. But his editorials, which I regard as more important, are lusty and ideaful with more mental satisfaction in them than a whole mailing bundle full of the average barren papers.

(Guinane's marriage in February 1950 and the birth of his first son David Anthony Guinane on January 1, 1951, intervened, and the next issue of Churinga *did not emerge until eighteen months after the publication of number 14. During this period, Guinane left Sydney for good and established his family home at 321 Park Street in New Town, Tasmania—the address where he would remain for all the rest of his life.)*

Number 15 (February 1951)

A Poet Risen From the Mob

There is a mob of minor poets in amateur journalism, each from the other as undistinguished as leaves tumbling in the earthquake of autumn. As a group they cannot be overlooked by such unfortunate slaves of duty as historians and critics; but individually they make no impression on the reader beyond a wrinkle of annoyance. They neither err monstrously enough to earn condemnation nor achieve the eminence to win a word of praise.

It is unusual for a true poet to become mixed with this group. Any talent, no matter how immature, will stand out in brilliant contrast to fetch attention. I was surprised then to find that one whom I had thought a member of the useless mass was really a distinguished youth with rich poetry growing within him. He is Thomas B. Whitbread who has been scribbling verse, chiefly for his own publication, *The Berskhire Breeze*, for some years. At the start it was unimportant verse, composed mainly of the husks of poetic thought and it was gladly put aside without second thought. Even Whitbread in his self-affections gave no suggestion that he fancied himself a coming poet.

I was not ready for the leap, as unexpected as it was prodigious, that brought Tom suddenly out of the rut of the mob. The commons, where he picked up his early ideas, were forgotten and he became seized with notions worthy the name inspiration. The old satisfactions were not again to be easily found and realising that

"The quest of youth is limitless and great,"

he sets out in search of more meaningful experience in the region of poetry. In several verses now we encounter the journeyings of a mind grown to a sound appreciation of poetic significance.

A man is removed from his fellows the moment he comprehends the nature of poetry because only rare perception can take in its "vasty rondure." It embodies painting and philosophy both, treating them not on their own levels of the eye and the mind but on a new level that stands close to the heart. The visions of the painter together with the theories of the philosopher are translated into a mystic imagery of language far removed from any mortal tongue.

Tom Whitbread grows aware of these mysteries with genuine excitement. His Christmas card copyings of 1946 ("It came upon a midnight clear...peace on earth, good will toward men") are thrown aside as he sets off to explore upward realms, seeking through

"All that has been, and some that cannot be,
In search of human fates predestinate."

He is no longer the mere observer recording the prim prettiness of potted geraniums or of one of the reluctant sunsets of James Fitzpatrick. Once upon a time

"A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more"

as Wordsworth said; but not any longer. Now his vision is indwelling and his thoughts attuned to more elusive communications. A divine disturbance of his mental matter has set curiosity to grow and where blank acceptance once held his thought to the ground wonderment now presses up his imagination to lofty levels.

The measure of a poet's mettle is the quality of the substance from which he carves his themes. Minor poets have no purposes beyond those of everyman–a quick curtsy to nature for her more extravagant beauties, a passing nod to the noblemen of the community, a smile, a sentimental tear, and they have run the gamut of their emotional experience. Not so the true seeker after poetry. He lived through the range of minor experience in some other life and yearns now for the ultimate understandings that flicker always slightly out of reach in the subconscious. They are the messages written on the horizon, whispered by the seashore, stored in a fastness of the mind where intelligence can only grope. The poet comes upon them, if he comes upon them at all, as ineffable sensations which he puts into his poetry in the words that he leaves unsaid.

Tom Whitbread knows whereof I speak when he muses mystically:

"Holding within my hands a burning stone
Stained with my elemental whisperings
Infused into its substance."

Here a thought, so tenuous that mortal fingering cannot hold it, has snapped and slipped away. Few manage to hold these impressions when they surface briefly on our choppy consciousness. Tom is not to be blamed for failing to secure his prompting: it needs an assured talent just to draw to it the haunting of such fugitive dreams.

Tom is lifted away from the petty concerns that hobble the minor poet until,

"In vasty silence, in a place unknown,"

he can look upon the Cyclopean forces that direct life's drama. His self-imposed concern with the important themes of life is the telling indication that Tom Whitbread has true poetic instinct. The questions that puzzle him are the customary questions that puzzle the poet, but that is no fault. One or two mysteries hold the key to all our uncertainties and each poet, sincere in his dedication, must ask the same questions. It is the answers he constructs that provide our satisfaction.

Tom sees night, in which half the world is constantly buried and through which unearthly whispers are transmitted to man, as a powerful influence upon our lives. "Night is negation,"he decides, and man "a helpless minion of the night." But all is not lost for there is the music of the night:

"And, while the music floating from the lute
Shimmers, vibrating into tones transmute
And bodiless, gone also is despair."

This is brave spirit, and poetry must be brave. Youth so often fails through its weaknesses, especially its weak indulgence of despondent mood when woe bends more heavily on young shoulders than woe has ever bent before! But Whitbread has manfully resisted a wallowing in over-gloomy sentiment. He shows here the good taste, inherent in the poet, that avoids exaggerated or false emotion.

This was not always so. In an early work he contemplated death:

"This fear is weird and breathes upon my neck,
Malignant, evil, tearing mind apart,
Until my sanity shall soon depart."

One cannot believe that a healthy youngster was really pursued by such grim foreboding, nor that his fear was anything more than a calculated chill put on by a ham

actor.

He is not to be condemned though for the artificiality of emotion in his early days. A young poet must acquire his knowledge in much the same way that an apprentice (dare I mention the word here!) bricklayer would. Experience is the one teacher to give him skill. At the outset he has little more than his yearnings and his untried theories to put into his poetry. His pains and his joys must be simulated until the encounters of life have chafed and bruised his soul so that he knows the real nature of misery and happiness. That Tom Whitbread's poetry now rings to truer experience is evidence of his coming maturity.

As yet his poetic mettle is short of being pure, but it is not dilute of any base substance. Incomplete experience and lack of mastery over words are what prevent him yet from achieving his high desire. Failure to manage words could be a permanent obstacle to a poet's success, for the insubstantial notions of poetry require the most delicate setting if their significance is to be apparent. The whisper of a veiled truth that is apprehended in the deepest well of consciousness cannot be told in the terms of commonplace allusion. Phrases of pristine freshness must be fetched up by the poet from the same remote place where his vision gently shimmers. Tom is shaping those phrases, minding originality and with a good eye to color, but his ear is sometimes at fault:

"...the toneless moan of silent sound"

would not have been written by one attentive to the music of words. "The toneless moan" could have been composed with satisfaction.

But we should not be too hard, for there is craftsman as well as artist in Tom Whitbread. Beauty of thought alone does not satisfy his poetical ambitions: he must aim too for constructions proportioned in beauty, and so has chosen for the greater part of his work the technically difficult sonnet form. This "most perfect of all miniature verse forms" is a hard taskmaster and brings up the young poet in strict discipline. Tom behaves well under the exactions of his iambic pentameters and last year for his piece, "August Mood," won an accolade from so astute a critic as L. V. Heljeson who said, "This sonnet is the poetic event of the year." This is tribute upon which Whitbread may well preen himself for it is the first unqualified recognition he has gained in more than five years of persistent labor. A poet of course does not establish a reputation on one successful poem. A great body of work–most of it outstanding–must first be produced.

The qualities forbidden to most of us but necessary to the poet are implanted in Tom Whitbread. If they grow to their full measure Tom will be author to much work profoundly significant and poignantly beautiful. The promise of it is in his verses today.

Number 16 (August 1951)

People, Papers and Pertinence [Extract]

A journal that has lacked most of the requirements to endear it to the diehards of amateur journalism has come now as the most strictly literary paper of the year. Published by younger member, Leland M. Hawes, Jr., and usually fully of hobby talk, and–blackest mark!–produced on a mimeograph, *The Gator Growl* has suddenly donned the graceful garb of print and set out earnestly to present us with amateur literature.

It is little wonder then that the praise for the recent December issue has been unstinted. But while the tributes are merited it is unfair that recognition has been withheld until *The Gator Growl* was printed. Its fifty odd mimeographed issues represented far greater effort and far greater accomplishment. The imagination with which Leland Hawes designed his pages and the care he used in stencilling lifted the mimeograph process to a level it rarely achieves in amateur journalism. Although the printed format of number 52 cannot be easily resisted I should regret any permanent change to print, for the amateur press needs one or two good mimeographers to set the example for inferior fellows.

The serious literary tone of this December issue is as big a departure from past policy as the changed method of production: there is not a scrap of hobby gossip or an editorial opinion to its entire 16 pages. Whereas print could quite conceivably supplant mimeographing in the favor of young craftsman Hawes, the writing of impersonal fiction and sketches could never oust his liking for the personal essay and the freedom to speak his mind in editorials. If I were not sure of this I would lament the absence this time of any commentary on amateur affairs.

The literary efforts he has collected for this issue go a long way towards being amateur literature–and I bow to Michael White's ruling that amateur literature is on a lower plane than the world's literature; at other times and in other arguments I should insist there is parity in the two standards.

Best piece by all standards is Lee's own sketch, “Latin to Life,” in which he recalls to lively memory a character who for most of us is a dead figure of our past. Ability to make the passing or the past scene come to life more vividly than the casual viewer sees it is the requirement of the good journalist or, with other qualities added, the good novelist. Lacking in this sketch and in another of Lee's contributions, “A Quiet Day,” is the phrase that punches into the brain a sharp-edged impression. Such descriptions as “mealy-mouthed individual,” “wrecks of humanity,” “poor devils” are no longer sharp moulds for shaping one's meaning and should be discarded. And no writer now has anything happening “literally” unless he wants to advertise ahead that a particularly far-fetched bit of allusion is coming. A writer has the responsibility of safe-guarding the language against clumsy handling which would batter the meaning of words out of shape. Lee's Latin teacher never “literally pounded the dear dead language into” anyone's “unwilling cranium.”

No one but a genius, however, develops unerring instinct for the right words until he has been trying very hard for many years to write. That we can find only these minor lapses in one with so much achievement still in the future is indication of his uncommon talent.

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The Phoenix has accomplished its periodic miracle. Consumed in the flames of enthusiasm, it has risen from the ashes of its former self rejuvenated and in even brighter plumage. A cautious dictionary says The Phoenix is fabled to be the only bird of its kind, and that it lives for a very long time: we in amateur journalism know these conjectures to be facts.

Prime mover behind the miracle, which has given us a fatter journal newly clad in a cover, is the redoubtable scallyway and staunch champion of amateur journalism, Charles W. Heins. So much hated and admired, so much loved and suffered, he is a character as much indispensable as a thing can be in this hobby where all things are expendable. Certainly he will be irreplaceable when or, one is tempted to add, if he goes. All recognise that in the slightly eccentric *Phoenix* are perhaps the greatest labor and sacrifice that have been made on behalf of this amusement, which normally commands only sporadic effort. In ten years there have been nine hundred hand-set pages–a mountain of type that Charlie Heins has shifted a piece at a time with little of the publicity but all the effort surely of the twelve labors of Hercules.

Among the other official organs of the amateur press *The Phoenix* stands unique for its overpowering personality. It never forgets its purpose, to advertise the United Amateur Press Alumni Association, but only because this purpose happens to be also the chief purpose of Charlie Heins. From its singular typographic style, its many curious literary constructions down to the last comma of the editorials–yea, particularly because of those strangely meandering commas and stops–*The Phoenix* is the distinctive work of one man. If his interest ever swerved away from the Alumni the magazine's attraction would crumple, so largely does it depend on his contribution and reflect his attitudes.

