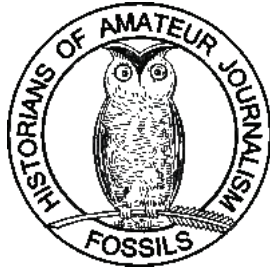


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Leland Hawes, Mr. AAPA, Passes Away at 83

by David M. Tribby

DURING AAPA'S 75TH ANNIVERSARY banquet in 2011, President Mike O'Connor's list of Stalwart awards was led by Lee Hawes: award-winning publisher, recruiter, someone who worked behind the scenes to ensure there were interesting conventions and candidates for office. "Without someone like Lee, there is no doubt in my mind that AAPA would not exist today."

When twelve-year-old Leland M. Hawes, Jr., joined the American Amateur Press Association on January 31, 1942, he was already an experienced publisher. Eighteen months earlier, Hawes Sr. bought him a \$25 mimeograph, and circulation of *The Flint Lake Diver* had grown to 150 subscribers, mainly family plus neighbors around their hometown of Thonotosassa, Florida, just a few miles from Tampa.

In April the first issue of Lee's *Gator Growl* for AAPA rolled off the mimeograph. He later would note the "cluttered makeup, rah-rah content, garish pastel paper" of early issues, but readers gave the new journal a warm welcome. Lee appreciated all comments, particularly those that challenged him toward better writing and typography. He plunged into the hobby, producing ten issues the first year and corresponding with numerous amateurs. In 1968 Lee wrote, "In retrospect, there was a fantasy world quality about my membership during those early wartime years. Exchanging

letters with people I'd never met had a fascination all its own."

Meeting other amateurs in person opened a new realm of enjoyment. Particularly memorable was a 1944 meeting

with Helen and Sheldon Wesson in a North Florida Army town. "This vibrant, happy couple, careening around in a Packard with a rumble-seat, bowled me over with their supercharged personalities!" As soon as he could ride a bus long distances, he became a regular at AAPA conventions.

**Vice President,
Historian, Editor**

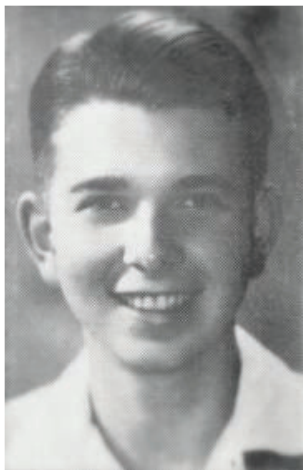
Lee jumped into a political life in 1944 as one of four candidates for manuscript manager. He came in second to another active teen, Leslie W. Boyer. A few months later Lee was appointed first vice president. The next year

he was elected historian, and in 1946 (as a high school senior) official editor. He chose Russell L. Paxton, a professional printer who had just been elected president of AAPA, to do the printing. Volume 11 of *American Amateur Journalist* established a page-count record, 96, that would stand for 27 years.

In that AAJ volume Lee already was demonstrating his interest in researching and writing articles about amateur journalism history. The first issue included his run-down of AAPA's first five conventions. He also contributed to a



Lee Hawes at 1999 AAPA convention in Little Rock, Arkansas



Official Editor Hawes, 1946

year-by-year account of the AAPA, "A Decade of Progress," that ran over several issues.

Hawes joined two rival ajay organizations, the National and the United, in 1945, "in order to get a wider view of the amateur world. Our membership in those groups has been valuable to us primarily by giving something of a competitive nature by which to judge the American. Our activity has been, and will continue to be, restricted solely to the American." In

1979 he noted his role in the National "...has been that of passive onlooker. Yet I have attended about a half-dozen NAPA conventions ... and I value the friendships of a number of NAPA members."

The purchase of a larger mimeograph with automatic feed in 1946 allowed larger issues of *Gator Growl*. Lee had several issues letterpress-printed by members Irwin O. Brandt, P. F. McNamee, and Hallock Card, but most were mimeographed by him in a two-column 8½ by 11 inch page size, stapled in the upper left corner. In 1948 he switched his mimeo style by folding the letter-sized paper in half and presenting single column pages, the sheets center-stapled in booklet format. *Gator Growl* won the first of two consecutive AAPA Journal laureate honorable mention awards in 1947-48.

Paxton Prints *Gator Growl*

Russ Paxton printed No. 48 for December 1949 using the 5½ by 8½ inch page size. Lee appreciated his care and

attention to typographic detail and turned over production to him exclusively beginning with No. 52, in December 1950. The single column pages set in 12 point body type gave *Growl* the look of a high-end book. The issues ran 20 to 48 pages, often with cover.

As *Growl* became home to longer literary material, in September 1949 Lee launched a new title, *Amateur Parade*, which he could produce on a shorter schedule "to carry the latest tidbits from all over."

A busy senior studying journalism at the University of Florida, Lee was not eager to run for AAPA president in 1949, yet he put his name on the ballot because no other candidate stepped forward. President Hawes soon had to deal with a crisis: the replacement of a non-performing mailer. A caustic AAJ critic caused some members to drop out, and the "police action" in Korea called several active members into the Armed Forces. During his second term, membership slipped to the point that he declared a "State of Emergency" in the January 1951 official organ. During his two terms membership dropped from 257 to 137. Years later, Les Boyer would note his terms "were not particularly successful in terms of overall association activity, but he managed to inject enough vitality to keep the association going when it might otherwise have foundered."

Lee's military commitment during this time was satisfied by service in the National Guard, one night a week and two weeks during the summer for ten years. He worked on the Guard's public relations staff in Tampa. The September 1951 *Amateur Parade* related his military appendectomy in "Midsummer Nightmare."

Professional Career

In parallel to his amateur efforts, Lee built a professional journalism career. One of his Sunday School teachers happened to be managing editor of the *Tampa Daily Times*. When he needed a correspondent at Plant High School, Lee was hired. Lee continued as correspondent for the *Times* at the University of Florida. Upon graduation in 1950 (a year early, by passing entrance class-credit tests, attending summer classes, and "taking an overload of hours"), he was hired full-time in July. He viewed that first job a great training ground. "The *Times* was an underdog newspaper. It put almost-beginning reporters in about every job." A couple of years later Lee received an offer from the larger-circulation *Tampa Morning Tribune*, and he joined them on August 1, 1952. Lee ended up working at the *Tribune* for over fifty years.

The July 1948 *Growl* reported his new recruiting initiative: placing a short ad in the "Printing" classification of *Open Road for Boys*.



The 1947 AAPA convention in Roanoke, Virginia. Front: Wilfred Mis, Lee Hawes, Dick Branch; Second Row: Jim Lemon, Unk Ebenezer, Rolfe Castleman; Back Row: Alfred Perdue, Jr., Alfred Perdue, Sr., Ray Albert.

Lee would send a recruiting bundle to anyone who responded. He continued to place such ads throughout the 1950s and '60s in *Popular Science*, *Mechanix Illustrated*, and *Popular Mechanics*, bringing in a stream of newcomers. In 1950, for example, an ad that generated 60 requests resulted in eight members. Hawes served five terms as AAPA's recruiting officer, first vice president, in the 1950s.

Starting his newspaper career left less time for amateur publishing, but Lee did manage 19 issues of *Gator Growl* in the 1950s (compared to 49 during 1942-49) and ten of *Amateur Parade*.

Joining The Fossils

Growl No. 66 for June 1957 announced Lee's membership in The Fossils. He had just passed the then-required 15 years since first joining an ajay group. "There is a feeling of satisfaction at being associated with that special breed who considers amateur journalism so much of a 'life necessity' that he's remained with it, year after year. ...we make no secret of the fact that we get considerable inspiration from the efforts of those who've preceded us. Strengthening the fraternal bond with craftsmen of the past is a privilege we value greatly." Lee was nominated and then elected secretary-treasurer at The Fossils' annual dinner in April 1958. A year later he was elected a director of The Fossils.

AAPA's Silver Spur

AAPA activity cycled downward at the end of the decade. Meeting before the 1960 convention, Lee and Les Boyer hatched the idea of a "Silver Spur" committee to revive the association in the run-up to its 25th anniversary. The idea was brainstormed at the convention, and AAPA founder George H. Kay became the third co-chair. Several long-time members rose to the challenge of serving as pace-setters for bundle activity. Sample bundles mailed to ex-members resulted in 30 reinstatements by mid-1961. Other efforts included recruiting new members and welcoming those who joined; special awards recognizing activity; and encouraging candidates for AAPA office. Lee published five each of *Amateur Parade* and *Gator Growl* during 1960-61.

Lee wrote "The Stronghold of Youth," a comprehensive history of AAPA's first twenty-five years, for the July 1961 issue of *The Fossil*. The text ran 13 pages, plus Official Editor Sheldon Wesson inserted additional pages of pictures. Lee made a donation so copies could be sent to all members of the American.

In September 1961 the AAPA president and board of directors selected Lee as AAPA's Amateur of the Quarter Century. The award noted not only *Gator Growl*, "the showpiece of the organization," but also his service in a number of offices, and his efforts at recruiting.

The October 1961 issue of Milton R. Grady's *Spectator* presented a series of ajay profiles by Thomas Whitbread

and L. Verle Heljeson titled "God and Sub-Gods." The Leland M. Hawes, Jr. entry noted, "Periodically, almost single-handed, he picks the American up, shakes and resuscitates it. ... Has done more than any other individual for the American. *Gator Growl*, beginning as modest mimeographed leaflet, today is a lavishly printed journal displaying its editor's penchant for short sentences, paragraphs. A quiet-spoken Southern gentleman, has reserves of power, influence."



New Fossil Leland Hawes, 1957

In the summer of '62, Lee decided to run for a second stint as AAPA official editor. "I believe the official organ is the key significant force in determining whether an amateur press organization moves ahead with vitality or languishes in inertia. ... I would like to have the opportunity to seek a new standard for the American through the medium of its official organ." After winning a three-way race, Hawes brought back Paxton as printer. Lee, now a student of typography, brought a clean look, with more photos. He followed up volume 27's 92 pages with 85 in volume 28. He included news items, profiles, bundle reviews, and essays from a variety of authors.

President of The Fossils

Lee was elected second vice president of The Fossils in April 1962 and first vice president a year later. In January 1964 Fossil President Helm Spink suffered two strokes and Lee became president. He was elected to a full term as president in April. In his final presidential message he noted a number of disappointments and accomplishments, but said, "...serving as President of The Fossils has been an inspirational experience. My own appreciation of the traditions of amateur journalism has been enriched, and it's my hope this organization can gain additional strength as a preserver of the ideals of the hobby."

The Citrus Press

In 1964, Michael J. O'Connor made arrangements for AAPA members to purchase Sigwalt table-top printing presses at reduced rates. Lee took the plunge and purchased a 6x9 model. The first issue of his letterpressed journal *June Bloom*, set in Trajanus type purchased from Ralph Babcock, appeared in the July 1965 bundle. "*June Bloom* is a significant term in Florida citrus-growing. It refers to an unexpectedly late blossoming of orange trees because of weather conditions. Since my indulgence in printing is starting unexpectedly late, *June Bloom* seemed proper as a name for my new personal paper."

Emergence of the SAPS

During his early years in amateur journalism, Lee felt somewhat isolated on the West Coast of Florida. The occasional visitor would pass through, but he usually had to travel north for a convention if he wanted the company of other amateurs. That changed in 1953 when Jack W. Bond, who had joined NAPA in the mid-'30s, moved to St. Petersburg, just across Tampa Bay. Eventually others moved into the area, plus some locals joined away groups. In November 1963 eight amateurs, plus family members, came to Lee's home for the first meeting of the Suncoast Amateur Press Society. The SAPS would meet every few months, and by July 1964 had printed *Only On Sunday* using Lee's new Sigwalt.

The May 1965 issue (No. 71) of Les Boyer's *Echo* was dedicated to "Lee Hawes—Mr. AAPA." In his introduction, Les noted, "More than any other individual, Lee is responsible for whatever vitality and quality the AAPA has today. ... [No other stalwart] has approached the fantastic totals of pages published, members recruited,

money and hours spent, of Mr. AAPA himself — Leland M. Hawes, Jr." The 24-page hand-set journal included profiles written by Thomas B. Whitbread and L. Verle Heljeson as well as Hawes articles taken from *Gator Growl*.

Lee and Jack Bond co-chaired the 1966 Tampa convention. With a local group backing them up, and air conditioning available to beat the heat, they were comfortable hosting AAPA's southernmost convention. Their efforts at promoting the gathering — including a special mailing to all members — paid off, with 38 in attendance to celebrate AAPA's 30th birthday.

Hawes publications were relatively rare in the late 1960s, with only 2 *Growls*, 4 *Parades*, and 2 *Blooms* in 1965-69. Yet Lee could always be counted on to maintain connections, provide AAJ articles, and help out as needed. Lee took over after James Richard Branch resigned as official editor in 1969, editing the last two issues of volume 33.

A spot on a lung X-ray led to surgery in March 1970 for removal of a small tubercular capsule. It was caught early



1971 AAPA convention in Tampa. Back row: Sheldon Wesson, Roy Lindberg, Lee Hawes, Mike O'Connor, Fred Liddle, Dick Branch, David Tribby, and Vernon Forney. Ground level: Helen Wesson, Dewey Prance, June Prance, Pamela Tuckerman, L. Verle Heljeson, Golda Silberman, Michael Silberman, Richard George, Lisa Rodriguez, Brett Richardson, William Richardson, Jane Tuckerman, Betty Branch, Dr. Jacob Tuckerman, Murray Tuckerman, and Pamela Wesson.

enough that a few pills daily forestalled TB tendencies, but the procedure kept him out of work for three weeks. He won a laureate for his description of the process, "That Operation" published in *June Bloom* for August 1970.

In December Lee reactivated the SAPS by hosting a meeting and announcing plans for another Tampa convention. In attendance was a recent AAPA recruit, Dave Tribby, 17, of Dunedin. At that gathering Lee showed off a motorized 8x12 Chandler & Price recently installed in his garage. He continued using the hand-operated Sigwalt until the "monster in the garage" was fully operational in 1974. After the C&P became his main press, the print shop moved from kitchen to garage. Type cases were stored high enough to avoid several inches of flood water that would flow from Tampa Bay every few years.

