



The Fossil

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President's Message

Fossils President Frederic Faries Heath

A Moderate Socialist in the Ranks

by Ken Faig, Jr.

"The remedy for capitalism, the only possible one, lies not in going backward, but forward—not tearing down the structure evolution has erected but in completing it—for capitalism has been organizing industry ready for the mass ownership of socialism."—Frederic Heath, *"Socialism not Communism,"* *The Vanguard*, vol. 5 no. 9, July 1907, pp. 263-264.

PROBABLY SOME OF YOU KNOW I am fifty percent German by ancestry. (On the maternal side, I am Irish-Scotch-English.) Of late, I have been reading Albert Bernhardt Faust's *The German Element in the United States* (Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1909) to try to increase my knowledge of the history of my fifty percent ethnicity in the United States. German immigration to what became the United States began as early as the late seventeenth century, but my great-great-grandfather John Jacob (Johann Jakob) Faig arrived in Cincinnati from Württemberg in 1865. He was a shoemaker and by the time of his death in 1909 owned a shoe store on upper Vine Street. He hadn't re-enlisted in the army as required during the German wars of the 1860s, so when his mother was failing in 1892, his younger brother John Faig (who was a saddler and later a hardware store owner in Lexington, Kentucky) had to return to Germany to visit their failing mother.

Cincinnati was a real hub of German settlement in the United States as was Chicago, but the real German metropolis in the United States—the cultural and commercial hub—was Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It was said the rolling hills of Wisconsin reminded Germans of their home country, and they made industrious farmers in the Wisconsin countryside. However, many immi-



Frederic Heath; picture from Ex-Presidents of the National Amateur Press Association (1919).

grants were attracted to the Milwaukee metropolis, which was full of German institutions—newspapers, theaters, athletic societies (so-called *turnvereins*) and singing societies. Many of the early nineteenth-century German settlers in the United States were "Forty-Eighters"—refugees from political repression in the wake of the 1848 rebellions—and across the Midwest German immigrants were prominent supporters of socialist and anarchist movements.

Milwaukee was a focal point for social and political agitation by the Germans, electing a long string of socialist mayors beginning in the early twentieth century. I acquired a copy of Jennifer Watson Schumacher's *German Milwaukee* (Charleston SC: Arcadia Publishing, 2009) to enrich my knowledge of the Midwest's German hub, and a photograph of Victor Berger and Frederic Heath appearing on page 27 rang a bell—that is, the name of Frederic F. Heath rang a bell.

Heath was born in Milwaukee on Sept. 6, 1864, the son of Eben Cook Heath (1828-1896) and Caroline Eliza Faries (1840-1885), who had married in Milwaukee on Feb. 21, 1861. He had siblings Caroline Gertrude Heath (1861-1863) and Jessie Fay Heath (1867-1924). His younger sister Jessie married William Thormachlen (1854-1914) in 1901. His father, born in New York, came from a long line of Connecticut residents. His mother, born in Michigan, was the daughter of dentist Robert J. Faries (1810/11-1898) and Hannah J. Parmalee (1816-1903), both born in New York. Heath married Elizabeth Brown Dorethy (1876-1958), the Scottish-born daughter of John L. Dorethy and Elizabeth Brown, in Milwaukee on Dec. 16, 1893. They had a

son Stuart Eldridge Heath (1895-1942) and a daughter Dorothy P. Heath (1903-1970). Heath died in Milwaukee on June 12, 1954, in his ninetieth year. He, his parents, his wife, and their two children are buried in Wauwatosa Cemetery, Milwaukee County, Wis. While many of his fellow Milwaukee socialists had German ancestry, Heath himself, as far as I can tell, did not have German ancestry.

Heath was elected vice president at NAPA's 1884 convention in his home city. But when President Edward E. Stowell became inactive on account of poor health, the executive judges declared the presidency vacant and elevated Heath to the office. You can read about his administration on pp. 48 *et seq.* of Truman J. Spencer's *The History of Amateur Journalism* (The Fossils, 1957). Heath's sketch in William C. Ahlhauser's *Ex-Presidents of the National Amateur Press Association* (Athol MA: W. Paul Cook, 1919) reproduces a vigorous-looking portrait of Heath and narrates some of his subsequent involvement with the amateur journalism hobby, including service as banquet toastmaster of NAPA's 1908 Milwaukee convention. One service to the hobby that happened after Ahlhauser's work is a year's term as President of The Fossils in 1944-45.

The final paragraph of Ahlhauser's sketch covers some of Heath's activities in the socialist movement, but you can find a somewhat fuller account of Heath on Wikipedia at:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Frederic_Heath

In 1897/98, he was a founder of the Social Democratic Party, which became the Socialist Party of America in 1901. He was the author of *Socialism in America* (Terre Haute IN: Debs Publishing Company, 1900), better known under its later title *Social Democracy Red Book*. You can read (and download) the complete text of the book for free on Google Books. Heath continued to edit socialist newspapers, including the *Social-Democratic Herald*. He was a reporter and an editorial writer

for the *Milwaukee Leader* from 1913 to 1933. Along with fellow socialists, Heath captured political office: he was a Milwaukee alderman in 1904-06, a school board director in 1909-10, and a Milwaukee County supervisor for an amazing thirty-eight years from 1910 to 1948. In *A Milwaukee Woman's Life on the Left: the Autobiography of Meta Berger* (Kimberly Swanson, ed., Wisconsin Historical Society Press, 2001), the author—Heath's colleague on the school board—related this amusing anecdote of her early service (p. 28):

In the board meeting that first night, I was so nervous I couldn't sign my name. Frederic Heath, also a Socialist, was a member and since he sat in front of me, I asked him to scratch his right ear if I was to vote "Yes" on the question, and his left ear if I was to vote "No"!

As evinced by the quotation at the beginning of this article, Heath was a moderate socialist who was leery of doctrinaire ideological factions. When he attended the tumultuous Socialist Party convention of 1937, he concluded that Norman Thomas had yielded too much ground to extreme ideological factions.

