

## **THE FOSSIL**

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### **DOWNSIZING President's Report**

**Guy Miller**

Now that it has become a euphemism for firing people from their jobs, the term “downsizing” sends chills throughout America's work force. Indeed, taken in the context of its more innocent sense of making something smaller the term still often does not suggest a pleasant connotation. What prompted my reflections in this direction are my own preparations to downsize the contents of my little “office,” including my amateur journalism possessions. Finally, I have had to admit to myself that I could no longer pull my 7x10 Excelsior which also meant that I no longer need my collection of types. Fortunately, fellow Fossil Jack Scott, presently AAPA Mailer, was able to relieve me of the press and related items; and I hope that he will be able to help me dispose of the type.

I miss the press whose former space is now taken over by a-jay Bundles which have long ago spilled over the special shelves which my late brother had built and hung for me. I know that I will regret parting with the type, some of its beautiful faces, still uninked despite my best intention that “some day” I would certainly employ them.

What will be the most problematic, however, is trying to decide which a-jay journals and books should be disposed of first; for from long experience I have learned that just as soon as one disposes of something, he finds that he could have used it for a reference.

Where to send a good portion of the journals is not a problem. I know that my collection of *It's a Small World*, *Campane*, *The Boxwooder*, *The Scarlet Cockerel*, *The Lucky Dog*, *Churinga*, various prized papers, and my a-jay books will find their way either into other members' collections or The Library of Amateur Journalism at the University of Wisconsin in Madison where, thanks to the toils of our LAJ committee, composed of Ken Faig, Mike Horvat, Stan Oliner, and Lee Hawes, our Fossil collection of amateur journals has found a home. In addition, I have already sent my collection of *Literary Newszette* and other journals published by Willametta and the late Burton J. Smith to the University of Iowa. So, where is not so much a problem as when.

I fervently wish that other collections could have enjoyed the same welcome as the Fossils' extensive Library of Amateur Journalism. I am thinking particularly of the immense and invaluable

Moitoret Collection which Vic Moitoret inherited from his family and which he kept updated and well cataloged. He had hoped that the University of Kentucky would accept it, but such was not to be the case. NAPA Librarian and Fossil Board of Trustees member Stan Oliner had to make the unhappy decision of allowing it to be divided between the American Antiquarian Society and the University of Illinois in Urbana. So far, Stan has retained the Collection's catalog and is generous in giving his time to consult it whenever I have need for information to aid me in my research chores.

Stan might conclude that the Moitoret distribution has been his most difficult task, but we remember that he has had much previous experience going back several decades during which period he has taken up the cause of the Fossils' Collection begun by the late Edwin Hadley Smith, not only in furthering documentation after Smith's death, but also on at least two separate occasions saving the Collection from near annihilation. In addition he is presently undertaking the task of disposing of other maybe more minor but yet significant collections. If these undertakings suggest an association with downsizing, then his skill in finessing successful outcomes helps, in these cases, to lend the term a good name.

**IN MEMORIAM:  
EULA (MERRY) HARRIS**

**Guy Miller**

To those of us who over the years have been the recipients of Eula “Merry” Harris's prolific outpouring of epic-proportion communications, and witnesses to her seemingly bottomless reservoir of poems, essays, commentaries, and stories, it is difficult to picture her as ever having suffered writer's block. But, in her book *Willametta Turnepseed Keffer: Memories of a Beloved Friend*, Merry confesses that once she did so suffer and, as a result, was introduced to amateur journalism and later to Willametta to whom she frequently referred as her “Significant Other—my source of unflinching wisdom, my writing instructor, benefactor.”

The year was 1944, and Merry in desperation wrote to *Writer's Digest*, appealing to other writers for help. “Virgil Price, an amateur journalist and Marine, whose home was in nearby Valdosta, Georgia, was among those who responded. He suggested that I join UAPA, which I did.” Shortly after, she tells us, Willametta, a member of UAPA, sent her a welcoming letter, “and our 45+ year friendship began.”

One would naturally assume that it was Willametta who encouraged Merry to join NAPA, but the secretary's report in the March 1945 issue of the *NA* gives that honor once again to Virgil Price. Merry's credential, incidentally, is cited as *Terse Verse*. It was Willametta, however, who Merry recounts, formally introduced this new member in *Literary Newszette* #193 for February 1945. The article gives us insight into another of Merry's talents (besides writing and photo journalism), that of cartoonist. The self-portrait which appears above the piece portrays Merry, then of Cleveland, Tennessee, walking three of her children on leashes. Later cartoons, as well as literary contributions, would appear in succeeding issues of *LN*.

We might add that Merry's literary output was not limited to *LN*, for soon her poetry and prose articles would be featured in such outstanding publications as *The Feather Duster* (Charles King), *Reverie* (Robert Telschow), *Silver & Gold* (Gale Sheldon), *The Writer's Voice* (John Horn),

*The Boxwooder* (Jacob Warner), and *Campane* (Harold Segal). Merry tells us that her first submission for a Laureate Award was in 1951 when, at the urging of Recorder Warren Rosenberger, she entered the poem "Silence Is the Better Part" which had appeared in an issue of *The Live Wire*. Although she did not earn Laureate recognition for that entry, later she was to receive her share of awards which included 1993 Honorable Mention for Miscellaneous Prose: "A Critic Undone" (*Campane* 164); 1997 Fiction Honorable Mention: "My Brief Tenure as One of the Last of the Big Gamblers" (*Merry-Go-Round* 12); Editorial Comment Honorable Mention: "On Accepting or Rejecting Criticism" (*Merry-Go-Round* 12); Miscellaneous Prose Laureate: "The Brook Farm Experiment" (*The Boxwooder* 311); and 1998 Poetry Honorable Mention: "Excerpts from a Fine and Private Place" (*Merry-Go-Round* 19).

Her professional writing appears to have started early in her life with articles in *The Chattanooga News-Free Press* (she was born in Chattanooga), and the *Nashville Tennessean* for starters. And Merry tells us in a piece for *The Fossil* that her writings and illustrations have seen wide circulation and her poetry has appeared in a number of anthologies and literary magazines. Her devoted daughter Laura White discloses that, once settled in the Imperial Valley region of California, Merry contributed poetry to and authored a series "Letters to the Editor" for the *Imperial Valley Press*.

Her ajay publishing ventures during her early period began with one issue of *Christian Endeavor* which Merry deemed to be so poorly mimeographed that she resorted to a private mailing. We find that she also produced a paper titled *Roadrunner* and co-authored *The Showcase* with Willametta. Further, she penned a half dozen books of poetry and was active in the cooperative publications of the Imperial Valley writers group. Her last output is the publication *Cardboard City* which we understand is still on sale (Xlibris.com). But, the publication most of us remember was her *Merry-Go-Round* which exhibited not only her own various literary talents but the work of others as well. Merry began this journal in 1988 at the suggestion of Willametta as a means for Merry to fulfill her obligation as the United Amateur Press's official critic. Merry sent typed masters to Willametta who reproduced them at no cost to Merry. Later when Merry adapted this publication for wider circulation including the NAPA membership, she received financial support from her friends.