There were several more SAPS meetings in preparation for the Labor Day weekend convention. Lee's efforts to raise interest through personal letters, promotional pieces in the bundle, and a special mailing once again led to a solid attendance: 52.

When the Wessons came to the convention, Sheldon delivered two filing cabinets and the inventory of the AAPA Official Organ Exchange. The Exchange was set up in 1942 by Burton Crane to retain back issues of AAJ and make them available to current members. Over the years, the Exchange had passed to Russ Paxton, then to Sheldon Wesson. In 1971, Lee became the new custodian.

New SAPS members

One of the attendees almost didn't make it. After Frederick J. Liddle of Floral Park, New York, joined in January 1969, lively issues of *Rhatt Race* and *Flimsie Excuse* hit the bundle. Fred enjoyed the 1970 convention in Philadelphia and was planning on coming to Tampa, but his job as photoengraver disappeared when his employer shut down. Lee insisted Fred could stay at his home to avoid hotel expenses, plus he set up a job interview in *The Tampa Tribune* printing department. The interview went well, and in 1972 the Liddles moved to Tampa. Fred and

Lee got together for lunch two or three times a month (weekly after retirement).

Another prominent ajay family soon moved to the Tampa Bay area. Sheldon Wesson found a new career opportunity in Sarasota, and he and Helen moved south from New



Sheldon Wesson and Lee Hawes at Lee's C&P; April 1975



Official Editor Liddle, President Hawes, and Karl X. Williams at the 1976 AAPA convention in Palm Beach, Florida

Jersey in the summer of '72. They were active in the SAPS until they moved to Florida's East Coast in April 1975.

In 1975 Lee and Fred tried to draft a couple of candidates for AAPA president. When they refused, Lee filed and was elected to his third term. He would later recall, "I was elected...at a high period in AAPA's fortunes. More than 300 members packed the bundles with lively journals in the wake of a Kelsey press mailing that brought in numerous newcomers." A successful year ended with a celebration of AAPA's 40th birthday at the convention in Palm Beach.

The July 1979 "AAPA Almanac" issue of AAJ included a list of long-time members. Several founding members — Russ Paxton, Ray Albert, and Karl X. Williams — had the greatest number of months in the organization, but Lee had the longest continuous membership. Les Boyer and Dean Rea — born the same year as Lee — were only a few months behind him. Lee was also recognized for editing 20 issues of AAJ, more than anyone else at that time.

Lee added to his AAJ total by editing six more in 1979-80. He planned for volume 44 not be as large as his predecessor's "blockbuster" volumes in order "to hold the strain on the treasury to a relatively low level." At the end of his term he was delighted at the record involvement of many writers, including substantive symposiums on several ajay topics.

In April 1981, Lee became the sixth recipient of The Fossils' Gold Composing Stick award in recognition of his contributions and unselfish service to The Fossils.

AAPA members were once again invited to Tampa for the summer 1981 convention. Fred Liddle was chairman, but Lee took a prominent role in planning, promoting, and participating.

Throughout his ajay career, Lee served many years in AAPA office, most often as director or first vice president. In 1982 he filed for a different office: secretary-treasurer. Not a "numbers guy," Lee brought a new dimension to the office by sending chatty letters with renewal notices. He gleaned a number of "Newsy Notes" for publication in AAJ. Although he did not run for a second term, his name



Charles L. Bush and Lee Hawes at the 1981 AAPA convention in Tampa

was written in and he served several additional months until Jack W. Bond agreed to be his replacement.

History & Heritage

1982 also saw a change in Lee's professional life. Since joining *The Tampa Tribune* 20

years earlier he had moved through a progression of jobs. Starting as a local crime reporter, within a few years he was writing feature assignments that took him all over the state, and as far as Cuba. He became Sunday feature editor, associate editor of the editorial page, and daily features editor. But after tangling with the assistant managing editor, he found himself night editor with responsibility to catch errors and handle problems on the night side, what he called "a glorified proofreader ... kind of the low point in my career." After a while the assistant managing editor realized Lee's talents were being wasted and gave him the opportunity to write a column. Lee suggested a Sunday history page, and in November the History & Heritage page made its debut. The articles on "old Tampa" connected with readers, and their calls and letters poured in.

Lee wasn't an officer during AAPA's 50th anniversary year, 1986, but he was key to the celebration. Official Editor Liddle had him write a five-part history of the association, with each installment covering a decade.



Pam Wesson and Lee Hawes at the 1986 AAPA convention in Tampa

More importantly, Lee hosted the Golden Anniversary in Tampa, and in the preparation contacted many former members. Marge Adams Petrone, a 1950s "Youngstown Girl" who rejoined, attended the convention and again became active, eventually serving as official editor.

The convention was a success with a total of 79 in attendance. At the convention, Lee Hawes and Les Boyer were both named as Ajay of the Half Century. Writing in the January 1987 *AAJ*, Official Editor Liddle noted, "Although significant contributions have been made to our organization ... the enduring efforts of Boyer and Hawes stand head and shoulders above the rest. ... There is no facet of association activity in which they haven't made their presence felt."

Russ Paxton, perhaps the most prominent printer in amateur journalism, printed many issues of the AAPA, NAPA, and The Fossils official organs in addition to his own amateur papers and *Gator Growl*. Health issues forced him to bow out of printing the official organs in 1984, although he did print four more *Growls* before his death in November 1988. Lee did print five *June Blooms* between 1984 and 1988.

In late 1988, Lee had surgery for colon cancer that required a two week hospital stay. The procedure was successful, with no need for follow-up chemotherapy or radiation treatments.

The AAPA convention came to Tampa for the fifth time in 1991. The convention committee of Hawes, Bond, and Liddle put together the usual mix of interesting presentations and social gatherings. 58 were in attendance.

A special bundle for February 1992 honored five who had 50 years or more of membership in AAPA: Bruce Smith, Ray Albert, Helen Wesson, Lee Hawes, and Dean Rea. (Les Boyer missed out by a few months.)

Return of the Growl

Gator Growl returned after a 6½ year hiatus in June 1993, this time with covers printed by Lee and inside pages typeset on computer equipment and xeroxed by Les Boyer. Les would handle production duties for the next eleven issues, through February of 2006.

Lee's page for *Ink Cahoots* 1994 lamented the lack of a *Growl* or *Bloom* during the year. His best intentions went awry due to a hernia operation and extra hours on the centennial edition of *The Tampa Tribune*.

The July 1996 *Growl* (No. 94) noted Lee's partial *Tribune* retirement the previous December. After 45 years of daily employment he became a part-timer, working only three days a week — but still turning out a "History & Heritage" column for each Sunday's newspaper. He began to find more time for amateur publishing.

The sixtieth anniversary issue of *AAJ* included ten pages of articles by Lee. Most prominent was "Crusaders changed the hobby," a detailed look at how AAPA was formed, which won a prose non-fiction laureate award.

Gator Growl 98 for July 1997, a special 40-page plus cover issue, was a memorial to L. Verle Heljeson on the 25th anniversary of his death. This was followed by No. 99 (January 1999), a 28-pager remembering Earl Henry, a

poet and member of AAPA's founding board of directors; No. 100 (June 2001), a 56-page appreciation of Al Fick; and No. 101 (December 2001), 16 pages dedicated to Marge Adams Petrone, "longtime dear friend as she battles cancer with hope and humor."

When Lee reached the 100th *Growl* milestone he was officially recognized as an AAPA Centurion. Many special editions of papers in the June 2001 bundle honored his achievement.

Tampa hosted its sixth AAPA convention in 1998, attracting 53 delegates. The *AAJ* noted, "Convention Chairman Lee Hawes had to distribute some type just before the convention so that there would be enough to set the convention paper. Where was the standing type from? The 1991 Tampa convention!" Lee prepared a couple of surprise recognition awards, to long-time amateurs Helen Wesson and Jack Bond.

Lee served his only term as AAPA second vice president (a two year term) during 1997-99. This officer's main duties, welcoming new members and preparing brief introductory biographies for *AAJ*, matched up with his interest in meeting people and his writing skill.

For Tampa's seventh AAPA convention, held in June 2003, Chairman Hawes arranged for panels covering a variety of *ajay* issues as well as some with a Tampa Bay flavor. He allowed plenty of time for visiting at meal times, and kept the hospitality suite well stocked. There were 39 in attendance. The Fossils held its 100th Annual Luncheon during the convention, at which time Lee was presented The Fossils' Russell L. Paxton Award for service to amateur journalism.

The March 2004 *AAJ* welcomed Sean Donnelly, a new member recruited by Lee who lived in the Tampa Bay Area. While Sean was researching H. P. Lovecraft (1890-1937) and W. Paul Cook (1880-1948), writers who had been prominent in UAPA and NAPA, he met Lee and discovered amateur journalism was still alive. Sean and Lee co-edited a book of Cook's stories, *Willis T. Crossman's Vermont*, which was published by University of Tampa Press in 2005.

Lee served on The Fossils' Library of Amateur Journalism Committee. In mid-2004 it became necessary to find a new home for the Library, and Lee was active on the committee in placing the collection with the University of Wisconsin at Madison.

Following the death of Fossil Vice President Ronald J. Young in September 2004, Lee was appointed to that office. He served until 2008, when the position was abolished in a restructuring of the official board.

Tribune Retirement

Leland Hawes reached a milestone at the end of 2004: full retirement from *The Tampa Tribune* after 52 years of employment. The newspaper gave him a big sendoff, with

Officer Hawes

DURING 71 YEARS of membership, Lee spent 53 as an AAPA officer. His longest gap out of office, five years, occurred 1990-95. His first office was an appointment to first v.p., AAPA's recruiter, in 1945; he served 8 additional terms between 1953 and 1987. His first election was historian for 1945-46. He edited 26 issues of *AAJ* (1946-47, 1962-64, 1969, 1980-81) and was president for 7 years (1949-51, 1975-76, 2005-09). He was secretary-treasurer 1+ terms (1982-83) and second v.p. once (1997-99). He served 26 years as a director between 1948 and 2013. ❖

articles and an editorial paying tribute to a writer, historian, and journalist with an encyclopedic memory. "Hawes has been a mentor to many, offering aspiring journalists counsel and encouragement. Yet he also demanded accuracy, clarity and precision. A rebuke — however mild — from the kindly Hawes was far more devastating than anything a gruff editor could inflict." For over twenty years he had written and edited the Sunday History and Heritage Page, building a loyal following among readers. The *Tribune* named its research center after him and gave him a lifetime pass so he could continue to work on projects. He turned out half a dozen articles for the *Tribune* over the next year and continued writing history stories as a correspondent until 2007.

On January 28, 2005, nearly 400 people turned out for a luncheon in his honor hosted by the Tampa Bay History Center and the University of South Florida Special Collection Department. Tampa Mayor Pam Iorio proclaimed "Leland M. Hawes, Jr. Day." On December 19, 2005, he became "Dr. Hawes" as USF bestowed an honorary doctorate for his contributions to Tampa history.

Meanwhile, controversy was brewing in AAPA. In January 2004, J. Hill Hamon, a long-time active member, began publishing an "e-journal" distributed as a computer file. The electronic format allowed greater use of color, particularly for photos, at no cost. He saw this as the wave of the future and arranged for an E-Journal Archive on AAPA's website. Some disagreed, expressing concern that a rise in electronic publishing would detract from the monthly bundle. This brought counter-charges that AAPA over-emphasized obsolete letterpress printing.

Four Years as AAPA President

At the urging of several members, Lee filed as candidate for AAPA president in the 2005 election. His *Amateur Parade* for July noted, "AAPA is in a period of transition, not only from letterpress to desktop publishing but also to e-journals. And I believe in encouraging all three methods of presentation. For activity is the name of the game, regardless of technique. But my basic reason for running is to urge the continuation of bundle journals, at



Lee Hawes and Dave Tribby at the
2007 AAPA convention in Portland, Oregon

least for the foreseeable future.” His fourth election as president (this time for a two-year term) came 105 to 36 over e-journal advocate Hugh Singleton.

The new president immediately faced two resignations. Director Fred Liddle proposed an amendment limiting laureate awards to items “in the bundles” (excluding e-journal content). Just five days into his new term, Fred resigned because he did not want to be “open to the charge that I used my position on the Board to affect the outcome” of a “partisan issue.” Later in the month Mailers Jack and Mavis Swenson suddenly resigned because “problems and commitments” kept them from sending the last two mailings of their term. Lee got the new mailer, Jack Scott, to start his duties two months early and appointed Les Boyer to fill out Fred’s term as director.

Sniping between e-journal proponents and detractors continued as Fred’s amendment moved to a March 2006 vote. (It passed, 93-37.) Lee urged members to “accept the outcome of the vote and move on” to other needs, such as recruiting. His balanced approach of encouraging electronic as well as paper publishing seemed to tamp down passions.

Growl’s Publishing Frenzy

It had been nearly four years since the last *Gator Growl*, but it sprang back to life after Lee became president. Issue 102 for October began an every-other-month publication schedule. Mike O’Connor took over production from Les Boyer beginning with issue 105 in April and the new team produced issues for 47 consecutive months. In fact, they only missed two bundles between April 2005 and November 2010.

Gator Growl won seven consecutive Journal of Overall Excellence laureate awards beginning with the 2005-06 judging year. Lee filled the 12 to 24 pages with articles on a variety of topics that he coaxed not only from ajays but

also from professional journalists he had known throughout his career. The results were high quality: eight *Growl* writers other than Lee won 9 laureates from 2005 to 2011. Lee recruited several of his colleagues into AAPA.

His term was a time of stabilization, with controversies quelled, office vacancies filled, and membership holding steady at 253. Lee was elected to a second two-year term as president in 2007. After struggling to find a 2008 convention location he decided to host in Tampa for the eighth time, with the help of Richard Mathews and Sean Donnelly at the University of Tampa Book Arts Studio. Total turnout was 49.

As Lee’s term came to a close, the eighty year old president was “grateful to report that we’ve not only managed to ‘hang on,’ but we actually have made some modest gains since 2005.” The membership report for September 2009 showed 261 members.