I wonder what Heath would think of socialism's state in 2020—when a self-described "Democratic Socialist" sought the nomination of the Democratic party, and the old-line socialist and communist parties remained split into ideological factions with only tiny ballot access.

Heath did not receive a separate sketch in Spencer's history, but he did receive two mentions as an artist at pages 127 and 129. Perhaps his radicalism militated against coverage along with folks like James Montgomery Beck, Josephus Daniels, and Cyrus H. K. Curtis. Socialist, anarchist, communist and union amateur papers were an important part of the early amateur journalism terrain that deserve more coverage. Perhaps the scholars who are now directing their attention toward our field will cover this aspect of our movement in due course. ♦

President Frederic Heath

by Truman J. Spencer

Editor's note: As Ken Faig notes, there was no profile for Frederic Heath in Truman Spencer's History of Amateur Journalism. However, Spencer did write the following in the August 1944 issue of THE FOSSIL.

BORN IN MILWAUKEE September 6, 1864, President Heath printed his first amateur paper in 1878 when fourteen years old. It was printed on a hand-inking "Model" press, in his native city of Milwaukee, and was called *Our Enterprise*. At that time he did not know of the institution of amateur journalism,

but in 1882 he read and re-read the famous article in *St. Nicholas*, and was fired with enthusiasm over the amateur world.

In that year he began the publication of his paper called *Stars and Stripes*, printing it upon a "Novelty" press of the older type. This journal for several years became one of the leading magazines of its day, both because of literary excellence and influence upon amateur journalistic affairs. Later he issued a large journal called *Our Knight Errant*.

Mr. Heath attended the convention of the National A. P. A. at Detroit in 1882. He has attended twelve National conventions and held various offices. He organized the local amateurs into the Milwaukee Press Literary Association and secured a room in a downtown building for its meeting place. In 1883 he conducted an extensive exhibit of amateur journalism at the Milwaukee Industrial Exposition, repeating it the next year. This brought in many recruits to the amateur ranks.

In 1884 he succeeded to the presidency of the National A. P. A., President Stowell being incapacitated by reason of ill health. Mr. Heath was one of the

hardest workers that ever filled the executive office, and a period of great activity ensued. He recommended that a file of the *National Amateur* be officially preserved, and collected a file of the organ, which he presented to the Boston convention in 1885. He also recommended that all documents of value be printed in the official organ for preservation. He helped to get the postal pound rates restored for amateurs during his term. He proposed the uniform page plan, known as the "Century size," for convenience in binding our papers for preservation, a size now adopted, as he recommended, for the *National Amateur*.

He presided over the Boston National Convention in 1885, attended by over eighty delegates. After a spirited campaign, President Heath failed of reelection by only three votes in a total of 105, proxy ballots being counted. His opponent, D. A. Sullivan, was on his home ground.

In 1908 Mr Heath indexed the twenty-two volumes of the *National Amateur* then issued.

In professional life Mr Heath was for many years reporter and editor upon the staff of the *Milwaukee Sentinel* and other papers. He served a four-year apprenticeship in wood engraving and was the first artist on Milwaukee newspapers. In amateur journalism he not only designed and engraved the headings and covers for his *Stars and Stripes* and *Our Knight Errant* but the headings of Legler's *Blades O' Grass* and Shelp's *Brilliant*, and one for President Batchelder, besides numerous portraits and other illustrations.

President Heath has been very active in political and social reforms. In 1900 he was a candidate for Mayor of Milwaukee. In 1904 he was elected an Alderman, and in 1907 he was a member of the Milwaukee Charter Convention. From 1909 to 1916 he served as a member of the Milwaukee Board of Education, and in 1910 he was elected to the Milwaukee County Board of Supervisors, a position he has held for over thirty years just having been re-

elected for the tenth time for a term of four years.

In 1930 he was one of three judges who selected from one hundred architects' plans the design for the new court house, and was a member of the building committee of that nine million dollar edifice, erected without graft.

In 1890-3 President Heath was Secretary of the Milwaukee Press Club. He was one of the founders, and is now a Director of the Milwaukee County Historical Society, and was a speaker at its latest annual convention. He was one of the founders of the County Historical Museum, and secured its present location, occupying the seventh floor of the Court House building. Connected with this Museum is a permanent exhibit of amateur journalism. Mr. Heath is President of the Milwaukee Boat Club and a life member of the Wisconsin Archeological Society.

President Heath has been a member of The Fossils for over thirty years, joining in 1913, and in 1942-3 he served as Vice-President. ♦

New Member Profile

A Meandering Route

by James Hedges

MY ROUTE to amateur journalism was long and meandering. It began with occasional cave exploring in high school, and with honing my writing skills by writing letters-to-editors.

Speleology became a serious hobby during college. Despite majoring in music, I spent a lot of time with the local caving club, including editing their newsletter.

The music major led to a job with one of the military bands in Washington, D. C.—and easy access to the Library of Congress and other scholarly resources in the nation's capital. I got an MA in Geography (specifically in Geomorphology, which includes the study of caves and their associated landscapes), and then did a lot of writing, most of it on science and history. Eventually, I became editor of the National Speleological Society's scientific journal *NSS Bulletin* from 1972 to 1983.

In order to deal with my journal printer, I had to teach myself the basics of graphic design and printing.

My father had been given a Kelsey press and some



James Hedges

battered type when yet a boy. I dusted those off and got a textbook. And I encountered one of those Kelsey ads, which led me to the AAPA.

And then the bug bit. I bought a Kluge Automatic press, more and more type, and devoured technical literature. One year, I was official editor of the AAPA — producing what may have been the last hand-set official organ of any ajay group (1988).

Although I've done a few "deluxe" journals, most of what I print is ephemera, which is not acceptable in ajay bundles. J. Ed Newman recommended me to the Amalgamated Printers' Association. Most Camel Press droppings have been deposited there.