Merry claimed that she did not like to hold office stating that "it subjects one to criticism and verbal abuse." However, she was willing to serve as Laureate Judge and official critic in the United groups and as Bureau of Critics reviewer for NAPA. She claims that her "one failure to serve effectively, circa 1953, was as vice-president of NAPA." But, failure or not, Merry certainly did succeed in her recruiting efforts for both NAPA and the Fossils in which group she served a four-year term as President.

Recalling her years as Fossils President (1990-94), we will remember Merry not only for her remarkable knack of garnering new members, but for her ability to inspire a significant number of our group to offer their "a-j memoirs" for publication in *The Fossil*. In addition she kept pages of the journal filled with her own writing besides her Presidential letters. Also Merry initiated a series of Fossils awards for various activities connected with writing. However, the activity she was most proud of was her establishment of an Amateur Journalism Hall of Fame in the form of a plaque bearing the names of the honorees. To that end she devoted tireless energy in an effort to raise funds for its continuity. In return, in 1994 the hobby awarded Merry the Russell L. Paxton Memorial Award for Service to Amateur Journalism for her years of devotion to the various groups to which

she belonged.

After a series of illnesses over the span of her lifetime, Merry finally succumbed to pancreatic cancer on November 16, 2008, at the age of 87. She was preceded in death by her husband John Banks Harris and a son. Merry apparently had been subject to a hectic life in rearing four children, struggling to put food on the table, at the same time honing her skills for a successful literary career. And, just think if it had not been for a writer's block, we might never have been the beneficiaries of the outpouring of the unique soul which was found in Eula "Merry" Harris.

Credits: *NAPA E-Mail News*, Dec. 17, 2008 (Bill Boys, NAPA, Sec'y-treas.); Stan Oliner, NAPA Librarian.

**GRAVES. WORMS. EPITAPHS**  
**Establishing the Authenticity of President Grant's Youngest Son's**  
**Claim As An Amateur Journalist**

**Edwin Hadley Smith**

*(Reprinted from The Fossil for April 1926)*

Referring to *The Fossil's* recent mention of Jesse R. Grant, Vol. 1 of the Fossil Library contains *The Amateur Printer's Record*, published in 1869 by a Reading (Pa.) boy, President of the Amateur Printer's Association. It prints the constitution and a list of amateur printers of the United States, among them "Jesse Grant, White House, Washington," as well as Scribner, Terhune and other amateur journalists.

*The Amateur Printer's Record* came to me from David W. Jagger, Newburgh, N.Y., a public accountant in 1898, but contemporary of the early '70's with W. F. Ruttenber, later publisher of *The Manufacturer and Builder*, and Henri Gerard, who advertised 783 Nassau Street, New York, by his old magazine shop there. Ruttenber has joined "the loved ones that have gone before," but Jagger and Gerard may still be alive—especially Gerard, who once wrote to *The New York Sun* on the nutrition of mussels.

To Jagger the Fossils are indirectly indebted for their library. William R. Moscow, Newburgh, publisher of *The East* and a business associate of Gov. B. B. Odell in 1898, discovered Jagger was an old-timer with 2,000 papers for sale for \$10 to reimburse cataloging. Having saved every exchange since entering Amateur Journalism in 1889, I had an urge for the collection, and I asked reservation until the \$10 could be spared.

When the box reached Salt Lake City, where I lived two years, it disclosed such wealth of amateur history before 1876, when the present National Amateur Press Association was organized (for instance, a file of *Our American Youth*, printed at the Vienna, 1873, Exposition by four boys—William Howe Downes, William Furber Miller, Willis Stewart and I. Jaroslowski—who took press and type, bought by popular subscription, from America and acquired exposition space) that I contracted collectitis, rented a typewriter, and devoted two weeks' vacation to sorting and cataloging—with a pass in my pocket to Yellowstone Park and return, obtained from my employer, the Oregon Short Line Railroad. "If youth but knew," that very catalogue would be discarded years later for the card index of the Fossil Library, I would have loafed in Yellowstone Park instead of

typing two weeks in a second floor back. Yes, the pass was returned unused.

Getting back to 1869 (pardon the garrulity of anecdotage), Charles Scribner, present head of the publishing firm, under “A Call to Arms” in his *Merry Moments* of 1869, urged amateur editors to organize because amateur printers were. Organization followed at Scribner's house, 12 East Thirty-eighth Street, New York. In that historic house 23 years later he gave me the *Merry Minutes* now in Vol. 1 of the Fossil Library. Stepping into the hall out of a little elevator, which he ran, and carrying a small box, Mr. Scribner, in the spirit of the appointment, chose the interview to be in the room where the organizers on Sept. 17, 1869, of the first amateur press association in America banqueted, within the walls which echoed the eloquence of Scribner's father and Horatio Alger, Jr. Opening the little box of amateur rariori, he enriched my collection with his *Merry Moments*. Later he showed his library, opening volumes of manuscripts of noted authors.

Terhune has claimed in speech and writing that he organized the first National Amateur Press Association. Convention reports and invitation relics in the Fossil Library prove the meeting at Scribner's home in 1869 organized as the Amateur Printer's Association, and did not add “National” until the 1870 convention at Newark, Terhune's home city. Terhune's claim may be based on the New York City organization, which existed before the organization at Scribner's home. Terhune and Scribner were members, perhaps founders, of that New York City organization which left few “footprints on the sands of time.” If it was called the National Amateur Press Association, and if Terhune was its founder, why was “National” omitted from the Amateur Press Association organized at Scribner's home, especially as it convened for a national purpose? The Amateur Press Association, organized in 1869, amended to National Amateur Press Association in 1870, existed until its failure to convene at Washington in 1874. The New York situation of 1869 was duplicated in Philadelphia in 1876, when Beck and Riale led an organization national in name but local in membership before the organization of the present National Amateur Press Association.

Speaking of 1869 recalls to me that day in 1898 when I casually saw “Rounds, Sterling P., Jr.,” in the Salt Lake City directory. Instantly recalling having read years before that a Rounds once printed a paper with “Tad” Lincoln, the President's son, I soon found he was the boy, grown to the Adonis architecture and springy step of Joseph Dana Miller. Rounds and Tad Lincoln were Chicago chums in 1866 and published the *Brown School Holiday Budget*. He said he had a spare copy somewhere, but weeks of reminders passed before he hailed me with: “I've found that paper for you.” Pulling a wooden chest from a dusty corner, we stooped like the pirates in Otis Skinner's “Capt. Fury of the Holy Innocents” as Rounds raised the lid, and—“Aha!”—brought forth the treasure.

“I know of only three copies in existence,” he said. “One I saw hanging, framed in Robert T. Lincoln's Chicago home (now Washington, D.C.); one I'm keeping, and this one I give you” (now in Vol. I of the Fossil Library). While it was a school paper and before organized Amateur Journalism, Rounds later was connected with the cause we recognize. He said he contributed to *Our Boys* of the early '70's and was acquainted with Charles S. Diehl, John E. Wilkie and other contemporaries.

