

Weekly newspapers



Paul Wehrwein

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**EDITOR'S
NOTE:**

Working for a weekly

When I had my eye on becoming the owner and publisher of a weekly newspaper during the “hot type” era, I was encouraged to learn the printing trade, including operation of the Linotype. If someone in the “back shop” quit or was unable to work, the publisher was expected to fill the vacancy.

Those were the days, too, when you could count on local businesses to advertise, which usually accounted for any profit that might accrue from working 70-hour weeks. It didn't hurt the balance sheet either if you operated a commercial print shop as part of the newspaper operation.

With the advent of the online era, print journalism became a risky venture. Nevertheless, many weekly newspa-

pers continue to turn a profit and to serve communities throughout the United States. A number have added websites to help recapture lost advertising revenue.

If I were to enter the weekly field today, I would expect not only to write and take photographs for a newspaper, but also to file for its website, to update its Twitter feeds, to use Facebook and Foursquare for reporting and sharing stories and to shoot video. In other words, while the print version continues to appear weekly, the online version is becoming a more timely operation.

In this issue of *Author's Bazaar*, six authors share memories of working for weeklies.

— Dean Rea



**A dream
come
true**

by
**Barry
Schrader**

My first taste of newspapering came at age 16 when I was hired as high school correspondent of my hometown weekly *The Genoa (Illinois) Republican* back in 1956. That summer I also got a job as janitor and printer's devil on the paper and spent my Saturdays and sometimes after school

at the newspaper located in an historic old hotel which had been a stagecoach stop on the Galena Trail.

I had decided by then that I wanted to be a newspaper journalist. So getting a head start on learning the trade was an exciting time for this teenager. The paper was owned by C. Coleman Schoonmaker and Art Geithman who were printers and self-taught newspaper publishers.

My early work experience was covering high school sports, writing a history column by poring over back bound volumes of the paper and a few news stories about



Lead ingots from melted Linotype slugs.

school activities. I think my pay was 10 cents a column inch, the same as the country correspondents received at that time.

My backstop experience was a real eye-opener and not as glamorous as reporting. Each Saturday I had to collect the buckets of Linotype slugs and lead castings from the week's ad mats that had been used in the paper. I carried them to a smelting

furnace in the basement where I melted them. Then I used a big ladle to pour the molten lead into forms called “pigs,” which were then carried back up the stairs to stack beside the Linotype. They were used to create the lines of type for the next week’s paper.

I also had to cast lead ads from mats supplied by merchants and an ad mat service, using a different caster that also involved molten lead. All this was in a basement with only one window fan and sweltering heat in the summer. As I think back on it, how did I survive all those lead fumes and the heat to live this long?

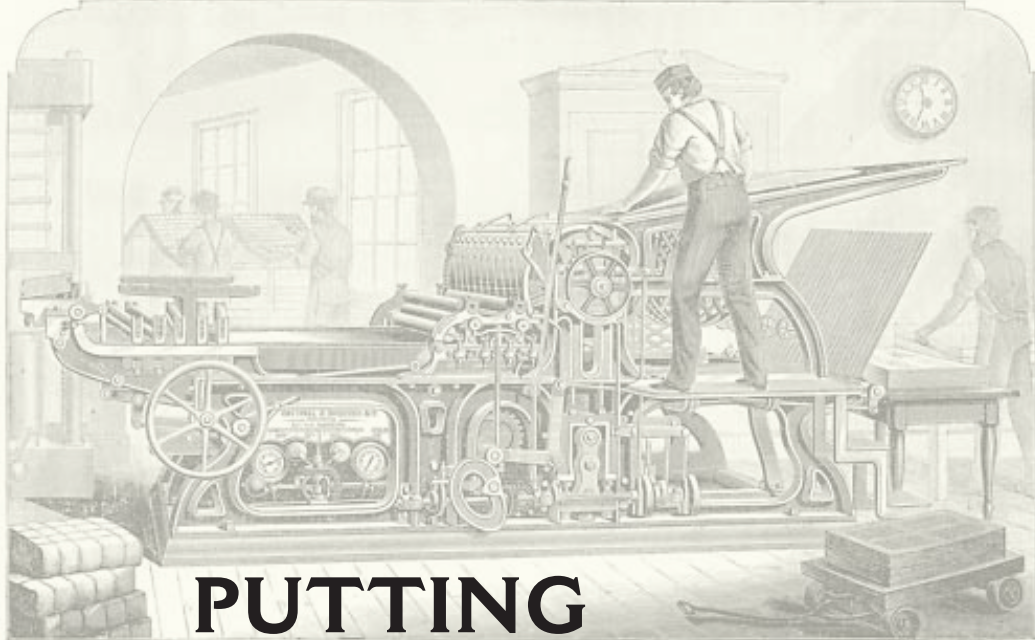
One Saturday I got careless and spilled the ladle of lead, splattering some of the molten metal on my shoe, which burned all the way through to my skin. Needless to say, my yell could be heard upstairs as I tore off my shoe and sock. The printers quickly put some ointment on my foot, and I was sent home for the day. I had a scar on the top of my foot to remind me of that for many years.

