



Early In-house Publishing

by Pat Smith

World War II, Korean, Vietnam, Gulf, Terror—all wars in my lifetime plus one more genteel one—small battles over SRM publications.

Established to promote the art and science of range management, the Society included both managers and users of rangelands as well as scientists who studied them. What kind of publication should it have? Since the science of range management draws on plant physiology, soils, hydrology, entomology, grazing effects, animal nutrition, and economics to mention a few, a scientific journal that combined these as they affected range management would seem a logical starter publication that could serve both scientists and users of rangeland. Unfortunately, scientific publishing is exceedingly dull with the required detailed description of research so that it can be evaluated by other scientists. Publishing abstracts will not suffice.

Today's media in reporting research in medicine liven things up. They exclaim, "Scientists clone mice in laboratory!" and accompany this with an article asking, "Will your personal life insurance cover a cloned child?" In the world of real science, one study does not qualify as a scientific discovery practically a theory. So a scientific journal is not only boring to outsiders but gives little information to be acted on immediately.

Thus the polite (?) battle cry of "Why do my dues go to pay for something I throwaway on the way in from my mailbox? I want something I can at least want to read."

When the Society moved out of home offices and chose Francis Colbert as its Executive Secretary with an official office in Denver, it had a man with vision for the Society and prominent in that vision were publications. Early on, he envisioned in-house publishing, which could give greater control, flexibility, and economy in the Society's efforts.

Both printing and typesetting had changed significantly from the early linotype process, and IBM had

produced a typewriter that could produce copy that looked "typeset." SRM acquired one and started setting its newsletter. A small printshop a block away from the office had a larger IBM product which could set type for the journal and this copy could be laid out into pages in the office.

The problem was TIME. This typesetting could not be corrected but had to be reset around errors and then reproofed and possibly reset. Then there was layout—tediously lining up type with T-square and triangle. And Francis was a perfectionist—what I would call a nit-picker First Class.

This is where I came in (No, I was not the nit). I had graduate degrees in English and Communication, a major in art, and experience in in-house publishing. I needed a job while I looked for a real job in research, and so I did not mention my total array of experience and I expected to leave shortly. Life has its twists, to say the least.

Woman Power

Already in place in SRM's Production Department was Nora Johnson, the first of two phenomenal women I would spend the next nearly 20 years with. Not only were they fast and accurate but they could find errors (without Spell-Check) and keep track of an increasing flow of paper as we took on more of *JRM* production.

Nora was the pioneer with advances in equipment, moving into the larger IBM machine that still had to be stopped and started for every change in type from roman to bold to italic. My job was planning the magazine, proofreading, and layout. Bert Reid supplied us with meticulously edited manuscripts for *JRM*.

Although we also produced a newsletter edited and written by Francis, there was still the cry, "Why do my dues go to something I don't read?"

The Users' Magazine

By now the Board of Directors could see that another publication had to be produced for members who used and managed the rangelands. Planning was in the works when the tragically early death of Francis Colbert occurred. While the Board reorganized the office, they asked me if I could take over the production end of publications. I heard shortly from Jeff Powell that he would launch the new publication, *Rangeman's Journal*, and keep it going for a year or two. He came to Denver and we planned the new magazine's image and tone.

Like Bert, Jeff provided the articles. When the new Executive Secretary came on board, Nora got her third machine, a strange little creature that moved us into photo typesetting. It had one line 6 inches long and a half inch high that showed the type being set. If you missed an error, you missed your window of opportunity; it also had fonts that had to be changed manually. For me there was the new work of negotiating color for the cover and the job of analyzing printers for their available equipment and how we could best prepare copy to get the most for our money.

While the new publication was well-received, its name was not. More women were taking significant positions in range management and the magazine's title did not reflect this dissolving of the gender line. After much discussion, the Board of Directors chose *Rangelands*.

Nora Johnson soon left the world of publishing and Danny Freeman took over the editorial job from Jeff Powell. From the office production point of view, I could not imagine a replacement for Nora, but along came Patty Rich—No Problem-Can-Stop-Me Patty I could call her.

The cover letter with articles Danny Freeman sent for his baby publication always contained some little laugh line, but the laid-back look concealed a formidable editor. The magazine flourished with articles, columns, and features. Fortunately for Patty the typesetting equipment improved also. By the time Gary Frasier took the reins of *Rangelands* the Production Department had gone through a more capable phototypesetting machine and moved on to the AM CompEdit. This equipment moved us in to the computer age, and I had a terminal for proof-

reading and layout while Patty presided over input.

The arrival of a substantial magazine to produce meant that we had a full publication to produce every month. Along with these were newsletters, forms, annual meeting programs, and even the occasional book. Another change during these years was the shift to out-of-state printers. Lower cost with no loss of quality and compatibility with our equipment drew us to printers in Maryland and Alabama.

On the wish list for *Rangelands* was the use of full color inside the magazine. *The Journal of Range Management* paid its own way with page charges, but *Rangelands* had to depend on dues support. Color would skyrocket cost. Then one day I got an interesting question: If an author (or agency/institution) could pay the difference, could we go for color? After plenty of looking at costs of color separations and printing procedures, limited color was feasible with very careful placement of photos.

Nothing is quite as spectacular as color, and with its appearance in the magazine there were somewhat wild ideas of heading to news stands to sell it. I don't know what quashed that hope (probably the full moon passed), but color never quite became a regular visitor.

View from the Back

Looking back from retirement, I sometimes ask myself why I kept on with a job I intended to leave rather quickly. It surely wasn't for the financial benefits! One reason could have been my interest in wise use of land. Another could have been enjoying the sheer challenge of such prodigious production with a staff of two. Probably the strongest reason would have been the wonderful teamwork developed with my skilled and dedicated co-workers: Nora for 6 years, Patty for 13.

Now SRM publications have moved on with the Mac and the Internet. These are certainly valuable advances. But with Edith in the TV comedy "All in the Family" I still laugh and sing "Those were the days!"

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