Passing through Washington the next year (1899), seeing old timers from Salt Lake to Boston, my card with penciled regards of Rounds went to Wilkie. “Show him in” was the immediate response. Lighting his briarwood and leaning back in his chair, he dropped all care as Chief of the United States Secret Service to reminisce a half hour. Wilkie later resigned to become Vice-President of the Chicago Railways Co. Charles S. Diehl was Assistant General Manager of the Associated Press when I carried word of Rounds to his New York desk, but later resigned to publish

a Texas daily, *The San Antonio Light*.

When Rounds was a boy his father had a type foundry, and later was appointed Public Printer, in charge of the Government Printing Office of Washington, by President Arthur, April 15, 1882, serving thence until September 12, 1886. No wonder then, Rounds had a small printing plant when discovered in Salt Lake City. Among the 1898 papers in the Fossil Library is *Paris 1900*, which he printed, assisted by a murderess. What other amateur paper had such distinction? Preferring a philanderer, the pretty 30-year brunette shot her husband, a milkman, coming up the doorsteps one morning. Strange to say, she got away with murder! After the jury's acquittal the newspaper said she was working for Rounds. Whether charity prompting him or her own application brought employment I never inquired, as respect for such a sure shot restricted research to furtive glances when conferring with Rounds on *Paris 1900*, which she folded and stapled.

While Scribner and Terhune are alive *The Fossil* should get the history of that New York City organization existing before the Scribner-home association of 1869. Jesse Grant, too, should be asked how *The Amateur Printer's Record* of 1869 listed his name; whether he helped organize the Amateur Printers' Association in 1869; if he published an amateur paper in the White House, and was he acquainted personally or by correspondence with any amateur editors. These pioneer boy printers can tell interesting stories, even if, like me today, they write without a scrap of printed paper and solely on a memory "wax to receive, but marble to retain."

**"PRESIDENTS' SONS AS EDITORS"**  
**Robert T. Lincoln's Death Brings forth Reminiscences Of**  
**Early Amateur Journalists from *The Boston Transcript's* Editor**

*(reprinted from The Fossil for September 1926)*

At Manchester, Vt., on the morning of July 26 last, Robert Todd Lincoln, last surviving son of President Abraham Lincoln, was found dead in his bed at his Summer home. He had passed away peacefully and quietly during the previous night.

Mr. Lincoln, who had served as Secretary of War, Minister to Great Britain, and for years a President of the Pullman Co., of late had been in feeble health. He would have been eighty-three years old on August 1, 1926.

Commenting on Mr. Lincoln's death, an editorial writer on the staff of *The Boston Transcript*—doubtless our fellow Fossil, Will E. Brigham—had this to say in a recent issue of *The Transcript*:

On the parlor wall of the residence in Georgetown, D.C., of the late Robert T. Lincoln hangs in a little frame a bit of printing which he is said to have prized more highly than almost any of his possessions. This is the first page of an amateur newspaper edited and published by his younger brother, "Tad." The story is told us by Leonard E. Tilden, a special agent of the Department of Labor, who is President of the Fossils, a flourishing organization composed of the amateur journalists of two generations ago; and Mr. Tilden declares that Tad Lincoln was not the only President's son who amused himself in the same way.

According to Mr. Tilden, Jesse R. Grant, son of President Grant, now living at 219 Laurel Street, Santa Cruz, California, also was editor of an amateur paper, and was one of the four young

men who organized the first amateur press association in the United States. The others were Charles Scribner, later founder of the great publishing house that bears his name; William L. Terhune, of Boston, and Charles H. Fowle, later in the banking business in Boston, and now living in comfortable retirement in Williamstown, Massachusetts.

The Lincoln and Grant boys were by no means the first amateur editors, however, as the roster of the present membership of The Fossils alone shows. As far back as 1859 [sic] Thomas A. Edison had put forth *The Herald*, and in 1862 Cyrus H. K. Curtis had entered the ranks of Amateur Journalism with his *Young American*. James M. Beck, former Solicitor-General of the United States, then living in Philadelphia, put forth *The Sphinx* in 1876, and the next year Josephus Daniels, President Wilson's Secretary of the Navy and now owner of *The Raleigh Star and Observer*, blossomed out with *The Cornucopia*. William Howe Downes, one-time art editor of *The Boston Evening Transcript*, issued a contemporary of Terhune's *Loyal Union*, known as *The Boys' Advertiser*, in 1869, and Mr. Tilden, a New Hampshire boy, started on the road to fame in 1876 with *The Cheshire Star*. George H. Moses, now United States Senator, published his *Advertiser* in 1884, having been preceded two years by William C. Sproul, later Governor of Pennsylvania, with his *Sun*.

The organized Fossils, of whom all the living gentlemen just named are members, now number 209; and that the foregoing facts may possess a more than merely personal historical interest, we may add that 36 percent of all the boys who published amateur papers in the days of long ago have since identified themselves actively with journalism or allied pursuits, such as authorship, printing, advertising, etc. The amateur journalist still persists, and no doubt always will, so long as boys and girls have the itch to "write something" and see it in print.

In the last previous issue of *The Fossil* we published an article from the meticulous and fertile pen of Edwin Hadley Smith, entitled "Grass, Worms and Epitaphs" [sic—the title was actually "Graves, Worms and Epitaphs"]. It had to do principally with the establishing of the authenticity of Jesse R. Grant (youngest son of ex-President U. S. Grant) as an amateur journalist; and we are of the opinion that Smith carried his point.

In the article in question Smith had this to say further: [quoting Smith's story of Sterling P. Rounds's retrieval of the copy of the *Brown School Holiday Budget* now in the Library of Amateur Journalism].

**A LETTER TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN  
ON THE 200TH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH  
FEBRUARY 12, 2009**

**louise Lincoln**

Dear Abe,

We share a name, a birthday date.  
Upon such facts I meditate  
And then request a chance to proclaim  
The ways we differ, the ways we're the same.

You sought to be President, twice were elected.  
My terms of office I've always suspected  
Occurred when no members were eagerly vying  
To head up a group that clearly was dying.  
It dumped me down on the president's chair,  
Then died in spite of my tender care.  
You freed the slaves, you preserved the nation,  
Two acts deserving our adulation.  
Such acts as these and a whole lot more  
I'll never perform though I live five score.  
Cities and towns have taken your name.  
Memorials are built to add to your fame.  
If my name's on a tombstone for people to trace,  
It's only because I paid for the space.  
I'm five foot one, you're six and more.  
I lack a face that people adore,  
But still I say what I think is true:  
I think I'm better looking than you.  
You loved one woman and married another,  
Sired four sons and cared for their mother.  
I seldom dated. I never married.  
The children I cherish, my friends have carried.  
Attending a play is a pleasure we share,  
But you alone were victimized there.  
You didn't write poems of course I do:  
Sonnets lyrical, light verse, too.  
We're both public speakers who speak what we write;  
Your prose is immortal, mine's impact is slight.  
We liked to debate; some lost and some won;  
You spoke for a cause, I did it for fun.  
Your presence is welcome, for laughter comes with it;  
The verdict's still out: Am I wit or half-wit?

