



# The Fossil

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## *Fossil Profile*

## My Ajay Mentors

by Linda Donaldson

FOSSIL EDITOR Dave Tribby has asked me to provide a few thoughts on my friends and mentors in the world of amateur journalism. Though I'm not active now, thanks mostly to vision problems that make it hard to read the bundles, I was fortunate to have had several good mentors. I am still a Fossil—it's hard to totally desert the realm.

It started with the one and only J. Hill Hamon, whom I met as my Biology professor at Transylvania University in Lexington, Kentucky in January of 1972. I didn't start learning the printing part until a short term class in December of 1972. He set out lots of old type on the Biology lab tables, and a few small presses—mostly 5x8 or 6x10 sizes. He gave us each a copy of the lay of the case, a few demonstrations and instructions, and turned us loose. Somewhere I still have a framed copy of the small paragraph I managed to produce. He often preached to us one best way to learn is to mess up a lot. His job was to prevent us from hurting ourselves or others! He, along with his small band of "apostles," would spend hours in his office sharing his infamous "Mule-Ass Wine," waiting for students to come ask what we were doing wrong! Not only with printing, but likewise our Biology Labs.

He not only introduced me to the American Amateur Press Association, but also to Joe Curran of Vermilion, Ohio. Joe had a 6x10 C&P desktop press for sale. J. Hill took me to a National APA meeting in Cincinnati, where I met the press and a few other ajayers. With this little press I started printing small items for the AAPA bundle and miniature books. J. Hill and I messed around with making our own paper and figuring out homemade tools for binding our books. It was

the beginning of a long love affair. It was almost the last press I saw exit my door.

He also introduced me to ajayers in my hometown of Portsmouth, Ohio: Karl X. Williams and Charlie Phillips. The two of them were happy to share or sell me some of their treasure troves of type or necessary equipment. Much has been written of Karl, a Lone Scout young printer in the 1920s, AAPA founding father, and a Fossil. To this day I possess a paper cutter I bought from Katie, Karl's widow. I was employed about five years as a rubber stamp maker by Karl's daughter Pam and son-in-law Gary. They bought out Karl's shop and moved home to Portsmouth from Columbus, Ohio to raise their two children (Jeff and Angela).

Karl was a professional printer. He worked in the composing room of the local newspaper by day, type-setting on the Ludlow and by hand, and making the rubber dies for rubber stamps by night. Katie would finish them the next day, and fill orders to his customers, mostly in local banks and office supply stores. It was apparently a common sight to see Katie transporting these orders to the bank in a baby cart each week-day.

Charlie was a carpenter by trade. He built display cases for one of the local shoe factories that were common in Portsmouth until the 1970s or 1980s. He didn't really enjoy the printing part as much as he enjoyed taking old type cases and restoring them nearly to the level of art in his woodworking shop out in his garage in West Portsmouth. He even enjoyed taking old type and sorting and cleaning it. I believe he was in both APA and AAPA.



*Linda Donaldson at the 1999 AAPA convention in Little Rock, Arkansas*



*At the 2003 AAPA convention in Tampa, Florida: J. Hill Hamon, Jack & Maurine Scott, Linda Donaldson, Annabel & Guy Miller*

I take secret pride in knowing I influenced at least one local poet turned printer. I hosted the AAPA Convention in Portsmouth in 1985 and this young poet showed up after reading about it in the local newspaper. It was years later before I learned Brian Richards, who probably never joined any ajay group, had started producing his own poetry books by letterpress.

Somewhere along the line, while attending an AAPA convention in Ohio or Kentucky, I was introduced to Austin Jones of Point Pleasant, West Virginia. He has been instrumental in setting up a printing museum as part of the huge Heritage Farm Museum and Village in Huntington, West Virginia. I would go one day a year when this village would come alive with live demonstrations of all manner of nearly-abandoned living skills. I obtained a beautiful little 5x8 Pearl floor model press from him, which I used for several of my miniature books. It has now gone back to Heritage Farm for future generations to see. Austin and his wife Jean took up printing miniature books also. He was a retired IBM typewriter repairman who acquired skills necessary for the IT world of today. He has been in AAPA and the Amalgamated Printers Association, though enjoys the technical requirements of APA more than the writing tendencies of AAPA! I don't see much of Austin and Jean these days, though we run into each other on Facebook fairly regularly.

I felt honored and pleased to go to Madison, Wisconsin for Amateur Journalism Conference 2016 and be among the first group to observe the Library of Amateur Journalism at the University's Special Collections. Since I worked as a professional librarian for almost 8 years, it was extra special. I can now brag that some of my and my friends' works are in a special place for future preservation. I keep saying I will make a monetary donation for this, and keep not doing it. Shame on me.

I so enjoyed my active years in the printing and ajay world, it so enriched my life. It gave me a trip to a different city each year, for the convention. It was so much fun meeting all the characters in each group—Lee Hawes, Les Boyer, Fred Liddle, Harry Spence, Dave Tribby, Len Carrick (aka Dr. Screamdrill), the Wessons, Gary Bossler, Jack Scott, and Guy Miller, to name a few.

My letterpress equipment all went to Athens, Ohio last July. It went to the alma mater of AAPA member Ted Conover, Ohio University. A young fellow by the name of Darren Baker, who worked at our local museum (Southern Ohio Museum and Cultural Center) obtained an MFA and is an assistant professor there. He inquired two or three years ago if I would be interested in selling him any type to help set up a working book/printing/papermaking program at OU. I trusted Darren that it would all be actually used, and ended up donating all the letterpress equipment I had to his museum. I haven't been to see it yet, but he told me last August it had been used since the first day of class. I am so happy to hope it will never go to a scrap yard. I have said for years I hoped to be merely a custodian—all my equipment would be passed on to the next generation of creative souls. I also passed along a couple boxes of AAPA bundles to hopefully let them see what REAL writing and printing look like! Possibly some day I can dump some Fossils in his lap also!