He kept up the publishing pace for *Gator Growl*, missing only March, August, and December bundles in 2010. He also participated in a “Learning-in-Retirement” program at the University of South Florida, leading a six-part weekly series on Tampa history.

When Lee attended the AAPA/NAPA “concurrent conventions” held near Chicago in 2010, it was his 59th AAPA convention. In the previous 42 years he had only missed one convention (Spokane, in 1987), and had only missed six since his first in 1946.

Health Issues

A check-up led to a heart catheterization procedure in September 2010. The surgeon found it necessary to insert three stents to remove significant arterial blockage, but Lee was out of the hospital the next day. The January 28, 2011, AAPA Alert e-mail message relayed the news that Lee was back in the hospital after a light stroke. He was soon moved to the rehab center in the hospital where the therapy was “on the grueling side” but he was “in fine fettle.”

His return home in late February required live-in assistants due to trouble with his right arm and right leg. His typing skills improved enough to produce another *Gator Growl* for the June bundle. That June issue reported the departure from Tampa of friends Fred and Betty Liddle to live near their daughter in North Carolina after residing in Tampa for 39 years. (Unfortunately, Fred died August 7, shortly after the move.)

Gator Growl resumed a monthly schedule for six issues (through November) but would only appear four times during 2012. In a December 2011 e-mail to Barry Schrader Lee noted, “I’m sorry to say my efforts to improve from the stroke of last January haven’t made much progress. Had a couple of falls recently and my balance is still frustrating.” Despite physical limitations, Lee remained upbeat and mentally alert.

Realizing he could no longer use his print shop, Lee donated his 8x12 C&P press, four type cabinets, more than 80 type cases, galleys, and other printing supplies to the Tampa Book Arts Studio. The final item printed by Citrus Press had been an issue of *Only On Sunday* for the February 2004 AAPA bundle.

In late 2012, *The Tampa Tribune* released copyrights on the 1000-plus history columns Lee had written between 1981 and 2004. The University of Tampa Press was interested in publishing a book containing 100 to 150 columns. Tear sheets of the full-page “History & Heritage” columns were spread across Lee’s dining room table so he could begin the selection process.

Gator Growl appeared twice during 2013: in the January and May bundles. In May, Lee was back in the hospital with digestive trouble and mild pneumonia. His condition was improving and he expected to be home in a few days, but he died of heart failure early in the morning of May 18,

exactly one month shy of his 84th birthday. At the time of his death he was serving as AAPA director and custodian of the Official Organ Exchange.

Both major Tampa Bay Area newspapers ran tributes to a “consummate journalist, gentleman,” “an individual who everyone in the newsroom, from clerk to cub reporter to managing editor, regards with admiration and affection” who was “the definitive source on Tampa’s rich and often colorful history.” “And, as a journalist, he had earned a reputation for accurate, complete and balanced reporting. His editors and his readers trusted him.”

The world of amateur journalism lost a talented writer, effective recruiter, capable officer, congenial host, and good friend, someone relevant and active in the hobby for 71 years. He made room in *Gator Growl* for others to tell their stories, coaxing many interesting articles through personal requests. Although his friends’ sense of loss is enormous, we can also be inspired by his example. ❖

A Gentle Soul

by Sean Donnelly

LEE HAS ALREADY been gone three weeks and I can’t let any more time go by. I’ve been more aware of time since that 7 am phone call from his sister, giving me the news of his sudden death from a heart attack early on the morning of May 18. Too soon, I thought, but the end is always too soon. Ever since he died, the need to write about Lee hasn’t been far from my thoughts. Every day I’d resolve to do it, but the day would pass and another opportunity was lost. I’m grateful to Dave Tribby’s invitation to write this article, giving me the last little nudge I needed to do this for Lee and his friends.

Some of Lee’s friends in amateur journalism knew him longer than I’ve been alive, but living close to one another let me spend time with him almost every week of the last ten years, and we came to know each other well. We had lunch or dinner at least 500 times, saw nearly as many films together, first at his favorite local theaters and more recently at home when his health made going out to the movies too troublesome. Lee and I got along well, in part, because we both liked routines, and the idea of meeting regularly on a particular day at a certain hour is curiously appealing. It gives you something to look forward to. At first we met on Tuesdays, later on Thursdays, and then I was ultimately one of three friends who met at his house every Sunday for an informal “supper club.” We’d arrive and let ourselves in by the side door, come through the dimly lit dining room and turn into the cheerful, high-ceiling living room to find Lee in his lounge chair. He’d look up, smile, and say, “Mighty glad to see you.”

We first met over lunch in 2002 at the late lamented

Valencia Gardens, a classic Spanish restaurant and local institution that was sold to the University of Tampa to make room for a parking lot. I was the third wheel at a lunch date my boss Richard Mathews had made with Lee. There was nothing special on the agenda. Richard and Lee had known each other since the 1970s, when Lee sat on the board of Konglomerati, a non-profit letterpress foundation that Richard founded and operated for 15 years before joining the faculty of the University of Tampa and starting the UT Press. The press brought Lee and Richard together again because of the support Lee provided for local history titles published by the press in partnership with the Tampa Bay History Center. I had been working with Richard at the press since 2001. I think Richard asked me along because I’d been a history major in college, and he thought I’d enjoy meeting Tampa’s unofficial historian. I mostly sat and listened during lunch but Lee made a point of asking me about my work and background. He was especially keen about my interest in fantasy and supernatural literature, and he asked if I was familiar with H. P. Lovecraft. *Of course*, I said. Lee had never read any of Lovecraft’s horror stories, but he was proud of the fact that Lovecraft started his writing career as an amateur journalist. I was vaguely aware of amateur journalism from Lovecraft biographies, but I had no idea that the hobby was alive and well in the twenty-first century.

We were soon exchanging emails and talking on the phone regularly. I wanted to know more about amateur journalism – first because of the Lovecraft connection, and

eventually because I was intrigued by the hobby itself. Before long, Lee had recruited me into AAPA, and I joined the NAPA and The Fossils as well. He was eager to share his collection of amateur papers, which filled boxes in the second floor of his home, and I could tell he wanted help putting them in better order. We spent many evenings going through them and Lee educated me about amateur journalism. Handling those old papers gave me a crash course in the history of the hobby. The amateurs of yesteryear, some of whom Lee had known, were like celebrities to him. He spoke the names of Edna Hyde McDonald, Charles Parker, Truman Spencer, “Tryout” Smith, Sam Steinberg, Edward Cole, Edwin Hadley Smith, Edith Minter, Tim Thrift, Ralph Babcock, and Sheldon Wesson with great respect.

I became fascinated with an old ajay named W. Paul Cook, who’d encouraged Lovecraft to write supernatural tales and published some of his earliest work. Lee had copies of several obscure pamphlets Cook had printed with humorous tales he’d written about his home state of Vermont under the pen name “Willis T. Crossman.” They’d come with a collection Lee had acquired years before, but he’d never read them, so we discovered Cook’s work together; and we agreed that these stories, which had only ever reached an audience of several hundred, at most, deserved to be collected and published. After mining Lee’s collection for everything we could find by Cook, we began making weekly trips to north Tampa to visit Special Collections at the University of South Florida, repository of the William Haywood collection of amateur papers. We made at least half a dozen visits, and librarian Paul Camp cheerfully brought out boxes of papers for us to search. We eventually had enough material to co-edit a book that the UT Press published as *Willis T. Crossman’s Vermont*.

Lee soon introduced me to a woman who had known Cook, and knew him well enough to call him “Cookie.” That was Helen Wesson. She was a widow by the time I met her, living 40 miles south of Tampa in Venice, in a

home comfortably crowded with books, dioramas she’d made of scenes from Sherlock Holmes stories, and mementos of the happy years she’d spent in Japan after World War II. Lee enjoyed keeping in touch with local amateurs, so we made the trip to Venice a number of times and invariably took her to lunch at Café Venice, where the staff and owners doted on her. There was one time when she came to Tampa. She’d hired a driver so she could attend the Necronomicon convention. She was an avid Lovecraft fan and wanted to be among kindred spirits. However, though the convention was named after a book invented by Lovecraft, it had little to do with him or his work, and Helen was disappointed. Afterward, she met us for dinner at the shadowy Don Jose restaurant, decked out in Masonic jewelry she’d inherited from her father – including a skull ring! Lee loved to recall that evening.

Lee made a point of keeping in touch with people like Helen Wesson. He cared about them deeply, and that’s because I think empathy was an essential part of his personality. Before I knew him, he had an Aunt Betty, his uncle’s widow, who he looked after in her last years. She was a retired schoolteacher who lived across Tampa Bay in St. Petersburg. He’d take her to lunch every week and go shopping. In between his visits she was attended by daytime nurses. Lee most likely paid for this in-home care so she could stay in her modest home. He told me one of those nurses had to be replaced because she was caught running a business of ill-repute out of the back of the house! Lee did one last favor for Aunt Betty after she died. She was an avid baseball fan and wanted to have her ashes scattered at Al Lang stadium in downtown St. Petersburg. It took him more than a decade to screw up the courage to do it, but with his friend Bill along for encouragement, he managed to keep his promise and scatter the ashes mere moments before a police car drove by and nearly sent Lee running!

There was nothing uncommon about the generous way he treated Aunt Betty. He never bragged about what he did for other people, but over the years, in the course of many conversations, I put clues together and came to see the scope of his generosity. He probably wouldn’t have wanted me to write about it, but I think it’s worth noting, briefly, some of the kind things he did; the ones I know about: He made the mortgage payments for the widow of a man who worked for his father’s citrus groves; helped put a friend through graduate school; helped another friend buy a house; gave large donations to several Florida universities; and paid for an exhibit space at the Tampa Bay History Center that is credited to an “Anonymous” donor. Some of you will know more than I do about the financial support he gave to amateur journalism, like donations to the Library of Amateur Journalism and the



Sean Donnelly and Lee Hawes at the 2010 AAPA convention near Chicago

money he spent out of his own pocket to make possible the conventions he hosted in Tampa.

Lee often spoke about his childhood, and all of the memories he shared with me were happy ones. I don't think he had to block bad memories because there weren't any. His tight-knit family – mother and father, Lee and sister Virginia – enjoyed a quiet life 20 miles east of Tampa in Thonotosassa. His father tended to the family's orange groves and his mother did the bookkeeping. To young Lee, his parents always seemed to be as in love with each other as they must have been when they first married. What better foundation for a happy home life? I remember Lee telling me about sleeping out on the screened-in porch on summer nights, hoping to catch a cool breeze; visits from itinerant laborers who asked for permission to harvest Spanish moss from the trees, which they'd sell for mattress stuffing; the time his father stopped the car on a back road because he spotted a rattlesnake, and he ran to a nearby house for a shovel to kill it; and the times he called on a neighbor, a retired stage actress, who gave him the lovely marble bust of Queen Christina of Sweden that he kept on his mantle.

If you spent enough time with Lee you'd notice his little quirks. When we went out to dinner he always asked for butter, even when there was nothing to put it on. He liked to be ready in case a biscuit or corn cob turned up unexpectedly! Before Lee's stroke, dinner was usually followed by a trip to the cinema. The movie wasn't over for Lee until the credits rolled by, because he wanted to know who played every bit part. Everyone else was gone by the time we got up to leave. If you brought up a name he didn't know in conversation he'd say, "Spell that." You could see him writing it down in his head. He was always the reporter and wanted all the facts!

There's one fact, or detail, I'd like to share, though Lee probably wouldn't want me to. It's too funny, though, not to record. It involves Tom Whitbread, our fellow *ajay* and Lee's contemporary in the hobby. Tom makes a habit of driving around the country on marathon hauls during his summer break from teaching at University of Texas, going from Austin to New England and the Rockies and back again. As someone whose driving limit is about 500 miles, I've always been astounded by Tom's stamina behind the wheel. He often made a big detour into Florida to visit Lee. In the beginning, Tom stayed in Lee's spare bedroom, but eventually amateur papers and magazines covered the bed so deeply that Tom had to take a room at the Tahitian Inn. During one visit, Lee and I and Tom were at the house, getting ready to go out to lunch, and it started raining. Lee became very concerned for everybody, asking if we needed umbrellas, jackets, galoshes, cough medicine (I exaggerate). It was Lee's nature to be concerned. Tom finally said, "No thank you, *Mama Hawes*," with a sly

smirk. I had to work very hard not to laugh out loud. It wasn't meant to be cruel but I could see Lee didn't like it. His lips pursed and his eyes shot thunderbolts. But he let it go. Tom wasn't being mean. He is a poet and chose precisely the right word for the occasion. I never asked, but I wonder if this wasn't the first time Tom had chided Lee for being like a mother hen worrying over her chicks.

If Lee could keep cool in a situation like that, you'd think nothing could fluster him. I can't remember ever seeing him agitated or overly anxious. But he told a story on himself about one occasion when he lost his cool. He had recently bought his Toyota Avalon and it required several visits to the dealership for minor tune-ups. On the third or fourth visit, he dropped it off in the morning and was told it'd be ready by noon. When he came back to get the car the manager said it wasn't ready yet and may be another couple of hours. Lee's patience had apparently reached its limit, after multiple visits to the dealership, and he let loose with a loud, "Oh, shit!" He said the manager's eyes bugged out and a dozen people stuck their heads out of offices to see what was wrong. That's a side of Lee very few people ever saw.

The minor aggravation at the dealership paled in comparison with some of the troubles that Lee faced in his later years, but he endured all the challenges with great good humor. I never saw him discouraged or upset or impatient. There was perhaps a memory in his blood and bones of the hardships his Scottish ancestors had lived with in the rugged Highlands and he drew on that inherited strength to deal with what he lost because of age and illness: the freedom to drive himself, the ability to walk on his own, the bachelor's independence he'd enjoyed in his home for nearly fifty years, and being able to travel. None of these things seemed to discourage him. He appreciated the family and friends who lived nearby and came by to see him regularly, the many friends around the country and overseas (like our dear friend George Hamilton) who kept in touch, and he was fortunate in the affectionate caregivers who looked after him around the clock – Yolanda, Bertha, and Fernando. Lee enjoyed a quality of life, in his own home, that many people in similar situations cannot afford, and he was grateful for the means to do so.