I persevered as I learned more about the operation of a newspaper and job printing. I even got to run the hand platen press on simple envelope and stationery jobs and could redistribute type into the California job cases, which came in handy many years later as I became a hobby printer.

I went off to school at Northern Illinois University where I earned my degree in journalism and became editor of a weekly chain near Rockford, Illinois. Then in 1964 I found out the Genoa weekly owners wanted to retire. My wife Kay and I scrounged up a down payment and bought the paper and printing business for \$49,000. They kept the building.

Nothing much had changed in eight years since I had first worked there, but I knew a lot more about the newspaper business by then. I stopped using the Linotype to set type and the Lee two-revolution flatbed press to print the 1,000-paper run and had the paper printed by offset at a nearby newspaper plant in Belvidere, Illinois.

My wife learned page paste-up and how to set type on a Friden Justewriter. We hired a woman to help sell ads and another to help make up the paper. So, at the tender young age of 24 I had become a newspaper publisher, a dream come true for a small town boy who wound up owning his hometown paper.



PUTTING THE PAPER 'TO BED'

by Dottie Neil

The summer after I graduated from Kansas State University, my friends who owned the small paper in my hometown talked me into writing a column about my reflections on friends, family and activities in the small town in which I lived.

In the fall shortly after I was married, the paper ran a two-page spread under the headline: Our Gal Friday Got Her Man. Their girl Friday returned to the university town where my husband was finishing his degree in business administration, and I began my job on a larger weekly newspaper for which I received a salary of \$100 a month.

I was hired to write the society news, births, weddings and obituaries, which could have been in our small way equated to The Somerset House in London, England, which records all the births, marriages and deaths of citizens in the United Kingdom and often is referred to as the Hatch, Match and Dispatch department. Among my other duties, I was often called upon to hop on the back of a motorcycle and to accompany our advertising manager on his rounds to pick up or deliver advertisements for approval.



Being young and adventurous, I loved every aspect of my job. My desk was located in front of the window facing the street where I could watch students pass by on their way to university classes.

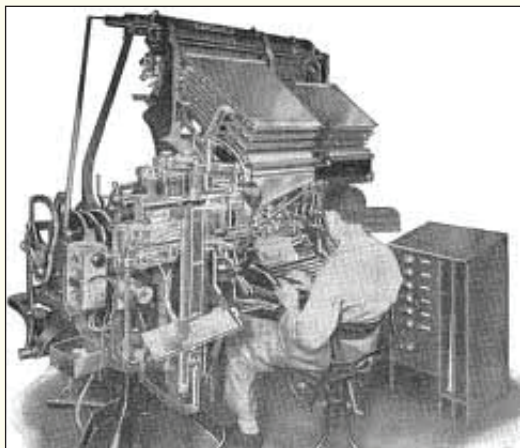
I felt grown up and professional as I picked up the phone and called the local hospital to obtain the names of new arrivals or to check on societal details such as visitors from

out of town, luncheons and dinners or fund-raising events that were big items in a university community.

My least favorite activity was contacting the local mortuaries to obtain information for obituaries I wrote when local citizens died. I enjoyed the hatch-and-match elements of my job but always felt a deep sense of loss to hear of the death of people I had met in the course of my newspaper job or of someone I had written about who had contributed so much to the community.

Our office was always busy with phones ringing, people dropping in to share news, renew a subscription or give us the latest information about the town-and-gown members of our local society.

The staff spent all day and most of the night Wednesday producing the paper. One of the machines was a massive Linotype, which got its name from producing a line of metal type at a time.



During the clang, clang of the press printing our paper,

staff members spent some time working on the next week's issue. We also ate snacks to keep up our energy levels and engaged in humor that only newspaper people could appreciate.

