

The Fossil

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NAPA Stalwart Jake Warner Dies December 7

by Dave Tribby

JACOB LARUE WARNER was born January 1, 1921, in Owingsville, Kentucky, the only child of Eva Blanche Whaley and Jacob Warner. The seat of rural Bath County, Owingsville's population was around 900 in the 1920s and 1930s. Jacob the elder died April 10, 1924 due to complications from a small burn on his neck. Jake's mother worked as a school teacher and private nurse, and when he reached his teenage years Jake took a job as a soda jerk.

He attended Morehead State Teachers College beginning in early 1940, but left in his senior year (1942) to serve in the U. S. Army during World War II. He trained in the new technology of radar and was eventually sent to the Philippines.

After the War, he enrolled in the University of Kentucky to complete his BS in Physics, and stayed there to graduate with a MS in 1950.

While at the University, he met Leah Hester Gary, a recent graduate in Nursing. They were married June 4, 1949, a union that would last 65 years until Leah's death in 2014. They had two children: Helen (born 1953) and David (born 1954).

Jake pursued a PhD at Johns Hopkins University, but after two years left to work for the Naval Ordnance Laboratory. In 1962 he took a position at the Office of Naval Research, where he was a scientific monitor of research contracts with industry and universities. He retired in 1977.

The Warner family began living in Greenbelt, Maryland, in 1955; in 1965 they moved into the Boxwood Village section of town.

When he wasn't working on Naval scientific programs, Jake pursued several hobbies with devotion. An interest in photography went back to his time in the Army. As a civilian, he had his own darkroom. He won second prize in the 1957 Kodak national photography contest, and first prize two years later. He also had an early passion for stamp collecting and model railroading; after retirement he took up long distance bicycling.

A dormant interest in printing was rekindled when

Jake's cousin gave his children a small printing press for Christmas in 1964. He soon purchased the largest



Jake Warner at 2011 NAPA convention

Kelsey table-top press and additional supplies and set up a print shop in the basement of his new home. Jake, Leah, and David all enjoyed completing printing projects. He responded to a classified ad for printing equipment, hoping to pick up some type or other small items, but the owner would only sell it as a unit - including a motorized 10x15 C&P press, three type cabinets, and sixty cases of type. On February 22, 1968, they moved the equipment into their basement, and The Boxwood Press was born.

Jake received a National Amateur Press Association recruiting brochure in spring 1969 with his copy of Kelsey's *The Printer's Helper*. He and many other Kelsey printers joined NAPA as a result; the September *National Amateur* was so full of new member profiles that they only had room to describe him as, "... a 48-year-old physicist with the Office of Naval Research. His other interests are stamp collecting, model railroading, and photography." David joined a month after Jake. Leah waited until 1974, when family memberships became available.

Jake and David published *The Boxwooder* number 1, dated July 1969, for the August bundle. Although subtitled "An Aperiodical of The Boxwood Press," it appeared on a regular monthly basis. The four page issues grew to eight within the first year, and in August 1971 the 26th issue was 16 pages plus cover. In that issue, Jake was listed as the sole publisher as David had left home for Johns Hopkins University. (David had started his own publication, *The Offshoot*, in November 1970.) Issue number 40 was dated Oct.-Nov. 1972, "so that the journal date will be the same as the NAPA bundle date." Number 50 (September 1973) was the last issue that didn't have a cover.

Jake, Leah, and David attended their first NAPA convention in 1971 and "enjoyed meeting so many people whose names we already knew." The 1972 gathering was close by so they attended once again.

The St. Petersburg convention was further away, "But by that time I had a feeling of discomfort at the thought of a convention going on and me not there. When you get that feeling, it's too late, you are an addict." He agreed with Vic Moitoret's assessment that conventions were actually family reunions. Jake and Leah attended 45 consecutive conventions together.

Jake was elected NAPA recorder in 1970, vice president in 1971, official editor in 1972, and president in 1973. David would be elected NAPA president in 1976, Leah in 1982, and granddaughter Alice Warner Brosey in 2011.

In the December 1974 *National Amateur*, J. Ed Newman wrote a history of Jake's term. "President Warner inherited some hang-over problems which he managed to field with dexterity. ... Twelve de luxe *Boxwooders*, totaling nearly 145 pages, emerged from the comfortable Warner printery during the year. Each issue ranged from eight to sixteen pages, with covers, some printed in multi-colors. All were beautifully handset in 12-point Deepdene and tastefully adorned with various display types—Jake uses very little ornamentation. His layouts, composition, impression, and inking were nearly flawless. ... His texts were of high literary caliber, earning him his first laureates: Miscellaneous Prose and Fiction. His editing rated Honorable Mention in that category." An otherwise calm year included a "fracas" at the San Diego convention where a dispute over laureate process and clever use of Roberts Rules of Order caused long-time member Ralph Babcock to leave the convention early and move his activity to the rival American APA.

Jake shared his observations of NAPA's 100th convention in *The Boxwooder* for December 1975. In it, he noted he enjoyed arguing his positions on issues facing NAPA. "I firmly maintain that two intelligent people given the same set of facts can disagree on both their interpretation and implications. ... They should be able to disagree without anger or hurt feelings, but that depends upon the temperament of the people involved and may not be possible. ... Unlike Segal and Paxton, I do have enemies, but fortunately, I also have *some* friends who will, in a pinch, share a bottle." His convention recaps became an annual tradition, and he left a gap in his "in press" issues so they could be published for the August or September bundle.

The first 250 issues of *Boxwooder* were set by hand and letterpress-printed. Jake noted, "I was wearing out Monotype-cast Deepdene at about 12 fonts per year." He switched to computer-generated text, although covers were often printed on his press.

The last *Boxwooder*, number 546, appeared in the December 2014 bundle, the month following Leah's death. In his mid-90s, Jake was slowing down. He attended the 2015 NAPA convention, and planned to be at the 2016 Amateur Journalism Conference, but broke his heel shortly beforehand and was unable to make the trip. Michelle Klosterman's presidential message in the March 2017 *National Amateur* noted that Jake had been in the hospital and was back home under Hospice care. As reported in the previous issue of THE FOSSIL, Jake rallied somewhat in the summer and continued to enjoy being with his family. Jake died at home at 6:33 a.m. on December 7. ♦

Examples of Jake Warner's Writing From *The Boxwooder*

The Boxwooder No. 71, June 1975

The Way You Make A Horseshoe

THEY STAMP THEM OUT like horseshoes," said the committee chairman, "I don't see why the lead time is so long that it fouls up our production schedule."

"Horseshoes are not stamped out," I said. "The way you make a horseshoe is..." I noticed the chairman's glare and broke off. Silently, I continued, "I'll bet there's not a man here who knows how a horseshoe is made, much less ever saw one made."

It is barely possible that the current craze for nostalgia may retard my rate of obsolescence. Of course some adjustment will have to be made. If they're going to ask "Where were you in '62?" I can only say, Well, I was sitting right here at this same desk, talk-

ing on this same telephone to many of these same people," etc. Now if the question were, "Where were you in '32?" I could say, "I was back in 1882."

For my acquaintance with the past is not just due to my age but also to growing up in an area that was a good half-century behind the times. I mean it's bad enough to remember Calvin Coolidge, but my hometown, within my memory, had electricity only in the evening, say from dark to 11:00 p.m. Why would you need lights in the daytime? Or after 11:00 p.m.?