I'm not sure when I became a Fossil, though I often feel like a dinosaur in these rapidly changing days. I still print things, but it's all digital, with a computer and Xerox digital press. Not always as satisfying as what I could create with an old press and some type, but still fun. I sit and think of all the ajay characters who helped mold me, entertain me. I was once honored when a colorful local character (Rich Arthur) who did letterpress work for all the local print shops, commented he could tell things I had typeset, when I was working in the offset print shop for Karl Williams' daughter. I told him it was because I wasn't like all the young whipper-snapper graphic designers. I was taught by all the amateurs in my life, who often had little to work with! A dinosaur with lots of toys these days. All in a couple of "boxes." But it's not the same as the smell of ink, and letters delicately "smashed" onto lovely paper.



*Editor's note: Linda Donaldson joined The Fossils in 1985 and served as official editor from 1997 to 2004. She served in a number of AAPA offices, including four terms as mailer between 1981 and 1986, two as official editor (1990-92) and three as president (1993-96).* ♦



## Barry Schrader III

by Dave Tribby

FOSSIL BARRY SCHRADER received a distressing diagnosis in mid-February: pancreatic cancer. After consulting with his doctor, Barry decided it was so far advanced that he would forego any further treatment.

He previously battled bladder and prostate cancer, and had to make annual trips to the University of Wisconsin-Madison for follow-up bladder exams. In 2011 he began stopping by the Library of Amateur Journalism (LAJ), housed in the Special Collections department of Memorial Library. He wrote reports for THE FOSSIL on the staff's progress organizing the collection.



Barry Schrader at 2010 AAPA/NAPA Concurrent Conventions

In addition to being a Fossil, Barry is a longtime member of both the American and National Amateur Press Associations. He was the main organizer of the first AAPA/NAPA Concurrent Conventions that were held in 2010 at the Chicago suburb of Elk Grove Village. He also worked on Amateur Journalism Conference 2016, which brought all three groups together at UW-Madison and the LAJ.

Barry wrote about "My Lifelong Love of AJ and Printing" in the January 2019 issue of THE FOSSIL. In it, he related how he began his professional newspaper career in his native Illinois and later moved to California. After retirement, in 2006 he and wife Kay returned to their roots in DeKalb, Illinois, where they found space in the Oak Crest retirement community. He began writing a weekly newspaper column focused on local history for DeKalb's *Daily Chronicle*. His last column ran on February 14.

In April 2017 Kay suffered a serious stroke. She had to be hospitalized for months; after a great deal of work she made significant progress in her mobility and speech. After his latest diagnosis, Barry could no longer care for her and she had to go back into the nursing facility. Under COVID-19 isolation rules nobody can visit her, so Barry communicates only via FaceTime.

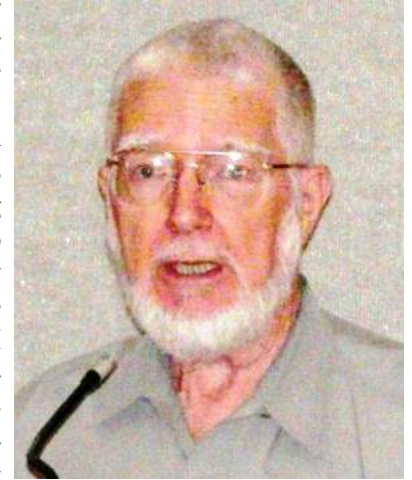
Barry requested I sell a keepsake book Kay gave him a few years ago, with proceeds to benefit the LAJ Endowment Fund. Anyone with an interest in *Bibliography of The Arion Press: The First One Hundred Books* should contact me (address in masthead). ♦

## Bill Boys Recovering From February Stroke

by Dave Tribby

FOSSIL BILL BOYS suffered a stroke on February 13 and was taken to the medical facilities at The Ohio State University, where he stayed for two weeks. In March he started outpatient rehabilitation. He is right-handed, and the stroke affected his right side.

On March 18 he sent a detailed report to friends via e-mail: "I am doing pretty well on rehab so far. My speech is pretty good but is a little slurred, especially if I forget my Speech Therapist's acronym, "SOS" - Speak up / Over-articulate / Slow down. My brain still thinks at normal speed, so I tend to forget to 'SOS.' Walking is pretty easy - haven't fallen once yet. Ruth and I walk Foxy twice a day... My penmanship and keyboarding have suffered a bit, but my penmanship is still legible. ... With the COVID-19 state of emergency, we're virtually self-quarantining, except for medical appointments and walking the dog."



William Boys at 2010 AAPA/NAPA Concurrent Conventions

Bill sent an update on April 14: "I shopped one morning at our Giant Eagle supermarket... The line was long enough and slow enough that I passed out while standing in line. I came to on the floor, looking up at Scott, the store manager, who had called the emergency squad. ... Apparently I had been dehydrated - I had even skipped breakfast that morning to get to the store on time. ... My stroke-related outpatient occupational and physical therapy appointments have all been converted to phone visits, except the latest one was a video visit using my iPhone. ... My prospects to get tested for resuming driving are on hold right now because of COVID-19."

He continues to serve in office as NAPA secretary-treasurer, but he has turned the official editor *pro tem* duties over to Arie Koelewyn for the June issue of *The National Amateur*.

Bill has been the most active NAPA publisher in recent years, with five different titles in the February bundle. He did have a post-stroke issue of *Postcards to John Winslow Snyder* in the March bundle and is soliciting material for a new issue of *One-Page Stories*. ♦

# Myrta Alice Little Davies

UAPA Historian of 1921

by David Goudsward

MYRTA ALICE LITTLE was not a long-lived or particularly active AJ participant. But she is notable for the UAPA and NAPA circles she traveled in, albeit briefly. The short duration of her involvement is not surprising since she was already doing quite well with paid markets when she joined UAPA in 1920. Utilizing her background as a teacher, she had placed six children's stories with the McClure Newspaper Syndicate and five children's poems in *The Kindergarten-Primary Magazine* in 1920 alone.