When the Linotype operator finished his job and the huge rumbling printing press kicked out the latest issue of our paper, we folded the printed copies and attached mailing labels. Then as the sun broke over the horizon, we transported the papers to the local post office for delivery.

Modern newspapers are marvels of technological advances, but somehow I feel that employees are missing a lot of the excitement and entertainment we felt in those bygone days when we toasted the sunrise as we “put the newspaper to bed.”



A grand experiment

BY RICH HOPKINS

My weekly newspaper experience was a grand experiment that changed my life forever. I was a frisky young professor in the journalism school at West Virginia University and had a real problem with other profs who constantly “shot me down” when I came up with new ways of doing things.

Turns out the young photography professor shared my frustration, and we decided to find and buy a weekly newspaper within commuting distance of the university. Then we’d put our marvelous ideas to work to prove them “in the marketplace.”

I’m glad the experiment was done when it was, for the whole map has changed immensely since then. We started in 1971 and continued for nearly 10 years.

Being a typography nut, I insisted on doing odd things like adopting ragged right for all body copy and doing the whole publication in variations of Helvetica. My partner really went for “splashes” (half- or full-page spreads) when he covered something photographically. Once we devoted the whole front page to a new museum, pushing all the regular stuff to page 2.

We got involved in countywide and community affairs and were not timid about publishing editorials. We ran them every week. The paper flourished. Advertising revenue doubled, circulation doubled, and with reference to our “experiment,” our paper won first place in nearly all categories in the “better newspaper” contest held annually by the state press association.

From the outset, our paper was pasted up and sent elsewhere to be printed via offset. We had early strike-on equipment such as the Friden Justowriter and Varityper “spin-a-disk” photo comp gizmo for headlines. We had our own darkroom for processing and printing our photography, and I always had the smell of hypo on my hands.

This weekly newspaper experience changed both

of our lives because both of us opted for the “real” world instead of staying in academia. I’m fairly certain we both are better off. I commuted for three years before breaking with the university; my partner did it after two years.



The exciting thing for me about the newspaper was the feeling that we were fairly close to the “heartbeat” of the community. Anyone who was doing something was sure

to end up in our shop, or on the phone, to give us full details and to try getting us involved and thus, to obtain better coverage. The ploy worked far more often than not. It wasn’t long before I couldn’t walk down the main street in our town or in the county seat without bumping into folks I knew via the newspaper.

There was a “down side” to this also. Often folks over-stayed their welcome in our shop. We often were delayed for hours by visitors, forcing our clos-



Rich checks over pages of type that he set on his Monotype.

ing of page one far past midnight. The town drunk once had been a printer, and he wouldn't take a hint of a locked front door. A local banker often showed up after 1 a.m. Still in suit and tie, we could only wonder why he

was out so late at night.

We had our share of conflicts. One advertiser said we shouldn't run ads from his competitor because . . ." Or hell to pay over errors that inevitably got into print because of the pressure of deadlines. We were sued by the prosecuting attorney for libel after we campaigned against him. That took a lot of wind out of our sails because the lawsuit lingered for nearly three years before being thrown out of court. It defi-

nately made these two “young bucks” more aware of just how vulnerable we were, and it put far more caution in our daily activity.

I think the biggest faux pas I committed was putting a headline on a front-page article saying such and such a government agency was initiating a program to help “poor people.” I learned you don’t call poor people poor people, especially in a headline.

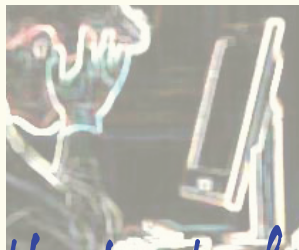
The paper had a group of correspondents when we took over, and though we didn’t understand or appreciate them initially, we learned their trivial stuff was the most-read stuff in our paper. When Elsie was sick and didn’t do a column, everyone wanted to know why.

My partner and I knew the paper could never support the two of us to the lifestyle we wanted. So, after a few years we started commercial printing to expand our income. Ultimately, when my partner wanted to run for the state legislature while I stayed home to mind the shop, we dissolved the partnership. I took the printing end (which still is going) and he took the newspaper, quickly selling to another guy, who ultimately sold to our competition, which merged it out of existence.