I saw Lee the night before he died, and though he was tired, he was sitting up and talking, and looking forward to coming home in a few days. His passing was a terrible surprise. None of his friends or family was ready; we hadn't said goodbye or told him how much he meant to us, though I'm sure he knew. Instead of going home, he's "Gone Home" in the spiritual sense. Lee was a life-long Presbyterian and I'm sure his gentle soul has been welcomed to the eternal life he was raised to believe in and hope for. ❖

From Thonotosassa to Tampa

by L. V. Heljeson

THE BOY BECOMES THE MAN and the amateur journalist becomes the professional journalist — sometimes. When this happens the amateur interests are often submerged. A notable exception is the dual career of Leland M. Hawes, Jr. His is a skillful blending of professional and amateur achievements.

Hawes entered amateur journalism formally when he joined the American in 1942, age 12. His address then was Thonotosassa, Florida. Actually, he was an amateur journalist two years before that when he published the *Flint Lake Diver*, a neighborhood weekly.

He has been President of the American twice, Official Editor three times, and has held various other offices. He received a B.S. in journalism from the University of Florida in 1950. His professional career is with *The Tampa Tribune*. There he has gone from cub reporter, through special assignments and the editorship of the Sunday feature section, to his present post in the editorial department.

These are the statistical bones of his two careers. They need the clothing of characteristics to depict a very remarkable individual.

A word that first comes to mind in knowing, thinking, and writing about Hawes is *quality*. It is apparent in everything he does, everything he is. It is in his development as a career newspaperman. In his career as an amateur journalist and in his permanent stewardship of the AAPA. In his personal journal, *Gator Growl*. In his personal appearance and apparel, the appointments of his home, his individual tastes and pursuits.

One day at a Washington, D.C. convention of the American, Marge Adams dubbed Lee Hawes and Vernon Forney “all-American boys.” She spoke in the broad, physical sense. In a more specific, associational sense, Lee Hawes is American, all-American, all the way. His loyalty to it is solid, unswerving, unselfish. His constant vigilance in expanding its membership, raising its standards, improving its morals, is unparalleled. He has spent uncounted hours of time and dollars of personal money in advertising in magazines for new members. In writing letters to re-establish contact with former members. In publishing — in 1962-64 — a modernized, enlarged *American Amateur Journalist*.

With the cooperation of others he spearheaded the Silver Spur program of the American in its anniversary year. This campaign reactivated former members and found some new ones. It revived and rejuvenated an organization on the way to atrophy. He has already had all of the honors as well as the onerous duties that office-

holding in the American can give him. Yet his interest in the American is so deep, his attachment to it so practically sentimental, that one sees him guarding it forever, like a stone eagle perched agelessly on a balustrade.

In *Growl* No. 67, Hawes writes of an incident at a “big banquet” at the Hotel Statler (Washington) but neglects to mention that he was attending the annual convention of the NAPA. Although he belonged to the National for some years, and occasionally attends its conventions as a quiet observer, he consistently avoids involvement in its official affairs. Except for Laureate Judge for editing in 1954, he has never held an appointive or elective office in the National. To expect him to take a National office is like asking DeGaulle to succeed Dean Rusk.

The corporate precincts of The Fossils seem more neutral, however. He joined in 1957 and has been Secretary-Treasurer, and a Vice-President twice. In January 1964, as First Vice President, he succeeded to the Presidency when Helm Spink resigned. He was elected to the same office in April 1964.

Lee’s mother is from South Carolina, his father, from Georgia. The family revenues stem from citrus groves. The family residence is a large, dignified house in a tree-shaded yard, at 822 South Orleans, Tampa. It has deep, cool porches, high-ceilinged rooms, and its furnishings — including large four-poster beds, some of them canopied — display the senior Mrs. Hawes’ liking for antiques. His father’s special interest is the history of the War Between the States, and one of Lee’s pleasant annual chores is to find a new book on this subject for his father’s Christmas gift.

This atmosphere, plus the characteristics which are inherently Lee’s own, make him a Southern gentleman with the good manners, the diplomacy, the friendliness, the hospitality that this implies.

Lee is of medium height, fine-boned, subtly sharp-featured. His thick dark hair is always well-oiled, well-brushed. His eyes are inscrutable, possibly a composite of grey/blue/hazel. His smile is ready and wide. He dresses well but unobtrusively: dark suits, ties with subdued stripes. As befits a Gulf Coast Floridian, he wears shorts on informal occasions and sometimes permits himself the flamboyance of a patterned sportshirt.

He likes the theatre and annually wangles one or two trips to New York for a circuit of Broadway plays. He likes music and he likes books. The shelves in the living-room of his house are filled with books, many of them bright-jacketed, others in the somber tones of “volumes.” More books overflow onto shelves at one side of the

breezeway off the diningroom. They range from "The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer" to "A Treasury of Modern Reporting." They include liberal samplings of Thomas Wolfe, Scott Fitzgerald, Hemingway.

Hawes' chief personal journal is *Gator Growl*. Occasionally he mimeographs an *Amateur Parade*. *Growl* began as a mimeographed journal, but in recent years it has been printed by Russ Paxton, to Lee's exacting specifications.

Growl features clear colors — green, scarlet — on its covers. Some covers simply show the title, in big type. On others, an angry alligator in color, the original drawing by someone named Murphy, is rampant. Inside there is effective use of bold heads, large type, much white space. Photographs are used occasionally; the ornaments beloved of many publishers, never. Sometimes there are vagaries of makeup, as in No. 73 in which the heads, in bold thick black type, span two pages.

Hawes was editor of *Panther*, his high school yearbook. This was the beginning of an incisive editorial ability which diversifies the *Growl* ideologically and in narrative style. He solicits — and gets — articles and some fiction from amateur journalists of all kinds. He uses poetry sparingly.

He achieves in the *Growl*, both in format and content, the certain, clean, singing line of a Toscanini. This extends to his own writing in his journal, which is conversational in tone, lean in execution. There is occasional effective use of literary phrases such as "the relaxed sprawl of sleep" in "Havana, 1959" (*Growl* No. 69). He credits early exposure to the late Burton Crane's "meat axe" school of writing for his own staccato sentences.

This, plus his reportorial training, makes many of his articles a series of one-sentence paragraphs. In contrast, his personal letters are chatty, informal, often long-sentenced, long-paragraphed. They are black-ribboned and pica-typed on a Royal standard office machine in his second floor study. The letterhead is excellent white bond (currently Strathmore), 8½ x 11 standard business size. His name and address are printed in bold black letters at the top center. His signature is in blue ink, with a broad, pointed pen, and the two e's of "Lee" are in only slightly smaller caps than the L.

Hawes' current home is at 5009 Dickens Avenue, Tampa, chosen for the special qualities of the house and not for the literary connotation of the address. He deliberately sought and waited for a house of distinction and comfort. What he found is not the usual tacky ranch-style or split level box. Instead, it is a graceful two-story house set in the sub-tropical green of a large yard, with tall palms in front, and a grapefruit tree in a side-yard.

The livingroom has a fireplace at one end and a staircase at the other, which leads to a narrow balcony across

the front of the high-ceilinged room. This balcony needs only fat musicians tootling on archaic instruments to suggest medieval days. The walls are textured white. The rug is dull gold, the divan turquoise, two occasional chairs are green, two others a mingling of greens and blues. These colors are repeated in the candles on the mantel. Among the pictures on the wall is a watercolor signed by Jack Coolidge, and given to Lee on his European journey when he visited Jack in Florence.

The basic furniture in both the livingroom and diningroom is Italian provincial, and the diningroom rug is a dull gold companion to the one in the livingroom. The hi-fi is in the archway between the two rooms. On one wall of the diningroom is a Grecian head, purchased on the European trip, and mounted on black velvet. On another wall are two unusual fabric hangings which have abstract designs in clear orange/red and turquoise colors reminiscent of the colors of a *Growl* cover.

If all this is a picture of a man of competence, wide interests, and flawless taste, it is accurate. If it is also a picture of one who is too selfless, too diplomatic, too dedicated, it is inaccurate.

In his professional career Hawes has been exposed to all of the mental demands and some of the physical hazards of the modern newspaper world. He has covered spirited political campaigns. He has had special assignments from his newspaper involving underworlds in which one would not expect to find one of his demeanor and refinement. He was dispatched to Havana in the very first days of Castro's Cuba and later wrote about it in a *Growl*.

In the area of amateur journalism's politics and administration he is a man of firm conviction, shrewd perception, quiet but determined action — and benevolent ruthlessness. He assesses the performance of amateur journalists currently, and mentally indexes those who are undependable or non-productive. These individuals are not invited to hold American office.

When, a few years ago, some aspects of American conventions became too liquid, Hawes gave no outward and visible sign of disapproval or distress. However, at the next convention, a local chairman was firmly in charge of an agenda tight with forums and other time-occupying events, and the atmosphere was suitable for teenagers as well as other members.

Later, Hawes was in control of the evening program of another organization, an annual event noted for long-winded speakers. Again, with no advance warning of change, the speakers were handed their assignments on slips of paper shortly before the program began, and a standard minute limit set for each one. It was observed.

Lee has met many amateur journalists and his private assessments of them usually are objective and devoid of

gush or gossip. Now and then, however, they are adverse.

At a first meeting with a prominent amateur journalist — in a group — Lee found the verbal antics of this character so monopolistic and boring that he has never forgotten it. On another occasion he had a luncheon appointment with an amateur journalist who was his literary hero and amateur journalistic mentor. Since the proper subject of amateur journalists is amateur journalism, probably Lee looked forward to an hour of good shop talk. Instead, the amateur journalist saw friends from another area of the arts in which he was then interested, and the luncheon period disappeared in conversation with them. Again, there was no outward sign of disapproval but one senses, in his telling, Lee's disappointment and some disillusion.

The distance from Thonotosassa to Tampa is only a few miles, but in the years since he made the journey Hawes has developed remarkably, both as a professional and as an amateur. Now he is starting another aspect of his amateur career. He acquired a Sigwalt hand press a few months ago, through the American plan, and press and typesets now dominate his kitchen. Since he is a scion of citrus groves, his press appropriately is called the *Citrus Press*.

In a 1963 issue of the *American Amateur Journalist*, Lee said that the American had, among other things, enabled him "to sense the esthetic strengths of simplified typography." Now that a new journal, *June Bloom*, is in preparation at the *Citrus Press*, the American eagerly awaits a first look at its esthetic strengths, its staccato sentences. ❖

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A Leader of this World

by Thomas B. Whitbread

THERE IS AN EPITHET, "The perfect gentleman," which aptly describes very few people in this or any other time and place. It amply befits Lee Hawes, Jr., of Tampa, Florida. Generous host, appreciative (and appreciated) guest, avuncular guiding spirit and cardiovascular core of the American Amateur Press Association, an associate editor of *The Tampa Tribune*, young President of The Fossils, Inc., son of a citrus grower who loves Robert E. Lee, explorer by Greyhound of the Far West: Lee Hawes is a man whose nearly never failing courtesy, aided by taste and drive, have made him one of the foremost amateur journalists of our time. The only things that can make his courtesy fail — and then only when tact comes to seem too much hypocrisy — are instances, citric or other, of malice, evil, deliberate intent to hurt, directed at other human beings or at an association of amateur journalists, particularly the American.

His favorite contemporary American painter is Andrew Wyeth. Strong realism, sympathy with individuals, and a dash of bitters in Wyeth's work show two directions in which Hawes goes plus one in which he has at times let himself go. Hawes' bitters seldom vie with Angostura on the Black Angus steaked tables at which he loves to be the genial host. But when two or three are gathered together in God's sight, when the Epicurean is not quite ready to yield to the Stoic, the Cynic in Lee's nature can cut another's passion into its essential pattern as well as anyone. As well as Burton Crane, a detector of clay feet, whose reportorial style Lee idolized, and whose witticisms and insights, after a memorable convergence of the twain, young Floridian newspaperman and successful jack-of-all-writings-trying-Shubert-Alley, Lee reported,

never letting Crane's own flesh and blood seem either guilt or dust. As well as L. V. Heljeson, a pungent phraseologist, whose gifts for pinning a fly or a turnip seed in amber, whether as rambling conversationalist in private or sixth-drafting critic in the AAJ, Lee equally values.

But Lee seldom lets himself go. More often than not, the harmony of his group — the attendants at a convention, the membership at large — so overrides all other concerns as to render another's large grievances his petty annoyances. What would make another wish dueling legal, he chalks up to Learning Human Natures. What would make a soft ego melodramatically threaten to deprive amateur journalism of his (or her) presence, he lets slide. Not that he doesn't register, deep within, antipathies. But he likes people too much, is too much of a professional newspaperman and amateur observer, is too positively involved in the world in which he lives, to be much bothered by snakes and gnats.

The world in which Lee lives is now physically based at 5009 Dickens Avenue, Tampa. It is metaphysically based at some locus perhaps equidistant between *The Tampa Tribune* and the AAPA, a little farther from Gainesville, Florida and the Fossils, and farther still from the NAPA and Wyoming. After many years of living at his parent's home, 822 South Orleans, with 1959-60-61 commutational summerings at Indian Rocks, in a deserted mansion on the Gulf, with nine or ten housemates (one of whom, one fine day, set the tone by floating three miles out to sea on an inflated inner tube, martini in hand), Lee found and now occupies a fine home of his own, Spanish stucco outside, 1½ floors inside, including a 20-ft.-ceilinged living room complete with Juliet-furnished balcony.

(Furnishings invisible except at parties.) Many of the files of papers and letters that once bestrewed the floor of his room at 822 South Orleans now bestrew the floor of his study at 5009 Dickens. Lee's (like my) mother will probably *not* understand that what appears to them as a mess is an order: we can find what we want to show our friends, through search, if not memory.

Metaphysically, Lee comes closer than most people I know to jibing with Frost's

My object in living is to unite

My avocation and my vocation

As my two eyes make one in sight.