You departed this life in your fifty-sixth year  
At age 96 I'm still living here.  
It doesn't matter how long one lives.  
What gives life value are values it gives.  
Your words and your deeds are a legacy  
That tell us today what a life can be.  
Thank you, Abraham Lincoln!  
2-12-1809/4-15-1865

Sincerely,

Louise Lincoln  
2-12-1912/20??

**THE PRINTER IN THE WHITE HOUSE:  
AMERICA'S PRINTING PRESIDENT**

**Frank Granger**

*(copyright 1995 Frank Granger;  
reprinted by permission of the author from his Printing's Past #3)*

“I am not fit for this office and never should have been here.”

—The 29th President of the United States

His presidency was maligned by gossip and corruption. Two of his officials committed suicide, rather than face charges in a major scandal. His wife was accused of being so aggressive she was given the name of “The Duchess.” He was popularly known for playing the coronet and chastised for the unhealthy habit of chewing tobacco.

Born on a farm in Ohio, he was one of eight children. He worked various odd jobs as a boy including cutting corn, painting houses and barns, and briefly working on a construction gang for a railroad. But, later, he said the job he loved the best was serving as a printer's devil in the *Caledonia Argus*. There he learned to “stick type, feed press, make up forms, and wash rollers.”

“Winnie,” as he was known to his family, went to Ohio Central College, in Iberia, and graduated in 1882. Editing the school newspaper was the highlight of his college career. It was a teacher's college, so it was natural that the first job out of college was that of a teacher. But he neither enjoyed nor stuck with teaching. He wrote to an aunt, “Next Friday...my career as a pedagogue will close, and—oh, the joy!”

He tried selling insurance and thought about becoming a lawyer, but, in 1884 he and two partners bought a run-down, four-page newspaper business for \$300. It was in Marion, Ohio, and was called the *Star*. At the age of nineteen, he was back in the newspaper business. He reported, wrote stories, set type and ran the press for his 700 subscribers. The city grew and so did his paper and his influence in the community.

The paper sold for 3 cents at the news counter or 10 cents a week delivered. He and his partners were operating on a shoe string. There was so little type that immediately after the press run, they had to kill the forms so they would have enough type to set the next day's edition.

After the *Star* became more established, he married Florence Kling DeWolfe. She took more interest in his business than in domestic life. Her ambitious and determined style helped push the newspaper to greater success, as the editor was becoming a popular figure.

He had always had a liking for Republican politics. His enthusiasm and promotion of Marion's businesses won him many supporters. He was elected to the state senate in 1899 and later, lieutenant governor. He was the consummate party member. He supported the party candidates and their loyal supporters.

He was defeated in a run for governor, but in 1914, he was elected to the U.S. Senate. In

1920 he won the presidency. He proceeded to fill appointments with his friends and the party faithful. This was to prove to be his undoing.

A highlight of his short career as president was the Naval Disarmament Conference in 1921. He summoned delegates from European and Asiatic powers to Washington. There a treaty was signed that declared a ten-year holiday on the construction of ships. It was at first hailed as a major step toward peace, but Japan, later, repudiated the treaty and it was later blamed for dangerously weakening the U.S. Navy in a period prior to World War II.

The Secretary of Interior under this president, Albert B. Fall, was accused of accepting loans at no interest in order to rig leases on naval oil reserve lands in Teapot Dome, Wyoming and Elk Hills, California. This became known as the Teapot Dome Scandal. As news began to leak out, the popularity of the administration began to tumble. In an effort to revive popularity, he set off on a cross country good-will tour.

On the way back from Alaska, he was suddenly taken ill. He died in San Francisco, August 2, 1923, before the full import of the scandal reached the papers. Many of the facts of President Warren Gamaliel Harding's life will never be known. Some suspected he had been poisoned by those involved in the scandal because of his knowledge. Mrs. Harding refused to allow an autopsy and burned his papers and letters.

Warren G. Harding—29th President of the United States and a printer.

**TAD LINCOLN AND THE BROWN SCHOOL HOLIDAY BUDGET:  
REFLECTING UPON A PRESIDENT'S SON AND A SCHOOL PAPER  
ON THE OCCASION OF THE BICENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF  
PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN**

**Ken Faig, Jr.**

Earlier in this issue of *The Fossil*, I have reprinted Edwin Hadley Smith's account of his discovery of two copies of Tad Lincoln's school paper the *Brown School Holiday Budget* in the possession of Tad's erstwhile co-editor Sterling P. Rounds, Jr. One of these copies was acquired by Smith for the Library of Amateur Journalism—and constitutes one of the great treasures of the collection, included in the volume comprising the first half of the alphabet for 1866. The other copy was retained by Mr. Rounds, and I do not know its present whereabouts. Another copy, framed, was treasured for many years by Tad's elder brother Robert Todd Lincoln in his home—likewise, I do not know its whereabouts today.<sup>1</sup> Yet a fourth copy is one of the great treasures of the Chicago History Museum (formerly the Chicago Historical Society) (call number F38QB.B81 OVERSIZE). I recently had the privilege of examining Tad Lincoln's paper in the Museum's reading room.

Comprising a single sheet of paper folded to make four 9x12 pages with three columns of printed material per page, the *Holiday Budget* is a handsome production for a school paper of its era. Volume 1 Number 1 was issued by “S.P. and Tad” from West Chicago, Illinois, at Christmas 1866.

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<sup>1</sup> It is not in the possession of the foundation which maintains Robert Todd Lincoln's summer home (Hilldene) in Manchester, Vermont.

The editors extended their thanks to Charles Wells of the Cincinnati Type Foundry for the gift of the cylinder press (known as “Wells's Army Press” because it had been used by so many military units in the late war) on which the *Holiday Budget* was printed. According to a supplementary file at the Chicago History Museum, the press was maintained in the basement of the handsome home at 375 West Washington<sup>2</sup>, between Elizabeth and Ann Streets at Willard Court, which Tad's widowed mother, Mary Lincoln, had purchased for her home on May 22, 1866. From this home Tad would walk seven blocks westward (about 3/4 mile), through Union Park, to attend Brown School after he entered in the fall term of 1866. The editors also thanked Messrs. Rounds & James, Printers & Printers Warehouse of 46 State Street, who provided “type and material” (presumably including paper and ink) for the young editors. Doubtless the assistance of Sterling P. Rounds's father and his staff was responsible for the handsome appearance of the first number. At the time, the Rounds family resided at Robey and Park, and intersection now known as Damen and Maypole. The *Holiday Budget* was intended to be “Published Occasionally,” but only the first number is known to survive. The motto of the *Holiday Budget* was the Latin phrase “Excelsior,” taken from Longfellow's poem of the same name, which the editors reprinted on their third page.