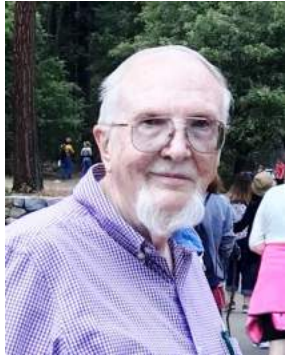
Recent years have seen less ajay activity. I was persuaded to go back into music, long after retiring from the military. I've also gotten involved in politics. Some utilitarian printing does get done these days, but my major ajay activity has become serving as Vice-President of NAPA, with responsibility to welcome new members.

J. Ed wanted me to join The Fossils right away. I resisted, believing that, as a newbie, I shouldn't presume to be entitled to such recognition. By now, with 45 years of ajay under my belt, that excuse may no longer be credible. ♦

Barry L. Schrader

by Barry Schrader

FOSSIL BARRY L. SCHRADER, 79, died June 30 in DeKalb, Illinois, from pancreatic cancer. He was born December



Barry at Yosemite,
June 2019

27, 1940, the son of Vernon and Margaret (Stryker) Schrader of Waterman, Illinois. He attended grade schools in Somonauk, Waterman, and Sycamore, then junior and senior high at Genoa-Kingston, graduating in 1958. He earned a Journalism degree from Northern Illinois University. He married Kay Wirsing of Sycamore in September 1963.

His career began in Illinois and included editing the *Byron Tribune* and publishing three weekly papers: the *Genoa Republican*, the *DeKalb County Journal* in Kirkland, and *Sycamore Sun*. He was editor of the *DeKalb Daily Chronicle* from 1969-72. Much later in retirement, from 2008-20, he wrote a weekly column for the paper called "DeKalb County Life," which he recorded on his website, www.dekalbcountylife.com. He published two books of his *Chronicle* columns, the original *Hybrid Corn & Purebred People* in 2011 and *Volume II* in 2015. He also contributed chapters on the news media for two DeKalb County history books, and videotaped oral histories for the Joiner History Room in Sycamore and Livermore Heritage Guild in California.

He and his family spent 37 years in California where he was editor of the *Tri-Valley Herald* and *Valley Times* in the Livermore area. In 1980 he changed careers and joined Sandia National Labs, later becoming Manager of Public Affairs and Employee Communications. After 21 years with Sandia he joined Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory as a group leader in community affairs and served as the Lab's oral historian. For several years he wrote local history columns for the *Herald*, *Times*, and *Livermore Independent*. He published a 1990 book of local trivia, *Will the Last Person Leaving Livermore Please Unscrew the Bulb in Fire Station One*.

Upon retiring in 2006 he kept a promise to wife Kay, returning to their roots in Illinois and residing at the Oak Crest retirement community in DeKalb.

Barry was active in Livermore Rotary for 33 years, then later the Sycamore Rotary. He helped organize the Oak Crest Area Rotary. He also helped form the Livermore Heritage Guild and helped organize the Tri-Valley Exchange Club. He was a member of the NIU chapter of the Society of Professional Journalists, the DeKalb County Historical-Genealogical Society, and the American and National Amateur Press Associations where he pursued his hobby of antique letterpress printing. He had numerous other hobbies as well.

He was co-founder and first president of the Friends of Vineyards, a viticulture preservation group that sought to save land for agricultural use in the Livermore Valley.

He was elected to three terms on the Chabot-Las Positas College District Board, serving as board president. He was chosen Grand Marshal of the Livermore Rodeo Parade in 2004, received the Donald R. Grubb Outstanding Journalism Alumni Award from NIU, and the McNish Advocacy Award from the National Alliance on Mental Illness, among other honors. He co-founded the DeKalb County Citizens for Better Mental Health Care. He was active in Scouting, serving as a District Chairman in the San Francisco Bay Area Council, was elected to the Order of the Arrow, and organized a drum & bugle corps, the Tri-Valley Royalaires, as an Explorer post.

Barry is survived by his beloved wife of 57 years Kay; two sons Todd Vernon of DeKalb and Darrin Wayne of Arlington, Virginia. Barry was preceded in death by his parents.

A memorial service was held July 10 at Sycamore United Methodist Church. Barry's ashes will be interred at Elmwood Cemetery in Sycamore and also near Yosemite National Park, his favorite vacation destination. Condolences may be mailed to Darrin and Todd Schrader at P.O. Box 851, DeKalb, IL 60115.

Editor's note: After Barry received a pancreatic cancer diagnosis in mid-February, he prepared a draft of this obituary and sent it to several friends, including me, on March 23. Upon learning of Barry's death, Fossils President Ken Faig shared these thoughts:

Barry used recurring medical appointments in Madison to keep communications open with University of Wisconsin librarians concerning the Library of Amateur Journalism collection. My wife and I rendezvoused with him there for one of his visits.

I remember Barry best from the Amateur Journalism Conference held in Madison in 2016. Barry had been a faithful attendant on all the planning conference calls, and worked hard to make sure that NAPA and AAPA had parallel tracks that nevertheless left room for shared events. I remember vividly all the printing equipment he brought for the auction. I helped unload some of it. Barry was in pain and wearing a back brace for most of the conference, but nevertheless he soldiered on.

I join the rest of Barry's amateur friends in condoling his wife, his sons, and all his loved ones on his passing. Too many of our hobby greats have passed from among us, and now Barry joins the list.

Barry wrote in detail about his connection with amateur journalism in "My Lifelong Love of AJ and Printing" for THE FOSSIL no. 378, January 2019. ♦

Barry Schrader: Rebel Without a Pause

by Dave Tribby

WHEN THE GOOD folks of DeKalb, Illinois, got together to remember Barry Schrader, they recalled not only the conscientious friend we knew in amateur journalism, but also an activist in civic affairs who would not leave well enough alone. Going back to his college days he fought for fairness. He led demonstrations to make the dorm curfew the same for men and women, and to allow women to wear slacks to class. He worked on the campus paper, the *Northern Star*, but apparently that was not enough; he also edited an underground paper and refused the university president's demand to stop printing it. One friend felt the term "news hound" was spot on for Barry. Another friend remembered him as a truth teller, one who would afflict the comfortable but lacked the mean streak found in zealots. His opponents had to grudgingly admit they liked and admired him.

