Journalism in the Boonslick

*BHS Summer Meeting at Pleasant Green*

Farewell to a Folk Music Master

Vol. 18 No. 2 — Summer 2019

**Boonslick Historical Society Periodical**
Editor's Page

Journalism in the Boonslick, Antebellum Architecture, and Farewell to a Folk Music Master

Our editorial “Cup Runneth Over” this summer issue … as do the waters of the Big Muddy in this long, wet summer of ’19.

We start with a collection of comments on the history of journalism in the Boonslick, a recounting of this sometimes raucous – and always controversial – profession (pg. 4). We follow with a visit to Pleasant Green Plantation, the historic home of artist Florence “Winky” Chesnutt Friedrichs (pg. 11) where BHS members are invited to gather on July 21. And, sadly, a farewell tribute to BHS member and folk musician Cathy Barton (pg. 12) who, along with her husband Dave Para and the late Bob Dyer, were the unparalleled chroniclers of 19th-century folk music of the Boonslick and the Ozarks—storytellers of the trials and tribulations of our Missouri ancestors, as well as those of Appalachia and other once-frontier lands.

Storytelling and journalism—surely they go together, an observation that sounds like one the folksy savant “Mr. Dooley” would make. He was the creation of “real” – not fake – journalist Finley Peter Dunne (1867 – 1936), an American humorist and writer from Chicago. In 1898 Dunne published “Mr. Dooley in Peace and in War,” a collection of his nationally syndicated Mr. Dooley sketches. Speaking with the thick verbiage and accent of an Irish immigrant from County Roscommon, the fictional Mr. Dooley expounded upon political and social issues of the day from his South Side Chicago Irish pub. Dunne's sly humor and political acumen won the support of President Theodore Roosevelt, a frequent target of Mr. Dooley's barbs. Dunne's sketches became so popular and such a litmus test of public opinion that they were read each week at White House cabinet meetings.

One of the classic quotations Dunne attributed to his Mr. Dooley creation was: “Th' newspaper does ivrything f'r us. It runs th' polis foorce an' th' banks, commands th' milishy, controls th' ligislachure, baptizes th' young, marries th' foolish, comforts th' afflicted, afflicts th' comfortable, buries th' dead an' roasts thim aftherward.”

“Comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable”—a commandment to which many modern-day journalist still genuflect.

Journalism in the Boonslick began in the early nineteenth century with newspapers such as the Missouri Intelligencer (1819) in Howard County and numerous rival sheets that sprang up in the region. They were colorful journals produced by colorful editors. Their creed may well have been the following: “Responsible journalism is journalism responsible in the last analysis to the editor's own conviction of what, whether interesting or only important, is in the public interest.” — from Bartlett's Familiar Quotations.

Their history is recounted here by later Boonslick journalists H. Denny Davis and Jim Steele, who were editors and publishers of the two Fayette newspapers between 1984 and 2011, and Bill Clark, a long-time Columbia journalist who now writes an Internet column.

And last, we note the continuing floods of the Boonslick as well as of much of Missouri and other states part of the Missouri River basin. We first reported on this in the spring issue of the Quarterly, noting the great floods of 1844, 1903, 1951, and 1993.

The flood of 2019 is now the second worst in mid-Missouri since the record flood of ’93. Two photographs on page 3 reflect the effect flood waters have had—and continue to have—in the Boonslick.

—Don B. Cullimore
Boone’s Lick Heritage Quarterly is published four times a year by the Boonslick Historical Society, P.O. Box 426, Boonville, MO 65233.

We encourage our members and others interested in history to contribute articles or other information of historical interest, including family histories, pertaining to the region. Please address all contributions and correspondence related to the periodical to the editor, Don B. Cullimore, 1 Lawrence Dr., Fayette, MO 65248, or email to: Don.cullimore40@gmail.com, phone: 660-888-3429. Editorial guidelines may be obtained from the editor. Publication deadlines are February 1 for the March (Spring) issue; May 1 for the June (Summer) issue; August 1 for the September (Fall) issue; and November 1 for the (Winter) December issue.

The Boonslick Historical Society was founded in 1937 and meets several times a year to enjoy programs about historical topics pertinent to the Boonslick area. Members of the Society have worked together over the years to publish historical books and brochures and to mark historic sites. They supported the founding of Boone’s Lick State Historic Site, marked the sites of Cooper’s Fort and Hanna Cole’s Fort and have restored a George Caleb Bingham painting on loan to The Ashby-Hodge Gallery of American Art at Central Methodist University, Fayette.

Membership dues are $15-Individual, $25-Family, $50-Sponsor, $250-Patron, $500-Life. The dues year is January through December. Receive our publication, Boone’s Lick Heritage Quarterly, and attend annual Society events highlighting the region’s history. To become a member, send a check made out to the Boonslick Historical Society, P.O. Box 426, Boonville, MO 65233.