Secure in his post of official editor–for who else could be found to slave so tirelessly?–Charlie takes liberties with the organ that few others would attempt. He uses its columns for many personal issues, or, having vast resources of preference, prejudice and opinion to draw on, he takes up many associational matters and christens them as the private concerns of Charles Heins. In one of the amateur press associations this might be censurable action, but in the United Alumni group, where there would be little or no comment on association activities if the official editor remained silent, it is desirable that he should be outspoken. Often, too, his comments are prompted only by the need to fill otherwise blank space.

If he makes of *The Phoenix* a literary curio, an irritant to cause some to smart, a publication to horrify the fastidious, he also makes it a journal of vibrant interest. Many alumni, we suspect, pay their dollars or two dollars not as dues to the association but as subscriptions to its magazine.

Without *The Phoenix* the United Alumni group would quickly dissolve; and without *The Phoenix* amateur journalism as a whole would be measurably worse off. Even those amateurs who never see *The Phoenix* get part of their stimulation from it. Like the widely-informed bulletin that it is, it keeps an alert eye on all the amateur press and on occasion touches off the fulminate that detonates somewhere else. A recent explosion set off by Heins rocked the American Amateur Press Association to its last stolid member.

Charlie Heins is chiefly thought of for his detonations. It's human habit to remember a man for one outstanding deed or a dominating characteristic: and the rubbing together of two innocent surfaces to make an explosion has been a specialty of the Heins

career. But it would be unfair to overlook achievements of which he is no doubt prouder. It comes as a surprise to members who know him only by premature legend to discover that he is a poet of genuine prompting. His verses are notable for a relevance and clarity not always present in his prose. Another activity to which he brings talent is the actual editing of *The Phoenix*. A sharp eye for human interest rescues from obscurity many bright paragraphs from readers' letters that make entertaining copy; and a member can't safely have a baby, sell a story without Charlie's grounded ear hearing and making note. His real achievement though is in garnering noteworthy contributions from an alumni group wherein literary effort is notoriously an exercise too energetic to be lightly engaged in. Proudest successes of late have been the contributions he has secured from well-known professionals, Melville Clemens Barnard ("Ben Arid") and Maitland LeRoy Osborne. A series of articles by Osborne on "How to Write" is material any writers' group would be glad to publish. It is the best practical advice of compiling the short-short story that I have seen.

Any review of *The Phoenix* inevitably becomes a story of the influence of Charles W. Heins. Although no one to my knowledge has been foolish enough to suggest that his influence is bad, there have been forthright critics who have spoken against certain details of his conduct. Charlie's wrath has followed for sure. In a long and often hazardous career in amateur journalism he has never learnt the equanimity that accepts criticism easily. In the most innocent phrase he will sometimes see poison; in the truth, falsehood. So these comments I have written are brave, foolish words–depending on your point of view.

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Amateur journalism has beguiled and plagued me, kept me at my desk or awake under a bedlamp into the puffy-eyed hours of morning, giving me a literary hangover quite as rueful as any other. It has disappointed and enchanted me; appropriated time and money that should have been otherwise spent–but never has it so thrust its appeal into my heart as recently when it threatened to withdraw completely from my life. And I could do nothing to stop it go.

When the war heaved its carcass of chaos into the status quo international finance bubbled and burst. In Australia the American dollar jumped from a meek four shillings to an omnipotent nine shillings. Trade balances, previously measured in millions, which hadn't much concerned Mr. Australian Citizen, were suddenly calculated in dimes and cents and Mr. A. Citizen was called on to account for each one he spent. NO longer were they to be sent out of the country without a Very Good Reason. Hobby organisations like the National Amateur Press Association did not qualify.

This looked like the end. But in our emergency we were rescued by The Fossils, that strange body of amateurs who prefer not to write, not to publish, but to give where it hurts most, from the pocket. Through the war and the years afterwards we overseas members were provided for. Their great generosity which must run into three-figure expenditure has been little thought of and rarely acknowledged. For them there was the satisfaction, little enough, of helping friends who could not help themselves; for me, as one of the beneficiaries, there had been the pleasure of several freely-given years–priceless years, because I could not have bought them–in amateur journalism. They were the years of my development when this new amusement was first understood and during which I began the unending perplexity of learning to write and learning to produce an amateur paper.

But neither God nor man countenances the borrowing of time year after year. At the 1950 convention it was reported that The Fossils had exhausted their fund for paying overseas members' dues. The long-sustained effort had to come to an end. Secretary Bernice Spink wrote that dues were payable and asked if there was any way I could transmit money to her. The letter lay on my desk a long time: to answer it seemed like signing my own dismissal order, for there was only one reply I could make. Eventually, after my prolonged silence, the Secretary had to act and I was officially dropped from the rolls.

It was then, and perhaps for the first time, that the vast meaning amateur journalism has for me emerged clearly in my mind. American amateurs, who can casually neglect their dues for a few months safe in the knowledge that they can readily obtain reinstatement, may not realise the distress of one forcibly detached from amateur journalism with no honorable means of regaining entry.

If this were an unhappy story, it would end here. But this is a story of the friendliness and generosity of the people in amateur journalism that strike out now and then to touch a heartstring. Within the week that it takes an air letter to cover eight thousand miles I had word from Willametta Keffer that she would pay for my reinstatement. Willametta without fuss and often without the exchange of letters

for months on end, has been a guardian of my career in the NAPA. It was Burton J. Smith who originally sponsored me and paid my first dues. With his death, Willametta took over his role of mentor to the down under contingent.

Deeply grateful, I wrote at once to thank her. But a further surprise was to come. Willametta wrote back saying she was unable to keep her promise—as my dues had already been paid. She had been beaten to it by Helen V. Wesson.

This is an account that I have not told very well for the words are clogged with a feeling that makes them difficult to utter. Helen Wesson I have known only briefly. We exchanged letters once, half a dozen years ago. If fellow amateurs can be strangers, we were. Those who know amateur journalism well may not be surprised at my experience. I record it so that others who know amateur journalism even less than I might learn the significance of friendship in our institution.

News has come too that Leon Stone has had his dues paid by Helm Spink; and there are other foreign members who belong this year because of the kindness of amateurs in the United States.

Number 17 (July 1952)

This number of *Churinga* is issued in the face of difficulties that have been overcome chiefly by the help of Mr. Hal E. Stone. Ever my mentor in the fascinating avocation of publishing, he has in this instance been more than counsellor and critic, going to the length of supplying from his own precious stocks the paper on which this issue is printed. Warehouses have practically no stocks of fine printing papers and with the recent decision to cut all imports into Australia the already acute shortage will grow worse. The stock that Mr. Stone unselfishly sold us for this issue is deckle-edge Byronic Text, originally imported from Canada, with end papers of Mignonette deckle-edge book antique, hoarded since before the war. The cover, also supplied by Mr. Stone, is Montrose green, produced by Australian paper mills. *Churinga* is produced on an Ellams flatbed duplicator in which the copies are made singly by hand.

Number 18 (March 1953)

Revival Over the Atlantic [Extract]

The mistaken notion of amateur journalism as a training ground springs from a misunderstanding of its purpose. It is a contrivance for usefully employing leisure. Only those who underestimate the importance of leisure in the human make-up—those dour mercenaries who are ashamed to own to a hobby—have ever tried to justify amateur journalism as a preparation for greater things. Amateur journalism needs no such false justification. Its claim to being a creative activity of leisure is proud enough.

Days Out of Wretchedness

I suppose that I am unnatural in my love of rain and the weeping days of the universe. I am not a farmer who tends a crop and must look to the dark clouds skirting the horizon for his beneficence. I am not a laborer who sweats the more on his pickhandle when the sun is out and can welcome the rain as surcease from his labors. My love of rain is for the enchantment of a mood that gathers on the edge of the mind whenever clouds collect on the horizon. It thickens as the clouds move on apace, and when the rain has won the whole wide circle of my world the mood takes hold of all of me.

I have known this love along the whole checkered course of memory. As an unwilling schoolboy, I found in wet days a longed-for release from the classroom's regimented monotony. The way to school lay along muddy bush paths between dripping trees and, though the walk itself at this time would be an adventure, it was much more useful as an excuse to stay at home. For there on a wide tin-roofed verandah, on which the rain played an exaggerated symphony, was the freedom of a wet day's confinement.

Beside the verandah the rain hissed exuberantly in the trees. The cries and commands of a schoolboy's ordered life were far away and all enfolded in the sibilant silence. The idea of a restive captivity indoors never occurred to me. If the mind must use the body's legs then bodily restraint is irksome; but if the mind has wings of its own the body can be manacled against movement and the boy yet go free. And so was I on the days that the rain saved for me out of the wretched life of a schoolmaster's planning. My chief joy was in choosing for myself the books and papers I would read instead of those that had authority's approval stamped upon them; in allowing a free-coursing of thought over unmapped ways instead of along the guided paths trampled flat and dull by generations of plodders, of somebody's theorem or chemical equation.

I remember that on such a day I discovered

the excitements of Sherlock Holmes. In that glorious commingling of security and fear I entered "The Valley of Fear," felt on my neck the horrid breath of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" and, when even Holmes seemed dismayed, paused for reassurance to listen to the rain thrumming its reality on the roof. On such a day too I met Rider Haggard and tracked with his hero Allan Quatermain across the African deserts, between Sheba's Breasts and along the broad high road that led us to the discovery of King Solomon's fabulous mines.

When I tired of other people's story-telling I tried my own. I found the rain had curious comfort for the artist, promising freedom from disturbance, singing encouragement to his muse and, in its melancholy drifts sweeping down from the hills, setting the suspenseful atmosphere of romance.

No natural boy, of course, can resist the sun or its playtime call to be out of doors. I loved these moments too, but mostly for the ephemeral escapades and occasional banditries of boyhood. The moments when the boy deposited the resources of the man were on the silver-shadowed days that it rained. And, as though conscious even then of the difference between permanent and passing pleasures, I was the more content with those rainy-day diversions.

The nostalgic harking back to childhood, which is the habit of humanity, has never appealed to me for what I loved best in childhood–the mood of a wet day–I have brought with me. The regrets of looking back are for those whose childhood delights are no longer practicable in adult life and so are lost to them for ever. On the wet days under that wide-roofed verandah, I began a quest–a search of books and a search for the ways of expression–which has survived into later years. It remains as much a part of me now as it was then; so I have lost no former self.

My original love of the wet may now be less exultant for passion naturally sinks from flame to smoulder; but it is just as real. To wake on a wet day is to wake to a world of new excitement where the grubby things have been cleansed and the tired refreshed and all that was old is now renewed. As the bathtub brings out the operatic arias in a man, so the world in its showerbath sings its exuberance. On the grass and trees the rain sizzles in a whispered monotone; on the roofs and in the spouts it hums and pipes. To each usual noise it imparts a new note: to a train-whistle and the distant howling of a dog each a melancholy poignancy; to the clop of passing hoofbeats a hollow resonance, as of a stomping heart; to the following cartwheels a richer crunch on the cobbles; and to the rubber-tyred trucks and cars passing on the highway a swish of speed, as if to cut the journey short.