When he returned to Illinois after nearly forty years in California, he continued to rattle cages. He worked hard to save services at the local hospital. He rejoined the local Rotary club, then started a new chapter at his retirement home, and always encouraged new civic projects. When one of his friends ran for mayor four years ago, Barry designed signs, offered advice, and was on the street campaigning for him. (It worked.) Another way he made a difference in the community was preserving local history stories in his newspaper column.

We may have seen a subtle dose of his rabble-rousing within amateur journalism. He was a "big picture" guy, and never understood why there were two similar ajay groups, the American and National APAs. He worked hard to arrange the first Concurrent Conventions ("Con2") of the two groups in 2010, and tried to foster feelings of cooperation between the two. At one point he shared with me his frustration with the lack of progress, suggesting that he would resign from both groups if they did not combine. Although that sentiment didn't make sense to me, it was typical of how strongly Barry felt about his beliefs. Luckily for us, he did not act on that impulse, perhaps because he simply liked people too much.

He was always one to stay in touch. A few days after an issue of THE FOSSIL was mailed, I might get a call from DeKalb letting me know how much he enjoyed it and wanting to find out what else was going on. A trip to any part of the nation always included a check-in with local friends. When he made his annual visit back to California (he simply had to run the printing press at the Alameda County Fair each June), he al-

ways made sure that Liz and I would get together with him and Kay for a meal.

One wonders what sort of column Barry himself would have written about a man like that.



Ajay Papers Available

Barry liked to accumulate things, particularly letterpress printing equipment. He just could not bear to see valuable pieces sent to the scrapyard or pieces of history lost. When he and Kay moved from their home in Livermore to a nearby retirement apartment, he disposed of much of his garage print shop. But it wasn't long before he found a table-top Golding Official press and some type, which he put into storage. After the move to Illinois, he purchased a full-sized press and related equipment. In recent years, he placed many of his printing items with a local museum and a Northern Illinois University art professor.

In March I was a bit surprised to learn he still had a considerable cache of items in his basement. With the help of the Letpress e-mail list, I found a nearby hobby printer, Victor Judd, who was willing to take Barry's treasures and ensure they were preserved. Victor filled an SUV on the first visit, and used a rented truck and two helpers to finish the job on a second trip.

Victor did come across some items he would like to place with amateur journalists:

One box of things that Barry passed on to me may be of more interest, or value, to you. He gave me a duffle bag *full* of amateur printing journals of all sorts. Many date back to the 1970s and '80s. They are very cool but just an *overload* of info!

Although I find the printing samples interesting and inspiring, I will never be able to absorb them all. Barry was keeping them as a historical record and, as you know, he apparently hates to throw things away. I will likely end up throwing them away, but I thought you may like to have them. I can box them up and ship them to you if you like.

Since I already have these papers, Victor has agreed to ship them to anyone else who is interested in them. Some of the titles he noted: *APC News*, *Ink Cahoots*, *It's a Small World*, *Limited Edition*, *Scarlet Cockerel*, *Siamese Standpipe*, and *Treasure Gems*. Let me know your interest and I will put you in contact with Victor.



Followup: Linda Donaldson

Fossil Linda Donaldson wrote about "My Ajay Mentors" in the April issue. In May she wrote with

some additional thoughts:

As I was just sitting here I remembered something I should have added! Just gave a price quote to a local retirement center for a quarterly newsletter. Something I think I learned from all these ajayers was the importance of good quality paper. I told this potential customer, I try to only use good paper, unlike the 2 other main shops here in town. Printing is NOT a business to be getting into in this town. A lot of the businesses have gone paperless in various ways.



Followup: E-Journal Archive

There continue to be delays in the project described in last October's issue of The Fossil to add AAPA electronic journals to the University of Wisconsin Digital Collections. Here is a late June report from Jesse Henderson, Digital Library Services Planning & Production Manager: "We're still sort of in the same state of waiting for a tool to be ready before we can migrate it. We're very close at this point, but I'm sorry it has taken so long. I'm hoping by the end of the summer if not before."

Classic Ajay Photo

Philadelphia, 1946(?)

by Dave Tribby

THIS ISSUE'S classic ajay photograph comes from the box sent to me by Fossil Librarian Mike Horvat in 2016 (see "Looking Forward" in THE FOSSIL no. 368). Written on the back is "Philadelphia 1946" and the following names: Hazel Anderson Segal, Nancy Segal; Helen V. Wesson, Sheldon P. Wesson; Jan Sullivan Harler, Curtis Harler; Rowena Moitoret, Carolyn Moitoret.

I'm skeptical of the date and some of the children's names. Curtis Harler was not born until March 1950. Sheldon Wesson is more than two years older than that. After examining the picture, he recognizes younger brother David sitting on his mother's lap. Carolyn Moitoret, born in 1945, was even older so perhaps her brother Alan is with Rowena. The picture could have been taken at NAPA's 1951 convention in Philadelphia, as all four families were in attendance.

If you have an amateur journalism photo lurking in your closet, drawer, or disk drive, send me a scan for inclusion in a future issue. ♦

New Fossils

We are having a mini-surge in Fossil membership, with three additions since April.

NAPA Vice President Jim Hedges took up my offer in the last issue to write about his experiences in amateur journalism (see page 3). The exercise convinced him to become a member, so his essay became a New Member Profile.

NAPA President Michelle Klosterman has been a subscriber of The Fossil since 2016, and this year renewed as a member (for only \$5 more). She is a formerly retired registered nurse living in Williamsburg, Ohio.

The third new member, Walter Hitt, found us online and enjoyed reading past issues of THE FOSSIL. Walter, who lives in Boise, Idaho, is interested in writing and has a personal blog, "Wrong Way, Write Way," found online at wrongwaywriteway.com. Walter recently joined AAPA.