The contents of the *Holiday Budget* primarily reflect conventional Victorian sentiment concerning the benefits of education and the duties of youth. Many articles are prefaced by the line “Written for the Budget,” indicating an original composition, rather than a reprint. (Like the *Juvenile Port-Folio* discussed in our previous issue, many nineteenth-century magazines and newspapers made extensive use of reprinted material.) A poem, “The Death in the Forest,” by “Auntie,” printed by the editors on their second page, reflects the kind of sentiment to be found in the *Holiday Budget*:

“Her spirit-lamp went out on earth,  
To burn more bright in Heaven.”

Reflecting upon Santa Claus in the holiday season, the editors wrote (p. 2): “Let us all be jolly, never forgetting that to be truly happy we must be truly good”; in a touching note, they added: “and Tad says he *almost* saw him [Santa] last Christmas eve.” The “Card of Thanks” to Mr. Wells for the gift of the boys's press is perhaps the most quoted item from the *Holiday Budget*:

It is called Wells' Army Press, from the fact that during the late war they were used at the different headquarters of our armies in the field for the purpose of printing General Orders and the various blanks required. Oh, if they could only *talk* what stories could they tell! The blood and carnage—of the fields—the charge—the shout—the stout heart bearing the flag aloft, and the thousand eyes watching it, to see where it waves—that it does not falter and never goes down! Let us hope that never again will these little presses be required to tell the tale of disaster or ring out the paeans of victory, but ever be employed in some more genial occupation, like printing our *Budget*.

On the final page of the paper, the editors printed a calendar for 1867, and a short school directory including the names of fourteen teachers and the names of thirty boys and girls included in “our class.” A role of honor listing those students who had never been tardy during the term just concluded included the name of co-editor Rounds, but not the name of co-editor Lincoln, whose health had been fragile since the illness in the early months of 1862 which had taken the life of his

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<sup>2</sup> Now in the 1200 block of West Washington Street.

brother Willie. Brown School included students from the first through the eighth grades—and how much of the content of the *Holiday Budget* was actually written by the editors and their fellow students will probably never be none with certainty. I for one suspect that the Brown School faculty may have contributed some of the content. Probably some of the most boyish content of the paper was contained in column titled “Telegrams, per Greased Lightning” on the fourth page; a specimen “telegram” reads as follows:

Bridgeport, Dec. 25, 1866

Weather exceedingly cold, clear and unpleasant—and we miss the balmy and *odorous* breath of Summer. Illinois Canal closed, but the Alimentary Canals open and doing a brisk business.

Ten Thousand lives lost yesterday—all hogs.

Like many amateur editors, Sterling and Tad begged tolerance for “our first attempt at type setting.” All things considered, the *Brown School Holiday Budget* is a precious relic of a boy especially dear to President Abraham Lincoln, whose bicentenary we are celebrating this year. It is not surprising that Tad's oldest brother Robert Todd Lincoln—the only one of President Lincoln's four sons to survive to adult age—treasured a framed copy of the *Holiday Budget* in his Washington, D.C. home.

One Lincoln son, Edward Baker Lincoln (1846-1850), died before either Willie (1850) or Tad (1853) was born. For both Willie and Tad, the years of growing up in Springfield, Illinois, where all four Lincoln sons were born, were probably their golden years. As a circuit-riding lawyer, their father was often absent from their home, but when he was home, he delighted in playing with his boys, and espoused a tolerant theory of child-rearing which offended many neighbors who believed in the Victorian adages that children ought to be seen and not heard, and that sparing the rod spoiled the child. There has been much speculation about Abraham Lincoln's marriage to the aristocratic Mary Todd of Kentucky, but their deep, mutual love for their boys has never been questioned. The boys delighted in the excitement of their father's nomination for the presidency in Chicago in 1860, the subsequent campaign, and election. The eldest son Robert headed off to the Phillips Exeter Academy and then to Harvard University before the war began, but Tad and Willie were the solace of their parents during the dark days of the Civil War in Washington, D.C. The death of Willie of a fever on February 20, 1862, was a terrible blow for the Lincolns, and thereafter President Lincoln focused all of his affection on his surviving son Tad who had also been ill at the same time as Willie. An impetuous child, Tad was easily angered but always conscientious and generous. He was indulged in virtually every respect by his father the President, who even allowed him to interrupt cabinet meetings. When the Lincolns were presented with a Thanksgiving turkey, Tad's distress at the thought of losing his pet “Jack” was probably the origin of the first presidential pardon of a bird otherwise headed for the Thanksgiving table. Tad was photographed several times with his father the President, and today those photographs are some of the most treasured images of Abraham Lincoln. Tad did not make much progress in his schooling during the White House years; his father is reported to have opined: “Let him run...there's time enough yet for him to learn his letters and get pokey.”<sup>3</sup> Tad's days in the White House as the son of the President were abruptly ended when his father was shot by John Wilkes Booth at Ford's Theater of April 14, 1865, and died

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<sup>3</sup> Cited to Noah Brooks, *Washington in Lincoln's Time* (New York: Century Company, 1895), p. 281.

the following morning. When they arrived in Chicago in May 1865, Mary Lincoln and her sons stayed for a week at the Tremont House, but then removed to a cheaper hotel in Hyde Park. By November 1865, Mrs. Lincoln and her sons returned to lodgings in the city proper, and by January 1866 Robert had taken his own lodgings. Mrs. Lincoln remained concerned about her youngest son's educational backwardness<sup>4</sup>, and had him enrolled for school during the 1865-66 term. In the late spring of 1866, she acquired the home at 375 West Washington, only a few blocks from Union Park and seven blocks from Brown School, where Tad enrolled in the fall of 1866. Tad remained at Brown School only for the 1866-67 school year. In May 1867, Mrs. Lincoln rented their home at 375 West Washington and moved to Clifton House; in October 1867, she and her son took lodgings in the home of Daniel Cole at 460 West Washington, directly opposite Union Park. Tuition receipts indicate that Tad attended the Chicago Academy at 218 Wabash Avenue during the 1867-68 school year.<sup>5</sup> During this period, Tad's older brother Robert Todd Lincoln was pursuing his romance with Mary Eunice Harlan, whom he married in Washington, D.C. on September 24, 1868. Tad developed a romantic interest in Mary Boone, the daughter of Dr. Levi D. Boone, who resided with his family on Washington near State. (Dr. Boone was a pioneer settler, physician and later mayor of Chicago.) But this youthful romance (Tad was only fifteen in 1868) did not have much time to develop. Tad and his mother sailed from New York for Europe on October 1, 1868. They were not to return to America for over two and a half years.