But though the rain is a pattern of sounds, it becomes after a while a maker of silence. To the world's usual cacophony it brings harmony: to the day's rattles and squeaks something of the night's healing quiet. As the rhythmic crashing of waves on the coast becomes in the distance an uninterrupted rumble, so the many sounds of the rain recede from the ear and become at last indistinguishable in faint music. Then this too slips from consciousness and there is only silence. It's a comfortable silence, not strangely compelling as the brooding stillness of a mountain. It frees the mind of all irritants and one begins to listen to one's thoughts and to the voices of mute things.

Powerful then to me is the persistent clamor from my shelves of the books that are too often set aside for the communistic call of the sun. Now, sure of the uninterrupted day and the intrudeless night to follow, I can pace my shelves in an extravagant care of choosing, for one of the delights of this day is the freedom to squander minutes. Each will give a full account of distance run and will be replaced by another, full sixty seconds long. From my bookcases the volumes in their dust-jackets, bright or garish, sober or dull, call with the same appeal as on the day I bought them. I remember the impulse or the long-felt want each one satisfied, and I can thumb them, even the unread ones, as friends.

Occasionally I will spy an unfamiliar back (for, remember, it is by their backs that we recognize books) and I am smitten by the shame of having neglected a promise. Each book, upon acquisition, extracts from its owner the promise of being read as soon as possible and, at least until it is read, of being remembered. Only after reading may one decide between remembering and forgetting it. The owner who forgets his books before he reads them deserves to have no books. Confronted with this evidence of my faithlessness, my cry goes up to heaven for more of the peaceful days of rain; else, i'faith! I shall lose track of all the old friends and there shall be no time but for coming and going and pausing to eat–veritably just a foot-and-mouth disease for living.

If the rain comes from the east out of the cold sea I like it well for then it's a cold rain. If it comes from the south across the Southern Ocean, I like it best for then it's a cold rain that will last three days. Before settling with the book that finally won the eye, there is

need to build a fire. It must be a big fire on a wide hearth that will cast its gleams on the row of shiny-backed books by the fireplace. It must be a fire that reaches to the far corners of the room and roars in the chimney like a ghost. Above all it must not be a sullen fire that needs constant poking against black humors. It must blaze cheerfully, content to share with me my day and my mood.

This then is the best I can ask of weather, mood and physical surrounding. Each would seem a little part of contentment. The secret is their complete harmony, more to be cherished than any material luxury.

People, Papers and Pertinence [Extract]

The suspicion of Wesson hi-jinks surrounds the announcement that *Siamese Standpipe* has officially come of age. To pull it off, the Wessons have supplied printed "correction" slips which we are asked to paste on various back issues to obliterate their present numbering and install a new system. Doesn't this smell of tampering with birth certificates or hastening the flow or posterity?

Siamese Standpipe, *The New Yorker* of amateur journalism, has always been cleverly written and well printed. Now, since Helen has begun carving linoleum blocks, it can claim the distinction of being the one illustrated paper of any significance in the amateur press. In the 23rd issue Helen's art reaches an exciting peak in her illustration of "Our Family Dragon." The inspired monster breathes real fire and menace, just as the accompanying verses Helen has written breathe genuine feeling and charm. They escape the drool that shrinks our sympathy for so many adult attempts to capture a child's feeling. Perhaps the smear of sex and cynicism that Helen wears like the provocative lipstick of a Li'l Red Devil is the flux that keeps her mother's love from cloying. And a word of praise must not be forgotten for the printer who handled the four-color dragon to perfection of layout and register.

Recent *Standpipe* numbers have given us some writing in the front rank: Helen's "Shelley in the Nursery" (which excited the parent and the classicist in me) and "Waka Danna-sama" (which awakened in a liquid-eyed adult the shiny-eyed boy); and Sheldon's "Education and a Half for Overtime" (admirable).

Let us hope that both press and wife share equal priority among the belongings returning to the Orient with Wessonmale to protect him against two types of infidelity.

[End Note]

The advent of our second son, Barry James, on 19 March interrupted midway the production of this *Churinga*. Such was the interruption that it was October before we returned to the task to find that time had oblivionized our plans and aged the contents, though not enough to give them antiquarian interest, too much for them to retain contemporary point. Only because I am sure of the long-suffering nature of most amateurs, have I gone on with this issue.

Number 19 (December 1954)

Statement of Account

I have accumulated more debts in amateur journalism than I can ever repay. For long I have struggled to maintain some balance of payments because I have always realised that one dwells in amateurdom, as in an expensive lodging house, for the payment of so much rent. But though my publishing and writing have never stopped altogether, I draw too much benefit from the hobby to hope that my activity might equal the rate at which I incur indebtedness.

And now suddenly my indebtedness has jumped ahead and I am humbled by the disproportionate measure of what I have given for what I have received. I have been provided, as a way out of my annually recurring financial difficulty, with a life membership in NAPA. "You owe me nothing at all," says my benefactor who asks for no advertisement, "because last year I came into a small windfall and felt that thanks was due somewhere for such beneficence to me."

An outsider might find this puzzling: I find it wonderful. All my friendships in amateur journalism have been nurtured perforce by correspondence and have blossomed remotely. One would expect these to prove to be flowers made of paper–real enough to the superficial glance but on closer inspection revealing not the richness or warmth of the genuine bloom of friendship. But if paper flowers, how marvelously sweet they are and quick with the semblance of life! Each year since the beginning of the currency problem these friends have proved their friendship by stepping forward in greater numbers than I need to pay my dues.

Of course, it is a frightful thing to blatantly value friendship in terms of money; but to the ordinary man in ordinary times the giving of his money is one of the greatest sacrifices he makes, for it is not really his

money he gives but some pleasure or some necessity that money would buy. How many dream-possessions are sacrificed, how many wishes remain unfulfilled because of this gift of a life membership to me! And when I mention that two other overseas members have also been given life memberships by the same benefactor, the depth of generosity in this friendship will be fully appreciated.

Number 20 (July 1955)

Study of a Stalwart: An Impertinence

About the last of our stalwarts has gone to the sidelines and an era in amateur journalism is closing. The stalwarts, I should explain, are a group of my own peculiar selection and no snub is implied in anyone's exclusion from it. They are some members who had each exerted a vigorous influence on amateur journalism and were still active on my own admission to the hobby. Foremost of them were Ernest Edkins, Michael White and Edward Cole. We all watched the terrible disintegration of Ernest Edkins, both the man and the faith; many of us have wondered over the loss of interest of Michael White. Now, Edward Cole has announced his retirement from amateur journalism, his physical energy sapped by illness and his interests attaching ever more firmly to eras which for better or for worse amateur journalism has left behind. Physically incapable and mentally unwilling, Edward Cole is farewelling an interest that has sustained him through all his vigorous years.

This is a poignant moment for me to see the three who were pre-eminently the literati of a world I had newly fallen in love with all now left on the wharf as our ship with undeterable thrust of life itself draws away. With Edward Cole we may remain linked by streamers for a few moments more, but these chains will break like the gaily coloured bits of paper they are.

As Edward Cole Himself has observed, the best service to be rendered an idol is to disentangle him from the cloud of myth with which well-meaning but befuddled supporters try to etherialise him. Let's examine some of the claims about Cole that seem spurious. Even Ralph Babcock has subscribed to the belief that Cole produces magazines that are the ultimate in amateur printing. It takes less of a hero-worshipper and more of a friend to put that claim in correct perspective. For instance, Helm Spink, in whom honesty of opinion is merciless, remarks that "Cole's *Olympian*...is a nice job. But Tim Thrift and Ed Cole aren't—and never were—in the same class with Babcock." As the most important living historian of amateur journalism, Cole's views are respected and the understanding he can extract from the eternal enigmas of history is much admired; but, lest it be thought that all his writings are entertainment, listen to another critic whose honesty is a darting rapier, Allen Crandall, who declares: "Some of his Chapters of History betray the stodgy professor." Even Tom Whitbread—as keen a supporter as this distinguished demagogue could wish for—has admitted that Mr. Cole is sometimes oracular. Now, no one will object to an oracle who gives authentic tips on horse-racing or the problems that endlessly beset the love-life of the young; but an oracle who proves to be a false prophet, particularly in the limited field of amateur journalism, deserves our scorn and immediate exposure. Many will remember his gloomy forecast of what would happen when the offices of Secretary and Treasurer were combined in the NAPA; yet look how well subsequent officers have fulfilled their double duty.

Edward Cole dislikes most in my writing my lengthiness, which for him is my prolixity; I think I can return the compliment with a sincere utterance that I dislike equally in his writings his eternal brevity. He has the talent, which I lack, of giving us *multum in parvo*; but is it not too often, in Edkins's phrase, a "parsimonious parvo"? I wonder curiously at a writer who is forever satisfied to express his thoughts in detached paragraphs, rarely allowing them to run to more than a page or two in length. A paragraph, no matter how succinct or how much beneficial in sparing the reader's time, *cannot* contain an earnest inquiry into the philosophic truths or artistic values sometimes brought to issue in the amateur press. Is the reason to be found in a lack of thought or mental application to sustain the inquiry beyond a paragraph? About the only exceptions Cole allows from his rule "be brief" are his articles (call them not essays) about his fellow Fossils or, at their death, about the distribution of their libraries; or again the chapters wherein he collects, as a philatelist might display a collection of stamps, the facts from a period in our history. But the sort of essay that tempts me into the devious paths of prolixity never emerges from off his pen.

It is surprising when one thinks of it that Cole should have the name of Critic when he practises criticism nowadays so rarely and all his life so superficially. I do not mean that to be impertinent.

Criticism, in its most respected literary role, aims to discover the artistic truth of a writing, or the truths of a school of writing, through the interpretation the critic places on the work under review: it must be a careful examination of the facts deposited and a provocative digging into the mother lode of motive. Cole seems to accept these terms of reference, even referring us himself recently to a book of critical essays (*Highlights of Modern Literature*) in which every critic is imbued to interpret meanings or search out the underlying motives of his subject. Yet Cole in his own work never looks below the surface to these aims but is content to have his "criticisms" remain simply a comment on the outward appearance of the author's product. Michael White and Ernest Edkins were the realer critics of my triumvirate; they were forever delving into the background of an author's mind and bringing up the prettiest theories or the most amazing conundrums with which to provoke each other and richly reward the membership. Despite Cole's unassailable position, it is certainly true that while White and Edkins occupied the stage their criticism was the most stimulating in the amateur press; and it is no denial to say that their articles were not always the most popular, because mere popularity has no part in criticism, unless it is by accident.

The truth is, paradoxically, that in Edward Cole we have a critic who is not particularly interested in criticism. He has written great volumes of sound comment for the Bureau of Critics–and could serve us usefully still in that, our deepest need–but of criticism as implied in its most earnest literary aims, he has given us practically nothing. I speak, of course, of the past two decades; of remoter times even my second-hand knowledge is so sketchy as to be completely unreliable. What researches I have been able to make suggest that Cole's revulsion from criticism has been a steadily growing tendency, that he may in his early days have been a more penetrative critic. But isn't this likely? In youth we have brashness as well as quenchless energy and supreme confidence in our future achievement all combining to promote the utmost endeavour, even in directions which our matured talents will later not support. His attraction to amateur journalism as a hobby and towards English-teaching as a vocation seemed to suggest to the young Cole that he would find his natural bent in the writing of literary criticism; and under the impetus of youth he was successful enough to secure a name for that sort of thing. But as the firmness of age settled upon youth's shifting sands the compiling of literary criticisms appealed to him less and less and his attempts became increasingly the sort of half-column comment of pleasing but undisturbing review with which we now chiefly associate him. His real interests took shape to reveal Edward Cole as a politician, highly literate and possessed of a fluent pen, but a politician none the less.