However, even when I was a boy blacksmith shops were fast becoming obsolete. Nevertheless, I worked in one and over forty years ago learned how horseshoes were made.

Not at all worried about missing anything, I spent the rest of the interminable committee meeting recalling my experiences in the blacksmith shop.

I'm not sure when it was but probably 1931 or 1932 when I was ten or eleven years old. At that time I spent the school years with my grandmother and the summers with my mother. For reasons now unknown to me, we spent that summer in Tilton, Kentucky. I suspect the population of Tilton was about 300. It had one general store and, directly across the road from the store, a combination garage and blacksmith shop. Though the sign proclaimed it "Denton's Garage," it was much more a blacksmith shop than it was a garage.

From the front the shop appeared to be a one-story barn-like structure with weathered, unpainted, vertical board sides like a typical tobacco barn. It also had the usual black tar-paper roof. It sat back about fifty feet from the road and had in fact been moved back in one piece when the new road had been built the year before. In the middle of

the front of the building stood two gas pumps and at either side of the pumps there was a wide door into the building. In summer these doors were left open when the shop was open. The contrast in lighting on sunny days made the interior of the shop look black from outside, and people driving cars into the shop always had difficulty seeing where they were going.

Right behind the gas pumps was the sole window that illuminated the little room that was the office. In the office was a battered roll-top desk piled high with tattered supply catalogs, and ancient Underwood typewriter, an adding machine, two or three ledgers, a high stool, and a broken-armed swivel chair. Everything (window, chair, desk, adding machine, and typewriter) was coated with a black film.

Mr. Denton, the owner, operator, and most times the sole worker, was a block-shaped man of perhaps five feet ten and 170 pounds. He was about 65 and his hair had about gone. He had mild black eyes under heavy, John L. Lewis brows. He had a noticeable pot belly. He also had a film of grime, mechanic's grease combined with smoke, soot, and coal dust from the forge. No amount of scrubbing would take it off. Even when he was dressed in his Sunday best there was no mistaking his occupation. His Sunday suit was black and hard and shiny. It looked like it might be centuries old and he appeared uncomfortable and vaguely disreputable in it as if he were wearing a disguise. What a contrast to his air of quiet competence in his shop. In shirt sleeves his most notable feature was his massive right arm which like that of many a blacksmith was much larger than his left. When he raised a heavy hammer at the anvil, his biceps looked like it would surely burst through his shirtsleeve.

My memories of Mr. Denton and of the shop are both sharp and specific and at the same time very spotty. For instance, I cannot imagine how we arrived at my doing what I did that summer. I don't remember any discussion at all about it. What I did was this: I worked from 8:00 a.m. to noon in the shop, went home for lunch, returned at once to the shop, and worked until closing time which may have been

about 5:00. For this I received no pay except that I was given the run of the shop and permitted to use any and all of the equipment.

Well, perhaps I did, in a way, make five cents per day, for each afternoon at about 2:30 Mr. Denton and I would go across the road to Embry's General Store and each of us would get a bottle of an uncarbonated grapefruit drink (I can't recall the name of it) from the cooler. Mr. Denton would hand Mr. Embry a dime, and we would sit on the front steps of the store in the shade of an awning and sip the cold sweet drink. No one would be minding the shop, but it was in full view, and if somebody stopped, Mr. Denton would yell, "Be with you in a minute."

I did almost all the gas pumping (the pumps were not electric) and collected the 16¢ per gallon and made change from a cigar box in the office.

I also typed (hunt and peck) his few business letters. What they must have looked like! Even more astonishing, I became his bookkeeper, kept the daily ledger, added up the day's receipts, etc. I cannot now imagine someone letting a ten or eleven year-old keep books for him. And how did he know I could be trusted with the money in the cash box? He never even seemed to consider the possibility of my having poor scruples or poor arithmetic.

Inside, the shop covered an area of about 70 x 100 feet, the left side from the front was the blacksmith shop, and the right was the garage portion. Frequently we would have a wagon on the left for iron tire replacement and a car on the right for new piston rings. Mr. Denton was more blacksmith than mechanic but, in those days, there was not such a gulf between the two. The shop was built on a slope that dropped sharply from the road so that there was a basement under the back half of the shop. In the basement was a gasoline-driven generator (Tilton didn't even have electricity at night) to provide power for the lights in the darkest corners of the shop—there were no other electrically operated devices. There was also an engine to run the belt drive system that powered all the machines in the shop. If you look at a picture of the interior of a factory of the 1920s and 1930s, the first thing that

strikes the eye is the power distribution system consisting of overhead shafts and pulleys and a forest of leather belts coming down to the machines. Each machine had a mechanical clutch (really a shift of the belt from a free to fixed pulley) that could be engaged to cause that machine to operate, but all the belts were in constant motion if any one machine was being used and there was a deep rumble from the turning shafts and a constant slapping of leather belts. Now, of course, each machine would be run by its own electric motor. This gives the interior of a shop or factory a totally different appearance.

My primary responsibility was operating the bellows at the forge. The forge was a brick structure about four feet square and three feet high. In the center was a pit covered by a grate about 18 inches in diameter. The bellows, so called from the days when it *was* a bellows, was a fan that pumped air into the pit below the grate. Above the forge was a hood and a stove pipe that led through the roof. The bellows fan was enclosed in a steel case and was geared to a hand crank. It was not hard to crank but when the forge was being used, it had to be cranked almost continuously and could get tiresome. Coke and coal were burned in the forge. In the mornings the fire had to be started with kindling and then coke and walnut-sized lumps of coal were added and the bellows cranked to get the coal and coke glowing. On a very damp morning, a white cloud of smoke would form and sometimes pour off the side of the forge like a silent, slow-motion waterfall. Throughout the day the fire had to be checked occasionally if the forge was not being used.

Beside the forge was an anvil that must have weighed 500 pounds. It had a rectangular surface with holes here and there for tools to fit into. One end of the anvil was almost conical, tapering to a fairly sharp point.

Mr. Denton made horseshoes from black iron bar stock. He would heat the bar white hot and place in one of the anvil holes a chisel-shaped piece of steel and lay the bar across the chisel and cut off a length of the bar with a quick blow or two with his hammer. While I turned the bellows he would heat the piece of iron bar and, with a

skill that now seems incredible to me, would shape it into a horseshoe in five minutes or so. The finished shoe would still require some adjustment to fit a given horse. This was done by reheating and spreading or pressing together the arms of the horseshoe. Toe and heel calks for the shoes were hammered out separately and fitted into holes in shoe while the shoe was hot and upon cooling seemed to be an integral part of the shoe. Each shoe had to have several holes punched into it for the horseshoe nails that were driven through the shoe into the horse's hoof. I cannot remember how these holes were made nor how the channel was made in the shoe to allow the nail heads to be recessed. It must have been by punching. I'm sure no drilling or other machining was done on a horseshoe. In fact now that I think of it, blacksmithing and machine shop work never seemed to be combined. Every job was one or the other.