Perhaps we can get Michelle and Walter to write New Member Profiles for an upcoming issue. ♦



Philadelphia 1946

Rowena Moitoret
Carolyn Moitoret

Jan Sullivan Harler
Curtis Harler

Helen V. Wesson
Sheldon P. Wesson

Hazel Anderson Segal
Nancy Segal

A Postscript to Myrta Little

by David Goudsward

IN THE JANUARY 1920 *Tryout*, Lovecraft contributed an uncharacteristic attempt at a love poem. Addressed "To Phillis," the lines were written under the pseudonym "L. Theobald, Jun," and included "humblest possible apologies to Randolph St. John, Gent."

Ah, Phillis, had I but bestow'd the art
Upon my verses, that I vainly gave
To fond designs and schemes to win your heart
And tributes that abas'd me as your slave;
If that fine fervour that I freely pour'd
In suppliance at your feet had liv'd in rhyme
And the soft warmth wherewith my soul ador'd
Been sav'd in numbers for applauding Time;
Had all th' affection, spent on you alone,
Provok'd my fancy to poetic flights:
Fill'd my rapt brain with passions not my own,
And wafted me to dizzy lyric heights;
The scanty laurels of this feeble quill,
Believe me, Kid, would sure be scantier still!

L. Sprague de Camp, in his 1975 biography of Lovecraft, speculates that this was no mere literary exercise. Notorious for his armchair psychoanalysis of Lovecraft, de Camp wonders had Lovecraft "been casting sheep's eyes upon some young woman whom he lacked the nerve to approach openly." de Camp suggested the likely candidate was Winifred Virginia Jackson. But as noted in the previous FOSSIL, Lovecraft was also corresponding with Myrta Little in 1920. Neither is the intended recipient; de Camp, as he often did, misinterpreted the material in his quest to understand Lovecraft.

In *Ancient Track*, the collected poetry of Lovecraft, Joshi lists "To Phillis" as satire, noting the apology is a reference to a pen name for correspondent Rheinhart Kleiner. Kleiner appears in that same issue of the *Tryout* as Randolph St. John. His poem "To Miriam" appears immediately preceding "To Phillis." It is obvious, even with a casual reading, that the two had coordinated the length and formats of the poems to resemble each other, a detail de Camp completely overlooked.

The motivation for this exercise had appeared in the November 1919 issue of the *Tryout*. A particularly saccharine love poem, "To Annette" by Wilmar C. Cristopherson, had appeared in the pages. The 27-year-old Kleiner and the 29-year-old Lovecraft were unaware that the target of this simultaneous satiric salvo was a love-sick 18-year-old from Wisconsin.

If there were any remorse, it was only on Kleiner's part. Lovecraft continued to snigger at romantic poesy. When visiting fellow *Weird Tales* author Henry Whitehead in 1931, Whitehead's protégé Allan Grayson was

departing. Grayson had apparently been writing love poetry as well (he attended the local high school while staying with Whitehead). Three years later, in a letter to Robert Barlow, Lovecraft was still making gentle digs at Grayson's poetry. ♦

Around Amateuria

NAPA Cancels 2020 Convention

For the first time in its 144 year history, the National Amateur Press Association will not hold an annual convention in July. In late April, President Michelle Klosterman announced, "After much thought and consideration, I have concluded we should cancel the NAPA 2020 Convention that was slated to be held in North Carolina. The cancellation has been approved by a vote of 2 to 0 among the three Executive Judges, whom I contacted directly because the Chair, Jack Oliver, was busy with medical issues.

"As of now we will just continue the NAPA as is until next year's convention. ... If anyone cannot or is unwilling to continue in their position until next year's convention, please let me know. ...

"I had originally considered holding the Convention later in the year, but from credible reports there will probably be a second wave of the Covid-19 virus. This has already started in some countries. So the bottom line ... is that your safety is my concern. You're all too important to me to take the risk."

LAJ Endowment Increases in 2019

The University of Wisconsin Foundation reports the Leland M. Hawes, Jr. Fund for the Library of Amateur Journalism (LAJ) increased in value during calendar year 2019, with \$2,892.46 coming from investment income and \$350 from donations.

The Fund was created by donations from amateur journalism groups and individuals to support the ongoing maintenance of the LAJ, the largest collection of amateur journals in the world, which is housed at Memorial Library on the UW-Madison campus. The endowment is named after Leland M. Hawes, Jr. (1929-2013), a leading amateur journalist and strong supporter of the LAJ.

During 2019, \$829.60 came out of the fund for LAJ support; an additional \$186.59 went to offset Foundation expenses. On December 31, the Fund's balance stood at \$20,023.62, an increase of \$2,226.27.

Over the three years the Fund has been established, it has directed \$2,382.32 toward LAJ support. A total of \$18,334.72 has been donated to the Fund since 2014.

Information on how to donate can be found on The Fossils website. ♦

A Memory of Andrew Francis Lockhart

“From Grecian Stores He Bears No Tinsel Pelf”

by César Guarde-Paz

FOR THOSE OF US engaged in literary scholarship, the obscure realms of amateurdom are barely glanced at; it is a mere curiosity that, regrettably, does not attract as much attention as it should. My own knowledge of this surprisingly rich world springs almost exclusively from my interest in the philosophical writings of H. P. Lovecraft—all of which were published in their entirety in the amateur press. Amateur journalism, from its inception in the late 19th century to its most recent manifestations, disguised as blogging and affine activities, has been an ideal vehicle of self-expression and artistic education—as Lovecraft himself famously stated—for “[t]he non-university man, the dwellers in distant places, the recluse, the invalid, the very young, the elderly” (*The United Amateur*, 19/5, May 1920, p. 101). For this very reason, and for its ideal position to defy the tyranny of *academicdom*, many writers and thinkers who flourished within amateurdom have been cast into oblivion. One of these immensely productive writers was Andrew Francis Lockhart, an early acquaintance of H. P. Lovecraft who is mainly known in literary circles for having written the first article about the famous horror writer.