Earlier I mentioned that my experience was in the “right time frame.” Our county was still flourishing with half a dozen small towns with busy main streets, local schools, car dealerships, groceries, pharmacies, hardware stores, furniture stores, clothing stores, and local, independent banks. In every town in our county today, Main Street is virtually vacant; banks are now branches of mega-banks that probably don’t even know our county exists. Most of the groceries, furniture stores and car dealerships have closed their doors, and thus, there’s little opportunity for advertising revenue for a local weekly newspaper.

Additionally, the communities have lost their “soul” as local schools have been consolidated. Civic organizations such as Lions, Kiwanis and Rotary have ceased to exist because of no business community to support them financially or via membership, and only the local volunteer fire department and ambulance squad continue to struggle to offer their invaluable services. Small-town America is in trouble, and I feel that’s a big chunk of the reason why America itself is in such deep, deep trouble.

The weekly column



the best of times,
worst of times

By Donald Q. Smith

It was the best of times for a weekly newspaper editor.

But meeting the deadline for Don's Column was sometimes the worst of my experiences over 34 years at the *Monticello Times*.

The opportunity to write a weekly column was among the reasons I could tell college students, "I have the best job in the world." For sure, the readership wasn't huge—somewhat shy of 10,000 on weeks when I had a topic with large

appeal. I'd guess less than 5,000 read when a mediocre topic or uncreative writing filled a Don's Column.

Having your own column is a privilege, a responsibility, an opportunity...and, occasionally, a burden.

When I had a topic that was important to me or one that I know would touch the community, composing 800 words and meeting the deadline were doable, even if it took a couple hours from other editor and publisher duties.

As I reflect on 1,500 Don's Columns written for the *Times* between 1971 and 2005, I'm reminded of how diverse the topics could be. Certainly community events and issues prompted essays. Journalism discussions brought the editor's thoughts. I might comment on national events (to be sure, I'd be writing today on my repugnance with our government in Washington). But the next installment might be a behind-the-scenes cameo on a local sports hero (like Joel Przybilla who has played for more than a decade in the National basketball Association).

An editor's life in a small community can become an open book if you share your own personal experiences. I never shied away from that. *Times'* readers knew when I traveled to distant places—Northern Ireland, Egypt, South Africa. And when I canoed the Mississippi River (through Monticello) or fished Mille Lacs Lake in Central Minne-

sota, I wrote about it, hopefully with a photo of me holding a smallmouth or walleye. Annual Minnesota Ski Dog treks to the Rockies were always chronicled. The courageous survival of my closest high school friend from cancer is among my most memorable.

Few episodes in my life were unusable. So when I missed the first two innings of a Twins' World Series game due to a sudden bout of diarrhea, I shared the experience with a piece titled: "Round-trippers of another kind."

In my mind, my "best" over a long career were about my family. What a privilege to write about the births and adoption arrivals of our four children. The piece I once dedicated to my mom on Mother's Day is framed and still hangs in her Monticello home. Just this week, I re-read my reflections on the death of my father-in-law and the precious memories his family has of this person so precious to all of us.

Just six years ago, I faced the responsibility of creating a similar tribute to my own father, Lynn Smith, who preceded me as *Times'* publisher.



Family topics were predictable: first days of school, passing the driver's license

tests, high school graduations, leaving home for colleges, the marriages (two while I still had Don's Columns to write). When writing on such topics, I often tried for an everyman's voice, expressing what any parent might say to a son or daughter at such pivotal events in their young lives.

I'm convinced from feedback (in person, phone calls, written memos) that these columns touched many. If Don's Columns were rated, these may be the highest read...and among those shared and saved.

But such appeal was far from universal. A former city council member, who I admired greatly and had expressed that editorially when he left office, caught me a few weeks after my retirement. "I'm going to miss you at the newspaper," he opened. "But I sure won't miss all those Don's Columns about your kids."

Basically, he was saying, "Who cares?"

I know many did and cared deeply. I will never forget the reaction of a reader when I wrote about the birth of our first grandchild (six months before we retired and Don's Column thus disappeared). This retired small business owner had never commented about any previous column and perhaps nothing ever published in the *Times*. But the column on baby Mira struck a chord and he called me on a Thursday morning, just hours after the *Times* was in his

mailbox. “Thanks for writing what I feel, too,” he said. “The day I became a grandparent was the best day of my life.”

Of course, my memorabilia collection includes many responses that are just the opposite. But my mother, who too had a lifetime in the weekly newspaper business, often said when such criticism came: “At least you know they’re reading.”