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 Editor's Page: A potpourri Page 2
Journalism in the Boonslick Page 4
H. Denny Davis, Jim Steele, and Bill Clark
Summer Meeting at Pleasant Green Plantation Page 11
Tribute to Cathy Barton Page 12

MISSOURI RIVER FLOOD of 2019: Above, passenger van and semitrailer truck stalled on HWY. 240 west of Glasgow in late June. Below, photo from Glasgow looking out over the river and Saline County bottoms after levee failures caused flooding throughout the Boonslick region. Aerial photos by Mike Heying, editor of The Glasgow Missourian.

Cover photo: Monte Crews, “Pieing the Type,” 1940, oil on canvas, 35 x 28, originally in the Fayette Advertiser Collection, now in The Ashby-Hodge Gallery of American Art Permanent Collection.

Page 2 photo: CD cover, “Ballad of the Boonslick,” by Sam Griffin, a reenactment of George Caleb Bingham’s 1870 painting “Jolly Flatboatmen.”
there are two reasons why journalism in the Boonslick is worthy of examination. One is the extraordinary calibre and distinction of some of the journalists who have worked here. The other reason is that the early newspapers of the Boonslick are of themselves historically important.

Walter Williams was born in Boonville in 1864. At age 20 he wrote his first newspaper article, for the Boonville Advertiser. Two years later he became a stockholder in the newspaper. The Advertiser evolved into the Boonville Daily News. So the present-day paper can claim Williams as an alumnus. At the age of 25 Williams became the youngest president of the Missouri Press Association. Later he became president of the National Editorial Association, now the National Newspaper Association. Like most newspapermen of his day, he flitted around a lot. He edited the Columbia Herald. For a time he edited the Jefferson City Tribune, by telephone from Columbia. He was inducted into the Missouri Press Association Journalism Hall of Fame in 2005. Davis died in December 2006. Most of the newspapers mentioned here no longer exist. They were either folded into other papers or went out of business. —The Editor

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Walter Williams at his office desk at the University of Missouri. Photo courtesy of State Historical Society of Missouri.

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Walter Williams at his office desk at the University of Missouri. Photo courtesy of State Historical Society of Missouri.
anywhere, west of St. Louis.

The third newspaper press west of the Mississippi was that of the Missouri Intelligencer and Boone’s Lick Advertiser, founded in April of 1819, in Franklin, which we now call Old Franklin. The town was just across the river from present-day downtown Boonville.

West of St. Charles, there were no towns at all in 1819 – except Franklin. The only way to get here was to pole a boat up the Missouri River; or walk; or ride a horse up the Boonlick Trail. In 1819, the town of Franklin was only three years old. It already has a population of twelve hundred (This in a time when St. Louis had only five thousand inhabitants). Speculators decided Franklin was going to displace St. Louis as the major metropolis of Missouri. Franklin was a lusty frontier town. There were four saloons and no churches. You’ve heard the phrase, “land-office business?” It may have been born at Franklin. The U.S. Government Land Office was there. The lure of free, or nearly-free, farm land in the river bottoms, was drawing swarms of settlers into the Boonlick country. City lots in Franklin, were bought, hastily marked up, and sold the next day at a handsome profit.

To settle the conflicting land title claims, came dozens of lawyers. Lawyers were the opinion-leaders of the day.

In February of 1819, Benjamin Holiday bought a used Ramage press in Louisville, Kentucky. The two presses in St. Louis also were Ramages. A Ramage had a wood frame. Overall it was not quite as big as your free-standing console TV in your home. Holiday probably brought it to Franklin by packhorse, or possibly by oxcart, fording the streams and fighting the mud of the first great western trail from St. Charles to Franklin.

It took two men to operate a Ramage. First they would cut and fold 300 four-page sheets. One man would insert a sheet of paper in the press, and get his hands out of the way. The other man would swing a cast-iron lever which caused a sheet of cast iron to press down (hence the word) on the sheet of paper, pressing it against the inked type underneath. Then the man would reverse the lever, lifting the platen. The first man would remove the sheet, ink the type again, and insert another sheet. After doing this about three hundred times (the circulation of the Intelligencer) they would turn the paper over, and print the other page, one sheet at a time, 300 times. Then they would reverse the fold and print the other two pages.

Just printing the paper took about six hours. (By contrast, to print the Fayette Advertiser, once everything is in place and adjusted on the press, takes about 15 minutes, today).

The first issue of the Intelligencer came out April 23, 1819. There was no competition, for newspapers were the only medium of advertising or news.

The Intelligencer cost $3 a year in advance; or $4 in arrears. A published disclaimer said, “No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages have been paid. Failure to give timely notice for discontinuance at the end of the year, will be considered as an engagement for the next year.”

To modern-day circulation managers this seems odd: “We won’t stop sending the paper until you pay for it.”

Holiday had a partner, Nathaniel Patten. Patten emerged as sole owner. In 1826 he moved the Intelligencer to the new county seat, Fayette. There a rival paper appeared.

These were the virile frontier days of Missouri personal journalism. None of that sissy stuff about objectivity and balance.

The editor of the rival Western Monitor wrote about the editor of the Intelligencer, quote:

“Stupid, servile, slanderer. . . paid to utter dirty little falsehoods. . . a groveling editor. . . who can be bought and sold by any person for any purpose for $50.” Unquote.