Even then horseshoeing was a rapidly declining business, and Mr. Denton probably did not average one per day. Usually the horse's owner would hold the horse's bridle and if necessary talk to the horse to keep him calm. Mr. Denton would don an ancient-looking stiff leather apron and pick up the horse's hoof and hold it between his legs while he pulled off the old shoe and removed all the nails. With a rasp he would file the hoof to a sound, plane surface for the new shoe. Then he would stick a shoe in the forge, and I would crank the bellows. When the shoe was red, he would adjust it to the proper size with a few hammer blows. After cooling the shoe in water, he would hold it to the horse's hoof to check the fit. It was usually just right, so he would quickly drive the eight or so nails. The points of the nails would come through the hoof an inch or so above the shoe and there be bent over (clinched), cut off, and filed smooth. The job, all four shoes, could have been done in 20 or 30 minutes, but he was never in a hurry and all the news had to be given to and received from the customer during the horseshoeing so an hour or more might easily be required.

Now and then a stranger would stop at the gas pumps, but all of the blacksmithing was done for people

who lived within a radius of five or six miles—all of whom, and their families as well, were known to Mr. Denton and had to be inquired about. There was no local newspaper so the blacksmith shop and the general store served as communication centers in addition to their primary functions. A good part of the news could only be characterized as gossip, and quite a lot of the information passed in the shop was in circuitous language which they assumed was not to be understood by a small boy. That's one area in which small boys, and small girls as well, have astonishing linguistic capabilities and I was not too backward to puzzle out what it meant when some unlucky girl was said to have "swallowed a watermelon seed."

My favorite job to watch was replacing the tires on wagon wheels. The old tire, worn thin, was knocked off leaving a bare wood rim. The circumference of the wheel was carefully measured and a piece of strap iron was heated in the forge and cut off at just the right length. Then it was in and out of the forge and quick hammer blows at the anvil to make a circle of the straight strap. The ends were then hammered together while white hot. When cool, the tire was placed against the wheel to check the size. If it was just right, it would nearly, but not quite, slip onto the wheel. Mr. Denton's skilled eye told him instantly if it was right, it was at this point beyond measuring. The tire was then placed in the forge and I cranked the bellows while it was turned so that the whole tire was heated more or less uniformly. When the right temperature, again determined by experience, was reached the heat-expanded tire was quickly slipped onto the rim causing a burst of smoke with a burnt hickory odor. In a matter of minutes the cooling tire would shrink to a tight fit on the wooden wheel. The casual skill of this procedure never failed to fascinate me and I wondered how long it took to acquire such skill.

In Mr. Denton's view everything was learned by doing, and he rarely considered any explanation to be of value. One learned to temper by cooling iron in water or oil over and over until somehow you absorbed the variables of time temperature, and rate of

cooling. Perhaps he really didn't know how he knew when such things as temper were just right. One suddenly understood how inefficient, and at the same time thorough, some of the old apprentice training must have been.

I made, at the anvil, one screwdriver blade after another and tempered them. Some were as brittle as glass, some were soft as butter. If I ever made one that was close to being right, I can't remember it. One thing sure, banging on the red hot iron with a heavy hammer at an anvil is a first class outlet for the excess energy of a small boy. And the trust, acceptance, and friendship extended by Mr. Denton may well have been a very important factor in my boyhood. My extreme interest in the shop likely was because it was so indisputably a man's world—a rare and valuable environment for a fatherless boy.

Suddenly I became aware of a new tempo and that everyone was stirring in anticipation of adjournment—if not conclusion. It was extremely unlikely that this committee would ever reach a conclusion.

"Maybe I've wronged old Joe," I thought. "Maybe horseshoes *are* stamped out. In forty years, isn't it likely that the methods of making horseshoes have changed?"

For a brief moment I considered tendering an apology, but I thought it might possibly be construed as an indication that I had not been paying attention to the important deliberations of this august committee, so I abstained. ♦

The Boxwooder No. 541, July 2014

45 Years of NAPA and the Boxwooder

I ALWAYS THOUGHT of myself as a fairly new member of NAPA so I was surprised when Leah said, "How many active NAPA members are older than you?" I knew she meant duration of membership, not age, for as Casey Stengel said, "Most people my age are dead." And I assume that by "active" she meant people who publish occasionally or serve in an office.

Marti Abell and Bill Boys immediately come to mind as members of longer duration, and David Warner joined in the same year that I did. There are surely others. But, I will have to quit thinking of myself as a new member.

Anyway, Leah's question put me in mind to write another journal of my experiences in the hobby and in NAPA. At fifty years would be more appropriate than at forty-five, but my chances of surviving five more years are not encouraging, and for that matter, I can only hope that NAPA lasts that long.

In January 1965 we moved into a brand new house. I had never had a basement, and when I viewed the empty basement, my thoughts immediately turned to a model railroad encompassing the entire area.

My cousin, Irvin Reynolds, had just given the children for Christmas a Sigwalt printing press with a chase a bit smaller than 3x5 inches and a small font of real metal type, a few pieces of furniture, and a small tube of ink, so we set up the press in the empty basement to try it out.

David was entranced with the press. Helen had no interest in it. I had always had a kind of a side interest in printing and had often hung out at our weekly country newspaper when it was being set up and printed. I also stole metal from the shop to make sling shot pellets. In college I had become editor of our weekly newspaper and spent one night each week at the shop where it was set and printed. There I also learned the vagarious natures of journeymen Linotype operators.

I did not know there was such a hobby as amateur printing until I found Ryder's *Printing for Pleasure* in our library. Then for the only time in modern history the Sears catalog offered a hand press for sale and also a book, *Printing as a Hobby* by Ben Lieberman. Dave and I read and reread every word of this book. It described hobby print shops that had power presses and hundreds

of fonts of type. It seemed wonderfully fantastic. "Had I but known," as they sometimes say in mystery stories, that someday we would have a shop rivaling the ones described in Lieberman's book.

I recall as a boy seeing ads in *Popular Mechanics* magazine for hand presses and wishing I could afford one. I discovered the same ads were still in the magazine and I ordered a 9x13 press and some type and other supplies from the Kelsey Company.

Trying to learn to print on that press is, I suppose, helpful since it presents

disposed of their many Linotypes and Monotypes. The Government Printing Office got rid of some 70 Monotypes and lots of other letterpress material.

In Maryland and Virginia there must have been 50 to 60 well-equipped hobby print shops. It was a time like no other. I wish someone would write a history of the change in printing methods and its consequences. It culminated in the scandalous auction of American Type Founders.