Mrs. Lincoln enrolled her son in a boarding school conducted by Dr. Hohagen for English and German boys in Frankfurt-am-Main, while she lived nearby. For summer vacation in 1869, Tad and his mother spent seven weeks in Scotland. However, a summer holiday in the Tyrol in 1870 was disrupted by the Franco-Prussian war. Tad was placed with a tutor in Leamington, England in September 1870. A first child had been born to Robert Todd and Mary Eunice Lincoln in 1869, and soon Tad was languishing to see his brother, sister-in-law and newborn niece. Despite concerns over Tad's health, mother and son arrived back in New York on May 10, 1871, and by May 15, they were back in Chicago, where they at first lodged with Robert and his family at their small home at 653 Wabash. However, soon Mary and her youngest soon took rooms at the Clifton House, on the southeast corner of Madison and Wabash. The cold which Tad had contracted during the voyage home continued to worsen and soon he could only sleep in a chair. Photographs of Tad from this year depict a painfully thin and wasted youth. Tad suffered from increasing difficulty in breathing, and died after a painful agony at Clifton House on July 15, 1871. He was buried with his father and two deceased brothers at Oak Ridge Cemetery in Springfield, Illinois.<sup>6</sup> Only weeks later, on October

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<sup>4</sup> Some sources state that Tad was still unable to read at the time of his father's death. His educational progress was also hampered by a mild speech defect which he suffered.

<sup>5</sup> Some sources indicate that Tad also attended the Elizabeth Street school (now Tilden). Just where this would fit into his educational curriculum vitae I am unsure.

<sup>6</sup> Robert Todd Lincoln (1843-1926), his wife Mary Eunice (Harlan) Lincoln (1846-1937), and their son Abraham Lincoln II ("Jack") (1873-1890) are buried in Arlington National Cemetery in Virginia.

8, 1871, the Chicago Fire consumed much of the city, including the downtown hotel where Tad had died.

Fortunately, Brown School, where Tad had attended in 1866-67, was outside the range of the Fire, and was in fact used to house refugees in the wake of the Fire. Chicago had erected its School No. 1, a two-story brick structure, on Madison Street opposite McVicker's Theater in 1845; the then Mayor recommended that the "big school house be either sold or converted into an insane asylum." However, by December 1853, the City Council approved the expenditure of \$2800 to acquire a tract of land<sup>7</sup> on the West Side, where a two-story 45x26-foot frame schoolhouse (School No. 8) was erected in March 1855 at a cost of \$2087. The enrollment for the first term at School No. 8 was only 14 pupils.<sup>8</sup> It was subsequently named Brown School, in honor of William H. Brown (1795-1867), born in Connecticut, who came to Illinois in 1818, and to Chicago in 1835, and was subsequently prominent in business and civic affairs.<sup>9</sup> In 1857, a new three-story brick school, heated by steam, was erected at the corner of Warren and Page at a cost of \$25,000, to replace the original frame school building.<sup>10</sup> In 1871, an additional two-story brick building was added at Warren and Wood to complete the plant. The three-story building at Warren and Page was known as "Old Brown School" and accommodated grades 5-8 while the two-story building at Warren and Wood was known as "New Brown School" and accommodated grades 1-4.

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<sup>7</sup> On the north side of Warren Boulevard between Wood Street on the west and Page Street (now Hermitage) on the east. When Ruth Painter Randall (*op. cit.*) wrote in 1955, the street address of the old red brick Brown School was 1758 Warren Boulevard. The street address of the new William H. Brown Public School is 54 North Hermitage Avenue. The location of both schools was (and is) the northwest corner of Warren Boulevard and Hermitage Avenue; however, the old school had its main entrance on Warren Boulevard while the new school has its main entrance on Hermitage Avenue.

<sup>8</sup> In 1942, R. W. Lamberts, the son of Mary Barmm, recalled that she had been the first pupil registered at Brown School. Her father Charles Barmm was the first justice of the peace in Chicago. Mary was the first white child born west of Halsted Street.

<sup>9</sup> Born in Colchester, Connecticut on October 9, 1795, Brown was the son of William Brown (Yale, 1786) and Alice Deming. He married Harriet C. Seward in 1832. He was associated in business with the Manufacturer's National Bank. In 1850 he erected a magnificent marble home at 150 Michigan Avenue, north of Adams Street. He was one of the founders of the Chicago Historical Society and was elected its first president in 1857. He died on June 17, 1867, and was buried in Graceland Cemetery. His magnificent home on Michigan Avenue was destroyed by the Chicago Fire in 1871.

<sup>10</sup> The Chicago City fathers did not believe in wasting the \$2087 they had expended to erect the original frame School No. 8. In 1857, it was moved one mile north to Ashland and Cornelia and became known as Wells School. Then, in 1866, it was moved yet another mile north to Ashland and Wabansia and became Burr School. Then, in 1873, it was moved further north to Robey and Evergreen and became an addition to Wicker Park School. Still in use in 1879, it was, however, eventually demolished.

Henry W. Keith served as the first principal of Brown School in 1855-59. The Diamond Jubilee number of the *Brown Spot*—a later school paper—dated June 1932 gives the succession of Brown School principals as:

Henry M. Keith, 1855

Samuel H. White, 1859

John K. Merrill, 1868

Andrew J. Wood, 1874

May Elizabeth Farson<sup>11</sup>, 1888

Mathilda Niehaus, 1903

Clyde A. Brown, 1920

William W. Reed, 1922

William J. Page, 1929

So, Samuel H. White was principal during Tad Lincoln's brief stay (1866-67) at Brown School. Mrs. Carrie Hubbard Stetson (1861-1942) of Wheaton, Illinois, writing in January 1942, of her experiences at Brown School in 1867-68, had a somewhat frightening recollection of Mr. White:

I was overwhelmed by it all and frightened when the principal entered and asked for —, a boy. The principal said to the boy, “Come forward.” And he came and stood in front of my desk. The principal picked up one of the pointers from the blackboard trough, turned to the boy. “Hold out your hand.” And the ruler came down, three times, then he was told to “go back to his seat.” Can you imagine [me] a new 6 year old?

Louis and W. W. Evans, who had lived at Washington and Hermitage while attending Brown School, “used to enjoy telling us of the whippings given them by Mrs. Ella F. Young, then assistant principal.” This was recollected by M. Elizabeth Sneed, another former assistant principal of the

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<sup>11</sup> May Elizabeth Farson (1851-1935), born in New Castle, Ohio, first came to Brown School to teach in 1879, and was an especially well-loved teacher and principal. She retired from the Chicago Schools in 1920, and died in Glendale, California, on August 14, 1935, aged eighty-four. In connection with Brown School's eighty-fifth anniversary in 1942, former student C. H. Cowper recalled in a letter dated January 7, 1942, 350-pound “Fatty” Phillips, who served as janitor and truant officer under Miss Farson in the 1890s. Just as students were reciting the line “Here comes his body” from Shakespeare (*Julius Caesar* Act III Scene II line 45) in the presence of Miss Farson, who should lumber through the classroom door than “Fatty” Phillips. Mr. Cowper recollected that the classroom erupted into laughter, and that the teacher was hard-pressed to restore order. Miss Farson's acrostic for “Chicago” undoubtedly reflects the values which she tried to instill in her students:

Courage

Hope

Industry

Charity

Ambition

Gratitude

Order

school. One hopes that Tad Lincoln was not subjected to such punishment, although given his impetuous nature, one surely cannot rule it out. One article in the *Holiday Budget* referred in a general way to school whippings.