A descendant of the author of those harsh words, is Nelson Addington Reed of St. Louis. He has written a book, Family Papers. He writes:

“State law ruled against journalistic discussion of fornication, adultery, or slave rebellion. Beyond that, an editor could print anything. . . Libel laws were considered infringement of free speech.”

An editor expected visitors bearing snake whips, iron-headed canes, or invitations to meet at a remote spot early in the morning.

Yet the picture that emerges, of Patten, is of a surprisingly moderate and thoughtful editor. The worst thing he wrote about his rival at the Monitor was, “he has a bad heart, which not even the cloak of religion can conceal.”

Patten’s Intelligencer made no concession to mass appeal. He aimed at an educated elite. He assumed his readers were familiar with the complex national issues of the day. The Intelligencer attained influence far beyond the mud and dust of the Boonlick. It was read in New York and Washington, and its opinions were reprinted in the leading newspapers of the eastern cities, as the authentic voice of the romantic American frontier.

Let us close out the Intelligencer by printing the editor’s editorial policy, published in the first issue nearly 174 years ago:

“Truth being the first principal of virtue, and virtue being the only basis upon which government can rest, it will be the first object of this newspaper to make truth its polar star. . . The tendency of our government toward aristocracy, the encroachment on the Constitutional rights of our people, will never be viewed in silence. . . Public measures, and public acts and characters of individuals in office, will always be considered just objects of investigation. But no private quarrels, nor the aspersion of private character, will find admission into the columns of the Intelligencer.”

The Intelligencer set the pattern for hundreds of feisty, independent-minded Missouri newspapers. Perhaps scholars will find in that stern editorial creed, the seeds of Joseph Pulitzer’s valedictory, or Walter Williams’s Journalist’s Creed. About which more later.

The Intelligencer later moved from Fayette to Columbia, and became the Columbia Statesman. In 1864 the owner of the Statesman, Col. William F. Switzler, finally retired the old Ramage press. In May of 1864, he donated it to the Mercantile Library Association of St. Louis. That private library was then the nearest thing to a museum in Missouri. The press was prominently dis-
played, according to a St. Louis newspaper report at the time. The association and the library are still in existence, but the curator can find no trace of the press.

An identical Ramage press can be seen on display in the School of Journalism in Columbia. This is not the Intelligencer press as earlier reported.

The one in Columbia now, was used as a proof press—to make proof copies, for proof-reading. In 1912, a Mr. A.H. Everett of Kansas City donated it to the School of Journalism. He said the Ramage was 117 years old. Everett said this press was used to print the Leesburg, Virginia, Washingtonian, the oldest newspaper in Virginia in continuous publication. It was first used there in 1808.

Before that, it was used to print notices for the Virginia State Legislature. When the Leesburg newspaper stopped using the old Ramage “some years before” 1912, the new owner gave the press to Mr. Everett, a Kansas City friend. So we know the complete provenance of the University’s Ramage, and it cannot be the Intelligencer Press. It would be interesting to go to the Mercantile Library and try to find whatever happened to the Intelligencer press. I hope to do that some day.

The first newspaper in Cooper County was established at Boonville about 1834, and called the Boonville Herald. It underwent a number of changes of ownership, name and political affiliation. It expired in 1861. A great many Missouri newspapers disappeared in the tragic, boiling cauldron of the Civil War.

A more colorful paper, in name anyway, was the Coon Hunter, started in Boonville in 1840. The Boonville Patriot was formed in 1856 and was stridently pro-slavery. In 1861 federal troops closed the paper, confiscated the press and type, and took these items to Jefferson City to be locked up. I must add that this was commonplace for a town the size of Fayette or Boonville to have two or three competing weekly newspapers. Time does not permit mention of all of them. I’ll try to hit some of the other towns.

The Pilot Grove Bee was established in 1882. It later became the Record. The Blackwater News was published in the 1870s. The Otterville Mail was established at the turn of the century.

Howard County also has notable newspapers. The Glasgow Missourian was established in 1867. It is still going strong. It has the distinction of being in the same family for the last 63 years. J.W. Stevenson acquired the Missourian in 1930. He died in 1953. His widow assumed control. In 1962 Publisher’s Auxiliary, the national trade paper of the newspaper industry, named Mrs. Stevenson “Editor of the Week.” Mrs. Stevenson later sold the paper to her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Young, who continue to publish that respected newspaper today.

Mrs. Stevenson remained active in the editing of the paper until only two weeks before her death last year. Joe Young recalls that during her last illness, she insisted he bring to her in the hospital, a copy of each edition, hot off the press. In her hospital bed, she would “total the ads.” That is, with a ruler she would measure each ad in column-inches, and add up the total amount of advertising, to gauge the economic health of the paper.

The oldest surviving newspaper continuously published in the Boonslick, is the Fayette Advertiser. I have the honor of being the present editor and publisher. I can not claim credit for its long life. During most of its 153 years, it got along without me, just fine.