That is the real role that Cole has fulfilled in amateur journalism. To exclude the modern sinister sense of a schemer and a rogue that now besmirches the word politician, I shall quote from the OED the only definition I intend: "Politician. One versed in the theory of government or the art of governing; one practically engaged in conducting the business of the state; a statesman."That is the old and honourable sense going back to the sixteenth century.

A politician is interested in government, and a good politician naturally is interested in the people for whom the government exists. Now, don't these two interests–the constitutional government of amateur journalism and the people who make up the hobby–comprise the main concerns that Edward Cole has shown in our activity for more years than most of my readers can remember? Cole has never hesitated over a sharp word of rebuke for the publisher who is lazy or silly and the writer who is neglectful, but the only issues on which he has felt strongly enough to allow himself to be drawn into feuds have been political. Many will remember the dispute on the constitution that Cole had, primarily with Burton Crane, and that dragged through special issues of his *Files on Parade* and *Opinions* and leaped slightly more excitingly through two *Masakas*. Many have encountered the warm interest, even affection, that Cole transmits generally upon amateur journalists and specially upon Fossils for whom amateur journalism is gradually slipping out of reach.

Edward Cole is the complete humanist, which is what every politician should be. For him there is no reluctantly assumed burden in chasing up old amateurs and kindling upon the cold ashes of youth the flame of a revived interest. That is his pleasure; for he seems happiest not so much in enjoying amateur journalism himself but in aiding others to an increased enjoyment of the hobby. Cheerfully he accepts administrative slavery to keep the Fossils' organisation functioning because of his conviction that within its framework many find a companionship they would otherwise lack. His most ungrudging gift has been of his time–some spent in such personally unrewarding and self-

deadening tasks as redrafting the NAPA constitution, much of it spent, even at vacation time, in tracking down new finds for the Fossils or renewing contact with the diffident members who appear to have dropped off into a lonely old age. To these humanist qualities he adds the attributes of an easy social grace, a skilful manner of public speaking and a capacity for extremely sturdy though not indiscriminate friendships. Inasmuch as a man can be said to be any one thing to the exclusion of all others, Edward H. Cole is completely the politician.

To substantiate this, let me claim that Cole has practically no intellectual life, which would mark him out as a philosopher, scientist or perhaps artist. No philosophic theme unites his writings, no hidden aspects of the man are to be discovered on peering into his commentaries and editorials. When a "Colloquy on Cole" was required of Ernest Edkins, this shrewd analyser of writers had to go to one of Cole's lifelong friends (an old sweetheart?) and obtain at secondhand material he needed for his character sketch. The body of his subject's written work, which had given Edkins the clues for tracing in delightful essays the essential characters of Burton Crane, Michael White, Alexander Zimmerman failed to uncover for him the essence of Cole. Perhaps without knowing why, Edkins was dissatisfied and, with typical humour, he declared: "Give me another six months to work on Cole's connections with the underworld and I'll wager I could turn up something lurid." Edkins realised that something was missing from the picture and that was his arresting way of saying it. What he was searching for–what he had found in other prominent writers of the amateur press–was the inner mental man emerging recognisably from the mixture of argument and belief expressed in his writings.

Is it too harsh to say that Cole has no intellectual life? To me, screwing up my eyes and peering through the slightly distorting glass of a man's thoughts committed to paper, Cole appears to be a handsome and fluent person with a great knowledge of the solid, material things of life but few thoughts for the abstract and spiritual. There is, as far as I can see, an area of existence that in him remains blank. He has a very wide acquaintance with literature but little will for the exciting speculations it would prod; he has slipped so deeply into the rut of the teacher that he has forgotten his primary role of student–a role which, rather than relax in, one must prosecute with increasing energy until the end of one's days. Stung by the illiterate and sometimes uncouth remarks of amateur journalists, Cole often battles with plea and rebuke for a more "literary" purpose in amateur letters, but what he urges us to adopt is a nicer social grace, not the lusty adventure of discovering man in his greatness and his infamy, in his brutal sensuousness and his delicate poeticising through the pages of literature reflecting life.

Too readily, Cole accepts the "standards," whether they have been erected for judging writing, ethics or constitutional law; and far too rarely does he confess love of some eccentric expression well away from the "standard" forms of art or behaviour. He seems unresponsive to the intellectual excitements to be found in an exploration of one's own, and his writings when they touch on such deep subjects as literary thought or philosophy reflect the man who prefers to accept the views established and respected by others, rather than to *think* (in the fierce and exhausting meaning of the word) for himself. Few of us are capable of any sustained thinking in this strenuous sense, so it cannot be inferred that I am trying to make an outcast of Cole in this matter; rather am I surprised on a re-examination of Cole's recent writings to find so much evidence of a man who is down at the common level, who does not live (or no longer lives) much of an intellectual life.

I have had this argument before with Mr. Cole on "standards." His side should be quoted and as the following is from a letter to me it will be new to all readers. I must apologise to Mr. Cole for quoting without permission, but the extract is quite impersonal and is illuminating of how well he writes, even in a typewritten letter dashed off to a friend:–

> I grant that there is no common agreement as to what precisely constitutes a good poem or story or essay or other type of writing. It may interest you to know that in my own teaching of literature I tell my classes that, in the last analysis, what interests the reader himself is the truest guide and that I never expect a student to admire a literary product because I like it or because it has attained the status of a classic. But there are criteria, none the less. And personal interest is not the best touchstone for determining the literary quality of a work. If there were no standards by which to judge attainment, then it seems to me that all attempts to evaluate the arts are futile and the whole business boils down to the critic's saying, "I don't like your work; ergo it's no good," and the criticised's retorting, "I don't like your opinions; ergo go to hell." In almost every respect in which society sets standards–religion, government, law, morals, for example–there can be no claim that the standards are good for peoples everywhere or that they represent more than the

principles that are good for the society that establishes them in the period in which they are maintained. They do not prevent progress, except in societies that are ruthlessly dictatorial; they prevent chaos and too ready acceptance of the new.

There, compiled on the spur of the moment, is one of the best brief defences of standards that I have encountered. It is a challenging viewpoint and serves to emphasise my last point, that Cole's is a challenging personality. Nothing I have said is meant to deny that he is a clever thinker and skilful arguer of his opinions. Profound thought, and a love for the exercise, however, are not necessary to produce commentaries in which our problems are clearly assessed and given a shrewd solution: that is still part of the task for a politician. And, as he discharges consummately the politician's social duties, so he performs more than admirably the politician's duty to be thoughtful, well-informed, and persuasive in discussing our affairs.

I have considered it a worthy purpose to reduce Cole from inflationary myth to life-size; but an attempt by anyone to belittle the man himself would be vile. Cole is big enough to have said during his most heated controversy, "It is perfectly possible for the best of friends to have differences of opinion and to respect each other, despite them"—and to have meant it.

Footnote. Mr. Cole's likely retirement was announced in a letter as follows:—"It so happens that your comments in *Churinga* (19) are likely to be a sort of valedictory of my activity in amateur journalism. Unless my health undergoes a substantial improvement I foresee little likelihood that I shall be able to continue my activity beyond the editing of the April *Fossil*..."

Thorn Among the Laurels: A Disturbance

How good was the NAPA publishing year 1953-54! It contained not only the fourth *Chimera* and Verle Heljeson's volume of *The National Amateur* (both the subject of other reviews) but also five issues of *Siamese Standpipe* (24 to 28) and four of *The Scarlet Cockerel* (28 to 31). Here was enough bounty to suggest that we had re-found Atlantis or dwelt in the Isle of the Blessed, for, though lazily we tilled (if we tilled at all), we reaped a golden harvest.

It was obvious that the Wessons and Ralph Babcock were both aiming for the 1954 laureate titles in editing and printing, and though the losers may be excused their disappointment we cannot allow them any complaint. After laureate titles in these departments had gone begging for several years, it was naturally chagrining to see a high effort, which of the standards of previous years could have won the laureates twice over, go down in defeat. But it was chagrining only to the Wessons. For the rest of us, such spanking competition was a distinct pleasure not often found in the laureate contests. For Ralph Babcock it meant the winning of some real satisfaction from his success: what could so easily have been for him a walk-over victory became against the Wessons' spirited competition a difficult and proud achievement.

How close the contest was and how arduous the decision are suggested by my own choice—taken with pipe-sucking deliberation—which reverses the placings of the two top papers. I say this in no spirit to quarrel, for unless we sincerely accept the principle that the judge's decision is final our laureate contests are destroyed; but simply to express a personal viewpoint, interesting for its contrast with the official one. And it is as well to know that within the tiny world of amateur journalism all sets of value are not everywhere duplicated as if they answered to some aesthetic gold standard.

I can never entirely divorce the human value from my estimate of a paper—which is why I am so strongly attached to amateur journalism—and I can never happily forego artistic values—which is why amateur journalism so often disappoints me. The laureate judge can support no view that is not based solely on artistic values as they are seen in our hobby world. It is not for him to be influenced by the human element—or even by the vexatious mechanical one, so often the master of a printer's fate. He must assume that every amateur has the talent of a Didot and the resources of a William Morris and judge the amateur's work accordingly. Obviously these are not the bases to underlie every verdict passed on a paper. It remains for the unofficial commentator to give the judgement based on human values. He knows the limitations both of talent and equipment through knowing the publisher's past record, and can recognise when limitations have been pushed back or new skills developed. A judgement arising from these grounds is not necessarily more lenient than the laureate judge's; it will be different—but it is the sort of judgement most often required by amateur journalism.

It was for the human values especially that I chose *Siamese Standpipe* to excel *The Scarlet Cockerel*. The five issues by the Wessons that year were each as milestones notching the transition from craftsman to artist. Sea-girt and lonely in Japan, they

seemed suddenly to pour renewed vigour into their amateur publishing as they withdrew their energies from the social scene. Ralph Babcock on the other hand seemed to slacken his creative effort. Committed by long experience to the production of art, he could not avoid giving us beautiful magazines but their beauty, dimmer than in the past, was marred by a certain slick sameness. All four issues seemed to evolve out of the one basic design, a state of affairs, one feels, that would never have satisfied the Babcock of the Carnegie Tech days when *The Scarlet Cockerel* was in its glorious heyday.

Each issue of *Siamese Standpipe* was a small burst of inspiration, complete unto itself. None owed its derivation to an old design refurbished or needed to pass on the successful ingredients to the future. Whoever the Muse is that champions printers she blessed the Wessons generously with ideas so that they had them to squander. If there is one essential to good amateur printing, it is that the printer shall have ideas abundantly. He need not always print to perfection; but he is expected to print excitingly and with more ideas than his chase can encompass or his cases elucidate. The brainwaves of the *Standpipe* Editorial Board were staggering. Amid the brown flurry of lead designs the printers used that autumn, *Siamese Standpipe* was the first to introduce real maple leaves wedded to its covers; and, in an age which has mechanised most things, including its thinking and of course its type-setting, the Wessons asserted the independence of the amateur by surprising us with some original thoughts and delighting us with such individual touches as hand-painted lanterns on one cover.