Brown School and its West Side neighborhood escaped the Chicago Fire in 1871, and continued to educate new generations of Chicagoans. Among those who attended classes within its walls were such illustrious individuals as Edgar Rice Burroughs (“Tarzan of the Apes”), Fannie Butcher, Capt. Percy Coffin, Dr. Carl Davis, Peter Finley Dunne, Percival Eckhert, Samuel Ettelson, Louis Evans, Eddie Foy, Homer Galpin, Dr. Evarts Graham, Bertha Honore (Mrs. Potter Palmer), Ida Honore (Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant), Gen. Nathan W. McChesney, Cyrus H. McCormick II, Leander Hamilton McCormick, Luther Lafflin Mills, Helen Morgan, Myrtle Reed McCormick (“Arsenic and Old Lace”), Lillian Russell, Amelia Sears, Judge Daniel Trude, Dr. Roger Vaughan, Frank Winter, Harvey T. Woodruff and Florenz Ziegfeld.<sup>12</sup> Despite the lack of even an auditorium or a gymnasium in the school buildings, many students recollected the fine educations they had received from a dedicated faculty, some of whom remained on staff as long as fifty years. Marjorie Warvelle Bear recalled the Brown School graduation in 1912:

Graduation from Brown School in 1912, when the last Warvelle sister graduated, was still held in a crowded classroom. There was a moveable partition blackboard between two of the eighth grade rooms which made possible a larger room for assembly purposes. The years had simplified the ritual since my sisters' graduations. There were no printed programs, class officers nor poem, no honors awarded, declamations nor elocution. No special speaker or clergyman is recalled. There was a glee club and class singing and a short address by Miss Niehaus, our principal, before she awarded the diplomas tied with brown and gold ribbons. The graduating class wore streamers of the same colors on their left shoulders. Each girl wore her prettiest white dress while the boys, too, were shining from their well-groomed hair to freshly polished shoes. The whole experience seemed blended in a quickly ending vision of colorful young people amid many bouquets of flowers. There were both happy and sad embracings as we left the old brick building into the warm July sun.

In 1942, Sara G. Perce, a former Brown School teacher, recalled that two early twentieth-century graduates, Bennie Wohol and Irving Smith, had given their lives for their country in World War I.

The School boasted a literary society in 1885-88 which apparently published a new school paper (not seen by me). Then in 1931-32, the School boasted a mimeographed school paper, which produced a notable Diamond Jubilee edition dated June 1932.<sup>13</sup> “Excelsior” was the motto of the *Holiday Budget* in 1866, but the *Brown Spot* bore the motto:

“B is for Brown, S is for Spot,

We all love to read it, believe it or not.”

The jubilee celebrations in 1932 were well attended by former students, some from as far back as the

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<sup>12</sup> Many of these individuals have sketches in Marjorie Warvelle Bear's book.

<sup>13</sup> This paper and much other information concerning Brown School may be found in the West Side Historical Society Collection in the Special Collections Department of the Chicago Public Library (Harold Washington Library, ninth floor).

1860s. By this period, Brown School was showing its age, but in 1937 a bronze plaque was dedicated at the south (Warren Boulevard) entrance of the old school building to commemorate the attendance of Tad Lincoln:

“Tad” Lincoln's School  
In 1866-67, while living on West  
Washington Street, “Tad” Lincoln,  
son of Abraham and Mary Todd  
Lincoln, attended the Brown School

Erected by  
Chicago's Charter Jubilee  
Authenticated by Chicago History Museum  
1937<sup>14</sup>

However, the palmy days when the West Side had boasted luxurious mansions and Brown School turned out society figures like the Palmer sisters had long passed by the 1930s. The West Side had become a destination for poor blacks who emigrated from the South to find employment in Chicago. With a declining physical plant and a mixed-race student body, Harry W. Herx, principal at the time of the 1942 anniversary celebrations, could not devote much attention to the celebrating alumni.<sup>15</sup> Concerns about fire safety eventually doomed the 1857 and 1871 Brown School buildings. Marjorie Warvelle Bear (1897-1982) recalled from her attendance early in the twentieth century:

By the twentieth century, the plant was developing a few cramps in its pipes. Both the old and new buildings were equipped with fire escapes. These were cylindrical metal structures reaching to the roof with openings on each floor. The evacuation method was simple: the children sat down on the sloping metal floor and slid down the decline which had a center post to prevent colliding and at the bottom were ejected to the ground or into the janitor's arms—at least, the primary children were. It was always a lark to have fire drill which was usually at the end of a day, since the experience was too exhilarating to settle down to post-drill studies. The janitor took the preliminary ride sitting on mop rags to clean out the accumulated soot, dust and rust. Even then, the ride was hard on children's clothes. These old-fashioned fire escapes were used until the twenties when they were judged as fire traps rather than escapes.<sup>16</sup>

The Chicago Board of Education photograph of both Brown School buildings reproduced in

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<sup>14</sup> Cited in Bear, p. 52. I do not know whether this plaque was preserved when Brown School was demolished in 1956.

<sup>15</sup> The West Side Historical Society (WSHS) sponsored a program held in the old Brown School building on January 12, 1942, which attracted considerable press attention. Many of the recollections in the WSHS Collection in the Special Collections Department of the Harold Washington Library date from the time of the 1942 celebrations.

<sup>16</sup> Bear, p. 348. Former janitor “Fatty” Phillips was probably lucky to be retired or deceased before having to perform this rigorous duty.

Bear's book (p. 27) shows the newer fire escapes subsequently installed on the east exterior wall of the old school building. The condition of the Brown School buildings and the open stairways posing fire risk subsequently drew the attention of downstate politicians, who criticized the Board of Education for unsafe conditions. So, the decision was taken to demolish both Brown School buildings in 1956, the 101st year since the frame School No. 8 was first erected in 1855 and the 99th year since the old Brown School building replaced it in 1857. A modern two-story brick William H. Brown Public School<sup>17</sup> replaced the older buildings and was soon expanded to serve a growing West Side population. Some old Brown School alumni mourned the loss of their historic school. But in a larger sense the demolition of the old buildings may have prevented tragedy comparable to that which struck Our Lady of Angels School in Chicago only a few years later on December 1, 1958. Today a building from the 1870s on the far South Side is the oldest public school building still in use in Chicago. One likes to think that Abraham Lincoln, whose own beloved son Tad attended Brown School, would have approved of the demolition in the interest of the safety of the students. Fifty years' worth of students have already attended the new William H. Brown Public School. The ranks of students with memories of the old 1857 Brown School or its 1871 annex are thinning every year. Even the first-graders of the final 1955 class are now men and women sixty years old. Nevertheless, the *Holiday Budget* edited by Sterling P. Rounds, Jr. and Tad Lincoln is still preserved as one of the treasure of the Chicago History Museum. Books like those of Ruth Painter Randall and Marjorie Warvelle Bear preserve for us the memory of Tad Lincoln and of the school he attended. As amateur journalists we are very proud to recall in the year of the Abraham Lincoln bicentenary that his beloved son Tad played a small role in our hobby by co-editing a school paper during his year at Brown School in Chicago in 1866-67. May the memory of this beloved boy and this beloved school long remain with us!