His newspaper work pleases him considerably more than not. Without qualification, he loves his work for the AAPA. Lee Hawes' career as an official has rightly been celebrated: in this informal essay, I shall not recount it again. I shall, though, assert that no other member of the American has done so much in so many ways, giving of

A Wise Problem Solver

by Jack Scott

HOW DO I REMEMBER Lee? He was one of three remaining AAPA members of the "class of 29" (born in 1929). Now there are only Dean Rea and me.

Lee really was Mr. AAPA. He was a wise man who always had the right answer. I frequently called him when I had a problem as mailer. He always made it seem there was no problem

Any convention host will remember his help and guidance with the programming, and the financial help that was never mentioned. He showed up early for the '97 convention here in Mount Vernon, Ohio. We took him to an Amish restaurant in a nearby town. On the way he admired the lovely flowers along the roadsides, and wondered who planted them. We told him God did it. The Queen Anne's lace and chicory just come every year.

I talked with Lee just a few days before his passing. He was using a walker, but still able to go to the Colonade Restaurant on Sundays. The Colonade is the outstanding seafood restaurant he took us to when we were in Tampa. He bought an alligator tail appetizer so I could get a taste. (It doesn't taste like chicken.)

His dry sense of humor was still there. "Jack," he reminisced, "do you remember the sign outside The Colonade that said WE SERVE CRABS? I still have the picture I took of you beside it." Before we hung up he said, "Keep in touch."

We were blessed to have this wise, kind, and gentle man loaned to us for a while. ❖



time, money, and essential undying interest, to insure the continuance and to work toward the flourishing of the fellowship which has given him many friends, and to which he has given himself, as has Lee Hawes. Letters urging dropouts to return. Classified ads in national magazines. The Silver Spur campaign. The past two years as Official Editor. And, capstone of a diversely variegated devotion to the association of fellow journalists and publishers he joined as a young adolescent (or old child), 75 issues, many multi-paged (including a 48-pager celebrating Vondy while she was alive), of *The Gator Growl*.

Now Fossil President, the University of Florida graduate who felt snow fall in August while gambolling with assorted others (mostly old young women and their mothers) in an attempt to see more of his country, Lee Hawes is at a turning point in his career. Will he, like Helm Spink, maintain a never-failing intellectual and felt concern for the well-being of his chosen and choosing hobby, yet write and publish fitfully? Will he, like Edward H. Cole, enter a total silence of matrimony, child-raising, and professional duty, then burst forth phoenix-like into blaze and again reblaze? I think neither. I think Lee Hawes, whose performance has already put all the founders of the American to a shame Lee would not admit, will never, whatever else happens to or for him, cease his myriad performing service of love.

I visited Lee in Tampa in December '59 and '63. He dipped his feet and shins into the unGulflike waters of Cape Cod, and endeared himself to my parents, in August '60. I have seen him at various conventions and convenings in recent years. But, though we joined our respective basic groups in the early '40s. and knew each other by name, deed, and a slight correspondence *circa* 1949-50, it was not till the April '58 Fossilmeet that we officially met. If ever an ecumenical movement will surge (Raymond Loewy ANAPA seal or no) through organized amateur journalism, Lee will have to be its Christ ere I will be its disciple.

But I think such movement unlikely. L. V. Heljeson to the contrary notwithstanding, Lee Hawes believes, and I agree, that multiplicity of groups is the healthiest state of the hobby. Small matter that 75 to 100 of AAPA members are NAPA members: perhaps a slight portent. But the surface appearance, not the *cor cordium*, of each major association differs. The residents in the heart of both AAPA and NAPA have these tenets in common: They value quality, though they don't mind quantity. They value honesty, though they don't mind tact. They value irony, humor, wit, though they don't mind seriousness. They value individuality, even idiosyncrasy, though they don't mind a membership. What they most mind is total dumbness, sheer negativity. They are, rightly, leaders of this world. Among them, high among them, stands Lee Hawes. ❖

Lee Hawes: Publisher & Printer

by David M. Tribby

LEE'S THREE MAIN amateur journals were *The Gator Growl* (170 issues, published from 1942 to 2013), *The Amateur Parade* (23 issues, 1949 to 2005), and *June Bloom* (27 issues, 1965 to 2009). Lee also produced the wrap-around pages for the first 40 issues of AAPA's cooperative annual publication, *Ink Cahoots* (1973-2012).

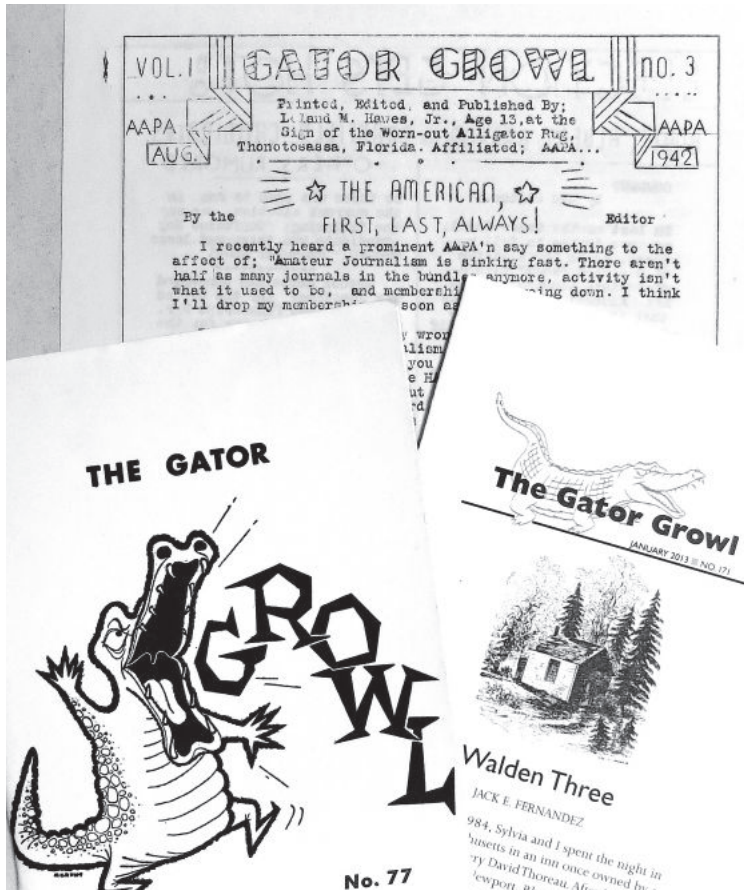
in February 1963. He also published *Gator Growl Tropical Moments* with Roy Lee Barron in October 1944.

Probably the first and last items from Lee's letterpress operation, Citrus Press, were issues of *Only On Sunday* with the Suncoast Amateur Press Society (1964 to 2004).

June Bloom No. 1, dated November 1964, appeared in the July 1965 bundle. The final letterpress issue was dated June 1999 (mis-numbered as 20; should have been 26). The final, unnumbered issue, dated June 2009, was computer-generated by Mike O'Connor. All issues had a page size of 4½ by 6 inches. No. 4 (August 1970) and 17 (June 1979) were eight pages and Linotyped; all others were four pages. No. 16 (May 1979) won the laureate award for letterpress printed journal.

From 1973 through 2003, Lee set by hand and letterpress-printed his *Ink Cahoots* pages. Later pages were computer-generated by Mike O'Connor.

Lee produced several joint letter-press papers: *Weaker Trajanus* with Ralph Babcock; *Handset June Excuse* (June 1972) with Fred Liddle and Dave Tribby; *Weaker Growl Calamity* (March 1973) with Ralph Babcock, Fred Liddle, and Dave Tribby; *June Whip* (June 1978) with J. Hill Hamon; and *Handset Bloom* (April 1982) with Dave Tribby. Lee also let other local amateurs use his

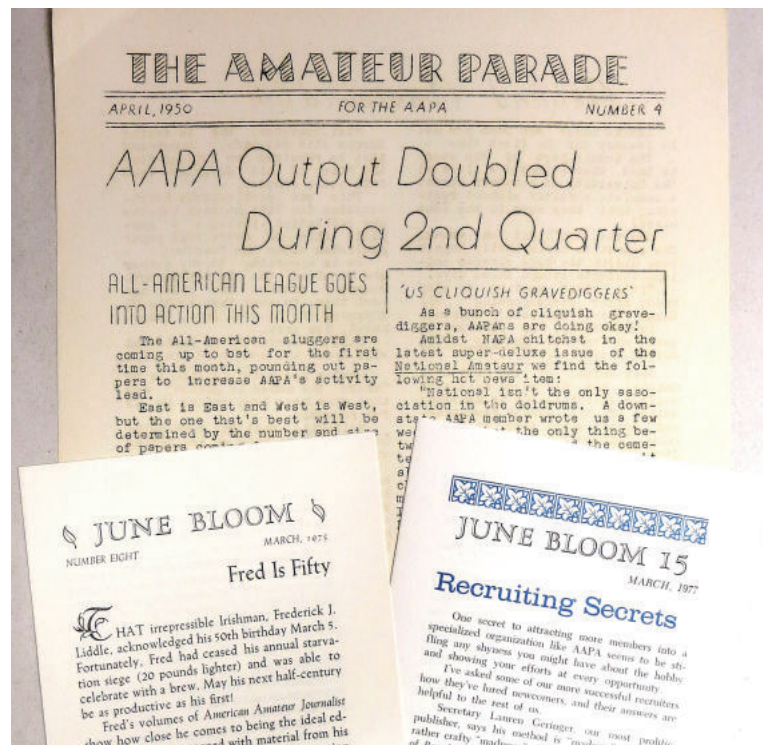


The early issues of *Gator Growl*, were mimeographed by Lee. In 1950 he turned production over to Russell Paxton who letterpress-printed issues 52 (December 1950) to 92 (November 1986). Russ had printed two earlier issues, for a total count of 43. Leslie Boyer printed 12 issues, No. 93 (June 1993) to 104 (February 2006). Michael O'Connor printed issues 105 (April 2006) to 172 (May 2013); due to numbering errors there were no issues 149 or 153, so Mike's count was 66.

Gator Growl won 20 laureate awards from 1948 to 2012. Pieces appearing in *Growl* won an additional 27 awards during the same period.

The Amateur Parade first appeared in September 1949. Numbered issues end with No. 33, dated Sept. 1, 1976, but there is no record of issues 19 or 23. There were two later unnumbered issues, dated February 2003 and July 2005.

According to the Moitoret index, Lee published single issues of *Blue Skies* in August 1946 and *American Amateuria*



equipment to produce issues of their own papers: Jack Bond's *Southern Amateur* and Dave Tribby's *Tribby Tribune* and *Handset Journal*.

Leland Remembered

by George W. Hamilton

EVEN THOSE WHO knew Leland M. Hawes Jr. — or thought they did — likely didn't. Lee's was a personality enclosing (and thus enclosed in) many layers, reflecting many interests and many activities. For want of anything more specific, the descriptive word frequently applied to Lee (better in this case, Leland) which frequently comes to mind is "gentleman." No one would contend for a moment that he was not just that, but the real Lee went far, far deeper than such a generic collective noun.

Lee's generation — which I shared with him — had few broad youthful distractions beyond school and major-league baseball. The rest we made up for ourselves, via books, Scouts, church or whatever else offered appeal. We both discovered amateur journalism in the 1940s along with Tom Whitbread, Roy Lindberg and a few other stalwarts who have since left this earth. Lee like Roy went on to a lifetime career of commercial newspapering.

Of course I knew Lee. But not really. Roy and Tom would occasionally wander into west central Florida for a visit to Lee; my travel adventures and career took me instead to the Middle East and Europe, far distant from the centers of amateur journalistic activity where hobby politics were being played out by the leaders, of whom Lee had become one. Once I was back in the States, I'd see Lee from time to time usually at one of the AAPA gatherings, always welcome occasions but not terribly revealing of Lee's palette of interests beyond amateur journalism.

It wasn't until 2008 that I really got to know the Lee Hawes I had admired for so many years, although a closer relationship had begun at the AAPA gathering the year before in Portland, Oregon. In 2008 Lee, under pressure of no volunteer to host an AAPA convention, organized an event in Tampa that was first class in every respect. But that was Lee. No compromises, just the best was good enough.

I elected to stay on an extra three days in Tampa to get a better feel of the city and to be able to spend time with Lee once the meeting was over and his immediate responsibilities accomplished. It was a wise decision. We managed a couple of delightful lunches and dinners together, including one with Fred Liddle at Fred's favorite Tapper Pub, where it turned out that Lee was nearly as much at home as Fred, at least to judge by the hearty greetings of the staff.

We spent time with Sean Donnelly and some mutual friends, and I was privileged to visit the legendary 5009 Dickens Ave. — in a residential section of Tampa where all the streets are named for writers. (I was pleased to note that Goethe was but a couple of blocks distant from Lee and Dickens.) For those who didn't know the Hawes resi-

dence, it's a home in rather typical 1930s style with what in the States would be referred to as "English architectural touches," the sharply peaked front entry to the house, roof extending nearly to the ground being its most immediately prominent feature — and just what one would have expected of Lee and of Dickens Avenue. A gentlemanly home, orderly and neat, ample bookshelves for the treasures inside. We met the cat, watched a DVD and a bit of TV until Lee pleaded exhaustion, not surprising following the splendid job he had done drawing on his many friends and contacts in Tampa to give us a hands-on profile of then-contemporary daily newspapering.

I left Tampa with the feeling that I had at last come to know far more of the "real" Lee Hawes—his ideas, wishes, frustrations — than I had known or suspected. It was a most pleasurable exchange, one which I would happily have repeated in an instant, but as it turned out, that was my only visit to Tampa. I wished that he could come to Vienna and he could share some of my enthusiasms on this side of the Atlantic, but it was not to be.

Sad to note that Lee's passing has endangered the existence of the American Amateur Press Association, the organization to which Lee gave so much of himself. It would be a far better tribute to Lee (and he would have wanted it so) were we all to knuckle under and keep the hobby underway. The Swiftset presses are gone as are the Kelseys but both endure in the memories (and Kelsey in hobby printshops) and now Lee has left us — but not in soul or spirit. As long as somewhere there's a collection of 20th century amateur journalism, the memory of Leland M. Hawes Jr. will remain alive. ❖



Lee Hawes and George Hamilton at the 2007 AAPA convention in Portland, Oregon

Ten Plus One

by Leland M. Hawes, Jr.