In contents, those *Siamese Standpipes* were the most revivifying formula since the atom bomb first uplifted man. Helen's memorable essay, "My Fifteen Years in a Hobby," took the reader into such intimate terms that he felt like nudging the other bloke and saying, "Hey Shep. Move over." Always the despair of my guardian angel, I thoroughly enjoy Helen's writings: they are exceeded in piquancy only by the combined efforts of both Wessons together, as in those 109 "Moving Days." This was another adventure which the reader was allowed to share as completely as if he were one of the protagonists' shadows–going out only when the lights were finally exhausted.

If the intimacy, sometimes verging on frank exposure, were the only notable characteristic of Helen Wesson's writings, there might be some justice to the recent charge that she has a morbid mind. But a person who accepts sex as one important strand in the skein of living is revealing an attitude of mind which doctors and psychologists could only declare perfectly healthy: to them the sins committed in the name of sex are as frequently sins of omission as of commission. Any parent who has mulled anxiously over his twin responsibilities to his children of laying a basis for the enjoyable fulfillment of sex and yet of preventing an exaggerated importance from attaching to the subject, quickly realises that any false doctrine is ultimately harmful. The admonition to deny self and cloak the facts by ignoring them is such a false doctrine, disastrous in normal people. The Helen Wesson who frankly recognises the periodic incursions of sex in our life is but one aspect of the woman. It is balanced by the Helen Wesson who creates such delightful fantasies as "Our Family Dragon," which in a couple of years has grown into an amateur classic. Another Helen Wesson is she who wrote "Shelley in the Nursery," revealing a mother who reads Longfellow, Shelley and Christina Rossetti to her three-year-old son in order to equip him with the world's most trusted standards of value. A fourth Helen, and possibly the most important one, is the artist who years ago used to hand-paint the covers of her journal *Spigot* and now carves linoleum blocks with enough skill to have given us in Ormand-san (the Family Dragon) the most famous illustration of the modern amateur press. This then is Helen Wesson restored to perspective, in which ordinarily tolerant people will see her as a normal enough person and, with no more than the usual differences of taste and opinion, will be able to relish her wit and admire her considerable literary and artistic talents.

One of my ideals for an amateur paper is that it shall be experimental, its pages always astir with the publisher's dissatisfaction at what he must borrow or copy, and in its atmosphere a pardonable exuberance for the slight part that is all his own creation. From *The Scarlet Cockerel* we had come to rely on fulfillment of this ideal accompanied by an exuberance for artistic creation almost akin to the earthy exuberance of physical creation. The failure of the four laureate-winning *Cockerels* in this respect makes them stand out in jagged contrast. Presumably, their production alone cost so great an effort that there was no room for experiment: exuberance dried up in a desert of space-time considerations–96 pages to be filled, four issues to be crammed into half a year. The result was a bunch of *Scarlet Cockerels* picked out of the cases of the past–assembled from the undistributed ideas still lying

about the printshop. Here then is the judgement based on human values:—a deterioration of Babcock's creative effort. Judged on artistic standards alone, it must be conceded that what he picked from old cases, what ideas he borrowed for re-use, were intrinsically sound and formed artistically the leading publication of the year. But in a journal that previously had contented the critics and inspired a hobby, they were also slightly disappointing.

For their contents, the four *Scarlet Cockerels* can be returned to again and again. A typographically tired Babcock retained his usual prodigious energy for his writing which goes leaping along like a carload of kids bowling down Main Street. Not enough credit has been given Babcock as a writer, simply because he avoids the showy literary flights and practises the sort of easy editorialising that some people imagine can be composed "in the stick." Doubtless, a final fill-in paragraph will be; but the bulk of his writings evolves out of cerebration, the same as it does in the more self-conscious stylists: for his occasional snappy phrases with the gleam of posterity already on them, he has to thank a slow-footed inspiration which he courts with the same frustration as any other writer.

Occasionally Babcock forgets the hard-boiled exterior and lets an incongruous poet show through: ten lines with which he introduced the 31st *Scarlet Cockerel* begin: "Robins are worming the garden, Soft showers have refreshed the lawn with a new green carpet." Obviously a poet peered from the printshop window and rejoiced in the reliable miracle of another spring. All the way through ten crowded years, containing our marriage, parenthood and a Royal Visit, the memory has stalked us of another frothy salute to spring which Babcock tossed together for the 25th *Scarlet Cockerel*. Among such phrases as "Into the sunlight winks another bird—A dusky Canadian freighter churns the Charles to a lather—Tugs putter and puff," Babcock makes the poet's confession in the printer's pointblank phrase "Spring Wanderlust Devastates the Editor."

No one gives the impression so much as Ralph Babcock that he uses the full rich freedom offered by amateur journalism in the concoction of a magazine. No subject is alien to our purpose, no literary entertainment inadmissible, so long as the amateur editor fulfills what is uniquely his opportunity and his responsibility—to produce the best that his talents can achieve. Babcock builds his table of contents from the most diversified subjects one is likely to meet in the amateur press. In the past I have been surprised and delighted by such contributions as Mayor Laguardia's New Year's Message, Rusty's recipe for marmalade (tested and found richly satisfying, what's more), a lecture on personnel management and—of all things in a *Scarlet Cockerel*—a poem dedicated to a poet! ("Where a Poet Lives.")

This air of adventurous choosing rewarded by uncommon pleasures for the reader, which I have come to associate with *The Scarlet Cockerel*, is not missing from the four recent issues. Babcock makes a hit with such pieces as "The Baked-Apple Berry," whose quaint poetry and accompanying letter of explanation stir a new sense of well-being in the reader. The author, George H. Coffin, makes his poem shoot the billows of the breeze as a gull or cream upon the sun-browned sand as a wave:—

"The headlands sink beneath the sea,
But up from the ocean's burying-ground
Rise islands where the blooms may be,
And foaming waves do scour around."

Elsewhere I am bewildered by a sudden enthusiasm for a slice of garden gossip, a subject that has never interested me before. But in the telling of Nelson G. Morton, "From Bare Rock to Garden" becomes an exciting account of conversion of a backyard tableland of rock into the first hanging gardens of our modern babble-on.

These are attractions, indeed, but they cannot dispel the overmastering impression that in the last four *Scarlet Cockerels* Babcock's purpose was not alone to amuse the reader and satisfy the creative impulse of the publisher. They hint of an ulterior motive, of having been rushed together to achieve some purpose visible to Babcock but not to his readers. Numbers 28 and 29 contain material that has survived the dust and indignity of several years' storage on a printshop shelf—but survived it with dubious success. Comment on publications six or seven years dead and an account of NAPA's Diamond Jubilee convention dealt with subjects that have simply grown stale and not yet had time to be rejuvenated by the ancient alchemy of history. Verle Heljeson's short story about Miss Marlin—"Her Busy Day"—survived its storage more gracefully, for the unfailing artist had created style as well as plot in such touches as "goose-stepping in the gold of autumn, "each day again became an oblong of time that was difficult to fill."

After these two issues *The Scarlet Cockerel* had scraped its copy-bin bare and Babcock had to rub

together two sticks of type to make copy for the 30th and 31st issues. A poem for each and two short stories by Viola Payne were about the extent of his prestidigitation: the rest was mere labour from which arose the impression that the whole enterprise was more for lucred laurel than for love. This is a condition from which *The Scarlet Cockerel* slightly suffers and from which *Siamese Standpipe*—crisply clear of any motivation but its publishers' delight in publishing—gains benefit enough to make it for me the year's top publication.

And, enunciating the wisdom that so readily fortifies judgement after the event, we can point to the extinction of Babcock's effort shortly after collecting his laureate while the Wessons have gone on to greater activity and more splendid papers.

Number 21 (December 1955)

A strange achievement for *Churinga* is to attain its majority with this 21st issue and simultaneously to celebrate its admission to the Fossils! We had looked forward to coming of age, but the coming of such impressive age is indeed a sobering thought. But we take heart from the fact that Australia, with its strange survivals from the past in such animals as wombats, platypuses and kangaroos, is known as "the land of the *living* fossils"—and hope that we may remain a living and lively Fossil.

EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

Ken Faig, Jr.

I hope the foregoing selections from James Guinane's essays in *Churinga* will provide all of our readers—both those who encountered them originally in the N.A.P.A. mailings and those who are reading them for the first time—a sense of Jim's deep love for the amateur journalism hobby. Others have loved the amateur journalism hobby equally well—the name of Edward H. Cole comes immediately to mind—but few have cared as deeply as Jim about the core of our hobby—what we write and how we present it. Late in his amateur career (1986), Jim experimented with a few issues of a printed paper (*Small Talk*), but between 1942 and 1955 he lavished his greatest energies on the twenty-one numbers of his mimeographed journal *Churinga*. Jim did not have Vondy's gift for the pithy phrase, but he did have a wonderful give for thoughtful expression in essay form. I have been hard-pressed to make selections from *Churinga*—and generally, except for a few brief notices concerning the production of the magazine or Jim's family—I have printed entire essays rather than bits and pieces. Hopefully, the selected essays will give our readers a sense of Jim's passion for the literary core of the amateur journalism hobby and the care he took in expressing his opinions. The emergence of Tom Whitbread and Lee Hawes as mature writers, the rivalry between the Wessons and Ralph Babcock, the passing of giants like Cole, White and Edkins, were all events witnessed and chronicled by Jim.

And what care he took not only with his writing but with its presentation. Jim's mimeography was a work of art, rivalling—in my opinion—the work of some of amateurdom's better printers. Jim chose the paper for his text and for his covers carefully and chortled with delight when an elderly Hal Stone was able to share some fine paper with him for a post-war *Churinga*. He must have worked for uncounted hours with his Ellams flatbed duplicator, a single sheet at a time, to obtain the quality of reproduction upon which he insisted. (In my own file of *Churinga* I have not found a single issue with the smudgy reproduction which sometimes characterises less careful mimeography.) I wonder how Jim attained the careful allignment of his right margins—if by typing a preliminary text and then counting spaces I truly have to admire his persistency.

I do not know the reasons for Jim's relative inactivity in the hobby after the last *Churinga* in 1955. A growing family and increased work responsibilities may have had much to do with it. In his retirement years, model railroading was one of his enduring passions, and one room of his home in Tasmania was devoted to his railroad layout. I hope that he had many of the rainy days he so loved, so that he could light a fire in his study and attack the unread books in his library. Jim's passion for the written word was perhaps the primary theme of his involvement in the amateur journalism hobby. His primary activity in the hobby was in the National Amateur Press Association (although he was also a longtime member of The Fossils), so he had few opportunities to meet amateur journalists in person. (I don't know whether he ever had a chance to meet ajay's roving ambassador Vic Moitoret in person; Jim's sister had to act as host in Jim's place when Vic paid an early post-war visit to Sydney.) Nevertheless, Jim knew most of the

participants in the hobby well through their writings. Jim's portrait of Vondy–reprinted in our July 2007 issue–reads like the account of an intimate friend, although Jim knew Vondy only through her publications and correspondence.