Little was born and raised in her family's ancestral home in Hampton, New Hampshire, a house that had been in the family since 1733. The local paper, *The Haverhill Gazette*, had written an article about legendary AJ publisher Charles "Tryout" Smith. She submitted two pieces to Smith for *The Tryout*. Both ran in November 1920 issue: a short story called "The Release" and a poem "Through the Year." Neither was suitable for the paying markets where she had contacts. This same issue saw the first appearance of H.P. Lovecraft's "The Cats of Ulthar." Lovecraft saw the issue and made contact with Little. She was listed as a new recruit in the November 1920 "News Notes" of the *United Amateur* (edited by Lovecraft). *The Tryout* perpetually was released the month before the issue date, so the issue would arrive at the beginning of the month. *United Amateur* was not as conscientious, so there's almost a gap of a month between the two journals despite the November date on both. Lovecraft didn't recruit Little as immediately as it might appear.

Little was elected Historian of UAPA in the 1921 elections and appears to have left AJ entirely after that term. Her departure was probably a combination of two factors. While an officer of the UAPA, her professional sales declined precipitously. 1921 saw one story sold to McClure and one story to *The Kindergarten-Primary Magazine*. The second factor is that she was romantically interested in Lovecraft, who was utterly ob-

livious to her overtures.

Myrta Alice Little was a card-carrying member of the DAR, with a lineage back to the founding of Haverhill in 1640. She had only just returned to Hampstead after extensive traveling in pursuit of her career as a teacher. As part of her senior requirements from Maine's Colby College, she taught in Proctor, Vermont, for a semester. With her B.A. in hand, she moved to Oxford, Massachusetts, and taught for two years. Returning to Radcliffe for an M.A., she headed the English Department at New York's Alfred University for a year while the department head was on sabbatical, then continued on at Alfred as an associate professor of English and public speaking. Little resigned the position to prepare for a new challenge with even more travel. She accepted a teaching position at the American College for Girls in Constantinople.

Little returned to Hampstead only to see her Constantinople job abruptly vaporize when Turkey bombed Russian ports on the Black Sea on October 28, 1914, and entered World War I. Instead, Little took the first available opening, the Rhode Island State Normal School in Providence. After a semester there, she continued to travel, first to Norton, Massachusetts, to teach at Wheaton College, and then to serve two years as the education secretary for the YWCA in Sacramento, California. By 1919, Little had tired of moving from job to job and decided to become a writer. She returned to Hampstead and found immediate professional success writing short fiction for children.

In May 1921, Lovecraft was finalizing plans for a two-day trip to Hampstead, New Hampshire, an invitation from Myrta and her family. Of the correspondence between Little and Lovecraft, only a single letter survives, that of May 17 from Lovecraft asking for guidance as to which train station he should take—Westville or Hampstead. The tone of the text suggests that Lovecraft and Little had been corresponding for some time. Lovecraft mentions Little's "domestic upheaval" (she had just returned to Hampstead from two years working in Sacramento), updates on his health, his delight that she had made contact with his long-time correspondent Alfred Galpin, and similar diverse topics that reflect a letter typical of those to his regular correspondents.

This raises the question of how early Lovecraft and Little met. S. T. Joshi suggests in his biographical material on Lovecraft that the two first met

MYRTA ALICE LITTLE, H  
"Myrt"

Hampstead High School, '04; Y. W. C. A. (2); Delegate to Silver Bay (2); Treasurer (3); Leader Senior Bible Class (4); Class Poet (3); Sophomore Declamation, Second Prize; Junior Exhibition, Second Prize; Third Honorary Junior Part; Senior Exhibition; Reading Room Association; Treasurer (2); President (3); Dramatics (4); Hypatia, President (3); Dexter Club (4).



"Myrt," otherwise known as "Mother Time," has only two faults. She forgot to stop growing and has literary aspirations. She has been on every kind of an exhibition since she has been in college, so we don't dare to grind her very hard. The poet sang of her,

"Man wants but little here below,  
Nor wants that little long."

Entry in 1908 yearbook for Colby College,  
Waterville, Maine



### ALTOGETHER LOVELY

By Myrta Alice Little  
(Book Rights Reserved)

All purity and whiteness  
With her heart of velvet gold  
With a fragrance sweet, pervading  
As my hands caress and hold.

Her loveliness unfolding  
Grows fairer every hour.  
God made her perfect for me  
My wee narcissus flower.

*Two poems by Myrta Alice Little from the May 1920 issue of The Kindergarten-Primary Magazine*

### A PET

By Myrta Alice Little  
(Book Rights Reserved)

He's brown, pale cocoa color  
And he's very soft and fuzzy;  
And a pinch upon his fat side  
Is squashy, crying, wuzzy.

His face is just the sweetest  
And it's always just the same;  
My! but he's 'bout the dearest thing  
And Teddy is his name.

Lovecraft's intention to visit Smith in neighboring Haverhill on the second day of his trip.

When Little learned that Lovecraft planned to meet the fabled printer, she asked to accompany him. The result was a two-hour visit with Smith on Groveland Street that Lovecraft dutifully recorded for publication as "The Haverhill Convention" in the next edition of *The Tryout*. "The

Haverhill Convention" is a tongue-in-cheek account of the first visit of Lovecraft, Tryout Smith, and Myrta Little. Buried beneath the sylvan dialogue and description of the shed is Lovecraft's sincere affection for the elderly printer.

The entire visit was considered a great success, and Little exacted a promise from Lovecraft to return for another visit. That visit would turn out to be sooner than expected. Lovecraft returned to Hampstead in August of the same year. The Littles drove Lovecraft to Hampstead. Arriving at the Little farmhouse, Lovecraft wrote of a new experience to his aunt. He had picked strawberries, which he admits he had never actually seen growing on the vine. The next day found Lovecraft reading some of his new stories to the Little family. One story in particular, "The Outsider," drew a suggestion from the family. Lovecraft agreed with the critique and implemented the change. The story would not appear in print for another five years (in *Weird Tales*, April 1926).