WHAT WAS INTENDED as a memento to ten years of active affiliation with the American Amateur Press Association has been sabotaged by the slick elusiveness of Old Father Time. That venerable gentleman thumbed his nose at our endeavor to publish an anniversary number at the end of a decade. So now it's more than eleven years since Volume One, Number One of *The Gator Growl* came into contemplation.

Never able to resist the foible of recollection anyway, we decided to proceed as if nothing happened. And since our visitations upon the amateur scene have been less frequent of late, perhaps this will serve as an introduction to newcomers.

Early 1942 was a jolting era for anything so seemingly nebulous as amateur journalism. With masses of human beings mauling each other everywhere except the western hemisphere, minds were geared to more rigorous matters. Somehow, in the midst of it all, a bunch of Florida boys who had banded together to exchange their individual local news-sheets discovered the American Amateur Press Association, or vice-versa.

There was Jim Sellers, whose *Chipley Bugle* tooted forth in colorful style from his father's weekly newspaper shop in Northwest Florida. And down in West Little River, a suburb of Miami, Roy Lee Barron Jr. was turning out copies of his *Times* at a feverish pace.

On a monthly basis, Ed Wall, still in his teens, published his magazine *Four Freedoms* for a largely mail order audience. Tiny Temple Terrace, a quiet community within a few miles of Tampa, was gobbling up contemporary events from John Perry's *Sentinel*.

A little citrus community with the tongue-twirling cognomen of Thonotosassa, about 15 miles from Tampa, was bearing up well in the second year of the *Flint Lake*

Diver. So was the Hawes family, resigned to its fate of having an aspiring journalist as a son. Perhaps a little disappointed, too, that his interests were not flowing in an agricultural vein—more specifically, the orange business.

A round robin letter introduced AAPA to these youngsters whose only kinship was a common desire to record their ideas in print. They all joined.

It came about when Jim Sellers' picture appeared in the *Publishers' Auxiliary*, a trade paper. Coincidentally, another newspaper owner's son, also in his early teens, saw the photo and the story which accompanied it. He was Bill Bradfield, of Garland, Texas, and to him we owed the privilege of learning about the American.

All of us plunged into the amateur world with varying degrees of alacrity. John Perry somehow didn't cotton to the hobby's way of doing things and dropped out after a year. His journalistic advance was unhindered, however, and today he is the "In Our Town" columnist and real estate editor for *The Tampa Tribune*.

Jim Sellers continued releasing multi-colored *Bugles* for AAPA readers until about 1948. Now he is alternating between journalism instruction at Florida State University and running the family newspaper at Chipley.

Roy Barron retained a spasmodic interest after a whirlwind start. At last reports, he was the Rev. Roy Lee Barron, Baptist minister.

Ed Wall has played a strong role in associational affairs, twice serving as president during the mid-forties. He was particularly successful in publicizing AAPA on a national scale. Despite a silence of several years in the amateur field, Ed was hunting for a printer again, the last we heard.

Bill Bradfield, the enthusiastic Texan whose letters ushered us into the fold, became so involved in his professional pursuits he dropped the hobby. Taking over the editorship of his father's paper, he reasoned amateur journalism duplicated his workaday problems to too great an extent.

But the *Gator Growl* has lumbered along for more than a decade. The contrasts are many, but its pages reflect the slow evolution of an amateur journalist. This is not to imply the process has reached an advanced stage; but it's unlikely we'd be accused of immodesty to claim a certain degree of progress.

Some of the more complete collections may still include the four page, mimeographed attempt which brought forth the first issue before members of the asso-



Leland Hawes, 1941

ciation. Laboriously stenciled, hand-inked, and hand-fed, it was a rather flamboyant start.

Pink pages displayed articles on “Fabulous Florida” and “The Ajay and the War,” the latter a timely bit by Bill Bradfield. In addition, the editor waxed vigorously on the subject “Some Headlines Are Misleading,” a contention which might still bear some weight.

The new publication drew a friendly reception from such oldtimers as George Henry Kay, who commented in his *Journal*: “... From the latest ajay hotbed. Good mimeo work. Only 12 years old. Alas, that one so young should fall into the vicious habit of ajay.”

Yes, the “vicious habit” had achieved another conquest. Fifty-four issues are some indication of the body tackle which humbled another in the presence of amateur journalism.

At one time, the hobby was almost an obsession with us. Spare time doodles wound themselves into format designs for the next *Growl*. A new Mimeograph clanked many a night in the musty office by the lakeside, while the clatter of an ancient Remington was the surest signal of our presence at home.

Who knows what the impelling force was? We gained keen satisfaction each time the staples clamped together another completed issue. And we enjoyed the correspondence which poured in at such a rate the family had to

rent the largest box in Thonotosassa’s tiny post office.

Was it just one of those “stages” kids go through? To a certain degree, yes. To the neglect of nearly everything else, we lived, thought, ate, drank, and went to bed with amateur journalism. Undoubtedly this zeal was excessive, but we still had plenty of fun.

It was difficult, then, to visualize anyone who “didn’t have time” for the hobby. A schoolboy’s lot is a carefree one by comparison to other occupations, we were yet to discover. We were still impatient when others failed to respond to the impulses of participation as much as we did.

Five years has made a lot of difference. We sometimes find ourselves wondering whether Bill Bradfield wasn’t right. After battering a typewriter many hours a day and being consumed in the projects that challenge a reporter’s initiative, we find it difficult to work up much enthusiasm for anything further in the journalistic line.

Yet, the fellowship of amateur journalism has a persuasive, lingering attraction. Although the hobby is strictly a sideline interest for us today, it is still a creative dabbling pot for dreams. No “higher-up” stands over our shoulder to blue-pencil our efforts for the amateur aggregation.

And we still feel a surge of excitement as our own journal goes to press. Maybe it will edge a little closer to the ideal attainment to which we aspire. ❖

A Fellow Newspaperman

by Barry Schrader

LELAND “LEE” HAWES was truly a gentleman and a scholar, and a fine newspaperman and printer to boot.

I got to know him well during the 25 years I have been in AAPA and saw him at many conventions. Kay and I also visited him three times at his Tampa home in recent years and I did a two-hour oral history interview with him.

Lee found out I was a fellow newspaperman early on so always kept in touch about matters of interest to a print media oldtimer. When I decided to return to news-

paper column writing out in Livermore, California, I called him for some advice and feedback as I launched into local historical topics.

He not only shared his experiences with me but mailed me a packet of some of his full-page Sunday columns from *The Tampa Tribune* for me to peruse and learn from. When beginning another column back in Illinois I always emailed him a copy, which he found time to read and then send an encouraging note back several times. He was also instrumental in the planning for our ChicagoCon2 in 2010 when I cohosted the first ever joint meeting with NAPA.

A gracious host, Lee always took Kay and me out to dinner at his favorite restaurant where everyone knew his name. Sort of like the Tampa pub where Fred Liddle was a fixture. Lee, Fred and I visited that watering hole just a year before Fred’s death so I got acquainted with both hangouts of these icons in amateur journalism.

You can never replace friends like Lee and Fred, but just carry on in amateur journalism, relishing those memories and occasionally finding old journals that remind one of the *Flimsie Excuses* and *Gator Growls* that made them both legends in AJ.

Godspeed to both of them. ❖



Barry Schrader, Fred Liddle, and Lee Hawes
outside the Tapper Pub in Tampa, March 2011

A Gathering of The Klan

by Leland M. Hawes, Jr.

IT WAS A MUGGY Sunday morning in August 1956. I can't say I felt overwhelmed with bravery as I bounced off the blacktop road into the backwoods of Northeast Florida. I was following directions given me to a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan, and I knew I would not be welcomed.

The managing editor of *The Tampa Tribune*, V. M. (Red) Newton, sensed a story no matter what happened. Race relations were simmering in Florida that year, as diehard segregationists sought to stave off the inevitable — integration of public schools.

I had spent the night in a motel in Starke, some 25 or 30 miles from the eventual destination near the town of Macclenny. Somehow I had no trouble awakening early, gulping down a quick breakfast and zooming my Plymouth toward the rendezvous in the woods.

As I bumped over an unpaved trail through dense pines, I wondered why no other cars were headed in the same direction (I later learned that the route given me differed from the rest). Eventually in a clearing I spotted a fenced area filled with automobile and unmasked men milling around a tin-roofed building. As I approached the parking area, and sought to turn into the field, one of my rear wheels lurched into a ditch. Several bystanders help-

ed give me a push, and I went ahead and parked inside.

No sooner had I turned off the ignition and opened the car-door than I was confronted by a young man asking almost cordially for a wallet card of some sort — confirmation of membership in that particular branch of the KKK. Of course, I had nothing but a driver's license identifying me as a newspaper reporter (at that time *The Tribune* didn't even issue press cards). I knew it was futile to try to bluff my way any further.

"I guess this is a good a time as any to tell you that I'm a reporter from *The Tampa Tribune*, and I was sent here to write about your meeting today," I said.

The smile of cordiality quickly froze into a scowl, and my greeter said, "Better get back in your car. There'll be somebody out in a minute."

I could hear the hymn "The Old Rugged Cross" being sung inside the nearby building. The singing stopped abruptly, and suddenly about 100 people streamed out into the parking area and surrounded my car.

There were loud shouts and questions, "Who sent you?" and one beefy, redfaced oldtimer in particular started cursing me and *The Tribune*. There were angry inquiries why I was meddling in their business. I simply told them I had been sent to write about their meeting and whatever they had to say. The beefy oldster snorted threats and revenge for invading private property. But at this point another man, apparently an officer, said politely, "The klavern wishes you to leave."

I didn't dilly-dally. I said I'd leave — and I managed to get the car started and out of the parking area without any further problems with that ditch. I emerged from the woods a short distance later headed eastward on the main highway to Jacksonville, where I had to write the story and prepare for another North Florida assignment. As I was driving at a good rate of speed, though, I noticed two cars following closely. Within a few seconds they had forced me to the side of the road.

As I sat and waited behind the wheel, I thought my days as a non-violent reporter were probably ended. That interval as about eight men approached was one of the longest "waits" of my life.

A burly hand reached through the open right window and opened the car-door. I thought, "This is it."

To my amazement, the first words I heard were: "We just wanted to apologize for the rough language back at the other place."

Well, I got out of my car and stood on a lonely roadside for about 45 minutes talking to those Klansmen. It

He Knew People

by Ivan Snyder

ONE THING ABOUT Leland Hawes that stands out in my memory (among many) is that he knew more about more people than almost anyone I can think of.

It was my good fortune to spend part of a weekend as a guest in his house about a year and a half after I joined the AAPA. Lee regaled me with stories about J. Hill Hamon (a "renaissance man"), whom I had not yet met at that time; Wilbur Doctor, whom I had met, but did not know very well; and others. Over the years the sharing of information continued and has been profitable. I do not recall him speaking negatively about any amateur journalist; he was always complimentary and gracious. ❖



Lee Hawes and Ivan Snyder at the 2010 AAPA convention near Chicago

was obvious they felt they didn't need a "bad press" at that point, but it was also obvious they wanted to know how their secrecy had been breached by a reporter from a downstate newspaper.

They kept asking my motive in coming and how I had known the location of the meeting. I could truthfully answer that the directions had been given to me by my editor and I didn't have any idea how he'd gotten them.

I told them I was there to report what happened, including their views if they wanted to express them. This resulted in quite a denunciation of race-mixing in the schools. One man pointed to a service emblem tattooed on his arm and said, "I was ready to lay down my life if necessary once before, and I'm ready to do it again."

Several of the Klansmen said they were sworn to uphold the state laws then still in effect on segregation.

Periodically, as the conversation continued, there were hostile questions pointed at me and I wondered whether this followup get-together was going to be peaceful after all. They kept asking my name, and I had no hesitancy in telling it.

Finally, one grizzled oldtimer asked if I was related to "ole Cap'n Hawes in Elberton, Georgia." I told him that was my great-uncle who had reared my father after his parents died.

Apparently the recognized name of a relative who was prominent in his hometown broke the ice. From then on, the interview wound down calmly. In fact, the Klan members expressed such interest in what I planned to write that several asked me to send copies of the article once it was published.

The article appeared the next day, Aug. 15, 1956, with a staid one-column headline and a "straight news" narrative of the interrupted Klan meeting and its aftermath.

The account concluded with this paragraph:

"After Klansmen discussed their intentions to oppose integration in the schools, the conversation was ended and the men returned to their cars. The reporter continued on his way."

The only thing missing was a final personal comment from the reporter: "Whew!" ❖

From *The Gator Growl* No. 69 for October 1960.

Havana, 1959

by Leland Hawes, Jr.

THE NEW YEAR'S PARTY had pooped out over pizzas about 4 in the morning Jan. 1, 1959. Fog hung over Tampa when I turned in, and it was still gloomy when I joined the family for a meal at noon. The relaxed sprawl of sleep was still upon me when the telephone summons came.

"Batista's government has collapsed in Cuba, and there's talk a bunch of his crowd will try to land at Tampa International Airport. The Cubans in Ybor City already are going wild in celebration, but they're looking for trouble if any of the old regime lands here.

"Get on out there and see what happens."

The airport was quiet and anticlimactic. The red and black flags of the 26th of July movement had come and gone — by then they were parading through the main streets of Tampa's Latin quarter.

I exchanged speculation with a Border Patrol agent and a policeman, the lone indicators that anything out of the ordinary had occurred that day. But the fleeing Batista officials bypassed Tampa, obviously intent on avoiding the revolutionary element they knew to be centered here.

When I went back to the office I expected to write a short squib on the quiet airport and go home. I still could use some more sleep.

Next thing I knew the boss was asking, "How'd you like to go to Cuba?" The question took me off-guard, for

The Tribune has never gone in for anything like "war correspondents." My first reaction was a realization that my college Spanish had dissipated into a vague mish-mash of a few familiar words. The boss reminded me Havana was a tourist town, with English fairly widely spoken.