The Fayette Advertiser is, in fact, the second-oldest surviving weekly newspaper west of the Mississippi. The only older one is the Spectator in Palmyra, Missouri, founded two years earlier, in 1838. If daily papers are included, the Fayette Advertiser is the sixth oldest newspaper west of the Mississippi. The Little Rock
Arkansas Gazette was founded in 1819; the Dubuque Telegraph 1835; the New Orleans Times-Picayune 1837.

The Hannibal Courier Post started in 1838, and a few weeks later the Palmyra paper appeared.

What was to become the Fayette Advertiser began its life Sept. 3, 1840, in Glasgow, under the name of the Banner. In 1853 it moved to Fayette. It became the Howard County Advertiser. It was acquired in 1860 by Isaac Houck. He was a strong southern sympathizer. In 1864 Union Troops occupied Fayette, a hotbed of southern sympathy. The union troops quartered their horses on the main floor of Brannock Hall, now the administration building of Central Methodist College. As a measure of the strong feelings of the time, it is worth noting that the federal government did not apologize and pay for the damage until 1927.

The union troops destroyed the newspaper office. Houck fled to Illinois.

The paper resumed publication a year later.

The paper was sold by the sheriff for debt in 1872, a bad year for areas of southern sympathies. But in the late 1870s, the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad laid its main line connecting Chicago with Texas. It ran right through Fayette. Fayette tripled in size. It was at this time all those historic pressed sheet-metal-front buildings were erected around the square in Fayette. The newspaper was doing well.

Then it burned to the ground in 1882. The paper hired the printing done in Boonville until a new plant could be built. The paper again thrived. In 1916, without any explanation, the name was changed from Howard County Advertiser to the Fayette Advertiser.

In Picturesque Fayette 1905, a pictorial history published in 1905, it was reported: “The Advertiser has always been looked upon as the conservative voice of Howard County. The paper has ever taken an active part in politics, and a decided interest in all things pertaining to the general good. Fearless in its editorial columns, possessing an opinion and ever ready to express it in the interest of the common people, the Advertiser is today looked upon throughout Missouri as one of the substantial publications whose opinion is respected.”

After the best school of journalism in the world, probably the most important legacy of Cooper County’s Walter Williams is his journalist’s creed. It is cast in bronze and mounted on the lobby wall in Walter Williams Hall at the University. The first assignment of every aspiring journalism student is to study it. His simple statement has been translated into more than 40 languages. It has been published in textbooks, and read from lecturns, all over the world.

As we are in Lent, this might be a good time for an aging journalist to read it again. Let me close by sharing it with you:

“No one should write as a journalist what he would not say as a gentleman. . . Bribery by one’s own pocketbook is as much to be avoided, as bribery by the pocketbook of another. . . Individual responsibility may not be avoided by pleading another’s instructions or another’s dividends. . .

“Advertising, news and editorial opinion alike should serve the best interests of readers. . .

“The journalism which succeeds best – and best deserves success – fears God and honors man; is stouly independent; unmoved by pride of opinion or greed of power; constructive; tolerant but never careless; self-controlled, patient, always respectful of readers but always unafraid. . . Quickly indignant at injustice, unswayed by the appeal of privilege or the clamor of the mob. . .”


SOURCES:

The Death of Venerable Newspaper

By James H. Steele

The last issue of the Fayette Democrat-Leader rolled-off the press Friday afternoon, July 15, 2017. It was a sad day for many of us, akin to the passing of an old and dear friend. But truth be told, the paper had been on life-support for some time.

Publisher Pat Roll made the only decision possible. For many years Fayette has been the only community of its size in Missouri to have an honest-to-goodness twice-a-week newspaper presence. Other similar towns (many much larger than Fayette) had long ago reverted to a once-a-week schedule, and in most cases never had more than that to begin with.

Not long after purchasing the Fayette papers in December 2000, I became acquainted with Jeff Hedberg whose family then owned the Centralia Fireside Guard serving a community nearly twice the size of this one. Often Jeff would chide me, suggesting we could make more money (and have less work!) by going to once-a-week, as was the case at Centralia. But for me the pull of history and tradition was strong, in addition to providing a more timely news presence. So I put the thought out of mind. Nonetheless, when the 2008 recession hit, the possibility of a once-a-week schedule did indeed merit consideration but never came to reality.

The need to transition to a single newspaper became more evident as the years passed. Time was when the editor could grab a pad and take a stroll around the square, returning to the office with a pot-full of ad orders to meet the payroll for the coming week. Not so today. Many, if not most, of those businesses are gone and those which remain often are owned by chains where advertising decisions are made in far distant cities.

Changes in population demographics, social media, and a younger population, which relies mostly on electronic media, add to the equation.

But all is not lost. In some respects small community newspapers fare better than their counterparts in larger cities because the town paper often is the only real source for local news. (The decline in daily newspapers has in recent years been witnessed close to home in such locations as Columbia, Moberly, Mexico and Boonville, just a name a few.)

For this writer, memories of the Democrat-Leader go back to 1960 as a freshman at Central College. Ten years later I came back to Fayette as the college’s public relations director and soon became friends with editor-publisher John Hert who had worked with the two papers as a Central student in the late ’30s and early ’40s, and then returned in 1948 after purchasing part-ownership from the Mitchell family. He became full owner in 1964, remaining in that capacity until retiring in 1984.