And the worst of times for a weekly columnist?

For me it was having a Tuesday arrive without having a topic, with the Wednesday morning press deadline nearing. Sure I had a file folder full of possible items. But not often were they usable. Sometimes that dearth of a topic carried right until Wednesday morning, resulting in a sleepless night before press day.

But I vowed to not miss deadlines. Nor would I open a column with, “I didn’t really know what to write about this week so...”

Six years have passed since the Times was sold and my wife and I relocated to Oregon. Of the many aspects of weekly newspaper life, writing Don’s Column is one I treasured – and now miss – the most.

Except those Wednesdays when I was still searching for a column idea.

EDITORIAL PAGE: HEART AND SOUL OF A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER



By Mike O'Connor

Weekly newspapers have played major roles in their communities since their inception. Most of this is accomplished by the week-to-week coverage of local events and activities from council meetings and high school plays to the local football games and the church's annual bazaar.

I've always felt that alongside the news coverage, the editorial page also plays a key role in a community. Of course, not all weekly newspapers are created equal when it comes to editorial pages.

Back in the late 1960s, I started a weekly newspaper in my hometown of Hastings, Minnesota. My competition was an established 125-year-old newspaper. The competition at the time did not have an editorial page, and its idea of covering government meetings was printing the minutes from those meetings.

From day one our newspaper actively covered govern-

ment meetings and had an editorial page. It was a bit of a shock to the community and officials but generally was well received.

My newspaper was started before all the big retail chains were established in our area and the mom and pop retail stores ruled (that changed rapidly shortly after the paper began). Virtually everyone knew everyone else in town. But because it was small-town, it didn't mean that it was without its controversies, rivalries and political shenanigans.

An active editorial page made life interesting for the paper and myself in our small community. These days with most small town papers owned by large corporations, you don't see many really active and controversial editorial pages. Better to not rock the boat and keep everyone happy.

It's been said that revenge is sweet and it's also been said that you can't argue with a guy who buys ink by the gallon. In this instance, one is true and the other is not.

I took a mayor in Hastings to task more than once with regard to some of his policies and utterances at council meetings. In one editorial I went on and on about how I hoped the city would be actively involved in the bicentennial celebration. Later that week after the editorial appeared, the mayor called and wanted me to accept the chairman-

ship of the city's bicentennial celebration. I did. Touché!

Then there were those readers who never could differentiate between the editorial page and the news pages. Besides the weekly editorials I wrote, I also penned a column. A good portion of those columns was devoted to the newspaper operation — how we functioned and why we did what we did. In numerous columns I tried to point out the differences between news and opinion. Just because I felt a certain way about an issue facing the community, didn't mean that the coverage of that issue would be treated unfairly in the news columns. I never interfered with my news editor or reporters on how the news was reported — but it was a hard sell.

It was always safer to not be too controversial. Someone should have told me that at the onset of my career, as it would have avoided my early gray hair.

I also recall an instance when our county treasurer and his office were being questioned about suspicious procedures therein. We had our news stories on the subject and as you might suspect I had written editorials on the matter.

I had a call from the bank president of one of two banks in Hastings. He wanted to see me. Turns out (as I knew) the bank handled a lot of county money, and the president was pretty cozy with the treasurer. You can imagine what

the meeting was about. (The bank also held my loan!) I wasn't laying off our coverage or editorial comment, and the president informed me he would stop advertising and would encourage others businesses to do the same.

I told our ad representative to keep calling on the bank anyway. He did and low and behold three weeks later they resumed advertising again. I bit the bullet on that one. It was reassuring that apparently the bank president didn't have as much influence on business people as he thought he did. I'd like to think they had more respect for the newspaper and what we were doing. I'd like to believe that anyway.

Another time the chairman of our county commissioners used some swear words at a public meeting. (He wasn't diplomatic in much of anything he did.) We published his remarks followed by an editorial urging him to be more diplomatic and civil during such meetings. He called later and harangued me for publishing his words and antics. I responded with a column the next week reviewing our phone conversation. We were never friends again, but he never swore at future commissioner meetings either.

My editorial page ranged far beyond discussing local politics. There were numerous projects undertaken in the community where the editorial page was very active in its support. There were even a few noteworthy community

projects started because of editorials. I'd like to think the editorial page helped to make Hastings a better place to live.