This issue of *The Fossil* in tribute to Jim Guinane exists through the dedication of Trustee Stan Oliner, who provided the photographs of Jim and his family and much of the other content. Over the years, the hobby had many starts and stops in Australia, from early activity in 1892-1906 through revivals in the 1920s and late 1940s. (Jim was president of the Australian association in 1948-52.) W. R. Coxhead's history of early Australian ajay should give our readers a sense of the genesis of the hobby. From the riches provided by Stan Oliner from the Guinane Collection, I have selected a few representative examples of Australian ajay over the decades, which adorn the paper edition of this number of *The Fossil*. With very limited resources, the early Australian ajays issued publications rivalling those of their North American peers. At its peak around 1900, the Australian association had over 300 members. Over many years, printing resources were costlier and scarcer in Australia than in North America, so the manuscript magazine or "passaround" played a larger role in the hobby. Most of the surviving examples of the early Australian "passarounds," donated to Leon Stone's Australian Library of Amateur Journalism by W. R. Coxhead, perished when Stone's library burned in 1960. I have added to Coxhead's account of the early years of the hobby in Australia my own brief account of two of the great amateur journalism collections formed in Australasia–those of Leon E. Stone and of Robert G. Barr. The loss of the Stone collection makes the surviving Australian material in the Barr Collection (National Library of New Zealand), the Guinane Collection, and the Library of Amateur Journalism (University of Wisconsin at Madison) especially precious.

In closing, I wish to thank Stan Oliner, Norma Guinane, and Jim's other surviving family for making this issue of *The Fossil* possible. Jim's lifelong career in the amateur journalism hobby shows how love of the printed word can join like-minded individuals across the continents and deepen our understanding of each other. Today's electronic media make possible communications across the continents that our predecessors in the amateur journalism hobby could never have envisioned. Jim's loving attention to what he wrote and how he presented it ought to serve as a model for all the participants in today's world of electronic amateur journalism (e.g., blogs and Internet discussion groups). With the assistance of our webmaster David Tribby, this issue of *The Fossil* with Jim's writings will join our other issues since October 2004 on the Fossil website shortly after paper publication. Through the generosity of Stan Oliner and the Guinane family, web readers will have the opportunity to enjoy a sampling of James Guinane's writing. Jim was probably too earnest, too honest–and perhaps sometimes too prolix–for his amateur writing to impress everyone (including some of the subjects of his writing). But the love and care he took with his writing ought to be self-evident to all readers. His writing about personal subjects–for what is more personal than an amateur journal–sets a model of care and courtesy to which all writers–whether in the new electronic media or the traditional paper media–ought to aspire.

HISTORY OF AUSTRALIAN AMATEUR JOURNALISM (1892 TO 1906)

W. R. Coxhead

In delineating the rise, progress and subsequent decline of Amateur Journalism under the name of and owing allegiance to the Australian Amateur Press Association, it may be as well to chronicle the events that led up to its formation.

In the early part of the year 1890, I wrote a letter to the editor of an English boys' paper, and he published that letter with my address as well.Some youths who published a manuscript journal, the *Amateurs' Fireside Circle*, placed my name on the mailing list, and after travelling to other parts of the world, it reached me, via New
Zealand, from which place it was sent on by A. E. Laery, who asked me if I would care to correspond with him. I assented and we held written communication for years afterward. He had a correspondence in Pennsylvania, U.S.A., George Billheimer, who was a Secretary of the Golden Hours Corresponding Club. Mr. Laery gave him my address, and he wrote asking if I would care to form a branch of the G.H.C.C. in Australia. Having an Australian's desire to taste any new or untried sensations I agreed and set about it under his instructions.

I put a small "ad" in a Sydney paper, got a few replies and not following precedent I elected a head in the person of J. E. Jordan (wishing to remain secretary myself), who after his accession to that position rendered much valuable assistance to me for a considerable period of time. A friend of mine, another yeoman in the cause, had just moved his residence to Melbourne. To him I wrote and as his spare time hung heavily on his hands he readily seized upon the idea of forming a branch in Victoria. I had several names culled from a prize-winners' list of the paper my letter had been published in and gave him them. Luck was again in evidence for two of them turned out to be the afterwards well-known Hal Stone and George McNicholl which Mr. Round (my chum and friend referred to) enrolled as willing and able workers.

Mr. Round and Mr. Stone both being compositors had an opportunity which was later on used to its fullest extent, especially in the case of the former who published of 100 issues of the *Austral Amateur*. In New South Wales and Victoria combined, we soon had 170 members of the G.H.C.C. and we found it expedient to send out an manuscript journal to help the Club along and add variety to letter-writing.

The *Kangaroo* was the first venture and June 1st, 1892 the date, followed a week later by the *Victorian Kangaroo* from the Melbourne members. In New South Wales we had eleven issues and then in May, 1893, J. E. Jordan and myself after purchasing a small fount of type issued a little printed journal of 12 pages under the same title as the manuscript one. This crude little issue causes me to smile indulgently as I look at it nestling near my arm as I write, and from either a printer's or a literary standpoint leaves very much to be desired. Still it was a beginning and as it was printed entirely without machinery the printer would probably temper his judgment and our youth would no doubt prove an excuse for its faults. Some may question how it could be printed without machinery. Our method was to "set up" direct onto a small wooden galley, and after making it secure to run a homemade roller over it with ink, then lay our dampened sheet on the type, carefully, after which it was pressed by muscular effort with a small block of wood covered by felt. As the time went on we could get a fair print at the rate of a hundred copies an hour, but as each page had to be done separately it meant in a twenty page issue over two thousand prints for a hundred full copies. J. E. Jordan lived from 250 miles from Sydney but he would send me half his copy and I half mine to him which when stitched together we would mail away. Six issues a year were all we could manage, and often we had to burn the midnight gas to get it out on time. About a year after this the *N.S.W. Kangaroo* came out as a printed journal, the Victorian journal following suit with Hal Stone editor. As both were official organs of the corresponding club I decided to issue ours as an amateur journal pure and simple.

Getting the necessary consent of the Victorian club to take over the N.S.W. members (who had fallen in numbers) a select few of the Sydney members met together at the Palace Hotel and formed the Australian Amateur Journalists' Association. With a secretary and four councillors the A.A.J.A., the first Australian amateur journalists' club was launched. The rules were seven in number and very simple ones at that. The *Emu*, another addition to printed journals, was issued by A. S. Jones and W. J. Gilmour. As this was machine printed in the shop of Jones *pere* a certain amount of mechanical drudgery was saved the editors. Seven issues came out in ten months, several of which were illustrated, then it went the way of all amateur journals.

Shortly after the A.A.J.A. was formed a rather serious quarrel occurred between the Victorian and N.S.W. *Kangaroos*. American journals seem to be halfslating "the other fellow," but this was the only occasion which I can remember that Australian journals broke the peace of the happy family. We were now in regular receipt of exchanges from the United States and England, and anxiously we looked for the mail to bring us our treasures. How we revelled in these pages of Brubaker's *Ink Drops* and Herring's *Evergreen State*, the *West* and a dozen others I could readily name. I had sent a copy of our paper to Robert Louis Stevenson in Samoa and asked him to be patron to the A.A.J.A. His letter I still keep for three months [later] he was laid to rest.

In January 1895 the *Kangaroo* appeared as a monthly, still as the official organ of the A.A.J.A., with Miss Duffy as President for that year. After four issues it ceased publication at volume four, number three. The Victorian *Kangaroo* by Stone continued publication for a considerable time afterward. The A.A.J.A. without a printed journal soon became moribund and another society called The Australian Society of Amateur Journalists arose in the Victorian capital. As an amateur journalists' association it served a useful life, and when in 1898 some of the old-timers got to work and formed the A.A.P.A. the other soon succumbed.

With Herbert Round at the head and his journal as the official organ things at last began to look promising. It was in January 1896 that the *Austral Amateur* was born and for awhile devoted its pages to the interests of the Golden Hours Corresponding Club which still continued its existence. Always neatly printed and the contributions beginning to possess some literary merit, we had now a chance to ask adults to become members instead of the youth only, such as Mr. E. McC. S. Hill, a chemist who later on worked indefatigably for an increased membership. Soon on the roll were to be found several medical men of repute, ministers, lawyers and men of ordinary capacity. This was somewhat later certainly, but it was not presuming to really call itself a literary association. However, another short hiatus was in store before the full glory of its summer was to come.

In 1899 the Presidency was conferred upon me, and things were going pleasantly when the stoppage of the *Austral Amateur's* publication called a halt. It was unfortunate of course and we were not strong enough in finances to authorise the full expense monthly of a journal like Mr. Round's had been giving us for next to nothing. Consequently we fell back upon manuscript journals and one or two little issues of printed journals like the *Austral Gem* to tide us over. It was now the reign of the manuscript journal till in August 1900 the *Austral Amateur* took up the thread again to weave us together more strongly than ever. With a larger sized page than its previous forty-one issues it coaxed and badgered its members to increase the size of the association till in 1902 with an election that placed Mr. E. McC. S. Hill as president with myself second in command we were on the high road to get our ideal association formed. Then it was that we could get contributions both literary and monetary that were worthwhile to have in running the A.A.P.A.

November 1901 saw the first issue of the *Microbe* an artistic and clever journal edited by Frank Wilmot. This magazine was equal to the best that I have seen from other lands, and its editor outgrew his office to find ready acceptance in the professional press.

Some artistic issues of *Ye Kangaroo* by Stone and Cousins saw the light of day, also the *World* by Dickson, *Inkpot* by Brodsky and *Wayside Goose*. A small directory compiled by me in August 1903 showed as existing or having existed up to that date some fourteen printed and seventeen manuscript journals of which three of the former and four of the latter I was interested in publishing. The manuscript journal does not seem to be recognized by the American associations, but if issued by members of a club it fulfills its missions just as surely as the more pretentious printed one. Printing a journal is a more costly item this side of the globe, hence the "run" that manuscript journal had.

The 1903 session saw Mr. Hill again at the helm and it was in June of this year that the first convention of the A.A.P.A. was held in Sydney, covering several days, and finishing with a banquet and picnic. A feature of the year's work was the inauguration by the President of Centres in all the localities that contained enough members to make it workable. The Centres were meeting-places where once a month papers were read, suggestions received for furthering the parent association, and anything that was likely to improve one's literary training. By the end of the year eleven such Centres were in operation, one being in Tasmania under Mr. L. S. Bruce, and another in New Zealand.

The second convention was held in Launceston, Tasmania, on June 20, 21 and 23, 1904, wherein the President's address he stated that the challenge of the British A.P.A. of the preceding year for us to show a large increase had been taken up, resulting in a complete victory for the A.A.P.A. which had somewhat [in excess] of 200 members on its roll. This later on was swelled to over three hundred, which out of a population only one-twentieth that of the United States of America was very fair. To have a proportionate membership the N.A.P.A. would need between five thousand and six thousand members.

A suggestion to alter the name of the A.A.P.A. to the "Australian Literary and Press Association," thus leaving out the word Amateur was negatived on the votes. Several alterations were made in the constitution, and a rise in dues was foreshadowed, the rate fuling [sic] being too small. Article four of the constitution was altered to bring the session to a close in December, thus making this one only six months in length. This was done to enable travelling visitors to have the benefit of summer weather at convention time as well finishing with the year. A literary critic was to be appointed, and his duties were set out in Article 6, Section 8. We were fortunate in securing the services of a Mr. Solomon of the Launceston Centre for this post. The officers of the Association were now to be a President, 3 Vice Presidents, Editor, Sub-Editor, Secretary, Treasurer,

Historian, Literary Critic and 12 Councillors. Notices of the convention were published in several of the daily and weekly newspapers.

A new aspirant for fame was the *Nulla Nulla*, a printed journal by Fred Conway, but it died after its first appearance.