Andrew Francis Lockhart was born on April 5, 1890 in the bosom of a well-known Methodist family from Milbank (Grant County, South Dakota). His father, James Gray Lockhart (September 4, 1857 – January 29, 1944) was a blacksmith and later school janitor who

came from a respected Scottish house, his family having moved to New York in 1853, and then to Columbia, Wisconsin, the next year. As for Andrew’s mother, Sjannette Mathilda “Nettie” Mickelson (May 29, 1863 – December 10, 1957), she was born in Brumunddal, a town north of Oslo, Norway, from where she emigrated with her father and brother to the United States in 1873, marrying James ten years later, on March 17, 1883. Andrew was the second of six children: Louis James Lockhart (May 17, 1888 – November 3, 1971); Marie V. Lockhart (February 28, 1893 – May 17, 1984); Sjannette (later Shon) N. Lockhart (December 1895 – February 20, 1978); Anna L. Lockhart (November 1897 – March 15, 1974); and John W. Lockhart (June 4, 1905 – June 24, 1984).

Andrew’s family enjoyed a good reputation and their names were usually featured in the local press—his grandfather, John Lockhart (June 22, 1828 – February 16, 1921), was an active Republican politician; his uncle Samuel S. Lockhart (November 20, 1850 – April 28, 1934) was a famous Mason and judge of Grant County who also presided over the board of education in Milbank; and his younger uncle Andrew J. Lockhart (March 28, 1863 – April 2, 1941) was the mayor of Clear Lake. The family owned a farm of 158 acres in Stockholm, a few miles south of Milbank, and a house in Big Stone Lake, and Andrew and his siblings usually spent the summer there. Some years later, his sister Sjannette would also pursue a career in education and become a teacher in Stockholm.

Judging from his writings, Andrew was a gifted and precocious youth of high moral standards and obstinate personality. When he was merely five years old, he dreamt of becoming an artist, a painter, or a musician, and by nine he started writing poems to every girl in the school. His verse, often praised by Lovecraft, had a vigorous colloquial style in a colorful rural dialect, but became more technical and well-constructed over the years, mastering the anapestic verse. He joined the United Amateur Press Association (UAPA) at fifteen years of age, and served as its Western Manuscript Manager in 1907, Laureate Recorder in 1908, and finally Official Editor in 1916. He first engaged in editorship under the auspices of his brother Louis, who started *The Coyote* in January 1905, but soon ventured himself in other short-lived literary endeavors, including *The American Eagle* and *The Blots Magazine* (the latter founded in 1906). He graduated from Milbank High School in 1909 where he had been editor of the institution’s

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initial motivation for this biographical note springs from the introductory remarks to H. P. Lovecraft’s articles on Temperance (1915–1917), doubtlessly inspired by his reading of Andrew F. Lockhart’s *Chain Lightning*. ♦



Andrew F. Lockhart is in the middle of this family picture, with wife Marjorie in front of him. Behind, from left to right: Robert Lockhart (nephew), Dorothy Hurst (sister-in-law), and Louis & John (brothers); in front left, sisters Marie, Anna, and Sjanette; in front right are parents Sjanette and James.

yearbook, *The White Rose*, and soon started working for *The Herald-Advance* as assistant editor.

From this period dates Andrew's most prominent attitude: his fierce teetotalism. Andrew's conversion to the cause of temperance occurred at a meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. On April 19, 1909, just one day before Milbank banished booze saloons across the city, the Union had played a rehearsal of Timothy Shay Arthur's famous temperance novel, "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," in the Woodman Hall, and children were invited afterwards to a meeting held by a prominent reformer and advocate of women's suffrage, Rev. Albert Elijah Carhart (1846-1933), who was giving lectures across South Dakota. Both the rehearsal and the meetings that followed made quite an impression on young Andrew, who was swiftly converted to the cause of temperance.

Andrew entered the University of South Dakota's School of Law that year, where he remained until 1911, and although he had wished to dedicate himself to the study and practice of law, his childhood dreams cast upon him the spell of the subtle enchantment of art. Andrew's early writings were mainly poetry, which he published in the *United Amateur*—Lovecraft claims thirty Lockhartian pieces in 1908—and, years later, in other amateur journals from prominent UAPA members, such as Lovecraft's *The Conservative* (in 1916 and 1919), William T. Harrington's leaflet *The Coyote* (in 1916—and unrelated to Lockhart's previous journal), William Paul Cook's *The Vagrant* (in 1917-1918 and 1922), Charles W. Smith's NAPA paper, *The Tryout* (in 1918-1919), and John Milton Samples's *The Silver Clarion* (in 1919). Over the years, Andrew anthologized his poetry in a few volumes, most of which do not seem to have survived the ravages of time: *Musings* (1907), *Just*

a Few Verses (1915), *The Summer Girl* (1915), and *At the Bars of Memory* (1918).

It was in 1912 when Andrew joined with his friend George M. Fosburg (1881-1934), who owned a printing office in Milbank, as professional editor for *The Grant County News*, a position he kept until the publication was forced to stop in 1914. For the next five years Andrew dedicated himself, rather sternly, to the cause of advocating abstinence and reporting alcohol-related corruption—moral or otherwise. In retaliation, the "wet interests" in Milbank who held mortgages on the office building of the *News* decided to foreclose, and Andrew was forced to move to another location. Together with his colleague, Andrew opened a new paper, *The Milbank News*. Devoting themselves to the ideals of temperance, Andrew and his associates' personal crusade of reporting alcohol dens across Grant County gained them too many enemies, and *The Milbank News* was suspended in just a few weeks. It reemerged, but closed in April 1916, when local authorities finally intervened due to its continuous denunciation upon unlicensed alcoholic activities by important members of the Grant County community. During that year, *The Milbank News* famously managed to close an important illegal resort at Linden beach, in Big Stone Lake, supervised by a Bert Robinson.