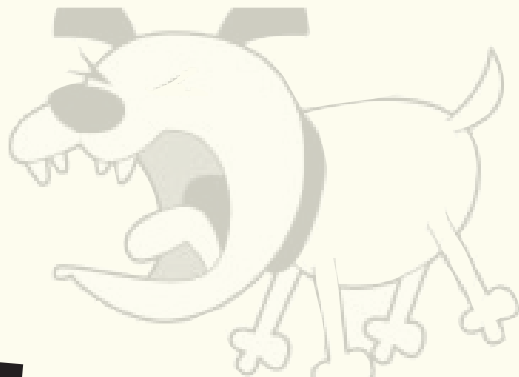
Controversial editorials were always difficult to write, especially in a small town. The people you wrote about were for the most part folks you might run into every day.

But there were rewards. I remember one councilman in particular. We clashed more than once on issues. When I'd write something he didn't agree with, he'd call and let me know his views and opinion on my editorial in no uncertain terms. But I liked the guy because I always knew where I stood with him, and he told me face to face. I would often attend a council meeting and after the meeting he would almost always make a point of catching me there, exchange pleasantries and would often invite me out for a beer after the meeting at the local American Legion club next to city hall. We disagreed but once he spoke his mind that was it and there was never anything personal. While I certainly did disagree with him on some key issues, he's been my favorite local politician to this day.

Gosh where is that attitude in today's politics?

Hastings might well be a small town, but the editorial pages at times provided big city excitement. Loved it (well, most of the time)!

Beware of barking dogs



By Dean Rea

A friend of mine recently began publishing a weekly newspaper that he purchased east of Seattle in rattlesnake country. If all goes well, he should survive being on call seven days a week while attempting to match credits with debits. He also should feel fortunate, if not always appreciated, in his role as a weekly newspaper journalist.

My association with weekly newspapers began seven decades ago when I became a printer's apprentice, called a printer's devil, in a print shop that published a paper. I learned the importance of filling the paper with names as I watched and listened to the publisher's mother calling people in town for "social" items.

Years later when I became a weekly editor, I not only attempted to print a lot of names but also photographs of as

many people as possible. In those days, we developed film, made prints and metal engravings of the photographic images for use in the paper. Today, I can take, edit and print a digital photograph faster than I once could load and unload sheet film in a Speed Graphic camera.

Most of the weeklies I later edited published columns about community events written by correspondents in outlying circulation areas. I fondly remember one correspondent for a weekly I edited in Missouri who reported that “Mr. and Mrs. Tom Jones went to St. Louis last week to visit relatives at the zoo.”

I wrote some rather pointed editorials about local issues during my career but discarded one in which I criticized people who left barking dogs unattended outdoors. The publisher reminded me that “people often are more offended by an editorial criticizing their barking dogs than by any other issue.” I realized that advertising revenue and subscriptions were at stake, and I didn’t want to miss my \$75-a-week check. So, I wrote an editorial titled, “How Not to Bathe a Cat,” which turned out to be popular with readers.

I learned that most readers are loyal to their local weekly newspaper and often subscribe even when they move to another community. They want to know how the local

sports teams are doing, who is being born, who is dying and how the community is changing.

The proof of a newspaper's worth also is measured by how well it plays the "watchdog" role in keeping local governmental officials accountable to the public.

I have been fortunate in being associated with weekly and daily newspapers that serve the public interest without fear or favor. I have found, however, that it is easier to be a "watchdog" in a metropolitan setting than it is in a community of 5,000 where a journalist knows most of the customers in a grocery store check-out shopping line.

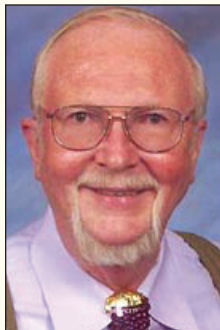
Headlines were set by hand one letter at a time at the first weekly where I worked. Today, journalists and citizens throughout the world can report news events instantaneously with a vast array of communications tools.

Yet, when the day or week is done, many of us want to sit down with our newspaper to review history in the making. It's a fascinating and challenging world for those of us who have chosen journalism as a profession.

If I were to offer advice to my friend who is launching his career as the editor/publisher of the weekly newspaper in Washington, I would suggest: Remember that debits are on the left and credits are on the right, beware of rattlesnakes and don't write editorials about barking dogs.