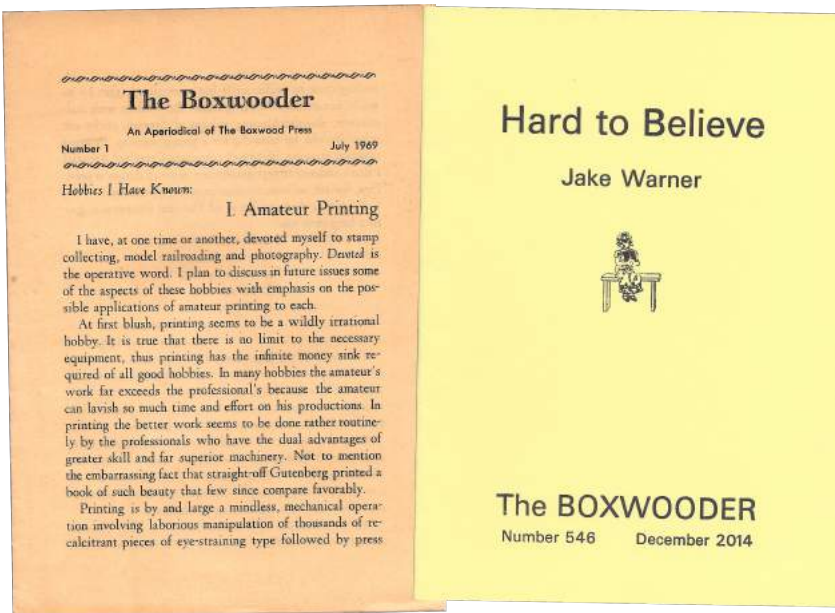
In the spring of 1969 Dave and I received the famous "Kelsey Mailing," Bill Murtland's brochure which described the functions of NAPA and which resulted in about 120 new members for NAPA. We had no idea that anything like NAPA existed and we were amazed and delighted—it could have been designed for us. We joined immediately and sent in *Boxwooder* No. 1 in July 1969.

Leah joined in 1974 when family membership was adopted. She was the second family member; I think Ruth Sheldon was the first family member.

In July 1971, Leah, David, and I attended the NAPA convention in Marietta, Ohio. Leah and I have been to every convention since. If we make it to Annapolis next month, that will make 45 in a row.

We joined the association in its heyday. Bundle requirement was 400 copies. At the 100th birthday convention in Philadelphia the attendance was, I think, 120 members. At the Kennewick convention in 1978 we considered the possibility of limiting the membership to 500 to keep our printing requirements for the bundle, then 420, within reason. Of course, this 420 turned out to be the peak of our membership. It has declined steadily ever since then.

Leah and I were consecutive mailers during the time when the bundle size was 420 and preparing and mailing the bundle was a real task. We would have three or four mail bags full and it would require half a day to assemble



First and last issues of *The Boxwooder*

you with all the printing problems you are likely to face. To this day, I know of only one person, Arthur Graham of Lexington, Kentucky, who can do fine printing on that press. Arthur considers that overcoming the problems of the 9x13 is part of his hobby.

The 1970s and 1980s were probably the most propitious time in history to establish a home print shop. The process of printing was changing from letterpress to offset and letterpress equipment was easily available. Large commercial printing plants were disposing of their letterpress equipment and auctions were commonplace. Many public schools had taught printing and it was suddenly decided that letterpress equipment was too dangerous for school children. Hordes of letterpress equipment was almost given away. Big newspapers like the *Washington Post*

the bundles.

I was printing by letterpress on the 10x15 C&P and later on the SP-15 Vandercook. I now marvel that I could handset up to 16 pages, or more, of type and print 500 copies, fold, and staple them every month. Now I find it something of a chore to print by computer some 200 copies, assemble, and mail them.

These days conventions are peaceful and harmonious, but it was not always so. There were some bitter fights. The Cleveland convention in 1975 was well-attended for that reason and was the site of many arguments on the floor. Almost the only thing the convention agreed on was that Harold Segal, already known as Mr. NAPA, should be president for NAPA's 100th birthday in Philadelphia.

In those days if at least two of three men, Vic Moitoret, Sheldon Wesson, and Tom Whitbread, were present there was bound to be bombastic contention on the convention floor. Most attenders probably enjoyed it, but there were some who felt the conventions were too contentious.

Over the years, I had a number of disputes with Vic Moitoret concerning NAPA practices or rules and thor-

oughly enjoyed them. Vic was smart, quick thinking on his feet, and devastating if you made a mistake. If he could, he would make you look like an idiot in order to win an argument. Afterward, he might well invite you to lunch. He was free with his criticism of one's publications or one's performance of official duties. It never seemed to occur to him that some people took criticism as an insult.

Then there was Roy Lindberg whose apparent goal in life was to find loopholes in NAPA's constitution. At least this had the effect that amendments were very carefully worded. He would have had a field day with the current lack of requirements for laureate entries.

Of course, as often said, the main attraction of conventions is seeing and talking to the people whom you feel you know well, but see at most, once a year. There is nothing like it. NAPA has always presented a welcome and openness to new people which most people find remarkable. We even had a non-member friend who liked to attend conventions just because of this attitude. We encountered this attitude at our very first convention.

What has NAPA meant to our fam-

ily? Well, Dave met Melody Hageman, daughter of member Jack Hageman, at the Kansas City convention in 1977 and they were married in 1979 in Greenbelt. Who officiated at their wedding? NAPA member Bill Boys. Most of the guests at the wedding were NAPA members as well. Dave and Melody produced our granddaughter Alice who joined NAPA at the age of 8 months. Alice married Marc Brosey and they, in turn, produced our great-grandson Elijah, who became a member last year at the Knoxville convention as the youngest member ever. It is hard to imagine any family and association more mutually involved.

What has NAPA meant to me personally? Possibly because I was always somewhat of a smart aleck, I never made friends easily. I did make a few friends at work and at school, but one of the sorrows of old age is that I have outlived them all. When I went to my first NAPA convention, I suddenly found a dozen or more people who seemed quite open to friendship, and I began to have a number of friends, some of whom are still close friends. The sad truth is that if it were not for NAPA, I would have no friends left—none at all. ♦

President's Message

Home, Sweet Home or Hell's Half-Acre?

Remembering Daniel M. Fleming (1779-1862)

by Ken Faig, Jr.



GOOGLE MAPS IS an amazing tool. Today, 641 Fleming Road in Springfield Township of Hamilton County, Ohio, looks much the same as it did when I lived there as a boy from 1955 to 1965. When I was born, in 1948, my parents were still living in an apartment, but my paternal grandmother died shortly before I was born, and my parents subsequently moved in with my paternal grandfather, Walter Faig, at 3052 Taylor Avenue in Cincinnati's Clifton Heights neighborhood. My grandfather bought

this home in 1926. When he remarried, in August 1951, my parents and I had the home at 3052 Taylor Avenue all to ourselves, until my sister Susan arrived in March 1952.

My sister broke her arm the very day of our move to our new home at 641 Fleming Road in 1955. The ensuing decade was not without problems, but I remember those times as primarily happy. My parents certainly had their share of the ordinary problems of adult life. My father worked a six-day week and had a long drive to his workplace in Cincinnati's Walnut Hills neighborhood. My parents had problems with their new home's septic tank system,

and my mother worked hard to petition for sanitary sewers. We lived just before a big dip in Fleming Road, and when the sewers were eventually installed, we were the last on the line. (Eventually, a pumping station was installed, so that the sewer could run farther down Fleming Road.) We had just the minimum drop from our basement to the sewer line, and perhaps inevitably we experienced a backup necessitating re-excavation of the connection line. My parents used to call our home "Hell's Half Acre." But it never seemed so to me, even though after I reached age twelve or so I had to mow the grass.

Our new home seemed very commodious to me, but at 1200 square feet (according to Zillow) I suppose it was only modest-sized by modern standards. It was a one-story ranch with an attached two-car garage. (However, there was no door between the home and the garage.) Kitchen, dining room and living room ran across the front of the house. There was a hallway running the length of the house, providing access to three bedrooms and a bath. The house did have a full basement, which was a godsend during Cincinnati's muggy summer months. My parents finished half of the basement as a "rec room," and I spent a lot of time there, especially during the summer. Residential air conditioning was not common during the decade I lived at 641 Fleming Road, and the only relief from the summertime heat upstairs was an exhaust fan aimed out the front screen door.