Then began the suspenseful hours of trying to arrange transportation into the chaotic Cuba of Fidel Castro, during the period before any governmental authority had replaced the toppled regime of Fulgencio Batista.

With regular flights canceled, I tried in Miami to book passage on one of the charter flights hopping the Straits of Florida for \$60 a passenger. The afternoon of January 3, a *Life* reporter and photographer and I were soaring into stormy skies in a Piper Apache.

None of us knew the conditions we'd find in Cuba. We had read accounts of boy mobs patrolling the city, stopping all automobiles, pointing Tommy guns at everyone. There was still fighting in certain sections of Havana, with hunts for Batista-ites and the private army of Cuban Senator Roland Masferrer. Looting had hit some stores.

We landed about dusk at Jose Marti airport, discovering that some order had been restored. Youthful *barbudos* with beards in fatigue uniforms made up a motley reception force, about as haphazard a military conglomeration as I've ever seen. Although they were all lugging

weapons and playing the roles of uneasy conquerors, we received courteous and prompt attention from customs officials. We rode into Havana's darkened main thoroughfares in the one Cadillac limousine cab serving the airport.

The taxi driver wanted to take us to the Seville Biltmore. The *Life* men wanted to go to the Hotel Nacional. I didn't care where we went as long as Western Union was close by.

Blackened windows with jagged glass showed where the mob had plundered the Seville Biltmore's ground floor. We went on to the Nacional, through streets that looked like a city under siege.

Patrols stalked the narrow passageways, with clumps of fires and people at the corners. Havana was on strike, by order of the new regime. The people were awaiting Fidel Castro, but until the army arrived, the militia was in control. Nobody knew what to expect.

Scores of American tourists were plopped around the entrance to the castle-like Hotel Nacional with its landscaped grounds. They were acting like petulant children, vowing vengeance on the State Department for their discomfort.

Harried Embassy personnel obviously had done what they could to keep tourists advised as well as they could. But that wasn't enough for the comfort-conscious pleasure-seekers, who blamed the Embassy because they had been exposed to stray bullets in the midst of a revolution.

An Amateur's Amateur

by Ken Faig, Jr.

LEE WAS CERTAINLY an "amateur's amateur." With publishing help from Mike O'Connor, he continued to edit *Gator Growl* right up until he died.

I had the good fortune to meet Lee in person at several ajay conventions. The last was the joint NAPA-AAPA convention held in Elk Grove Village, Illinois in 2010. Lee was always very gracious and did his utmost to make everyone feel welcome.

While his primary allegiance was AAPA, Lee served The Fossils in several capacities over the years. I valued him highly as a member of the committee which planned and executed the relocation of the Library of Amateur Journalism to the Special Collections at the University of Wisconsin in 2004.

We have lost far too many veterans of our hobby in recent years. For his part, I think Lee would advise to keep on keeping on. Preserve the core essences (e.g., amateur publishing using whatever media), change to meet the necessities. ♦

Air Force buses soon arrived and loaded up the Norteamericanos who brought no pride to an arriving newsman. They were leaving on the ferry for Key West, scurrying away from "that awful rabble," as one dowager expressed it.

I had taken the word of the *Life*-men that putting up at the Nacional would solve all our problems. Our luggage was unloaded and we went inside — only to learn that the Army had commandeered all available space. There was none to be had for us. Already, rough-and-ready bearded ones were cavorting through the elegant hostelry, prancing around like comic Western actors.

Many wore the uncertain look of rural farmers trying out the plumbing of the big city for the first time. They were happy at coming out of the hills after long months of privation and happy at the successful conclusion of their revolution.

I soon learned to my dismay that the general strike had shut down all but one Western Union office — several miles across the city in Old Havana. And I still didn't have a place to stay.

Somebody suggested the Habana Hilton, several long blocks away. Lugging a heavily-loaded suitcase and a chunky German typewriter, I staggered up what seemed to be the steepest hill of my life. January or no, sweat poured off and my fingers ached.

At every corner there were suspicious eyes and pointed weapons. "Norteamericano periodisto" I mumbled, because somebody said that meant U.S. reporter. I was allowed to pass.

The garishly-modern Hilton loomed in the smoky flicker of the militia campfires, and I went in hopefully. A harried room clerk in the midst of a tumultuous lobby told me he couldn't help me.

"Everything is so confused we don't know which rooms are occupied and which ones aren't. Some people checked out and came back — and others just took over rooms they hadn't rented."

I told him I'd be more than happy to take my chances if he'd only register me and give me a key. He agreed reluctantly, and an elevator finally made the ascent to the 23rd floor.

To my amazement, I was now quartered in a luxurious suite with air conditioning — a solid glass wall on the outside bordered by a balcony. What a way to cover a revolution!

There was of course another technicality. No food. People weren't eating regularly because the strike had cut off supplies.

I didn't have supper that night, but the next day a makeshift rationing system enabled occupants of the hotel to eat cafeteria style in the lush surroundings. Meanwhile a holiday atmosphere swayed the city that

Sunday afternoon.

People emerged to gawk at the hillsmen who were occupying Havana even though Castro himself was just starting his triumphal tour several hundred miles down the island.

I was frustrated almost to distraction in trying to get a story through. The telephone circuits were tied up and restricted to five-minute calls. I succeeded in dictating two paragraphs to the *Tribune* in Tampa before being cut off. I was on the verge of buying a compass to try to navigate the morass of unfamiliar streets when a most welcome sight appeared — a Western Union boy on a motor scooter. I gave him my several sheets of copy with a mixture of relief and exhilaration.

Thus began a week of observing Havana's uncertain transition to the government of Fidel Castro. Although nobody knew just what he planned, there was mass jubilation. The future seemed so wonderful, so joyous.

An emotional people by nature, the Cubans were flinging their happiness into the sunshine. They spoke as if they had emerged from a nightmare of oppression and trouble under Batista.

The stories of police torture sprang up on all sides. Sickening human indignities were “documented” in the first post-revolutionary newspapers and magazines, and torture victims displayed scars on their backs to television audiences.

Everywhere, families huddled around television sets, watching the young bearded warrior exhort provincial crowds of the New Day in Cuba. Red and black armbands sprouted miraculously, often on coatsleeves that were said to have borne other allegiances.

Even then, in the midst of all the chanting for Castro, there were disquieting words of skepticism. Old hands at the American embassy were worried about some of the Leftish faces around Castro.

An American who had spent a lifetime in the Caribbean viewed with concern some of the pronouncements of the new government. A forester on a sugar plantation, he was holed up in the Hilton awaiting transportation back to his home. The bridges were out, and planes weren't carrying commercial passengers yet.

The Hilton had its share of Grand Hotel characters. Since almost everyone was “camping out” in its rooms during the period of uncertainty, it was easier to get acquainted.

I thoroughly enjoyed exchanging notes with an Israeli from North Carolina, who was in the country on a questionable visa. A Southern-accented newspaperman who fought under the American flag in World War II, he had gone to Palestine in 1948 and had taken Israeli citizenship. He was covering the United States for a string of client newspapers in Israel and Pakistan.

There was the blonde hotel employee who had been sorry to see the gambling casino crowd leave so hurriedly. She enjoyed clicking roulettes and the fast company.

There was the intense young man from *Newsweek* who sought to gain insight into Castro's character by interviewing his priest.

And the attractive hotel secretary whose mother worried about her safety when gunfire clattered near the Hilton. Fluent in Americanese, she was a refugee from the Dominican Republic of Trujillo.

It was a week of holiday, climaxed by the triumphal entry of Fidel Castro on Thursday. He had spent the week since Batista's flight keeping Havana in suspense — all the while inching closer and greeting thousands of well-wishers in the interior.

I joined the millions on the Malecon — the picturesque waterfront boulevard — waiting for the young “liberator.” Never have I witnessed such a concentration of massed emotion.

The roars of adulation signaled his slow movement through the long lines of people. His progress was stopped some four or five minutes at my vantage-point — with Cubans surging up for a closer look.

A man who saw the press tag on my coat poured out his feelings shortly after Castro had passed.

“You can see this is a great beautiful day for Cuba,” he said in halting English. “We have had seven years when we could not breathe freely or speak among ourselves.

“My friends in the United States would write and ask me how I was feeling. I would tell them I had a pin in my tongue. They knew.

“Now we have these young boys from the country riding through. We all feel very happy. This country was really born when the revolution succeeded January 1st. Isn't it a great afternoon with the blue sky?”

He demonstrated his feelings vividly by clutching his throat to describe the constricted conversation of Batista days. He waved his hands happily at the sky afterwards.

I've often wondered how he fared in the days that ensued, when Marxist-indoctrinated Rebels began to dominate the entire life of the country, orienting it purposefully into the Red sphere of influence.

The purge of Batista followers was beginning even before I left — one week after the rise of Castro. Boarding a plane for the return flight to Tampa was an ordeal because of the search for suspected “counter-revolutionaries.”

It was an exciting week, one that may be difficult to duplicate in Cuba again. For it was relatively carefree and buoyant with hope. “Freedom” was on everyone's lips.

Those who know Cuba intimately foresee further crisis, with perhaps considerable bloodshed if revolt breaks out. “There'll be trouble for a long, long time,” they say. ❖

My Father, the Citrus Grower

by Leland M. Hawes, Jr.

EARLY IN JANUARY, a weather forecast for a “hard freeze” in Central Florida sent my thoughts back to childhood days in the 1930s, when such a prediction meant big trouble. My father, a citrus grower most of his adult life, would have swung into a “save the crop” plan of action.

This meant alerting a work crew to haul pine logs or smudge pots into the rows between the trees and preparing for all-night “firing” vigils alongside thermometers, hoping to hold frost to a minimum and to keep ice out of the oranges.

Several times, the efforts failed, in that “fresh fruit” era. The fruit would spoil before it could go to market. And leaves and limbs on the trees were damaged – sometimes down to the roots. Income for a year was shattered.

Somehow, my father – Leland Moseley Hawes, Sr. – persevered and stayed in the business until the era of citrus concentrate made freezes less disastrous. But even then, he saw entire groves wiped out when temperatures plunged into the teens and twenties.

It was pure happenstance – and being lucky enough to have resourceful relatives – that enabled him to experience a successful career as a citrus grower.

For my father, the youngest of five brothers, was orphaned at the age of six. Born in 1892 in rural South Georgia, he was living in Tampa when his father was fatally stricken with spinal meningitis. And his mother, unable to cope with the circumstances, died six months later.

The brothers went to live with aunts and uncles in several Southern states. My father’s maternal aunt, Josephine Edwards Lee, and her husband, Dempsey Cowan Lee, took him in and treated him like a son. They lived in Dothan, Ala., where D.C. Lee was in the turpentine business.

In 1903, Daddy – as my sister and I called him – went to reside with a paternal uncle, Peyton S. Hawes, and his wife, Jessie McIntosh Hawes, in a small northeastern

Georgia town, Elberton. “Uncle Peyton” and his wife had no children of their own, but they nurtured two of the Hawes boys in a large home.

My father in later years recounted stories of a happy life in those formative years in Elberton. He remembered listening to Civil War stories from several uncles, who had served in the Confederate Army. And he developed a life-long interest in that conflict. In his teens he was a tenor in a quartet that serenaded young girls at their homes around Elberton.

Uncle Peyton, a lawyer, was elected state senator, and Daddy went along with him to serve as a page in the Georgia Assembly.

Apparently it was common practice for youngsters to leave school in the eighth grade then, and Daddy couldn’t resist the temptation to be “on his own.” He and a buddy set off for the wheat fields of Oklahoma for a taste of hard physical labor in the harvest.

One summer must have been enough. In the aftermath, he decided to rejoin his “Uncle Lee and Aunt Josie,” who by then had

moved to Thonotosassa, Fla., a small citrus community northeast of Tampa. That was in 1913, and the Lees lived in a large home overlooking Lake Thonotosassa. They had six children of their own, and they welcomed him into their household again.

“Uncle Lee” put Daddy to work in his groves—and gave him an acre or two to cultivate for himself. He started a little “nursery” of orange trees.

By then, what became known as World War I was raging in Europe. The United States remained nominally neutral until April 1917, when Congress declared war on Germany and the Central Powers.

My father said he was driving a Model “T” Ford to a nearby community when he heard the news that the U.S. had joined the conflict. On the spot he decided to enlist in the Army.

Before long, he was training in a Signal Corps unit at Fort Jackson, near Columbia, S.C. Telephone lines and



*Leland M. Hawes, Sr., about age 17
while living in Elberton, Georgia*

semaphore flags were the major means of communication.

By the summer of 1918, his unit had landed in France, as American forces bolstered the war-weary European allies, Britain and France. Kaiser Wilhelm's German army, freed from its Eastern Front entanglement with the Russians, was staging an all-out push to end the war on the Western Front in France.

My father's division was sent to a then-relatively quiet sector near Verdun, earlier scene of some of the bloodiest battles of the war. He was there when the Armistice was announced at 11 a.m., Nov. 11, 1918.

Daddy's unit didn't return to this country until June 1919, and he received his honorable discharge from the Army. He evidently hoped to marry an attractive young woman in Thonotosassa, but an unexpected illness intervened.

She called off the engagement when my father was diagnosed with tuberculosis. There was speculation that his lungs might have been damaged by exposure to mustard gas, used on the battlefields as a weapon in France. But in later years he blamed "working in the rain" in the groves as a likely factor.

At any rate, he sought a cure at a sanitarium in the mountains of North Carolina. Later he tried the desert air of El Paso, Tex., where a brother lived, and succeeded in arresting the disease.

Returning to Thonotosassa about 1923, he tried his hand at two selling jobs. One involved selling gift hampers of oranges to customers in downtown Tampa office buildings. The other took him into real estate during Florida's wildly speculative land boom. He joined a cousin's firm and sold building lots to buyers convinced they could multiply their money in a short while. When the "bust" occurred in 1926, he was stuck with unpaid installments – and long-term debts.

So, back to citrus he went. By then, he had bought a one-bedroom frame house (later expanded) on an acre of land in Thonotosassa – and he had met my mother.

My mother, Virginia Lee McMaster, held a secretarial job in Tampa and was active in a group of young church people called Christian Endeavor. Although Daddy was not an active church-goer, he decided to attend a Christian Endeavor meeting one night at the Thonotosassa school. My mother attended, too, and that was the beginning of a long courtship.