Authors

Barry Schrader



Maybe in a future article Schrader will tell us how he added two more weeklies to his "empire" and moved to California where he entered the daily business, first with the *San Bernardino Sun* and then as editor of the Livermore, CA *Tri-Valley Herald* and later the *Valley Times*. He returned to Illinois to be editor of the *DeKalb Daily Chronicle* from 1969-72, then back to California where he spent the rest of his career until retiring in 2006. Barry and his wife Kay returned to their roots in DeKalb, Illinois, where they reside in a duplex as part of the

Oak Crest retirement complex. He also wrote a weekly column for the *Daily Chronicle* from 2008 to 2011. EMAIL schrader94550.sbcglobal.net

Dorothea "Dottie" Neil

Writing has been a special part of her life since early childhood. After graduating from Kansas State University with a degree in journalism, she



started her newspaper career on a weekly. After rearing a family of five children, writing when she had time and working in various jobs, she has happily come full circle and in her retirement in Eugene, Oregon, where she once again works as a copy editor and as a columnist for a weekly newspaper in Creswell, Oregon. She placed second in the "Best Local Column" category in the recent Oregon Newspaper Publisher's Association contest. The judge called Dottie's column "outstanding"

and wrote: "The writer has a point of view, states it bluntly and effectively and supports her argumentation with logic, facts and reasoned judgments."

EMAIL Dottie at dottien@clearwire.net

Rich Hopkins

Born in 1939 and reared in Charleston, West Virginia, Rich became infatuated with printing in the seventh grade. He's a graduate of West Virginia

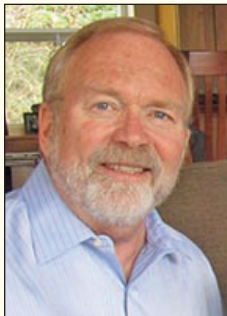


University with bachelor's and master's degrees in journalism. His lifetime helpmate is Lynda Repaire Hopkins, who manages the offices of the Pioneer Press of West Virginia, Inc., a commercial printing firm started in 1973. Rich taught at his alma mater for seven years before leaving to become a weekly newspaper journalist and ultimately to start the printing firm. His obsession with letterpress printing reached calamitous depths when he obtained his first typesetting machine in 1971. He now has seven operational casters in his

basement, along with literally thousands of matrix fonts. He started the American Typesetting Fellowship in 1978, an international group of persons who share his obsession for hot metal type making. He's a long-time member of the American Amateur Press Association and two other away and hobby printing groups. He lives in Terra Alta, West Virginia. EMAIL Rich at wvtypenut@frontier.com

Donald Q. Smith

Donald Q. Smith is the former editor and publisher of the *Monticello Times*, a weekly newspaper 45 minutes northwest of Minneapolis. He was born into the profession, then after college joined his parents at the *Times* in 1971. He is a past president of the Minnesota Newspaper Association, has been president of two Rotary Clubs and was active on committees of the National Newspaper Association. The *Times* was sold in 2005; the Smiths traded small-town living in Minnesota for a city abode near downtown Portland, Oregon, in 2005. Today, he calls



himself a freelance journalist, with most of his published offerings just that: unpaid. EMAIL Don at donaldqsmith@yahoo.com

Mike O'Connor

Mike O'Connor was founder and publisher of the *Hastings Star Gazette*, a weekly newspaper located in Hastings, Minnesota, 25 miles south of Minneapolis-St. Paul. O'Connor started newspaper in 1969 and later purchased the 125-year-old *Hastings Gazette*. The *Star Gazette* was an award winning state and national newspaper. He was active in the Minnesota Newspaper Association and was one of the founders of the Minnesota Newspaper Foundation. He retired in 1994 and resides in Fountain Hills, Arizona. He still dabbles in publishing newsletters and has a hobby letterpress print shop. In his "spare time" he's a volunteer at the Mayo Clinic in Scottsdale in their GI Endoscopy Department. EMAIL Mike at mikeatfh@cox.net



Dean Rea

Dean Rea has edited seven weekly newspapers, the latest during July in Creswell near his home in Eugene, Oregon. Rea also has worked for three daily newspapers, including the *Eugene (Ore.) Register-Guard*. He taught journalism at the University of Montana, Biola University and the University of Oregon for more than three decades. In his spare time, he publishes a letterpress hobby journal that is circulated in the American Amateur Press Association. EMAIL Dean at deanrea@comcast.net