The afternoon plan was to try again to visit Smith and then to explore the nearby Haverhill Historical Society. The visit was brief, but Little reiterated a promise from the previous visit to bake Tryout a gingerbread cake in thanks for his hospitality. Little and Lovecraft then proceed to "The Buttonwoods," the museum of the Haverhill Historical Society. Little's DAR credentials were through her colonial bloodlines, as she was descended from the venerable Peaslees of Haverhill and also a third great-granddaughter of Josiah Bartlett, a signer of the Declaration of Independence in New Hampshire. She was considered somewhat of a blueblood in local historical circles and allowed membership in several somewhat exclusive Haverhill women's groups. Little also possessed a certain cachet at the historical society, which allowed her to arrange a visit to the museum on a day it was not normally open to the public. This idea of gaining access to a historical society on such a day apparently impressed Lovecraft to the point that he would include a similar incident in 1931 when writing "The Shadow over Innsmouth."

Returning to Hampstead, Lovecraft planned to go stargazing behind the Little house, on a summit locally known as "The Pinnacle." Today the exact location of the Pinnacle is unknown. The name has slipped into obscurity as properties changed hands, and local nomenclature faded from use. The most logical choice is

through the November issue of *The Tryout*. Alternatively, Lovecraft could have met Little as early as 1915, when she was an instructor at the Rhode Island Normal School in Providence for one semester and attending classes at Brown University. Lovecraft was living at 598 Angell Street, less than a mile from Brown. Little was living at the YWCA on Washington Street, next to the First Universalist Church. The church was so cramped that they would use meeting rooms at the YWCA. One would assume that such meetings would include the church's Young Men's Club, which Lovecraft was briefly a member of.

The question still remains—did Little begin corresponding with Lovecraft because they both appeared in the same issue of the *Tryout*, or because Lovecraft was an officer of the UAPA at the time she joined the organization, or because they had known each other in Providence? Regardless of when or how they first met, evidence suggests that Little became a regular correspondent for several years. Although the sole surviving letter is from 1921, an envelope addressed by Lovecraft to Little postmarked 1927 appeared at auction, and in 1937, R. H. Barlow copied her name and address from Lovecraft's address book.

On June 8, 1921, Lovecraft boarded the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad in Providence, arrived in Boston, and transferred to the Boston & Maine train. Four and a half hours after leaving Providence, Lovecraft arrived at the Westville Depot in Plaistow, New Hampshire. No details are known of that first day of Lovecraft's first visit to the 150-year-old Colonial farmhouse, but a letter to Frank Belknap Long in 1922 recalled this and subsequent visits, indicating how well the Little family knew their guest: "knowing my archaic tastes, they always assign me a room in the unrestored part—where I sleep on a four-poster bed and under blankets all made in the eighteenth century."

The second day of the visit is well documented. In his May letter to Myrta Little, Lovecraft had lamented how unfortunate it was that the legendary AJ publisher Tryout Smith did not feel well enough to receive visitors. By the time Lovecraft arrived in N. H., Smith apparently had changed his mind, and it was now

an unnamed hill directly behind the Little homestead that rises 340 feet in elevation. In a letter to his aunt, Lovecraft recounts taking his field glasses and planisphere and climbing the hill with a flashlight, only to be thwarted by the cloud cover.

The next morning, Lovecraft used binoculars to view the landscape, waxing poetic to Galpin about viewing the town spires through the trees. After lunch, Lovecraft assisted Little in the kitchen as they baked the promised gingerbread for Smith, which Lovecraft dutifully carried on his lap in the car to Haverhill, delivering it to Smith before catching the train to Boston.

If there had been any potential for romance between Little and Lovecraft, it was doomed from the start. The amorously oblivious Lovecraft was an avowed atheist who included a parody of insipid Sunday school exempla, "'George's Sacrifice' By Percy Vacuum, age 8," in his one surviving letter to Little. Conversely, Little's life and career choices reflected a continual search for spirituality, starting with being the youngest person ever admitted to full membership at Hampstead's Congregational Church. Her positions included teaching at Alfred University (Seventh Day Adventists), Wheaton College (nondenominational Christian), and the YWCA in California. Had the war not interrupted her plans, she would have been teaching in Constantinople, at a college for girls that aimed at serving the Christian minorities.

The final attempt by Myrta was in May 1922. In anticipation of Lovecraft's arrival, the Littles rented the 1735 Old Sawyer House in Merrimac, Massachusetts. There, Myrta cooked Lovecraft an authentic colonial-style meal in the 200-year-old fireplace. Lovecraft completely missed the overture. The Littles needed to head home to finish packing for a vacation, so to be polite, as Myrta cleaned up after the meal, Lovecraft left the building and walked down the street to visit Edgar

Davis, a recent AJ recruit and one of his new correspondents.

Myrta married a year later, an event Lovecraft doesn't mention in his correspondence, even though his next visit to Tryout Smith and Edgar Davis was three days before her wedding. She would marry Arthur Davies, the new Methodist minister in Hampstead. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Francis Strickland, an early figure in the Emmanuel Movement, a psychologically-based approach to religious healing (essentially a pre-Freudian psychotherapeutic support system).

Myrta Little Davies's only child, Robert Little Davies, was born April 24, 1924, the day before her first anniversary. Her son was born with health issues, "degenerative basal ganglia disease," probably what we now call Parkinson's disease. He required constant supervision. Myrta became a stay-at-home mother whose sole escape was her prolific writing of innocuous short stories for the McClure Newspaper Syndicate. Her husband left the ministry and became a teacher in the Hampstead school system. Her correspondence with Lovecraft dwindled, and she disappears from references in his letters.

Myrta Alice Little Davies was more successful as a professional writer than Lovecraft, at least in the short term. Before her marriage, she produced a constant stream of greeting card texts, poems, and short stories that ran nationally in newspapers and magazines. Her productivity tapered off after marriage because of her son's poor health, but even after his death in 1953, and the death of her husband three years later, she continued to publish children's stories for such markets as the *Christian Science Monitor*. In her late sixties, and in failing health, she continued to write op-ed pieces for the *Portsmouth Herald* about holidays. Only her death in 1967 silenced her pen. ♦

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### President's Message

## Reconnecting With a School Journalist

by Ken Faig, Jr.