The wedding took place at First Presbyterian Church in Tampa on January 5, 1928 – shortly after a "freeze" damaged citrus in Thonotosassa. Undeterred, they started married life in the little house near the lake, which served as our family home until 1946.

I was born in June 1929, my sister, Virginia Lee (better known as Baby) in July 1930. We could not have asked for more loving, caring parents.

The Depression years of the 1930s were rough ones in the citrus industry, too. Daddy managed a packing house while struggling to put together acreage for a hillside grove he called the Virginia Lee. Despite several freeze setbacks, it eventually became one of the most productive groves in Florida.

He checked the work in the groves almost daily, frequently accompanied by "Skippy," a Fox Terrier that would ride with his front paws on the dashboard.

Daddy had hopes I would follow him in the citrus business, but early on he realized my interest lay in a different direction – newspapers. In the summer of 1940, he bought me a \$25 Mimeograph, which enabled me to publish *The Flint Lake Diver*, with news items about people in Thonotosassa. He came up with the slogan, "The Diver Comes Up With the News," and suggested subjects for the front-page cartoons I ran.

He and Mother remained supportive as I switched from a local semi-weekly to *The Gator Growl* in the AAPA. I never got anything but encouragement, although I knew deep-down he hoped that I would some day take over the groves.

Our family moved into Tampa in 1946, relieving Mother of the 18-mile drive she had made for almost 12 years to take my sister and me to better schools in the city. I was a senior in high school by then.

This resulted in an almost daily trip for Daddy to Thonotosassa or to the hills of Hernando County (about 35 miles northward) to check on his expanding acreage. I accompanied him whenever I could break loose from school or work schedules.

He enlisted a partner in buying the Hernando property, believing the hills would spare the orange trees from most frost, which tends to settle in low spots. However, he had not reckoned with "blowing cold," the icy winds of 14 and 15 degrees which devastated trees about every decade.

Having to replant periodically didn't seem to deter him. But one particularly damaging freeze in 1962 affected not only the groves but also his health. The stress of the efforts to recover from that freeze brought a fatal heart attack to his partner and sent Daddy to the hospital in 1963 with a fairly serious heart attack, also.

He managed to regain his health to a certain extent, but fought the effects of congestive heart failure for the remainder of his life. Fortunately, he and Mother were able to enjoy some relaxing vacation trips in the mountains of western North Carolina.

And he stepped up his participation in reunions, mostly in Virginia, with fellow veterans of his World War I unit. The camaraderie of the one-time "doughboys" gave him a renewal of friendships he thoroughly enjoyed.

His health began to decline as he approached his 80s.

He relied on the telephone to learn what was happening in the groves. And he spent more time in the doctor's office or in the hospital.

Our family had never been very demonstrative in expressing love and affection, but as the end neared I found

myself breaking down and weeping when I was alone. I realized how much I loved him and would miss him.

In December 1973, not long after his 81st birthday, he lapsed into a coma that lasted five or six days. He breathed his last on Dec. 11, 1973. ❖

From *June Bloom* No. 4 for August 1970; winner of Prose Non-Fiction laureate award.

That Operation

by Leland M. Hawes, Jr.

EVERY NOW AND THEN, someone besides an insurance man or a minister reminds us that we don't hold any permanent claim on Our Little Corner of the World. When it's a doctor who says there's an unexplained spot on that X-ray film of your chest, you listen very carefully indeed.

It was pure happenstance that I even bothered to venture a visit for a physical checkup last March. The internist, a friend from high school days, had telephoned to ask for some background on a recent *Tribune* article. When I called back with the information, I told him, "Every time I see you, I say I'm going to come by for a physical, but I haven't. Today, I think I'll go ahead and make an appointment."

I did, and I thought rather smugly that it should be a breeze since there wasn't an ache in my body. The last time I had been examined thoroughly was in 1963, when I thought I was getting the chronic newsman's ailment — an ulcer. But that had cleared up long ago.

That Monday in the doctor's office, the tests seemed to go routinely enough. But when the wet X-ray print came back for scrutiny, there was an unidentifiable object in the right lung. Further X-rays were arranged for that afternoon, to determine whether this might be the shadow of a calcified scar from an old, undetected case of tuberculosis. But the X-rays ruled out calcium.

My doctor friend said this left three possibilities: a lung tumor, a histoplasmic fungus or a current case of tuberculosis. Skin-punch tests in the arms showed negative results for the fungus and the TB. So this indicated the rather strong probability of a tumor — with the nagging possibility of lung cancer.

The diagnostic physician then referred me to a surgeon, another friend from school days. After scanning the X-rays, the surgeon advised an operation. He was reassuring, though, taking note of the fact I'm a non-smoker. "If you were a heavy smoker, there would have been little doubt what that spot on your lung would be," he said. Even if it proved to be a malignancy, he went on, it seemed to be small and localized and at an early stage.

I was already prepared in my own mind for the likelihood of surgery, and I wasn't eager to prolong the suspense. The operation was scheduled for a week from that day at Tampa General, the hospital where I was born.

That week of waiting was not the most placid I've ever spent. Yes, I was confident of the outcome, primarily because of the early discovery. Still, any surgery is awesome, and no matter how optimistic one might be, there are those moments in the middle of the night when bravado dissolves and fear of the unknown takes hold.

By the weekend, I had taken care of another long-neglected chore: the making of a will. Another classmate, who specializes in admiralty law, very kindly worked me into his busy schedule to prepare the document. He mentioned in passing that his only casualty in the years he had handled wills was a 95-year-old man who had simply succumbed to the years. He said he didn't expect me to spoil his record.

Although I didn't exactly blab it around, I made no secret of my impending hospitalization. And I was grateful for the comforting words of friends. Until then, I hadn't realized just how bolstering they can be in a time of worry.

That Saturday night, as we were putting the finishing touches on the Sunday paper, I wondered how long it would be before I'd be back at these familiar tasks. And Sunday's church service seemed more meaningful than most.

Monday afternoon I was in the hospital, getting set for Tuesday morning's surgery. Somehow all the tension was gone, and I was eager to proceed and do what had to be done. When the appointed hour arrived, the euphoria of sedatives had me scarcely aware when the injection of sodium pentothal occurred.

And of course, I didn't regain any degree of consciousness until hours later, when I became fuzzily aware of nursing instructions in the intensive care unit. There was a motor humming nearby, tapping any residue fluid from my lung, and there were the usual tubes depositing glucose and other vital juices.

Strangely enough, after that week of suspense, it didn't cross my mind to ask anybody what had been chopped from my chest. When the surgeon came through the following morning, he did intrude upon my dopiness with the happy word that the operation had been a success. He said he had found a small capsule called a "granuloma." It was out and being examined in the lab, and I'd be okay.

Amid the shared miseries of an intensive care area, where about 12 people were feeling varying degrees of pain, it wasn't easy to ask questions. Nurses were demanding periodic coughs from me — no easy order after chest surgery — to loosen mucus and to ward off the potential of pneumonia. They were also firm in following doctors' orders about frequent turns in bed, even onto the side with the stitches.

But into a regular hospital room with a couple of special nurses, the recovery period eased off into a strength-regaining endeavor that progressed well. Visitors and flowers filled my room, and I was glad to see them. Comparing my experience with an earlier bout with a knife 20 years ago — an appendectomy — I had to conclude that I felt better sooner after this one.

The laboratory results brought word from the doctor that the capsule removed had been tubercular. Eventually, it probably would have developed into a lesion. Gone, it was no longer a problem, I was assured. A few pills daily were prescribed to rid me of any remaining TB tendencies.

I was out of the hospital and recuperating at my parents' home within a week of the surgery. Each day, I walked a few more steps, petted Herbert the cat and ate heartily. My folks live in a relatively old residential area of Tampa that still has its charm, with numerous trees lining every street. I was convinced this was the greenest spring ever.

Several weeks after leaving the hospital, I decided to remove the last remaining bandage — and I almost passed out in front of a bathroom mirror. Not that the scar was all that gruesome. But the incision had left a fullness of tissue in an unexpected spot! Here I was, with a slightly bulging right breast.

When I returned for the weekly checkup with the surgeon, I asked him if he realized what he had done to me. He took a long, side squint, couldn't resist a grin, and said, "If you were a woman, you'd be glad!" And I couldn't resist replying in mock anger, "Well, I'm not — and I'm not!"

This quasi-comical aftermath had me wondering whether another operation might be necessary to enable me to swim on a beach without feeling like a self-conscious freak!

But the doc was insistent that "It'll go down, just give it time," and it is going down — slowly.

As part of the back-to-normal routine he urged daily

exercise, something I've seldom managed in my rather sedentary routine at the newspaper. And since I'm one of those characters who's so inept at athletics that I flunked tennis in college, I'm not exactly eager to show off my fumbling ways.

Ironically, this has been the summer of the swim. The first day I alighted from my car at Tampa's municipal beach (a short distance from the motel where AAPA's 1966 convention was held), I was more than bit nervous. I was sure every eye would be focused on my lopsided chest.

Much to my relief, the beach watchers were watching the bikinis, as usual, and if anybody was curious about my bulge, the stares weren't obvious. Swimming I've always enjoyed, and the almost daily regimen in the sun has left me feeling better than ever.

I was back at work three weeks after the operation, still feeling twinges when I'd open heavy doors and getting tired in mid-afternoon. But each week that passed, the stronger I felt.

Now, as I stroke through the bay water, then bask in the sun, I think how fortunate I was that a doctor friend just happened to call the paper one day. ❖

From *The Gator Growl* No. 88 for December 1983.

My Friend, The Ostrich

by Leland M. Hawes, Jr.

ONE OF THE MOST popular subjects for Florida postcards 60 or 70 years ago was an ostrich farm in Jacksonville. There were views of children holding ostrich chicks, trainers feeding ostriches and even ostriches hitched up to harness racers.

Lucy O'Brien, a friend who runs an antique emporium specializing in postcards, says that hundreds of the colorful cards flooded the country from Florida visitors in the years between 1915 and 1925.

The ostrich farm at Jacksonville must have gone out of business sometime in the 1920s, and the gawky birds didn't make much of a comeback in Florida until Busch Gardens brought them into its sprawling Tampa zoo.

One day in the spring of 1982 I received a press release from Busch Gardens announcing the naming of a baby ostrich newly hatched in the animal nursery there. I went out to see that baby ostrich for a special reason. His name was Leland.

First I called the publicity director there, Glenda Gilmore, formerly an associate at *The Tribune*. Maybe I'm being presumptuous, and maybe you know some other characters named Leland, but I was just wondering if you named that doggone bird after me," I said.

Glenda exploded in chuckles and said why sure he was named for me. “We have to come up with names all the time — the wire services insist on them for pictures — and we decided to name him Leland.”

At first, I wasn’t certain whether to be flattered or not. After all, ostriches aren’t the most elegant creatures around, non-flying birds — and there’s that old routine about ostriches burying their heads in the sand. Was Glenda telling me something?

She disposed of the sand situation in a hurry, telling me that the head-burying was nothing but a myth (and the *Encyclopedia Britannica* backs her up). I later learned that ostriches in the wild do hover close to the ground when they are in danger — but they don’t burrow into the sand.

My visit to Busch’s Boma animal nursery overcame any qualms I might have felt about having an ostrich name-sake. Little Leland was quite a charmer. He was quite a chomper, too. That little beak went for watches, rings and shiny things. Remember the little bird that followed Fatstuff in the old “Smilin’ Jack” cartoon, gulping Fatstuff’s buttons as they popped off his shirt? Well, this character was just as bumptious with his beak as was Fatstuff’s shadow.

I saw him twice, and within six weeks he sprouted from three feet to four feet in height, and he was putting on weight daily. Barbie Tucker, the assistant curator, explained: “He’s such a pig when he eats. He goes right for the shiny stuff — egg and greens. He won’t take time to swallow, and you can see this lump go down his neck. He’s quite a character.”

The shiny stuff was eight ounces of chopped greens and two-and-a-half egg yolks boiled and cut down, then displayed delectably (as they say on the food pages) on a bed of low-protein dry poultry food, pigeon seed and duck pellets.

Curator Ron Reynolds said Leland was the first ostrich raised in the nursery, so “our first concern is to raise the bird. So far, there’ve been no complications to speak of. He’s an interesting bird — and fairly valuable.”

Until then, Leland had had no contact with any other ostriches, and Reynolds said that could be a problem. The plan had been to move him to a contact petting area first. But the baby ostrich didn’t adjust as well as they had hoped when he was moved from his original enclosure to a second pen. “When we let him out of his smaller pen he got a little upset,” Barbie Tucker related. “He pouted in the new pen for a few days. Made his cooing noise (a sign of unhappiness) and wanted to get in his old pen. He just didn’t want to change.”

The move to a contact petting area posed another hazard. “He could eat the rings off of tourists,” Reynolds said. “I worry that he’ll eat something he shouldn’t eat.”

Leland’s pecking propensities already had caused some minor complications in the Boma nursery. On one of his strolls by a nearby chimp’s cage he spotted Leonard the chimp playfully puckering his lips beneath the doorway to his cage. The ostrich couldn’t resist pecking those extended lips. Poor Leonard didn’t pucker up again for days.

When I saw Leland in August, he still had straw-like feathers of an immature ostrich, and his black eyes were bordered by long lashes.

I decided I was happy to have him carry my name. After all, the famous *Life* photographer Alfred Eisenstædt didn’t object when the Busch folks named a chimpanzee for him. He even insisted that it be called “Eisie” instead of Alfred.

Unfortunately, Leland the ostrich didn’t survive the rigors of his first year. Despite all the attentive care he got at the animal nursery, he died on Sept. 12, 1982.

The curators were perplexed. The little ostrich, hatched by artificial incubation, had seemed healthy until the last. An autopsy was performed, disclosing an acute bacterial infection of the intestines.

Apparently, in the man-made environment in which he lived, the ostrich’s immunity to disease simply was not as strong as it might have been in the wilds.

The zoo folks were sad at his passing. And so was I. ❖

The Fossil

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