A feature of the President's working was to have all the officers write him on a certain day each month reporting progress, suggesting new means of obtaining recruits or working details. This kept everyone on the board fully up to the mark, and the results showed the wisdom of the step. *Maxim Gorky* by Len Gilmour, *Le Petit Caporal* by H. Francois, the *Baralgah* by Cecil Doyle, *Wattle Blossoms*, the *Barracker* and *Coo-Ee* were some of the manuscript journals issued at this time. Geelong Centre and Launceston had a multiscript and type written journal respectively. In fact the flood of ink from the members was coursing mainly through the manuscript magazines, and the few printed ones often lifted their contents or the best of them, such as a good article of a poem, with apologies to the source derived from.

The third convention was held in Melbourne December 23 to 28, 19--, and among the greetings received were noted some well-known American NAPA ex-Presidents as Swift, Lind, Heins, Gilroy and also Pearce of England. The result of the ballot was in the first day's proceedings, when it was announced that Mr. Hill was re-elected unopposed with Vice-Presidents Bruce, Kennedy and Gowen. Secretary and Historian, W. H. Coxhead, Treasurer G. Murdoch, Editor Stone, Literary Critic A. E. Solomon. Right there I may say that Mr. Round still had the burden of the work, for though nominally relieved for a spell he still did the lion's share, and even continued "setting up" the major portion of each issue. The man who did **most** for the A.A.P.A. with hands and brain combined is certainly Herbert Round, and it is not with any other wish to record my tribute of praise to him I make this statement. Mr. Stone did yeoman service in other directions especially in the printing of other journals, but the *Austral Amateur* had practically only one foster father, and that was its founder. Convention second day was to have been a reunion in Heidelberg near Melbourne, but the fates decided otherwise and enforced their decision per medium of the weather. The third day at the Botanical Gardens was a social gathering pure and simple, whilst the final day at Bacchus Marsh was reserved for something more like business. The A.A.P.A.'s progress was continued and the 1905 session saw it at high water mark.

The fourth convention was held at Sydney, December 27, 1905, in the City Hall of the Y.M.C.A. A goodly number were present, and the President delivered an address in which he stated he wanted a respite, and that he would welcome a new head to the Association. The Secretary read his report in which he stated that although the A.A.P.A. was still solvent, the growing work necessitated more funds. Mr. Round had nearly reached the limit of his endurance and needed help. Although the receipts for the year were over £33 that failed to get out a journal of the *Austral Amateur* size without mechanical aid from him. A motion was carried to signalise his help to the work and a subscription to purchase a suitable trophy was taken up. Bowral, N.S.W. was chosen as the seat of the next convention. Poll result was as follows: L. S. Bruce, President, first Vice Miss S. Wood, second Vice Mr. Waldron, third Vice W. Gowen, secretary W. H. Coxhead. The editorship was not filled and Mr. Round continued in the chair for several issues, after which the imprint bore the legend "Stone's Print Shop." It seems strange to chronicle but with Mr. Hill's withdrawal from the presidential chair signs of apathy began to be manifested. The finances were causing concern, and after struggling along till August 1906 the *Austral Amateur* appeared for the last time, after a life of ten and a half years. The new President tried to keep matters going, but living on the manuscript journals was not sufficient, and the printed ones had dropped off, till at last the Australasian Amateur Press Association was only a dream of its past.

ON A "STONE" FOUNDATION

James F. Guinane

(Reprinted from Coo-Ee! *no. 2 for August 1949.)*

Amateur Journalism in Australia, despite its meagre reach, is an enduring institution, because its foundation has been laid in Stone. My American counterparts may imagine I mean the enduring structure of a tomb wherein is laid the once-active body of the Australian Amateur Press Association, but no. The heart of Australian amateur journalism lies in a much more lively and lovely place than a tomb. Annually now I make my pilgrimage to it, as becomes the faithful.

One mile from the railhead, where industry is

cluttered, through the placid streets of suburbia, over a footbridge that clings to the brows of a steep-edged gully, down an unmade, ankle-torturing path is the Stone household, clad in the evergreen Spring of the Australian bush.

It's a place first come upon curiously, as Snow White wondered over the home of the Dwarfs. From nowhere that is civilised is the house visible. The surfaced road stopped on the other side of the hill.

A flattened earth track, after a sharp jolt, where it left the bitumen, ran on a few yards, then disappeared like water sucked up by desert sand. From this point only two more houses can be seen ahead: one to the left, shingled in moss-grown slabs of wood, with rought-cast concrete walls; and to the right, behind a grove of she-oaks and straight-limbed gum saplings just a red roof over a wide verandah, with, presumably, a house behind it.

These are surely the last outposts of suburban living in the miles of neighboring bushland. But if you walk to where the last traces of the road crouch in the grass skirting in front of the trees, there is a rough path to be found leading off down the slope into the bush.

Fifty yards down there is a grey roof, which might never be seen if the wind occasionally did not bend back the boughs of the tall pink gums. Everyone hereabouts, particularly the postman, knows this is "Pallamana," though there is no sign on the stone gatepost (it has no gate, of course) to tell you so!

I know it well, and like it best on sunny autumn afternoons when you can carry cane chairs on to their tiny squares of lawn, and read in a background of stirring breeze and soft bird-noise. Or, perhaps I like it most on winter evenings in the comfy-chairs beside the log-fire hearth.

When night collects at the doors and windows one would expect lamps to be lit; no such garish thing as electricity should disfigure the countenance of a mood so charming; and, in truth, a lamp is lit–the lamp of friendship and of a bookman's learning.

For the unsympathetic, "Pallamana" may be a strange house; but for one with the mood of a quietness in him it is the most delightful place I know. It appears to have been built of books. There are cases, cabinets and tables of books, and here and there a chair-load of them.

Everyone in the Stone household buys books and magazines and papers. They are stacked in the big main room and overflow into the bedrooms and the den and on to the glassed-in front and back porches.

Downstairs, where an airy summer house has been hollowed out between the foundations, magazines are piled in neat heaps, and I wonder sometimes when I visit the Stones whether their house rests on bricks or on stacks of paper!

There is always much to read; so many papers to browse through; so many books to glimpse and beg to borrow when one spends a week-end in this quiet, bookish, friendly home.

Mrs. Stone, whom I call Aunt Kate, will have a recent paper on Social Credit, or a new volume on the Egyptian pyramids or the sinking of Atlantis. Hal E. Stone has acquired a batch of new biographies: an Editor's Reminiscences of Fleet Street; the memoirs of a man who has tramped around the world; or Frank Harris's biting story of Bernard Shaw. Leon has received at last the missing numbers to complete a file of the "Friendly Quill," or a treasured copy of the Cloister edition of Kendall's "Torpedo"; or he has a file of clippings on the court case about Joyce's "Ulysses" and the imprisonment of an Australian author for an indecent chapter in his latest much-talked-about novel. A week-end is a lifetime too short to spend at the Stones.

Is this, then, a Presidential Message? I think the best thing that can be said to the dormant body of Australian amateur journalists is to go visit sometime the Stone family, and catch the true spirit of amateur journalism and see how firmly our foundation has been laid in Stone. It was here I found my fount of inspiration!

THE FATE OF TWO AJAY COLLECTIONS

Ken Faig, Jr.

The two amateur journalists, Leon Stone and Robert G. Barr, exhibited many common traits. They were close contemporaries, Stone having been born about 1907 and Barr about 1906. Stone lived for many years in Gordon, New South Wales, Australia, while Barr lived in Christchurch, New Zealand. Both were active in amateur journalism from their early years–Stone, the son of Australian ajay pioneer Hal E. Stone (1872-1956), from the age of eight in 1915. Stone's ajay publications included six issues of *Odd Magazine* (December 1915-April 1920), two issues of *Austral Boy* (June 1921-January 1922), four issues of *Moon* (September 1923-November 1924), seven issues of *Australian Amateur* (February 1925-March 1927),

thirteen issues of *Kooraka* (August 1923-May 1929), and ten issues of *Koolinda* (October 1943-December 1955). Stone's father Hal–a compositor by profession–assisted his son with the production of his amateur magazines. The final *Koolinda*, dated December 1955, includes the endnote: "Printed on a 55 years' old Chandler and Price power platen by Hal E. Stone." Barr published five issues of *The Silver Fern* from Christchurch, New Zealand between January 1929 and May 1930. Barr corresponded with H. P. Lovecraft and published his poem "Harbour Whistles" in *The Silver Fern* for May 1930. Stone had an even stronger interest in Lovecraft and published an entire column "Lovecraftiana" devoted to his work in many issues of *Koolinda*.

Both men were also collectors of amateur journals–not on quite the same scale as Edwin Hadley Smith, but each nevertheless built a considerable collection over many years of ajay activity. Stone listed 1920 as the foundation year for his Australian Library of Amateur Journalism (ALAJ). By the publication of the first issue of *Koolinda* in October 1943, he could boast the following contents:

"Australian Library of Amateur Journalism (Leon Stone Collection) 10,000 amateur papers, 1845-1943: Australasia, 600; British Isles, 1100; Canada, 107; American, 8200. Foreign, 41; S. Africa, 4; Cuba, 12; India, 7; Venezuela, 1; Mesopotamia, 1; China, 1; Germany, 5; Hawaii, 6; Panama, 4; France, 36. 200 amateur books. 150 photos. 500 relics.

"Official Organs on file: National Amateur, 350 issues, from no. 1, Sept. 1878; United Amateur, 200, from 1900; Fossil, 6 bound volumes 1904-34, 6 numbers, 1935-40, U.S.A.

"England–Amateur Journalist, Amateur Litterateur, British Amateur, Literary Amateur, 156, from 1894. Australian Amateur, 109, from 1896.

"Only A.J. Library in Australia. Established 1920. Australian Section most complete in existence. You owe it to posterity to have a complete file of your publications included for permanent preservation."

Many ajays accommodated Stone with gifts of material, while he purchased other items and collections. Veteran Australian ajays W. R. Coxhead (died 1935) and Herbert Round (died 1943) donated large collections of early Australian amateur magazines–including even the illusive "passarounds"–to Stone. Edwin Hadley Smith donated some magazines, and sold others to Stone, including bound files of *The Fossil*. Stone's earliest amateur magazine–numbers three and ten of *The Buffalo Journal* (September and November 1845) came to him from Smith. Interestingly, Smith, who had inherited H. P. Lovecraft's own collection of amateur journals, sent duplicates from that collection to Stone, helping Stone to assemble perhaps the most complete collection of Lovecraftiana in the Australasian world. (He owned all thirteen issues of Lovecraft's own journal *The Conservative*.) In his "Lovecraftiana" column in *Koolinda* for April 1948, Stone recorded some of the wonderful inscriptions by W. Paul Cook in the material that came to him from H. P. Lovecraft's own amateur library:

"Nos. 1 and 2, November and December, 1901, Paul Cook's Mondanock Monthly, with inscriptions in Cook's writing–`To Howard Lovecraft, with the respects of Paul Cook. A relic of days that are past.'; `Your opinion, not mine, is the judge of this.' and `Something for which there was, or is, no excuse.' (stories by Cook); `This is the particular thing that appealed to the famous Shillalah man–not without reason.'; `So remarkable were the ajay papers of that day for their editorial contents this ajay, which I started for a purely literary career, attracted little attention.' W.P.C., September 22, 1917."