FRANKLY, I DON'T RECEIVE a lot of feedback from readers concerning my messages in THE FOSSIL. But in May 2019, I heard from fellow Greenhills High School (GHS) graduate Jim Hughes (GHS, 1982) about my article on the murder of my classmate Patty Rebholz which appeared in FOSSIL no. 373 for October 2017. Jim has done his own research on the Rebholz murder case, and found some of

the family information that I developed in my article of interest. Shortly thereafter I heard from Craig Marshall Smith (GHS, 1965) who I think had been directed to my article by Jim.

While we were separated only by a year (I was GHS 1966), I don't remember knowing Craig when I was in school. Our classes were over 200 persons each, and only the most gregarious students knew everyone, even in their own class. Craig had quite a career at GHS. Born in Flint, Michigan, in 1947, he and his family

arrived in the Greenhills school district in 1960. He and his sister Cindy (GHS, 1964) studied hard and were top students at GHS. Craig was active in many extracurricular activities, including four years of track. In addition to her academic achievements, his sister Cindy was a cheerleader. In her senior year (when she was president of the Health Careers Club) she was representative of the club at the Mistletoe Ball and Art Wilson's date at the prom. Both the Smith siblings were bright, good-looking kids.

As a junior and a senior, Craig worked on the school newspaper, *Conestoga*, serving as editor-in-chief during his senior year. We both considered the *Conestoga* advisor, Sharene Schmalz, an outstanding English teacher. An article I wrote for *Conestoga* in my sophomore year (1963-64) actually got me into the National Honor Society. My extracurricular activity record was so lackluster (actually nonexistent is more accurate) that I was in danger of exclusion, but that one article tipped the scales and got me in. I think it was a political humor piece. These days, it's hard to imagine anyone writing political humor, a genre which once had practitioners like Art Buchwald.

In any case, Craig Smith had his own connection with the Rebholz murder case. Walking home from his summer job that sultry summer evening of August 8, 1963, Craig spotted two teens in a neighborhood yard, one recumbent and the other kneeling. He didn't recognize them, and thought they were just making out—the same impression formed by a passing motorist. The police later told Craig they thought he had seen Patty while she was still alive, but throttled into unconsciousness by her murderer. After Craig left, the murderer apparently dragged Patty by her feet to a less well-lit fence line, and savagely smashed her skull with a fencepost found leaning against a nearby tree. Patty's body was not found until early the following morning. Thirty-eight years later, Patty's boyfriend and classmate Michael Wehrung was tried for her murder, and acquitted. You can learn more about the case by consulting my article, which lists additional sources. A contemporary news photo shows Craig (wearing his UCLA t-shirt) and his best friend Mike Collier standing along the fence-line while two detectives examine the site for evidence.

Patty's murder cast a pall over the ensuing school year, but life went on. Craig's sister Cindy was one of the top ten students of the Class of 1964, as was Craig himself in 1965. The top ten students of 1964 were evenly divided between young men and young women, but Craig was the sole male of the top ten of 1965. I remember some of the beautiful young women who were in the photograph with Craig. By the time I graduated in 1966, the yearbook no longer featured a photograph of the "top ten," but of a wider group of

"top students." Craig told me that one of his classmates wept when she was nudged out of the top ten by another student. All things considered, I think the de-emphasis on grade point averages was a healthy development. Craig was elected as one of the two students to address his graduating class. In addition, one of his cartoons from *Conestoga* won Best in State at Oxford (Miami) during his senior year.

Craig went on to UCLA, where he majored in art. He worked for twenty-six years as an art professor in the Denver area, where he has made his home. His paintings were featured in Michael Paglia's *Colorado Abstract* (2009). You can see a good sample of Craig's abstract expressionist paintings on his website: [www.craigmarshallsmith.net](http://www.craigmarshallsmith.net). In more recent years, he has returned to writing, and has written a column of observation and humor distributed by the *Highlands Ranch Herald*. Recent columns can be viewed here:

[highlandsranchherald.net/search\\_mode/keyword/browse.html?search\\_filter=craig%20marshall%20smith](http://highlandsranchherald.net/search_mode/keyword/browse.html?search_filter=craig%20marshall%20smith)

Craig has also collected a generous sample of his past columns into the self-published book *Four Thousand Holes* (2016), which at this writing is still available for purchase on Amazon and Barnes & Noble for \$12.00. The title comes from a lyric in the Beatles' song "A Day in the Life" on their album *Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (1967). Craig wasn't the only one to adopt the lyric for reuse—Spokane's record store "4000 Holes" was founded in 1989.

The cover of *Four Thousand Holes* features a photograph of Craig's beloved pet dachshund "Smitty" (who died in 2017). By the way, don't call dachshunds "wiener dogs" in conversation or correspondence with Craig. Dachshund will do fine. At this writing, Craig has a new pet dachshund, named "Harry" in honor of his father, who was a World War II aviator. Craig has never married, but he calls his longtime girlfriend Jennifer Meyerrose, "the love of my life" and "my illegitimate wife."

If all these achievements were not enough, Craig is writing a novel *Greenhills, Ohio* based on the murder of Patty Rebholz. He is hoping for publication in 2020. I am sure many of his GHS classmates and the general public will be eager to see what Craig makes of the murder. (The murder is still technically an open case, but no serious suspects other than the acquitted Michael Wehrung were ever identified.) I'm not sure I'd be brave enough to try to get inside the mind of the murderer. Some rapists murder their victims to try to prevent their being identified. There was, however, no evidence that Patty had been sexually assaulted before or after being murdered.

If Patty's murderer saw that she was still breathing as she lay unconscious, perhaps he decided to finish her off with blows from the fence post, to prevent her





## GREENHILLS, OHIO

CRAIG MARSHALL SMITH

*Sam Cooke, Richard Diebenkorn, Raymond Chandler, truthful lies, and murder*

testifying against him. You can still see photographs of the clothing Patty was wearing when she was murdered on the codex99 website. It's pathetic – white blouse badly torn and soiled, but skirt still displaying the bright floral print that was then so popular with young women; shoes undamaged; purse still containing the opal ring that Michael Wehrung had given to her. A young life brutally snuffed out.