My early memories with John and his staff involved taking CMC press releases to the newspaper office, then located in the Commercial Trust Company basement. It was a rather dark and damp place but cool on a hot summer day. The Fayette Advertiser had been located in that spot since the CTC building was completed in 1911. When the two papers merged in 1925, the Democrat-Leader was produced there as well.

By 1969, the old hot-lead press and Lynotype machine had been replaced with offset printing technology, plus the additional cost-saving resulting from having printing done elsewhere in another shop (at that time the Boonville Daily News). Thus the large basement space no longer was needed and, in 1971, John Hert rented an office at 205 North Main which served as a more inviting and convenient location.

Denny Davis purchased the operation 13 years later. He already owned a printing business situated in the former city hall at 202 E. Morrison, across from the old jail. (It also had been a funeral home.) This was the location I inherited after purchasing the operation in December 2000. The building, now owned by Brooks Ross, could be described as “interesting” but not an edifice which might have been featured in Better Homes and Gardens. (We always kept two fly-swatters in easy reach.)

Computerized pagination for newspaper page layouts and other technology advances soon made it evident that such a large space no longer was needed — this combined with the desire to provide a nicer and more convenient spot for customers. Such a location was found early in 2006 when local dentist Doug Miller decided to consolidate his practice with the family dental office in Columbia. The space here was refurbished and made it possible to have private staff offices and a more efficient work environment. The move to the new location at 203 North Main came in June 2006 and, ironically, it was situated immediately south of the storefront John Hert had utilized from 1971 to 1984. The paper continues at the site today.

One small problem over the years was how the phone was answered. Since the Democrat-Leader had bought-out the Advertiser in 1925, John Hert always felt it was the flagship paper - not to mention the fact he was a lifelong Democrat. Thus the phone was answered “Democrat-Leader.” Denny Davis, by contrast, was a rock-ribbed Republican and found the word Democrat hard to utter, so the phone was answered “Fayette Advertiser.” Later we simply reverted to saying Fayette Newspapers when a call arrived.

So now we say a fond farewell to the Democrat-Leader whose history has spanned the post-Civil War era and the coming of the railroad; the arrival of paved streets, automobiles, telephones, electric lights, plus city water and sewers; establishment of public schools and the merger of two colleges; two world wars; the Great Depression; several big fires; Vietnam and the civil rights era; major agricultural and commercial changes; the coming of the space age, and dramatic fast-moving developments in medicine, technology and communication.

For nearly a century-and-a-half the Democrat-Leader reported it all. May it Rest in Peace.

Jim Steele is the retired editor-publisher of the Fayette Advertiser and Democrat-Leader and current BHS president. He edited the 2016 history of Howard County published on the occasion of the county’s bicentennial. He holds degrees in history and political science from Central Methodist University and journalism from the University of Missouri-Columbia. The Fayette Advertiser is now owned by Justin and Dr. Sonya Addison, who took over as publishers from Pat and Ruth Roll in July 2018, Mr. Roll had published the newspaper since February 2011.
Dear Joe,

It appears useful to set down in writing an explanation of the narrative contained in the Monte Crews painting. "Pieing the Type." New generations of viewers may not be familiar with the Fayette history, and letterpress printing history, preserved in the painting.

The locale: This is a depiction of the "backshop" of the Democrat-Leader newspaper in Fayette, MO, in about 1920. We can date it, first, because of the coal-oil lantern still hanging, in the upper left background; and because the old press is powered, not by electricity, but by hand, using the momentum of the big yellow flywheel, center foreground. We know it is in Fayette, because of the handbills displayed on the wall at right rear.

From right to left, they refer (a) to the candidacy of Sam (uel Collier) Major for Congress (Major was a Fayette native and Central Methodist alumnus who served in Congress, off and on, in the early decades of the 20th Century. He would have had his handbills printed in Fayette.)

(b) Grand Rally at Wingfield Park. Wingfield Lake still exists, on the farm of Mrs. Bobby (Patricia) Crowley at 1128 Highway 5 and 240, north of Fayette. (NW quarter of NW quarter of Section 27, Township 51, Range 16.) In the days before air conditioning, there was a dance pavilion on a pier jutting out over Mr. Wingfield's Lake. On summer Saturday nights, a band played and couples danced. The surrounding land was a private park. It could be rented for such a rally. A photo of Mr. Wingfield appears in Picturesque Fayette 1905.

(c) Tonight Grand Rally at Tolson Opera House. Tolson Opera House still stands at the southeast corner of the Courthouse Square in Fayette (100-104 South Main Street). The opera house was built by an entrepreneur, Mr. Tolson of Fayette, in 1903, after a fire destroyed an earlier opera house. So far as can be established, no complete opera was ever performed at this site.

The term opera house was often used for any theatre available for stage performances. The term was a sop to the prudish of the 19th Century, who considered classical opera the only morally acceptable form of stage entertainment.

Performances ceased with the advent of talkies, if not with the earlier advent of silent pictures. This happened to such theatres in most small towns of America.