Despite his professional activities, Andrew did not abandon amateurism. Soon after the closure of the *News*, he started his most famous publication, *Chain Lightning* (a slang word for raw whisky), modeled after *The Philistine* of Elbert Hubbard (1856-1915). *Chain Lightning*, which was also a vehicle for his never abandoned poetry, was planned as a six volume series committed to advance "the principles of the progressive wing of the republican party" [sic] and to expose the illegal traffic of alcohol in Milbank. But Andrew decided to focus on other markets, and continued publishing articles criticizing the conditions in the towns of Watertown, Sioux Falls, and Deadwood. As a result of all these temperance campaigns, he was violently attacked in his own office on August 2 by a former saloon keeper from Ortonville, Ed A. Johnson. By the end of 1915 he had attracted too much attention and the reputation of both *Chain Lightning* and *The Milbank News* was severely damaged thanks to the efforts of those involved in the alcohol business. The latter was closed in April 1916 and Andrew's new office for the *Chain Lightning* was raided and robbed on August 14.

The final blow arrived in November 1916, soon after Andrew's successful campaign to bring Orin Marcus Lane (1872-1933), city auditor in Watertown, to justice. The post office inspectors had been trying to find a reason to justify Andrew's arrest, and a short article published in *Chain Lightning*, "Dorothy Green, Vampire" (3/4, November 1916), was exactly what they



Issues of *Chain Lightning* from October 1915 (left) and October 1916 (right) flank an advertisement that appeared in the *Herald-Advance* (Milbank, S.D.) for May 5, 1916.

were looking for. Dorothy Green (1892–1963), an American-born Russian actress famous for her vampire roles in “A Parisian Romance” (1916), “The Devil at His Elbow” (1916) and “Patria” (1917), had been having an affair with the Broadway champagne dealer Emanuel “Manny” Chappelle (1869–1920), and both were surprised in her apartment by her husband and private detectives. Andrew took on the alcohol as a corrupter of common morality and as a door to the excesses of voluptuous indulgence, and reacted with an unrestrained article on the vices of the actress and the illegal activities of her lover. (Interestingly enough, Chappelle ended his days in an asylum as a result of his sexual behavior.)

The article was deemed “vulgar in extreme and indecent in its written phrases,” and Andrew was quickly indicted on November 23 and sent to Sioux Falls for a hearing. The federal court of Aberdeen heard the case on May 3, 1917 and, although the defense accused district attorney Robert P. Stewart of being part of a bipartisan ring from Black Hills with interest against the defendant, the trial was finished promptly in just fifteen minutes. In what was most likely a witch-hunt conducted against him by corrupt officials, Andrew was charged with “Offenses Against Postal Laws” and “Mailing Obscene Mattek” [sic], and sent to the Federal Prison of Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, on May 15. He appealed in June 1917, and soon after resigned from his

position of Official Editor of *The United Amateur*, now in the hands of his friend Lovecraft. While on bail, he toured South Dakota to talk about the life in prison in his well-received lecture, “The Walled-in World,” and tried to submit a final appeal at St. Louis on March 29 of the next year. The court, however, decided against him and Andrew was sentenced to three years and a half and a fine of about \$1800. He entered prison on June 28, 1918 and was assigned “boss” of the prison’s greenhouse, a job he combined with night schooling. An unstoppable journalist by nature, Andrew continued his literary enterprises in the *Leavenworth New Era*, the prisoners’ newspaper, where he published poetry until late February 1920. Andrew had been an admirer of President Woodrow Wilson for a long time, considering him a Jeffersonian democrat in line with the ideals of the progressive wing of the Republican Party, and he sought pardon from him soon after entering prison. President Wilson finally exonerated Andrew, and the young amateur journalist left prison on December 25, 1919.

Andrew’s only surviving poetic anthology dates from his prison years, and it is a puzzling matter. The booklet, entitled *At the Bars of Memory and Other Poems*, was edited in December 1918 by William Lloyd Clark (1869–1935), a Ku Klux Klan sympathizer from Milan, Illinois, and a zealous anti-Catholic lecturer who had previously reported on the *Chain Lightning* case. Clark,

who had been indicted in June 1911 on the same charges as Andrew, published a short message in *The Truth Seeker's* issue of June 1917 claiming that Lockhart's sentence was in fact retaliation from the Catholic organization Knights of Columbus for the outcome of the trial of Aniela Dudek, a demented Polish woman from Minneapolis who shot Rev. Henry Jajeski five times on the evening of March 4, 1916. The woman had defended herself saying that the priest "had wronged her" and that he was the father of one of her children. She was immediately confined to the hospital for the criminally insane at St. Peter, Minnesota, but walked free on October 12, 1916, according to Clark, thanks to the efforts of *Chain Lightning*.

I have been unable to find any connection between Aniela Dudek and Andrew's case or the Knights of Columbus, unwavering enemies of the Klan, and the whole story sounds like a fabrication to support Clark's anti-Catholic agenda. He claims to have known Andrew personally, and indeed he edited another booklet for him, *Protestantism in Italy vs. Romanticism in America* (c. 1920), but even if the *Chain Lightning* had actually published anything on Aniela Dudek's case, this would have taken place a few months before his indictment

GOING BACK HOME

by "Andy" Lockhart

Written Especially For The NEW ERA

I am going back there to the old house town; to the village seer and the curbstone clown; to the old home streets, with their lifeless trees, a-reaching their arms through the prairie breeze, to welcome me home; to claim me again in the arms of the world of freer men! I am going back there to the Sunshine State and Mother'll be there at the old front gate; and Dad and sisters and brothers, too, and the old time friends of the home guard crew! And my old dog will look up to see an old-time love in the eyes of me—an old-time love the years couldn't down since I said goodbye to my old home town! I am going back there to begin once more to build new dreams where once before I dreamed and planned and struggled and lost the things worth while at an awful cost. I am going back there to God's free land where the folks know me and understand! I am going back there where men love to live and live to love and love to give; where there's more of pulling and less of shoving, and less of bulling and more of loving; where there's more of joy and mirth and laughter and never a care for what comes after—I am going back there where God smiles down and blesses the folks of my old home town!