Craig brings a very down-to-earth view of life to his columns distributed by the *Highlands Ranch Herald*. He

*Proposed cover for "Greenhills, Ohio," a novel by Craig Marshall Smith. "Sam Cooke, Richard Diebenkorn, Raymond Chandler, truthful lies, and murder"*

considers every day when he wakes up in his own bed in his own home, with his pet dachshund there to greet him, a good day. Craig's philosophy reminds me of the morning greeting with which longtime retainer Johann Loschek (1845-1932) customarily awakened the ill-fated Austrian Crown Prince Rudolf (1858-1889): "God be thanked for another day for your Imperial Highness to live." Very few of us are Imperial Highnesses (and that's probably a good thing), but I think Loschek's greeting reflects a useful view of humanity and its place in this world. I have a tendency to view retirement as a greased chute leading down from the plateau of active social engagement to the final disconnection of the grave. Better to get up each day with the thought: "God be thanked for another day to live." (Or, if you're an atheist: "I'm lucky to have another day to live.") If one can accomplish something worthwhile in the course of the day, all the better. At least, one can try to do no harm.

Craig has had many accomplishments in his life. Serving as editor of his school paper was just a starting point. I wish Craig many more years of artistic and authorial achievement, and many more happy awakenings with his pet dachshund in their shared home.

Connecting with school journalist Craig Marshall Smith after a lapse of more than fifty years is an example of the benefits which I enjoy as a result of writing for THE FOSSIL. I thank The Fossils for offering me this forum for my writing. Every artist benefits from observers of his work; every writer, from readers.

My column on high school journalism, which also featured some of my recollections of GHS, appeared in THE FOSSIL #371 for April 2017. GHS yearbooks 1963-66 (and some other years) are available for online browsing at [www.classmates.com](http://www.classmates.com). I attended GHS in north suburban Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1962-66. GHS was merged with Forest Park High School to form Winton Woods High School after the end of the 1991 school year. ♦

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## UNC Exhibit Includes Amateur Journals

by Dave Tribby

AN EXHIBITION titled "Papers for the People: A Treasury of North Carolina News Sources" at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill includes several amateur publications from the late nineteenth century.

According to Linda Jacobson, chief curator of the exhibition, the exhibit, "looks at the important role specialty news sources have played in informing, connecting and empowering North Carolina communities for nearly two centuries." There are 45 pieces spanning almost 200 years. They are organized into 11 categories, including empowerment, labor, and amateur. In addition to amateur journals, the exhibit includes papers devoted to specific topics or communities neglected by major newspapers. Of note are *The Prison News*, handwritten by inmates during the 1920s, and *Lager Fackel*, created by German POWs during World War II.

An article in Raleigh's *The News & Observer* highlighted the amateur category:

John Blythe, an assistant curator at the Wilson Library, was the inspiration for the exhibition after he told Jacobson that he had acquired another "amateur newspaper" for the library's collection. Amateur papers were published in the late 19th century, often by teenagers. The exhibition includes *Our Free Blade*, published in 1879 by a teenage Josephus Daniels, who went on to be publisher of *The News & Observer*.

Blythe said of the papers: "Now you would do it with social media and blogs, but I like the permanence of these. The writing style is much more polished and mature than you would see on a blog, certainly from a teenager, or even an adult."

The library does not have enough of the amateur papers to support an exhibition, so Jacobson expanded the exhibition's scope to include other special newspapers.

Originally scheduled for display from February 20 to May 31 in the North Carolina Collection Gallery of the Wilson Special Collections Library, the exhibit had to be closed in March due to COVID-19 restrictions. ♦



## Readers to the Rescue!

by Dave Tribby

IN THE PREVIOUS issue of THE FOSSIL, I complained that I had written too much of the issue. President Faig was the only other author of new material in January.

This issue, I'm thanking Fossils Linda Donaldson and David Goudsward for responding to the need and submitting articles. Thanks also to reader Jim Karegeannes of Asheville, N. C., who sent information about the "Papers for People" exhibit at the University of North Carolina. If those folks had not stepped up, this would have been a much shorter issue.

If you are interested in writing about your own ajay experiences, some examples are Linda Donaldson's article in this issue, or write-ups by Barry Schrader (no. 378), David Goudsward (no. 376), Don Peyer (no. 373), or Gordon Rouze (no. 371). All of these back issues are available online. Your fellow Fossils are interested in reading about how you became involved in the hobby and how you enjoyed it over the years, plus personal details such as where you grew up and what sort of career you pursued. The minimum size is about 600 words, and if it runs over 3,000 then it might need to carry over multiple issues.

Perhaps instead of writing about yourself you would like a research project. Here are some ideas:

- Visit one of the libraries listed on The Fossils "Public Collections of Amateur Journals" web page ([www.thefossils.org/collections.html](http://www.thefossils.org/collections.html)) and describe their holdings. One might be near you, or perhaps you could take a trip and include a library as a stop. I have written about my own visits to Stanford University (issue no. 359) and the Library of Amateur Journalism at UW-Madison (no. 379).
- If you don't want to physically visit a collection, you could do a long-distance interview with a librarian who manages a collection. The University of Iowa certainly has a lot of ajay material. It would be interesting to know how often it is being used.
- I wrote about the United APAs (no. 360), but only briefly covered the disappearance of the Hoffman-Dass faction in the mid-1920s. A detailed description of the last few years of that UAPA branch would be of interest.
- The letter from H. P. Lovecraft to Wilson Shepherd (no. 379) was quite interesting. Perhaps other published letters to amateur journalists would provide something of interest.
- Beginning in 2014, I worked with Carsten Flaake, who lives in Germany, to understand a page of a

letter Victor Bacon wrote to Lovecraft. About the time we pulled a lot of documentation together in 2018, Carsten quit responding to my messages, probably due to a number of health, financial, and legal issues. I would be more than happy to turn the project over to someone for completion.