The second and third floors contained the theatre. The street floor was rented for retail stores. In the finished-off basement, with double-hung windows in window wells front and side, was the Fayette Bottling Works, a soft-drink enterprise. Its molded return-deposit bottles are now collector's items. In the alley at rear can still be seen a projecting steel beam; where a pulley arrangement was used to haul flats (sets) and large props up to the stage, which was at the east (rear) end. Last time I looked, the balcony was still in place in the west (front) end of the building.

After its theatre period, the stage and row seating were removed and the upper two floors were used as a National Guard Armory. The building is still sometimes called the Armory. Dances were held there. The machine-gun company M was called up for WWII service, and never returned. After the war, the theatre space was used for a garment factory. Then it stood empty, as it does now.

The building has in recent years been called the Ayres Dry Goods Building, the Faith Family Fellowship Building, and the Painted Lady Building, reflecting the successive tenants on the street-level floor.

The printing process: The painting captures the state of the printing art, in small-town America, in the days of letterpress printing. (The moveable type system invented by Gutenberg and used for five Centuries. In the late 20th Century it was gradually replaced by offset printing, a chemical transfer of ink; and "cold type," or computer typesetting.) Note the coal stove at left; in front of it a scuttle contains loose coal to feed the fire as needed. The kerosene lamp and the hand-driven press reflect pre-World War II days. Although Fayette already had electricity by 1920, old customs endured.

Monte Crews was a contemporary and good friend of Wirt Mitchell, owner-publisher of the Democrat-Leader from the late 19-teens until his death in the 1950s. About 1920, the struggling young artist (Crews) experimented with a comic strip, which he hoped to syndicate nationwide. The Democrat-Leader was his first and, as it turned out, only client. In that period, he would have frequented the Democrat-Leader office (Crews lived in Fayette then). This is what he remembered, from those days, when he painted this work in 1940, in his studio in New Jersey.

The press is probably a Chandler & Price Job Press, dating from several years earlier. It would not have had a bright yellow flywheel. The artist said he colored it to achieve the bright colors demanded for the cover of the Saturday Evening Post, where he hoped to sell the painting (he failed).

In the background we see a type cabinet. A top it are the two type cases in use at the moment depicted. The upper one, slanted sharply, contains capital letters. The lower one, lying almost flat, contains minuscules, or little letters. Hence the terms we still use,
"upper case" and "lower case." This type was set by hand for placement in a "chase," such as the one the boy is holding.

This tray had no floor, or bottom. It was like a picture frame. It was placed on a "composing stone" such as the marble-topped table shown at right foreground. The working surface of the stone had to be ground to absolute level. All hand-set type in the Western World was "type-high" (.918 inch tall). The type had to be of uniform height, so it would get uniform inking from the inking roller; and the paper, fed on a platen, would get uniform inking by the raised type.

Once set, type was held in place in the bottomless frame, by quoins (pronounced coins). The closest thing we know to a quoin is a spring-loaded clothespin. The metal quoin consisted of two ramp-shaped pieces, loosely joined. When the two sloping surfaces were ratcheted against each other, the device fattened, producing pressure between the wall of the chase and the type inside. The quoin was thus expanded, by using a quoin key, inserted in the middle and twisted by hand. The chase of type, thus braced at the sides, could be picked up by its edges and inserted on its platen in the press.

A commonplace way of "newboying" a new teenage employee, was for the printer to secretly loosen the quoins immediately after the printing of a job. The unsuspecting teenager would attempt to pick up the "locked" chase. About the time he got it out of the press, the loosened type would fall out on the floor. In other words, he would "pie the type."

He would have to pick it up, one piece at a time. (Ordinarily he would carry the full clise to the counter where the cases were. He would then "throw in" each individual letter of type, into the appropriate compartment, in of the two cases. These little spaces were unlabeled. By throwing in type, the youngster would learn something akin to touch-typing: He would learn which space contained which letter and go there without peeking. Eventually, he might learn to set type by hand, his right hand reaching into the correct box without his looking at it.)

In the painting, we are not told that the printer has secretly loosened the quoins. Indeed, he is showing astonishment and dismay. We are invited to speculate on whether he is dissimulating. His bushy mustache may be concealing a smile.

Amid the pieces of type on the floor, can be seen a quoin or two. Also there are flat slivers of lead. These were used to create space between one line of type and the line below it. The "leading," or amount of spacing, could be adjusted by using one or more such slivers of the soft metal.

The composing stone (the term is used to include the wooden stand on which the marble rests) is still part of the Democrat-Leader inventory at this writing, in 2006. It is used in the mailing room, principally as a working surface for hand-inserting the colored pre-printed inserts into copies of the paper, before mailing. On the back of the marble, is written in pencil, a record of each move of the newspaper office, from one Fayette address to another. The weight of the 400-pound marble assures that this record will not be tampered with; but it also discourages inspection by local-history buffs.