#### References

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Neely, Mark E., Jr., and Harold Holzer, *The Lincoln Family Album* (Carbondale, IL: Southern

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<sup>17</sup> Bear (p. 28) reproduces a Chicago Board of Education photograph of the new William H. Brown Public School.

Illinois University Press, 1990). Glorious photographs of the Lincoln family—all the way down to the last living descendants—from the collection of the Lincoln Museum, Fort Wayne, Indiana. This Museum is now being discontinued by Lincoln National Life Insurance Company and its treasures are being moved to other institutions. Pages 111 and 112 contain photographs of Tad Lincoln near the end of his life.

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## **THE PROSPECTUS**

**Martha E. Shivers**

God said, "Let there be light,"  
So upon this earth came  
the day, the night;  
the amount of time the same  
Yet, we misinterpret...  
sometimes in haste and in fright  
we make the lightness dark,  
but fail to make the darkness light.

God said, "Let there be man  
with woman by his side."  
So it was; there began  
A Master-plan by which to abide.  
Yet, we dishonor this design  
With our selfish desires  
When the roles are turned around  
Making man's wish the Master-plan.

God said, "Let there be love."  
So to earth came  
to woman and man  
Brotherhood  
that Nations could relate  
the purpose of God's plan;

that Man abide in just peace,  
propitiate  
A world to unify,  
with gifts nobly granted thereof.

### **FOSSIL LETTER BOX**

**Fred Gage** writes: The feature article on young Tom Condie was engrossing, and as I read it, I kept reminding myself that he was only a teen-ager! Perhaps it's because of my advanced age, but I can't imagine myself at his age or today's youth, undertaking and continuing such a publishing project. // BUT, what really caught my attention was your review of Dr. Cornebiese's book on the camp papers published during the days of the CCC. When I was a lad growing up in Strong, Maine (a small village) in the early 30s, a CCC camp was set up in the nearby town of Rangeley. It was located on a large, flat area at the gateway to the Rangeley Lakes, which developed as a major resort area, and still is. // I recall the cluster of barracks founded and saw the results of some of the company's work in the areas surrounding the lakes and countryside. // Because of my life-long interest in baseball, I particularly remember the CCC camp fielded a baseball team in the summer, which frequently came to Strong to play our busy Town Team. I'm unsure if the team also played other town teams in the area which were well-supported in those early days. The CCC team always came with a goodly group of supporters, all in uniform like a military unit. Their series in Strong was well-supported by our fans, but I don't know if the CCC team also played at their own field. // I also recall (Sept. 1985) when Jack Hageman (ex-NAPA president) and Rosella of Kennewick, Wash. rolled into our yard for a surprise visit. Their trek across country included a hopeful visit with a former Maine friend of Jack, who had served with him in the CCC. I hadn't known that Jack had once been in the CCC in his earlier days. // Isn't life interesting...

**Jack Swenson** writes: The new issue is great—enjoyed the stuff on CCC papers. We have a fully restored camp a few miles from our home—was later used for many years by U. of Illinois for a summer school. Taught surveying. Famous around here for the night some of the U kids painted our Blackduck statue white. Great to-do, but it was while I was working elsewhere so I never got all the details on how they cleaned it up.

**Mark Lloyd (University of Pennsylvania Archives)** writes (December 1, 2008): Your letter and enclosure of 10 November arrived safely here at the University Archives in today's mail. Oh the wonders of the mail service! // We will be pleased to add your correspondence and the October 2008 issue of *The Fossil* to our biographical file on Condie. // We have the 1838 death date from an 1894 publication—*Biographical Catalogue of the Matriculates of the College* [of the University of Pennsylvania]—which was prepared by the University's Society of the Alumni. The 1894 *Catalogue* is generally reliable.

### **EDITOR'S NOTE BOOK**

**Ken Faig, Jr.**

Barring unexpected events, January 20, 2009 will mark the inauguration of Barack Obama,

the first person of his race ever to hold the office of President of the United States. So, this is a special “presidential” issue of *The Fossil*. Edwin Hadley Smith leads off with some reflections on the a-jay background of President Ulysses S. Grant's son Jesse Root Grant. Then, Frank Granger takes us through the printing and publishing background of President Warren G. Harding. Finally, I have tried to add a bit to the history of the involvement of President Abraham Lincoln's son Thomas (Tad) Lincoln (1853-1871) with amateur school papers. I hope you will enjoy the result. I especially want to thank the Chicago History Museum and the Special Collections of the Chicago Public Library for extending research privileges to me, and for allowing reproduction of our centerfold illustrations of Tad's school paper the *Brown School Holiday Budget* and of his school building. Although the original building has long since been replaced, Chicago children are still receiving educations at the William H. Brown School at 54 North Hermitage Avenue.

Of course, the coverage of Tad Lincoln and his paper ties into the attention being focused on President Abraham Lincoln on the occasion of the bicentenary of his birth in Hodgenville, Kentucky on February 12, 1809. I hope this issue of *The Fossil* makes at least a small contribution to the commemoration of President Lincoln in his bicentennial year. It is difficult to think of a person more beloved to President Lincoln than his mischievous youngest son Tad. We are happy to reflect that Tad played a small part in our amateur journalism hobby.

Sadly, we bid farewell in this issue to our own former President Merry Harris. We have Guy Miller to thank for the fine notice of Merry which appears in this issue. Merry's success in recruiting new members for The Fossils and in garnering contributions for our quarterly journal, leads me to ask if our members can help us in either of these two important endeavors. As an organization, we do not wish to become a tontine or “last survivor's” club. So, if you can help recruit a new member or contribute something to our quarterly journal, The Fossils will be most grateful to you. Even small contributions like letters of comment or short poems help to add variety to *The Fossil*.

#### **FOSSILS ON THE MOVE**

Our Board of Trustees roster reflects a new address for Trustee Stan Oliner. In addition, new addresses for the following Fossils appeared in Bill Boys's *NAPA E-Mail News*:

**louise lincoln (& A. Walrus)**, 5453 East Fourth Street, Tucson, AZ 85711-2305.

**Benton E. Wetzel**, 16925 Maple Wild Avenue S.W., Berien, WA 98166-3165.

Readers will note that *The Fossil* is no longer publishing e-mail addresses, to protect members' privacy. However, the editor's e-mail address remains: carolfaig@comcast.net.

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## **THE FOSSILS**

**<http://www.thefossils.org/>**

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