Stone sought for many years for a copy of the "Old Cloister" number of Frank Austin Kendall's *Torpedo*; he finally acquired an example, not by purchase, but as a gift from Pearl Merritt Morton. He followed the rise and fall of the collecting of amateur journals worldwide quite closely and especially mourned the loss of the large collections of Percy Leng Day and Edward Herdman in England and of Harry Marlow in the United States. By 1947, he numbered his own collection at 12,000 items while he credited Edwin Hadley Smith with 40,000; Edward Cole, Warren Brodie and Truman Spencer/Will Bates Grant, with 20,000 each; Tryout Smith, Anthony Moitoret, and Vincent Haggerty, with 10,000 each; Robert Barr and Burton J. Smith, with 9,000 each; and Arthur Harris of Wales, with 8,000 (q.v., *Koolinda*, March 1947). Of these collections, the Brodie collection went to the Western Reserve Historical Society in 1918, the Tryout Smith collection to the New York Public Library in 1939, and the Truman Spencer/Will Bates Grant collection to the American Antiquarian Society in 1944. Much of the Edward H. Cole collections descended from him to Sheldon Wesson and after him to Daniel Graham. The Anthony Moitoret and Dora Hepner collections were joined and enlarged by their

son Victor A. Moitoret, whose collection was given to the American Antiquarian Society under an arrangement which will see 1901 and prior material retained by the Society and later material sent to the University of Illinois at Champaign-Urbana.

In *Koolinda* for April 1948, Stone published a new census of ALAJ: "13,110 papers from 1845. U.S.A., 11,000; Britain, 1,400; Australasia, 660; Foreign, 50; books, 180; photos, 500; relics, 500. Established 1920."

In *Koolinda* for December 1952, the revised census was as follows: "15,000 papers from 1845; U.S.A., 11,880; Britain, 1700; Australasia, 700; Foreign, 70; fantasy fanmags [fanzines], 650; books, 230; photos, 180; relics, 500."

Misfortunes befell Leon Stone and his ALAJ as the 1950s progressed. He lost his father and publishing partner Hal E. Stone in January 1956. Hal's obituary appeared in *The Fossil* for July 1956 (p. 203):

"The death in January [1956] of Albert Ernest Stone (better known to the amateur fraternity as Hal E.) likewise diminishes the survivors of the Founding Fathers of The Fossils and removes the most distinguished of living Australian amateurs. Born in Fitzroy, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, on November 8, 1872, he entered amateur journalism in June, 1892, and was a member of the Golden Hours Corresponding Club from 1892 to 1895. His earlier papers were the handwritten *Kamgaroo* and *Victorian Kangaroo*, the latter developing into printed form. Later publications were *Ye Kangaroo*, *Ye Wayside Goose*, *Wayfellow*, and *Silver Wattle*. He actively participated in organized journalism in Australia as a member of the Victorian Amateur Journalists Club (later Association), the Australasian Society of Amateur Journalists, the Australian Amateur Press Association (1898-1907; revived from 1923 to 1929). In the course of a world tour in 1904 he attended the organization meeting of The Fossils on May 28; to date has been the only Australian amateur journalist to attend a Reunion. He created an enduring memorial of his trip in the unique *At Sea*, published aboard ship in the course of his return from the United States.

"In 1906 he married Kate Montfort Partridge. Their only child, Leon de Montfort Evelyn Patridge Stone (our familiar Leon E. Stone), he imbued with his own passion for amateur journalism; together, father and son have kept the torch burning and have built up the sizable Stone Library of Amateur Journalism. To them also is attributable the interesting of James M. Guinane in the hobby; he and Leon Stone now stand alone as exponents of amateur journalism in the Continent Down Under.

"By profession Hal Stone was a compositor and printer. E.H.C. [Edward H. Cole]."

Worse even than the loss of a beloved father and publishing partner at the age of eighty-three years two months was the tragedy which befell Leon Stone and his amateur journalism collection in 1960, as reported in *The Fossil* for July 1960 (p. 172):

LEON STONE'S HOME,
COLLECTION BURNED

"The Fossils extend their sympathy to Leon Stone, whose home was totally destroyed by fire. He lost about 3,000 books, as well as his magnificent collection of about 15,000 amateur journals. Both included rare and irreplaceable items.

"Fossil Stone reports: `I'll have to make a completely fresh start in life, but I'll certainly go on collecting both books and ajays. When collecting books is in your blood you're not going to suddenly give up completely your main hobby.'

"Among other books lost was one of the best private collections of the works of H. P. Lovecraft.

"Leon would welcome from fellow Fossils copies of THE FOSSIL, the *National Amateur*, his own *Koolinda*. He will not try to rebuild an omnibus collection, but would welcome gifts of better-quality ajay papers.

"His temporary address is: c/o Meillon, 131 Pretoria Parade, Hornsby, N.S.W., Australia."

Leon Stone was no longer on the membership roll of The Fossils as of July 1, 1963. Tom Cockcroft of Lower Hutt, New Zealand was in correspondence with him for a time but I do not know when Leon Stone died. The loss of Stone's Australian Library of Amateur Journalism was an irreparable loss for the history of ajay on the Australian continent. His complete run of all 109 issues of *The Australian Amateur Journalist* probably cannot be duplicated in surviving collections. Items like the early "passaround" manuscript magazines were unique.

The story of the collection of New Zealand amateur journalist Robert G. Barr was a happier one. Robert F. Barr reported the death of his father a letter to Sheldon and Helen Wesson reproduced in *The Fossil* for October 1975 (p. 7):

"August 24, 1975

"Dear Mr. & Mrs. Sheldon Wesson,

"I am writing to inform you that my father,

Robert G. Barr, died in hospital after a brief illness on the 6th Aug. in his 69th year. You may like to know that right to the last he was keenly interested in his hobby of Amateur Journalism.

"As I have not lived at home in Papanui for 14 years I am somewhat out of touch with Dad's Amateur Journalist friends, and as I came across your letter of March 2, 1975, I felt that I should write to you. In reading your letter I was interested to note your *Siamese Standpipe*. Last week when my sister and I were going through Dad's files at Papanui, we came across his file on this publication.

As time allows, my mother and my sister are going through Dad's papers trying to find addresses of his friends and associates round the world.

"If you know of any people you feel should know, could I ask you to inform them of Dad's death or send me their addresses so that I may write them.

"Yours Faithfully,
"Robert F. Barr."

The widow and children of Robert G. Barr were faithful trustees of his fifty-year collection of amateur journals. The Robert G. Barr Collection of Amateur Journalism was donated to the Alexander Turnbull Library in Wellington, New Zealand in 1977. This library subsequently became part of the National Library of New Zealand in Wellington (Molesworth Street). A brief description of the collection can be found at:

http://www.natlib.govt.nz/collections/a-z-of-all-collections/robert-g-barr-collection

Even better, a 98-page finding aid for the Barr Collection can be downloaded from this site. The collection undoubtedly grew from Stone's 9,000-item size estimate in 1947 over the nearly thirty remaining years of Barr's participation in the hobby so that it may well have contained twelve or fifteen thousand individual items when donated to the National Library of New Zealand in 1977. While not the equal of the irreplaceable Stone Collection for Australasian items, it nevertheless has a very strong representation from that part of the world. It is indeed a worldwide collection, with a particular strength in North American items. It is particularly strong in monographs and in hobby histories, including items like Harrison's 1883 *Career*, Bresnahan's 1902 history of the United, Nixon's 1900 history of the National, Horton's 1974-75 history of British ajay, and of course Spencer's 1957 history. W. Paul Cook's *Told In Vermont* (1938) and *In Memoriam Howard Phillips Lovecraft* (1941), as well as the recollections of Charles H. Fowle as published by Cook at his Recluse Press (1926), are among the rarities in this section of the Barr collection, which also include Lovecraft's *Further Criticism of Poetry* (1932). Anita Kirksey's *Fifty Golden Years* (1965) and George Macauley's *Little Wisconsin Town* (1956) are among many other items one would love to browse in the monographs section of the Barr collection. Finally, there is an amazing collection of bound amateur papers which apparently came to Barr from Bertha (York) Grant Avery, who was active in the hobby from the early 1880s. Two volumes labelled "Ink Drops" on the spine and signed by Mrs. Avery contain some of the most notable journals from the early 1890s while another volume labelled "Amateur Papers" on the spine (also signed by Mrs. Avery) contains a comparable collection from the 1880s. The Barr collection also includes "one box full of unlisted ephemeral items, including menus, Christmas Cards and membership cards of amateur journalist societies of which Robert G. Barr was a member."

What a wonderful amateur journalism collection the family of Robert G. Barr (c. 1906-1975) left to the National Library of New Zealand! Its preservation has assured that the loss of the great ALAJ of Leon Stone has not erased the mark of amateur journalism in Australasia.

I am grateful that N.A.P.A. Librarian and Fossil Trustee Stan Oliner has made so much wonderful Australian material from the Guinane Collection available for selection for this issue of *The Fossil*, which is dedicated to James Guinane in particular and the history of the amateur journalism hobby in Australasia at large. The source materials for this issue of *The Fossil* will be returning to Stan after publication; and it is my prayer that the Guinane Collection may enjoy a future as fruitful as that of the Barr Collection in New Zealand. Of course, even institutional libraries can suffer tragic losses from fire, flood, conflict and theft and we wish to say nothing to denigrate the grand tradition of individual amateur journalism collections, but the increasing presence of amateur journalism collections in institutional libraries does guarantee that the paper-and-ink historical footprint of our hobby will endure in an increasingly electronic age. We will always mourn the 1960 fire which took the Stone Collection from our accumulated ajay riches, but we can await with eagerness the opening of new collections at University of Wisconsin at Madison and University of Illinois at Champaign-

Urbana and the further enrichment of collections at the American Antiquarian Society and other institutions. I think James Guinane would be proud to see the literature of the hobby he loved so dearly preserved with the same care he took with his own publications and writings. Long may the amateur journalism spirit endure! It lives in every small press with a message to bring to the world that the boom-or-bust world of trade publishing rejects. Harry Potter and "... for Dummies" we will always have with us—I take nothing away from titles that get the masses to read. But if you want to know about the glories of a rainy day spent with books of your own selection in the family library, I am afraid you will have to turn to the writing that Jim Guinane so lovingly preserved in his mimeographed amateur journal.

SONG FOR SLEEP
Kent Clair Chamberlain
(*For Mrs. Naomi Shihab Nye)*

Light dark curbs of night,
Shine on cornrow tassels.
House shapes greet morning.
Truck shapes beep morning.
Breezes guide you to your rest.
Keep hope!

FOSSIL

OFFICERS: 2006-2008

President, Guy Miller, 2951 Archer Lane, Springfield, OH 45503-1209, (937) 390-3499, <president@thefossils.org>
Vice President, Leland M. Hawes, Jr., 5009 Dickens Ave., Tampa, FL 33629-7514, (813) 837-1314, <lmhawesjr@earthlink.net>

Secretary-treasurer, Tom Parson, 157 South Logan, Denver, CO 80209, (303) 777-8951, <typetom@aol.com>

Librarian, Martin M. (Mike) Horvat, P.O. Box 741, Stayton, OR 93783, (503) 769-6088, <W7ASF@arrl.net>

Historian, Sean Donnelly, University of Tampa Press, 401 W. Kennedy Blvd., Tampa, FL 33606 (813) 253-6266, <sdonnelly@ut.edu>

Webmaster, David M. Tribby, 1529 Fantail Court, Sunnyvale, CA 94087, (408) 737-2193, <dtribby@stanfordalumni.org>

Membership Chair, Martha E. Shivvers, 1526 165th Avenue, Knoxville, IA 50138, (641) 842-3212

Official Editor, Ken Faig, Jr., 2311 Swainwood Dr., Glenview, IL 60025-2741, (847) 657-7409, <carolfaig@comcast.net>

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