I think the tree which currently stands in the front yard is the same one planted by my parents. Behind the attached garage, they had a crab apple tree, and as far as I can tell from the satellite view, it's no longer there. Curiously, the undeveloped lot to the east of our home is still undeveloped. I remember the names of our neighbors: Bosse, Ballinger, us, and Messner on the south side of the street; Shunk across the street on the north side. Behind us used to be undeveloped land, marked by a fence line with overgrown blackberry bushes. During the summertime, we could pick as many blackberries as we could eat; my mother used to bake luscious pies. Our home was new construction when my parents bought in 1955, and the farmer who used to own all the land lived nearby on Winton Road. Eventually he tore down his farmhouse and built himself a modern house much like ours. I recall his name as Arnold, and recall that he lived to be a very old man. Probably he could live well on the money he made by selling his erstwhile farmland for development. Today, neither Arnold's farmhouse nor his new home survive: the southeast corner of Winton Road and Fleming Road is occupied by medical buildings and a McDonald's.

I never knew much about the history of the place where I grew up.

Beyond the dip in the road, Beech Drive intersected Fleming Road, and the lot across from Beech Drive was eventually developed for a home. I recall hearing from my parents that this lot had originally been the site of an old cemetery. Reportedly, some effort was made to remove graves before the new construction took place. I never learned much more than that. Today, the only cemetery along Fleming Road is Beech Grove Cemetery at number 436. This cemetery was founded in 1889 for African-American citizens. Over recent decades, this cemetery has had recurring problems with toppled stones and sinkholes exposing coffins. Volunteers have tried to step in to remedy the worst problems. If one followed Fleming Road to its eastward terminus, one reached the community of Wyoming, whose schools were the big rival of my own district, Greenhills. Otto Warmbier, the young man who recently returned comatose from imprisonment in North Korea, was a 2012 graduate of Wyoming High School.

But whence the name Fleming for the street I lived on during those palmy years in 1955-1965? The Springfield Township plate in Titus's 1869 atlas of Hamilton County provided a tentative answer. Stretching eastward from Winton Road (the main north-south thoroughfare) was an unnamed road with one "D. M. Fleming" residing on 47.48 acres on the north side. Thomas Page was west of Fleming and H. H. Grote was east of Fleming on the north side of the road. Almost opposite Fleming's home, on the south side of the road, was a cemetery. Robert J. Gardner had 177.40 acres west of the cemetery, John Brown 111.80 acres south of it, and John Yerkes, 30 acres and Daniel Brown, 60 acres to the east. The C. S. Williams & Son 1847 map showed D. M. Fleming already in the same place. A. Gardner and R. Gardner were already at the southeast corner of Winton Road and this unnamed road.

By the time of the 1884 atlas, the road that was unnamed in 1847 and 1869 had become known as Fleming Road. B. D. Urmiston now occupied 47 acres where D. M. Fleming had once lived on the north side of the road. Thomas Page was still west of him, while H. H. Grote was still east of him

on the north side of the road. Various Gardners still occupied the southeast corner of Winton Road and Fleming Road. On the south side of Fleming Road, John Brown owned 111 acres between Fleming and Compton Roads, while John Yerkes owned 30 acres and Daniel Brown 69 acres further eastward. So what more could I learn about this "D. M. Fleming" for whom the street where I later lived was presumably named?

I almost went astray very early. David M. Fleming (1825-1898), the publisher of the Piqua *Journal* in Miami Co., Ohio, had some early connection with Hamilton County, including marriage to Matilda Housam on August 14, 1853. The publisher David Fleming and his wife Matilda are buried in Forest Hill Cemetery in Piqua, Ohio. But I don't think he was the "D. M. Fleming" who lived on what was to become Fleming Road in Springfield Township of Hamilton County. In the 1850 agricultural census schedule for that township, I found Daniel Fleming, who owned a farm with 60 improved acres and 40 unimproved acres. The farm was worth \$7,000 at that time. Fleming owned 2 horses, 7 milk cows, 4 sheep, and 11 swine, for a total value of \$165 in livestock. He also owned 135 bushels of wheat, 500 bushels of Indian corn, and 10 bushels of oats.

In the main census schedules for the township in 1850, farmer Daniel M. Fleming, age 71, born in New Jersey, resided on a farm worth \$7,300. Also residing in his household were Sarah Fleming, age 54, born in Maryland, Louis Zeller, age 15, born in Ohio (assisting Daniel on the farm), Melinda Zeller, age 12, born in Ohio, and William Powell, age 16, born in Ohio, a laborer on the farm. Hamilton Co., Ohio records establish that David M. Fleming [sic] married Sarah Seller [Zeller] on April 7, 1844. Louis and Melinda were her children by her prior husband John A. Zeller. I have not found a maiden name for Daniel Fleming's second wife Sarah. There are undated Ohio birth records for sons Daniel Fleming and Edmind [sic] Fleming of Daniel Fleming and Sarah A. Edwards. The DeWitt Smith Ancestry Family Tree gives the name of Daniel Fleming's second wife as Sarah

Compare [Kemper?]. A man named John Zollars married Sarah Wallcutt in Harrison Co., Ohio, on November 19, 1835.

By the time of the 1860 census, the Fleming residence in Springfield Township had a Mt. Healthy P.O. address. New Jersey-born farmer Daniel Fleming, now age 81, now with \$8000 of real property and \$500 of personal property, was still head of household. Sarah Fleming, age 68, born in Maryland, and Malinda Fleming, age 22, born in Ohio, completed the 1860 household. Step-daughter Malinda Zeller had apparently taken her step-father's name by this time; perhaps he had formally adopted her.

Then a genealogical transcript of the *Religious Telegraph* for December 24, 1862, provided a vital clue. The *Religious Telegraph* was published from Circleville, Pickaway Co., Ohio, for the United Brethren in Christ Church. Anyhow, in this issue, D. C. Kumler wrote an obituary for Daniel M. Fleming, who had died at the age of 83 years 7 months 17 days on November 29, 1862. That produces an inferred date of birth of April 12, 1779 for Daniel. According to the obituary, Mr. Fleming had served as a minister in the United Brethren Church for twenty-five years – that is, since about 1837. The obituary indicated that Fleming had belonged to the United Brethren Church in Seven Mile, Butler Co., Ohio.

The obituary for Daniel M. Fleming led me to the Hamilton County probate records for his estate (reference number 7479 ½). Fleming's will was originally admitted to probate on December 27, 1862. Fleming apparently died possessed of about 90 acres of land. His will stipulated that the eastern part of his holdings, comprising some 43 acres, opposite the land of Abraham Clark and his wife, was to be sold for the benefit of his children, living and deceased, who were to share equally on a *per stirpes* basis. The eastern part, comprising 47 acres and containing his homestead, together with all his household furnishings and farm implements, was left for the use of his wife Sarah during her lifetime, and afterward to be divided among his children. John G. Olden was named executor and John W. Olden and C. S.