I was born in Fayette in 1927. In 1944, I went to work part-time at the Democrat-Leader. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, I was a reporter and proofreader in the "frontshop." Wednesdays I was a "printer's devil" (apprentice) in the "backshop." One of my duties was to "throw in" type after a printing job was completed. Yes, I was "newboyped." Once. The experience is useful. One learns to test the quoins, by gently lifting the chase a tiny fraction of an inch, before removing it from the press. This avoids "Pieing the Type." I hope this explanation will add to the enjoyment of younger generations who may admire "Pieing the Type" by Monte Crews. —Sincerely, H. Denny Davis

The First Newspaper
By Bill Clark

On June 10, 1820, a story in the Franklin Intelligencer and Boon’s Lick Advertiser announced the retirement of publisher Nathaniel Patten. He and Benjamin Holliday had established the first newspaper west of St. Louis on April 23, 1819 – more than two years before Missouri became a state.

The paper was edited by Holliday for a year, then sold to John Payne on July 23, 1821. Payne died two months later at age 24. Holliday again kept the paper alive and Patten returned as co-owner with John Cleaveland from August 5, 1822, until April 17, 1824., when Cleaveland retired, leaving Patten with the paper alone.

Frequent floods caused Patten to move the paper’s offices to Fayette on June 16, 1826, where it became the Fayette Intelligencer.

Readers of the history column Ol’ Clark has produced since 2005, have followed the Intelligencer from the paper’s first edition in this corner for the past seven years, always under the “193 Years Ago” banner. When we return to the column’s original format in late August, we’ll pick up with the Intelligencer in Fayette. The column had covered its every issue from April 23, 1819, prior to the State Historical Society’s hiatus to move to its new headquarters [building], which opens August 10.

It has been fun and very informative following the development of Central Missouri through the pages of the Franklin Intelligencer and Boon’s Lick Advertiser.

For the record, the Intelligencer was published in Fayette by Patten until he sold the paper to Fred Hamilton on December 1835.

The Fayette Intelligencer became the Columbia Intelligencer on May 4, 1830, and remained so until a consortium bought the paper and established Hamilton as the publisher and changed its name to the Columbia Patriot on Dec. 12, 1835.

In July, 1841, [William F.] Switzler came aboard as the paper’s editor, soon to become co-owner of the paper with Younger J. Williams. On Jan. 1, 1843, they changed the paper’s name to The Statesman, which it would remain for almost a century in one form or another. Williams died 10 weeks later, and Switzler became sole owner of the paper in January, 1845.

Switzler owned and edited the paper until 1881.

Editor’s note: Bill Clark, a Columbia resident, is a veteran journalist and also had a long career as a professional scout for major league baseball. For many years he wrote a local history column for Columbia newspapers, including the Columbia Daily Tribune. He now writes Internet columns on “News & Views from Mi-MO/This Week in Local History/Backyard Birding.” His Internet website is: www.patreon.com/yeoldclark. Depending on the number of columns viewers wish to subscribe to, the monthly fees are modest: $4 - $12. The “First Newspaper” article here was excerpted from one of Clark’s June columns.
News in Brief

Society July 21 Meeting at Antebellum Home Built near Pilot Grove

Pleasant Green Plantation House Site of Boonslick Historical Society

Pleasant Green, also known historically as the Andrews-Chesnutt House and Winston Walker House and located near Pilot Grove in Cooper County, will be the location for the summer meeting of the Boonslick Historical Society (BHS) on July 21.

The BHS meeting begins at 2 p.m. and is open to the public. Refreshments will be available. Attendees are encouraged to bring lawn chairs. Small group tours of the house will be given. The home is located on the south side of Highway 135 six miles southwest of Pilot Grove.

Pleasant Green is a two-story, five bay, classic Revival-style brick dwelling with a two-story wood frame addition. It features a front portico supported by six columns. The house also has a 1 1/2-story brick section and one-story kitchen wing. It was listed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1977.

Also on the property are historic structures, including a smokehouse and a two-pen frame building, one of several that were in the slave quarters at one time behind and east of the main house. Only this one “quarters” structure remains. A hexagonal wood-frame barn built circa 1900 is no longer standing.

The house originally was a small brick structure, then the front 2 story was added in the 1830s and the back wing was added around 1840-50. The first house was also used as a post office until the MKT railroad came through in 1872; thereafter, it was called the “post-office room,” later the “growlery.”

A new post office was built at the top of the hill in 1872 and also became the phone office as well. When it was abandoned, the remains were moved behind the main house.

The house was the residence of journalist (and U.S. Army Col.) Stanley Andrews (1894-1994) and his wife, Florence Venita (Cox) Andrews.

It is currently owned by their daughter, Florence “Winky” Chesnutt Friedrichs, a seventh-generation descendant of the Walker family that originally built the house. Friedrichs is a well-known Missouri artist who works with cooper and other metals and wood to create art pieces, including copper panels with ecclesiastical themes. She also creates pen and ink drawings and oil and watercolor paintings.

Colonel Andrews was in active service with the U.S. Army during World Wars I and II, serving overseas several years, and afterward working for the State Department, both in Washington, D.C., and abroad. He was appointed by President Harry S. Truman to be administrator of the Foreign Aid Program.