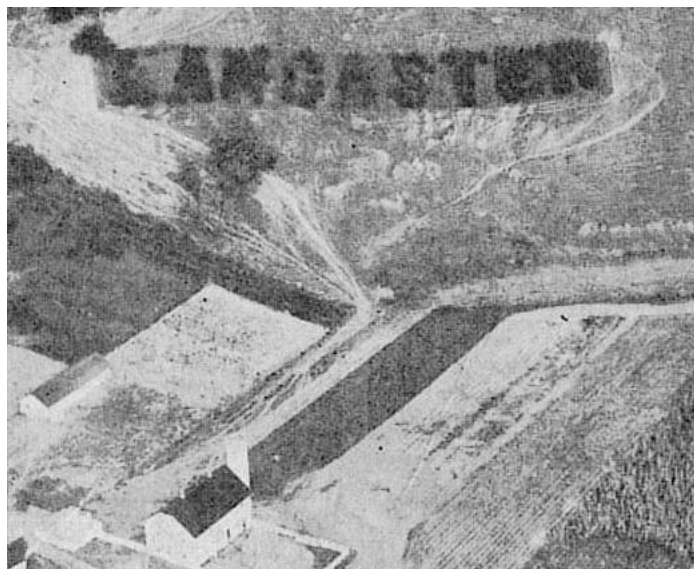
- The main subject of the Bacon letter, Jacob Moidel, had a colorful life after he served as NAPA president in 1927-28. He became a Los Angeles lawyer, and his name pops up in the newspaper in connection with a 1936-37 scandal related to evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson.

Even if you are not interested in writing one of these articles yourself, I would like to know which, if any, you find interesting. Or if they stimulate an idea for a different story, please send it along.

■■■■■■■■■■

### Followup: Presidents Field

The lead article in the January issue of THE FOSSIL described NAPA's Presidents Field, a grove of pine trees in Michigan, planted in 1934, spelling "N-A-P-A." Bill Venrick wrote with an interesting parallel: a group of fir trees planted by the Opt-Y-Mist Club April 23, 1937, on a hill east of Lancaster, Ohio spelling out "LANCASTER." On May 30, 1947, the trees were ded-



(From newspaper printed sometime after the 1947 dedication.)  
**Living Sign 'LANCASTER' East of Here Planted in 1930s:**  
The community's living sign, fir trees planted in the early 1930s by members of the Opt-Y-Mist Club, a young men's group, on a hill off Route 22, just east of the county Children's Home, is shown above in an aerial photograph.

icated in memory of club members who died in World War II.

You can access a current view via Google Maps Satellite View. The letters are just barely visible due to many other trees having grown up nearby.

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### Followup: Kelsey Recruiting

The January issue also discussed the importance to both NAPA and AAPA of recruiting campaigns fifty years ago directed at Kelsey press owners. Gary Bossler wrote to share his recollections:

In 1967 while reading the little ads in the back of *Mechanics Illustrated* I came across a Kelsey ad that said, "Print For Others! Make Money! send a self addressed stamped envelope." I did and started receiving Kelsey's mailings. They appealed to me but the price of their table top presses was more than I wanted to spend. In the summer of 1968 (I was 31 years old) I started looking for used presses locally. I purchased a 7x11" Old Style Gordon letterpress with a new set of composition rollers and one font of 10 point Bodoni type. Not in a type case but each letter in a 6¼ envelope, a box of furniture, a few quoins and three chases.

Then I went through a horrific experience when my 6 year old son was hit by a car in Sept. 1968 and died after nine days in the ICU. He was the oldest of four children at the time.

At some point I remember getting the mailing that included the broadside created by Bill Murtland. It was interesting but I threw it in a desk drawer. I had more important things on my mind.

In 1972 I pulled it out and sent an inquiry to Bill Murtland, and he forwarded it to Joe Bradburn. Joe sent me a sample bundle and a nice letter. That's when I joined NAPA. My first paper was *Short Shots* in March 1972. I started *Ohio Views* in June 1975.

I joined AAPA, UAPA, and APA. I dropped most of them but kept NAPA, though I later rejoined AAPA.

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### Followup: E-Journal Archive

Last October's FOSSIL described preparations for placing AAPA electronic journals in the University of Wisconsin digital archives. Startup was delayed because the University decided to migrate all of its digital collections to a new platform. The latest status from Jesse Henderson, Digital Library Services Planning & Production Manager at the UW Digital Collection Center: "We're planning on trying to push the initial batch of AAPA content live in June. So that would be June 2."

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### A New Idea: Classic Ajay Photos

I wrote to Fossil Pam Wesson to see if she had any memories of the first AAPA Kelsey recruiting campaign, which took place when she was president. In-

stead, she sent me the picture shown on page 11. "Not much help for your Kelsey theme but a treasure nonetheless."

I had to agree with Pam: it is a treasure, and perhaps the start of a new series. If you have a photo of amateur journalists—perhaps from a regional meeting, a convention, or just someone in their print shop—send it to me for publication. It doesn't need to be old to be classic—just interesting. ♦

### 15 Years Ago in *The Fossil* (April 2005)

## When And Now

by President Guy Miller

WHEN ONE PLANS to dispose of past correspondence, it's not a good idea to pause to re-read anything. There is so much detail of the human drama therein that one can be easily persuaded that each discarded phrase poses a disservice to the memories of the dedicated individuals who underwent those blow-by-blow struggles. Thus was the dilemma involving the one and a half inch depth of correspondence relating to the events leading up to and involving the transfer of the Library of Amateur Journalism. But practicality must prevail; so, now the pile is a manageable one half inch resting in my file cabinet. One day, of course, when the cabinet is groaning from overweight, the mass must be revisited. But that's for when: This is now.

And the "now" is the good news that we have filled all of our official vacancies. Lee Hawes has consented to step in as our vice president and chairman of the Russell L. Paxton Memorial Award for Service to Amateur Journalism. Sean Donnelly has taken over the office of Historian, thereby relieving our Official Editor Ken Faig from doing double duty. Les Boyer will serve on the Gold Composing Stick Committee along side of Tom Parson and Chairman Stan Oliner. Finally, David Tribby will work as our Webmaster as he transfers material originally assembled by Librarian Mike Horvat for the LAJ website to a new location. We will have more to report on that project as time goes on.