(Originally published in *Leavenworth New Era*, 5/45, January 2, 1920, p. 2, after Lockhart was released from prison; later republished as "A message For Those Going Back Home" in *The Reformatory Herald*, January 30, 1920, p. 2, and *The Sentinel*, 14/2, February 20, 1920, p. 3.)

and was never mentioned in court. To complicate the matter further, Andrew became a fervent detractor of the Klan after prison, confronting its Minnesota leader Peter J. Sletterdahl (1892–1971), better known as "Twilight Orn," and debating against the Klan a number of times between 1924 and 1925. Interestingly enough, *At the Bars of Memory* opened with a poem authored by H. P. Lovecraft, who had been an enthusiast of the Klan before turning against it.

After his release from prison Andrew's activism became more political in nature and less concerned with the moral outcomes of alcohol consumption. He left amateurism permanently after 1922. In February he joined *The Grant County Tribune* in Milbank, and continued writing and lecturing on diverse topics, including the life conditions of prisoners in Leavenworth, with his well-advertised conference "The Gray Brotherhood" (August 9, 1920). In 1921 he was offered an opportunity to start a new publication in Aberdeen, which he declined, and attempted to start a professional literary journal in Ortonville, Minnesota, wishing to move away from a Milbank that had "refused to even show a trace of tolerance for him." This venture, however, seems to have come to nothing at the end, and the only major publication known from this period is a short self-published biography from previous columns written for the *Leavenworth New Era* newspaper, *The Old Home Town and Other Memories* (1920), now in the Hermann P. Chilson Collection at the University of South Dakota Library.

At this time Andrew also reprised his past experience as a politician. Back in 1912 he had campaigned for U.S. Senator Thomas Sterling (1851–1930), dean of the University of South Dakota's School of Law when Andrew studied there, as well as for Congressman Royal C. Johnson (1882–1939), an alumnus of the same institution. In March 1922 Andrew became a candidate himself for the Nonpartisan League and, joining forces with the Liberal Party, he ran against his former ally Johnson but was ultimately defeated by him on November 7. His publications at the time show a clear departure from both his previous Republican roots and the policies of President Wilson—shifting to advocacy of farmers' rights (the *Tribune* was edited by the Farmers Publishing Company), criticism of Wilson's Federal Reserve Act and the League of Nations, and a more positive attitude towards socialism and the Bolshevik movement in Russia.

Not much is known about Andrew's post-political activism period. He married a British woman from Yorkshire, Marjorie Hurst (c. 1890–May 5, 1958), in 1924 or 1925 and moved to Hennepin County, Minnesota. The couple settled down in St. Paul, and Andrew joined the *Minnesota Union Advocate* as editor, where he was known as "Lock," remaining there until

his retirement in late 1956. Between 1926 and 1932 Andrew also published a number of poems in various pulp magazines, *Triple-X Magazine* (in 1926–1928), *Battle Stories* (in 1927), and *Short Stories* (in 1927–1932).

Andrew passed away in Minnesota in January 1964. His correspondence, clippings, and minor writings, amounting to a total of 151 items, are archived at the Gale Family Library of the Minnesota Historical Society in St. Paul.

Andrew was a gifted satirist in verse and an indefatigable controversialist in prose who always stood for moral betterment and never went back on his be-

liefs. His refusal to compromise frequently resulted in vicious attacks, assault, censorship, robbery, expropriation and, finally, a forty-two month prison sentence. Early in his career he wrote a short piece, highly praised by Lovecraft, which seems to foresee his own fate:

I've walked an' talked a heap lot
For candidates galore;
I've fit for Lincoln's party
Ever since the Civil War;
Never got a job for workin'
Nor a bit o' minted gold –
Just a million broken promises
An' now – I'm old!

We expect the future will see further steps taken to recover the memory of neglected amateur journalists such as Andrew F. Lockhart, as well as to rescue their literary works from undeserved oblivion.

The author expresses his most sincere gratitude to David L. Olson, grand-nephew of Andrew F. Lockhart, for the photograph accompanying this paper, and to Mike Gilbertson, who made it possible. ♦

To Mr. Lockhart, on His Poetry

by H. P. Lovecraft

Whilst the town poet, dodd'ring in decay,
With hopeless drivel drives the Muse away,
Pleased with the clatt'ring of some formless line
That only he can fathom or define;
While sense and rhyme are banish'd as too hard
Till ev'ry chimney-sweep can turn a bard;
How great our joy to leave the free-verse throng.
And ease our ears with Lockhart's moving song!
Melodious Lockhart! Whose Aonian art
Transmits the pulsing of the simple heart;
Whose homely pen no languid soul dissects,
Whose polished line no cultur'd fog reflects;
From Grecian stores he bears no tinsel pelf,
Content to be a classic in himself!
Let feebler wits their cumbrous couplets weight
With dry allusion – dullness' specious freight.
Or deck with sounding words the empty length;
Of stilted odes, to hide their want of strength;
Our Milbank bard such formal trash disdains,
And fresh from Nature draws his rural strains
'Tis not for him in solitude to scan
The pedant's page, and shun the haunts of man;
'Tis not for him in books alone to trace
The moods and passions of our mortal race;
Close to mankind, his deft, experienced quill
Portrays his fellows with familiar skill.
No borrow'd sentiment or mimic rage
Stalks coldly through our poet's glowing page:
Fancy's true visions ev'ry line inspire,
And fill each melody with genuine fire,
Charm'd by the sound, the cynic stops to hear,
And sheds against his will the human tear,
What rising fame will future ages bring
To Lockhart, master of the lyric string?
With what fond honours will the minstrel move
Amongst the Muses of the Sacred grove?
Skill'd in sweet harmonies, supremely blest
With all the genius of his Native West,
His lofty brow deserves the laurel crown
That none hath worn, since Riley laid it down!

Published in the Tryout, March 1917. ♦

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