Brown furnished sureties in the amount of \$4,000. William Gilliard, James Lane, and Daniel Brown were named appraisers. The executor filed a petition to sell the western part of the decedent's land as early as January 15, 1863. By September 5, 1863, the inventory of the estate had been filed and the final account approved and confirmed. The widow Sarah Fleming apparently continued to reside in her homestead on the eastern part of her late husband's holdings. (Hence, "D. M. Fleming" in Titus's 1869 atlas.) A current accounting for the estate was submitted on April 11, 1868, and approved on June 1, 1868.

The widow Sarah Fleming apparently died between 1868 and 1879. The *Cincinnati Daily Star* for Monday, June 9, 1879 (p. 4), reported the following real estate transfer: "Heirs of Daniel M. Fleming, per Master Commissioner, to B. D. Urmiston, 50 82-100 acres, being the homestead property of grantor, in Section 15, Springfield Township; \$3,500."

I tried to move backward in time. In the 1820 U.S. census of Springfield Township in Hamilton Co., Ohio, I found a Daniel Fleming household with 13 total persons: 4 males under 10, 1 male 16-25, 1 male 26-44, 2 females under 10, 3 females 10-15, 1 female 16-25, and 1 female 26-44. In the 1830 U.S. census of "Mt. Pleasant," Springfield Township in Hamilton Co., Ohio, I found a Daniel Fleming household with 10 total persons: 1 male under 5, 1 male 5-9, 1 male 10-14, 1 male 50-59, 1 female under 5, 2 females 15-19, 2 females 20-29, and 1 female 40-49. Then I found a land grant for 160 acres in Jeffersonville, Indiana from President Martin Van Buren to Daniel Morgan Fleming dated August 1, 1838. Jeffersonville, Indiana was situated on the Ohio River, directly opposite Louisville, Kentucky, so it would have had easy communication by water with the Cincinnati, Ohio region.

The 1840 U.S. census recorded the household of Daniel M. Fleming in Springfield Township. There were five persons in the household: 1 male 15-20, 1 male 20-30, 1 male 60-70, 1 female 15-20 and 1 female 30-40. I conclude that Daniel's first wife Abigail (see below) had died by this time.



Faig children at their home, circa 1957

The DeWitt Smith Family Tree on Ancestry claimed to tell me more concerning Daniel Fleming. According to this tree, he married Abigail Wilson on May 6, 1800, at Old St. Paul's (Roman Catholic) Church in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. They had 13 children: 7 boys and 6 girls. The DeWitt Smith Family Tree named three of these children: (1) daughter Mariah F. (b. 1808), who married Daniel Flinchpaugh (1819-1883) March 17, 1842, in Hamilton Co., Ohio; (2) son Jesse (b. 1821 Indiana), who married Mary [Polly] Flinchpaugh, daughter of Henry Flinchpaugh (1795-1852) and Johanna Schmidlapp (1796-1863); and (3) daughter Abigail (1828-1897), who married (i) George Washington Scofield and (ii) George C. Howe. Mariah and her husband David Flinchpaugh lived in Miami Township of Hamilton Co., Ohio in later life and had a son Sylvester Flinchpaugh, age 8 in the 1860 U.S. census. (Sylvester may in fact have been the son of Abigail (Fleming) Howe, who was living with David Flinchpaugh and her sister Mariah (Fleming) Flinchpaugh in Miami Township, Hamilton Co., Ohio, when the 1880 census was enumerated.) Jesse Fleming and his bride Polly Flinchpaugh were married by Christopher Flinchpaugh, minister of the gospel.

I did find Daniel Fleming households in North Huntingdon, Westmoreland Co., Pennsylvania, in the 1800 and 1810 censuses. In 1800, the Daniel Fleming household had 5 males under 10, 1 male 10-15, 1 male 16-25, 1 male 26-44, 1 female 16-25, and 1 female 26-44. In 1810, the Daniel Fleming household had 2 males under 10, 2 males 10-15, 2 males 16-25, 1 male 45+, 2 females under 10, and 1 female 45+. There was also a Daniel Fleming household in

Cherrytree, Venango Co., Pennsylvania in 1810 and 1820. However, Daniel Fleming was already a taxpayer in Springfield Township, Hamilton Co., Ohio by 1809. Few white settlers ventured far beyond Cincinnati itself after the foundation of the town in 1788, because of the threat posed by hostile Indians. Springfield Township was first organized in February 1795. Early settler E. W. Finney, for whom Finneytown was named, arrived about the year 1800. Many of the original taxpayer lists for Springfield Township were destroyed in the Hamilton County courthouse fire in 1884, but a transcription of the 1809 list by John G. Olden contains the name of "Daniel M. Fleming" (*History of Cincinnati and Hamilton County, Cincinnati, Ohio: S. B. Nelson & Co., 1894, v. 1, p. 432*). If Daniel Fleming was in Springfield Township as early as 1809, he may not correspond to either of the 1810 census Daniel Flemings in Pennsylvania. (Of course, double enumeration is not an impossibility if some family representatives still remained in Pennsylvania in 1810.) If Daniel Fleming was in Springfield Township, Hamilton Co., Ohio as early as 1809, he had been a resident for more than fifty years when he died in 1862.

It's also possible that our Daniel Fleming served in the War of 1812. At least four men named Daniel Fleming served in this war (all serving as private for their full period of service): 132nd Regiment (Dale's) Pennsylvania Militia; 135th Regiment (Christy's) Pennsylvania Militia; 137th Regiment (Marlin's) Pennsylvania Militia; and Lieut. Col. Ball's Squadron Light Dragoons, U.S. Volunteers. It is possible that military service provided Daniel Fleming with the right to buy or claim land at favorable rates.

If the August 1, 1838 land grantee is indeed the Daniel M. Fleming for whom Fleming Road was named, I had the hope that the middle name "Morgan" might reflect his mother's maiden name. But so far I have found no parents for Daniel Morgan Fleming. Flemings born ca. 1750 in New Jersey include Jacob, Jeremiah, John, Lawrence, and Stephen, among others. But I failed to find a wife with maiden name Morgan for any of them.

Another Ancestry Family Tree claims a son Jonathan Halermain Fleming (b. Mar. 17, 1818, Hamilton Co., Ohio, d. March 15, 1896, Neosho Rapids, Lyon Co., Kansas) for Daniel Morgan Fleming. This tree identifies Jonathan's mother as Julia Ann Cain. According to the tree, Jonathan Halermain Fleming married Mary E. Coen (b. June 27, 1825, Johnson Co., Indiana, d. May 6, 1867, Franklin, Johnson Co., Indiana) on September 15, 1844, in Neosho Rapids, Lyon Co., Kansas. The fact that Jonathan's mother bore surname "Cain" and his wife the phonetically similar surname "Coen" gives occasion for some skepticism regarding the full integrity of this record. (Of course, some persons may pronounce "Coen" as KONE rather than KANE.)

I am not 100% sure of my identification of the early Springfield Township settler for whom the street on which I lived as a boy was named. Is it believable that the man who was married in a Roman Catholic church in Philadelphia in 1800 later became a member (and by 1837 a minister) of the United Brethren Church? Stranger things have happened. If Daniel Morgan Fleming did father thirteen children by his first wife Abigail Wilson, I don't envy his executor the job of making distributions among his children in 1863 and 1879.