The Boonslick Historical Society was founded in 1937 and meets several times a year to enjoy historical topics pertinent to the Boonslick area. Society members have worked together over the years to publish historical books and brochures and to mark historic sites. The Society supported the founding of Boone’s Lick State Historic Site, marked the sites of Cooper’s Fort and Hannah Cole’s Fort and restored a George Caleb Bingham painting on loan to The Ashby-Hodge Gallery of American Art.
Tribute to Catherine Jean Barton Para (1955 - 2019)

Local musician Cathy Barton Para, 63, of Boonville, passed away gently among family and friends at home, Wednesday, April 17, 2019. A memorial service was held at May 4 at Boonville’s First Christian Church.

Cathy’s husband and musical partner, Dave Para, penned these thoughts about Cathy and their long-time collaboration with former Boone’s Lick Heritage editor and folk musician Bob Dyer shortly before we went to print. —The Editor

"...Can’t really say where Cathy got her musical ability; she couldn’t either, for that matter. She was the only one who played anything in her immediate family, though it was her oldest sister’s guitar that she secretly borrowed and learned her first chords. Her mother liked to sing, famously not well, but she liked it, and maybe that’s how Cathy was singing at a very early age. During the four years her military family spent in Hawaii she picked up the ukulele which started her picking during the height of the folk revival. She found the banjo while at high school and won the talent show as a senior at Hickman High School playing “Dueling Banjos.” Somebody mentioned it to us as recently as five months ago.

"At the Chez Coffeehouse in Columbia she found a regular audience, got a band together, one too big to make any money. She also found me there, and after the band pulled apart I managed to get her to sing with me. It’s also where we first saw Bob Dyer and heard “River of the Big Canoes.” During our early married years we moved to Boonville. Bob came over to the Daily News one day and said, “I heard you’re looking for a place to live,” and mentioned his duplex on High Street, and a 25-year collaboration began. Bob’s historical knowledge, his love of poetry, his dedication to Diehard made him a singular next-door neighbor and friend. We brought our knowledge of folk tradition, a blending sense of harmony and strong instrumental presence to the scheming table. Developing programs for Young Audiences of Kansas City kept us working and in the car together gave us ideas for album projects.

"Cathy’s collaboration with Meredith Ludwig to write the musical, “Gumbo Bottoms,” starts with that inspiration of “River of the Big Canoes.” Bob gave us a larger story to tell with our music and tied us to the history of this place.” —Dave Para

This tribute to Cathy Barton Para is from her long-time close friend Amber Moodie Dyer, daughter of the late Bob Dyer, who started Boone’s Lick Heritage magazine and served as its editor for many years until he passed away in 2007. —The Editor

"My heart is heavy from the loss of a dear, dear family friend. Cathy Barton Para was one of the sweetest, loveliest, most authentic and talented individuals I have ever known. There are so many fond memories, too many to recount here, of my time with her: Christmas caroling traditions, spending holidays together, an entire wall of [husband] Dave and Cathy's wind-up toys that I would simultaneously activate while she laughed uncontrollably nearby (that laugh!), the Big Muddy Folk Festivals, the always entertaining dinners at their home sharing stories, good food, beer, laughter and music.

"Cathy and Dave have been a part of my life for as long as I can remember, and there was never one without the other. They were married in the year I was born, 1979, and I grew up sharing a wall between us, back when 513 High Street was a duplex and I lived with my parents on one side of the house in our little river bluff town of Boonville, Missouri, and Dave and Cathy lived on the other. The music never stopped, I grew up hearing either my dad, Bob Dyer, working on new songs, Cathy and Dave practicing for upcoming gigs, or the three of them and others playing all together sometimes late into the night, falling asleep to drifting sounds of fiddle, banjo, guitar and Cathy’s sweet yet powerful voice. Cathy and Dave and my dad all had their own musical act, but together—whether playing on each other’s solo albums, or playing on joint musical endeavors like “Civil War Songs from the Western Border,” and in The Discovery String Band with Paul and Win Grace—together, they were magic.

"Back in the mid-1980s when John Hartford played at Thespian Hall with Dave, Cathy, and my dad, I still remember the night. I was completely star struck, even at the young age of 6 or 7 years old. Of course John Hartford is one of the most well-known folk and old-time musicians in the world to this day, and while Cathy, Dave and Bob may not be household names in the same way, they occupy a similar place in our collective consciousness in the Boonslick Region.

"Cathy especially captured my interest—here was this young woman who not only held her own among the local musicians, but led the pack in terms of musical talent, knowledge and versatility. The woman was a musical genius; there’s no denying this fact. She could play and master any instrument she encountered, yet did it all with a level of humility and openness and acceptance that is rarely present in performers.

[In retrospect. . .] "Cathy, there is nothing more I can think of to say than thank you, from the bottom of my heart, for being who you were, for giving so much to all of us, for leaving a lasting legacy of love and kindness and music. The sadness at your early leaving is only partially softened by the knowledge that you are singing and playing with the angels and with Bob Dyer up there in heaven, and all the other greats that now make that big song circle in the sky.

"Dave Para, other family and friends, my heart joins with all of you weeping and laughing and singing at the loss and the memory of this phenomenal woman. —Amber Moodie Dyer