Not good news is that of the death of one of the forever giants of amateur journalism, Victor A. Moitoret. Truly the historian's historian, Vic gave to us both instruction through his critiques and an awareness of the rich heritage of our beloved hobby through his carefully documented commentaries. Although primarily active in NAPA, he still lavished time and talent on the pursuits of *The Fossils, Inc.*, especially during his terms as Official Editor (1963-64) and President (1988-90). Moreover, he was ever eager to give personal encouragement, advice, and assistance to those of us engaged in individual endeavors. I leave it to others to carry his eulogy further. In this regard, I think you will agree that, in this issue of *THE FOSSIL*, Official Editor Ken Faig has done an admirable job. ♦



# An APC Meeting

by Dave Tribby

THIS PHOTO WAS submitted by Fossil Pam Wesson. She wrote,

I thought I had more ajay pix but I think I sorted them and sent the best to Les Boyer a few years ago. But as a consolation prize there's a great one from the 1940s here. Burton Crane is clowning in the foreground and Dad and others lined up. Names are on the back.

The handwriting on the back says:

APC meeting at Hawthorne, N. J. on Sunday, April 27th 1941—Photo by Robert Telschow. L-R [sic] Bill Groveman, Sheldon Wesson, Al Lee, Harold Segal, Bob Smith, - - - George Trainer, Vincent H. & Felicitas Haggerty; lying: Burton Crane

APC refers to the Amateur Printers' Club, a group made up mainly of NAPA members from the greater New York City area. I don't have the club's publications at hand, but referred to the New York Public Library's listing of issues published between 1933 and 1944.

The APC had been dormant for several years when it met January 5, 1941, in Jersey City, N. J., (probably at the home of Vincent and Felicitas Haggerty) and printed "New Series, No. 1" of *APC News*. The next meeting, on February 23 at Burton Crane's home in Elizabeth, New Jersey, produced *APC News* Vol. 2, No. 3.

The April 27 meeting when this photo was taken must have been the third of 1941; the next issue in the NYPL archive is Vol. 2, No. 5, dated May 25.

Hawthorne, N. J., was the home of NAPA president Robert Telschow. The handwritten

notation says the names are "L-R," but are actually right to left. And the list leaves out the names of the four women standing between Bob Smith and George Trainer. We do know that Helen Vivarttas, the future Mrs. Sheldon Wesson, and Tillie Schabrucker, the future Mrs. William Haywood, were not among the women, for they wouldn't attend an APC meeting until August.

If anyone has more information about the April 27, 1941 APC meeting, please send it to me. ♦

*APC meeting at Hawthorne, N.J.  
on Sunday, April 27th 1941*

*Photo by Robert Telschow*

*L-R Bill Groveman, Sheldon Wesson, Al Lee, Harold Segal, Bob Smith, - - - George Trainer, Vincent H. & Felicitas Haggerty; lying: Burton Crane* 535



# Selection of 2020-2022 Fossil Board

by Dave Tribby

THE FOSSILS' by-laws call for elections in July of even numbered years for two seats on the Board of Trustees. Candidate nominations, if any, are now in order. Members of The Fossils elect the Board; they in turn appoint the other officers: secretary-treasurer, official editor, librarian, and webmaster. The three trustees select one of their own as president. Because the president carries over to the next term, only two trustees are elected.

Any proposed amendments to the by-laws would also be voted on in the election. Amendments, proposed by at least five members, must be submitted to President Faig no later than June 10. Any member who wants to run for office should file with Secretary-Treasurer Tom Parson by June 30. Contact information for all Fossil officers can be found in the masthead.

Ballots are to be mailed to members by July 10 and then returned no later than July 31. The new term of office begins on August 15.

President Ken Faig has reported that both other trustees, John Horn and Gary Bossler, agreed to file for re-election. Ken also decided to take another term, and to continue serving as president. "I see The Fossils presidency mostly as a bully pulpit, and will try to write columns relevant to ajay issues. I know that Guy Miller had the ambition for The Fossils to endure for at least 125 years. If I am counting correctly, that would be 2029. Perhaps we can get the organization a few years further along in meeting that goal." The current slate of officers has been in place since September 2014.

The last time The Fossils actually held an election was in 2010. Since then, only two candidates filed for the two elected positions, and there were no amendments. The president then proposed the election be canceled, with the two candidates appointed as trustees, in order to save postage and effort. Should there be no additional candidates, and no amendments, the same procedure is likely this year. ♦

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## Constance Schaub

September 21, 1948 - March 30, 2020

by Dave Tribby

FOSSIL PETER SCHAUB sent news of his wife's death: "Connie caught the Covid in early March and went home to the Lord on the 30th. She was a fighter, but this virus is a very nasty thing. I am OK, and none of the people with whom we were in contact have become ill. My daughter and her husband were with me when I took Connie to the hospital, so we all had to quarantine together."

Connie was born in Irvington, New Jersey, the daughter of Mary Lattig and Edmund R. Scholl. She met Peter while in Caldwell College. They married November 28, 1970, and made their home in Northern Virginia. She worked in the travel business before staying at home to raise their two daughters, Gretchen and Johanna. Later she was employed in Fairfax County schools.

They moved to Williamsburg after Peter's retirement in 2010. She volunteered at the Grove Christian Outreach Center, and was active in their summer lunch and Christmas programs for children.

Peter finds consolation in his faith. "As Christians we have confidence that God works all things for our good. Philippians was Connie's favorite book. In it Paul says, 'I can do all things through him who strengthens me.' I will adapt." ♦

## The Fossil

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

[www.thefossils.org](http://www.thefossils.org)

### Fossil Board: 2018 - 2020

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Gary Bossler, 145 Genoa Avenue S.W., Massillon, OH 44646; [gbossler@thefossils.org](mailto:gbossler@thefossils.org)

John Horn, 24300 Chenal Parkway, #71, Little Rock, AR 72223; [jhorn@thefossils.org](mailto:jhorn@thefossils.org)

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**Secretary-Treasurer:** Tom Parson, 157 South Logan Street, Denver, CO 80209; [s-t@thefossils.org](mailto:s-t@thefossils.org)

**Librarian:** Mike Horvat, 22275 SW 102nd Place, Tualatin, OR 97062; [librarian@thefossils.org](mailto:librarian@thefossils.org)

**Webmaster:** Dave Tribby (contact information above)

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