Anyhow, I wonder whether Daniel Morgan Fleming lies buried in the lot behind the Seven Mile United Brethren Church in Butler Co., Ohio—the former church is now an apartment house and there are no stones in the burial lot behind it. Perhaps Daniel Morgan Fleming was instead buried in the cemetery that once stood right across from his home on Fleming Road. If so, where was it? Was it the former lot which once stood opposite the intersection of Beech Drive and Fleming Road? It seems reasonable that Daniel may have wanted to rest within view of his former holdings. The intersection of Beech Drive and Fleming Road is high ground—east of the big dip earlier described—and would have been a likely place for Daniel to build his homestead. Or might he have lived further west—west of the big dip, opposite the home where I once lived? Across the street from us in 1955-1965 lived Art and Ag-

nes Shunk, who had an old farmstyle home. Art Shunk still kept a small field of corn, which he inevitably chose to manure on the very days my mother played host to her ladies' bridge club. But perhaps it's too much to imagine that Daniel Morgan Fleming was once buried on the same "hell's half acre" where my sister and I lived with our parents.

If Daniel did have thirteen children, it seems very probable that he has living descendants today. Whether any of them has a photograph of the 83-year-old man who died at the end of 1862, may be doubted. But if I am missing a whole set of lore concerning Daniel Morgan Fleming, I'd certainly like to discover more. Even my own limited exploration of the subject using online family history records has certainly given me a new appreciation for the place where I lived. It's interesting to reflect that 1962—while I still lived at 641 Fleming Road—marked the centenary of the death of Daniel Morgan Fleming. Now, it's been more than fifty years since I myself lived on Fleming Road. In another fifty years, I will be as much a part of history as Daniel Morgan Fleming. But I wish I had had the chance to meet him. My parents may have considered their home "hell's half acre," but to me it was the most wonderful place on earth. I suspect that Daniel and I may have shared that view.

I hope that most of my fellow Fossils have cherished memories of their childhood homes. I hope they won't resent my occupying the pages of THE FOSSIL with recollections of my own childhood home. I don't know that childhood homes have much to do with amateur journalism—although I think that parents who are tolerant, even encouraging, of hobbies may have been an important influence for those of us who became amateur journalists. Now that I am growing old I notice that living recollection of my parents and their generation is fading. Harold Varnau (d. 2014, age 82) and his wife Rita A. Varnau (nee Huber) (d. 2001) were already the new owners of the home at 641 Fleming Road by 1970, and Harold remained in possession for forty years or more. So, they left a much stronger imprint on the locality than my family,

who only lived there for ten years. Still, when I revisit Cincinnati, I usually drive by 641 Fleming Road if I have time. The truth is, however, that I am now just as surely vanished from the locality where I grew up as Daniel M. Fleming, who lived there for more than fifty years from 1809 onward. The year 2059 or thereabouts will mark the 250th anniversary of the first settlement of Daniel M. Fleming in Springfield Township. It will then be 330 years since Fleming and 111 years since I began our human lives. If the souls of the departed can return to this earthly domain, I hope that my soul will one day encounter the soul of Daniel M. Fleming in the place we both loved so well during our lifetimes. If we meet on Fleming Road in the year 2059, I hope there will still be many features of the locale that both Daniel's soul and my soul can recognize.

Meanwhile, I can imagine that it's a summer day in 1960 once more, and that my sister and I are both enjoying the swing set my father erected for us in our back yard. Maybe I'm complaining about having to mow the lawn on a hot day. Or I'm reading in the comfortably cool basement rec room. Or I'm having fun as a member of the Cub Scout pack which my mother serves as den mother. (I still remember the "demolition derby" to which one of the fathers treated the scouts.) Or I'm learning from my grandfather how to do cement work on our sidewalk after the sewer line contractor made a breach. (My grandfather proverbially had a separate "uniform" for each job.) Or I'm playing with my German shepherd dog "Baron." (He would play just as rough as you might wish.) Or I'm not looking forward to starting junior high school at the Greenhills Community Building in the fall, despite the fact that the girl I liked the previous year in the sixth grade at Damon Road elementary school will probably still be a fellow student. (She was still the person I most wanted to see when I attended my fiftieth high school reunion in 2016.) Or I'm trying to learn about adult life from listening to my parents. (I wasn't so sure from what I heard that I wanted to grow up.) In many ways, my ten childhood years (1955-1965) at 641 Fleming Road remain more vivid

for me than the fifty years of adulthood since that time. Of course, Daniel Fleming was a man already thirty years old before he arrived in the same locale. However, he stayed longer than I did—fifty years as opposed to ten—and I like to imagine that he loved the locale just as much, if not more, than I did. I suspect we will both express wonderment over the big mansions built around what was once the swampy

morass in the dip of the road—if they're still there! Some of the homes of our neighbors in 1955-1965 have since been "improved"—one neighbor now has a swimming pool—but I hope that the solid ranch home which my parents purchased as new construction in 1955 is still largely intact in 2059. After all, it will only be four years past its centennial in that future year. ♦

Official Editor's Message

Tools For Research

by Dave Tribby

KEN FAIG'S presidential message in this issue provides many examples of the information available on genealogy research websites and how it can be put to a variety of uses. An amazing variety of public records are available, and an obituary or other newspaper story can be a goldmine of information. Finding one record often leads to several others, but it's often necessary to look for ancillary relatives to ensure the facts are truly for the person of interest and not someone with a similar name. In my own genealogy research, I sometimes get lost tracking down an interesting detail about a distant family member before I remind myself to stay on the main point! (But ... what *did* become of the stepchild of my grandfather's third cousin's first wife? Just one more census record, or maybe a death certificate, and I will have that answer!)

I used Ancestry.com and Genealogy Bank as part of my research on this month's cover story about Jake Warner. I couldn't find him in the 1930 or 1940 census records — but I did find his grandmother in 1930's and then noticed young "Larue Warner" was living with her. While reading through issues of *The Boxwooder* for additional research, I was reminded of the broad range of topics Jake covered in his essays and stories and how they made you think.

Several of President Faig's recent messages reflect personal musings in

the aftermath of attending his 50th high school reunion in 2016. "For April 2018, I am planning an essay on mill town papers," he writes. "So I will be getting back to specifically ajay-related topics."

A bit of good news just before press time: AAPA Mailer Heather Lane reported the January bundle weighed in at nearly 6 ounces — the heaviest since she became mailer, and almost more than would fit in the envelope. She also noted, "We have signed up enough new members that we need to increase the number of journals you send to 150. This month, we have not one extra bundle."

I always enjoy hearing from readers whether it's hearing their reaction to articles, finding out what's on their minds, or learning the latest news. Much like the parables of the lost sheep, coin, and son, it's particularly heartening to receive a note from someone who no longer participates as part of any ajay organization. If THE FOSSIL can be a means to maintain communications with our past colleagues, whether or not they belong to The Fossils, part of our mission is accomplished.

I'm always happy to add someone to our e-mail notification list for online issues—just let me know you want to be included. ♦

World of Words Mine From Early Childhood

by Dean Rea

Find something that you love to do, and you'll never work a day in your life.

— Harvey Mackay

MORE THAN 80 years ago I picked up a pencil and began writing. How fortunate to discover something I love to do, something I can do until I walk into the sunset, shuffle off this mortal coil.

Evidence of my early initiation into the world of words appears in the accompanying illustration of a hand-drawn newspaper created in 1937 when I was eight years old.

Working with words seemed as natural to me during those days of milking cows, feeding livestock and guiding a plow behind a team of horses as it has as a newspaper journalist and as a teacher during the intervening years.

Anyone who attempts to gather information and to write anything knows that the task demands discipline and dedication. Nevertheless, when something is worth doing well, the task becomes a welcomed challenge, even rewarding and inspiring.

So, like many of my peers, I chose to work with words in the newsroom, in the classroom and in my

den. Recently, I have been writing fiction, which for me is a bit like attempting to scale Spencer Butte in a snowstorm. I stumble, slip, slide and become lost. Yet, I keep writing, placing one letter, one word after another.

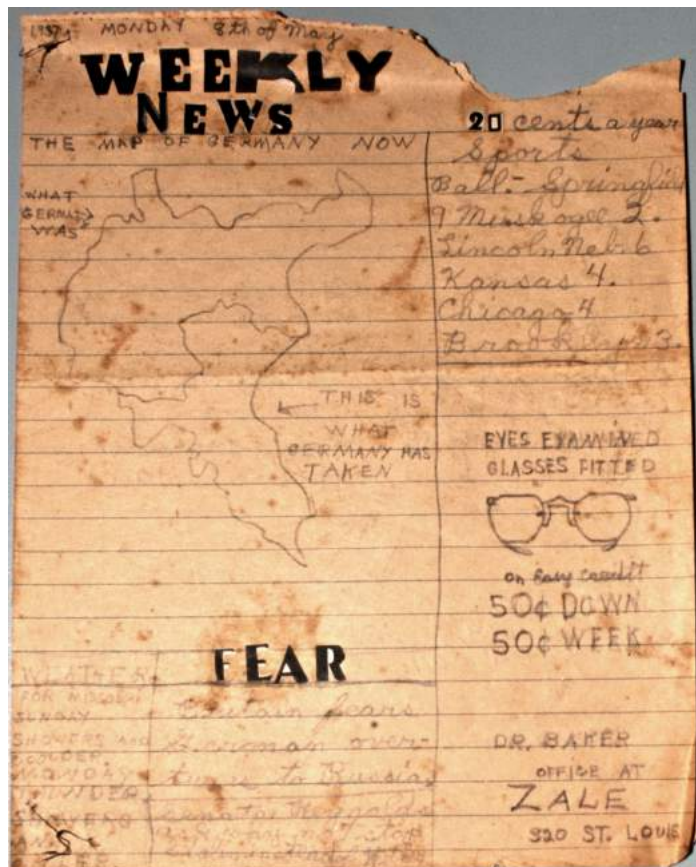
In truth, I have worked hard most every day of my life in terms of drawing a paycheck. In another sense, I have never worked a day during my lifetime in the world of words.

—□—

Dean Rea joined the American Amateur Press Association in 1942 and maintained his membership until 2014. He currently writes a blog, "Deans Musings," found at deanrea.wordpress.com

An active publisher and office holder while he was an AAPA member, Dean received the Russell L. Paxton award from The Fossils in 2007. ♦

Remember to check the renewal date on your mailing label and send your dues to Secretary-Treasurer Tom Parson



Dean Rea's Weekly News for Monday, May 8, 1939

LAJ Fund Tops \$15,000

by Dave Tribby

BEN STRAND, University of Wisconsin Foundation Director of Development for Libraries, reported in mid-November that the Leland M. Hawes, Jr. Memorial Endowment Fund for the Library of Amateur Journalism (LAJ) Collection has a balance of \$15,714.37. During calendar year 2017, a total of \$4,053.20 was donated to this endowment fund.

Funds for the endowment were first collected in 2014 to ensure the LAJ, created by Edwin Hadley Smith beginning in 1896 and owned by The Fossils from 1916 to 2004, would have permanent funding for long-term maintenance. In 2016 the balance passed the \$10,000 minimum required to create an endowment within the UW Foundation.

Ben estimated the annual income from the endowment at \$751.70. The revenue is used mainly to pay students for the ongoing work to catalog the collection.

Those wishing to make a donation to support the LAJ can find details on The Fossils' website www.thefossils.org/supportlaj.html

The LAJ is housed in the Special Collections department at Memorial Library on the UW-Madison campus. ♦

Pamela Ynir Wesson

by Dave Tribby

PAM WESSON COMES FROM a family deeply involved in amateur journalism. "I'm one of three children brought up by Helen and Sheldon Wesson (*Siamese Standpipe, The Griddle, American Dawn, Helen's Fantasia, et al.*)" Sheldon the elder introduced each of his children to the intricacies of letterpress printing. "We (me, David, Sheldon) all started setting type and proofreading in the galley at tender ages. We were not dependable at distributing type, however."

Pam was born in Yokohama, Japan, while her parents were working there as journalists. (Sheldon edited THE FOSSIL from Japan in 1957-62, and also oversaw publication of *The History of Amateur Journalism* from there.)

The family returned to the United States in 1962. Two years later Pam joined the American Amateur Press Association. "My own letterpress publications were a series of *Peko's Pages* followed by a litter of ephemera." She soon won laureate recognition for her writing and publishing, and was elected manuscript manager in 1967. She served as the youngest-ever AAPA president in 1969-70, a couple of years before entering Princeton University. "I enjoyed running roughshod over the AAPA as president for one term in my teen years. I brought David's Pearl to college with me and I wish I still had it now."

Her early introduction to letterpress shaped her career. "This was a major factor that drove me in 1985 to continue my typographic explorations on the first Mac and I've made a living from designing and writing ever since."

Several years after graduation, she moved to France. Then, after spending 27 years in Paris, Pam moved to England in 2011. In 2013 she opened Pam's Fantasia in Cambridge, an "emporium of old and new, East meets West." You can read more about her shop online at fantasia.uk.com

The Fossils are pleased to have one of the Wesson clan on the membership rolls once again, and the feeling is mutual: "I always thought the Fossils were heavy thinkers in the ajay community. I am honored to now be a Fossil. My, how standards have crashed." ♦



Pam Wesson

The Fossil

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

www.thefossils.org

Gathering of articles, editing, and layout were completed by the official editor in California; production and mailing were handled by Gary Bossler in Ohio.

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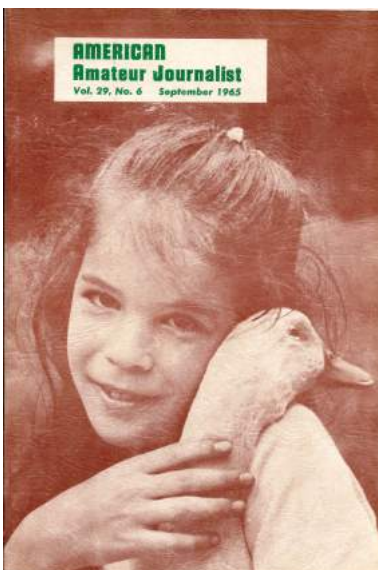
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Pam was the first (and perhaps only) cover girl for the American Amateur Journalist. The September 1965 issue featured her holding her pet duck, Gertrude. Official Editor Les Boyer noted, "Pam has waist-length hair, never cut. Her other interests include art, drawing, sculpture, rock collecting, and the Beatles."