

Editor's Notes - It's George's Turn

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Not too many Thursday nights ago my wife Kathleen and I were enjoying an episode of Grey's Anatomy when we heard my distraught eight-year old daughter Chloe calling me from her bedroom. Fortunately for Chloe, the calls came just as the episode was breaking for a commercial. Like any half way decent dad, I yelled, "What's your problem?" Her shaky voice replied, "I'm worried about tomorrow morning dad."

Then I knew I'd better hurry up the stairs so I could help settle her down before the commercial break was over. The next Friday morning was set to be a big day for Chloe — she was going to read the "Joke of the Day" to her fellow students. The process was simple. Every few days a student reads one of their favorite jokes in front of a camera and the joke is shown live to the several hundred students at school that day.

I quickly learned that Chloe was feeling somewhat overwhelmed. She had her joke all set (What is a rabbit's favorite kind of music?). What concerned her was the fact that she wouldn't be able to go to the "school store" in the morning because she had to be in the office where her comedy career would begin the same time that her peers would be in the store. I promised her that we would find another way to spend money over the weekend and that she would be able to go to the school store another time.

She calmed down, fell asleep, and I returned to the television. Afterwards, I was thinking about how we all get overwhelmed at times. When I began my editorial term four years ago, to say that I was overwhelmed would be an understatement! What if I ruined the journal? What if I accepted too many articles? What if I didn't accept enough? What if I publish the same article twice? What if everybody hates me because I reject their articles? What if nobody submits articles? What if I miss a typo and the typo results in a naughty word being published? You name it - I worried about it.

As my editorial term comes to an end with this issue, I realize that, like Chloe, my concerns were a little exaggerated. In fact, rather than being a nightmare, my experiences as an editor over the last four years have been among the more exciting

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experiences in my academic career. I met people I would have otherwise not met. I learned things I would have otherwise not learned. I took different career paths I possibly would not have otherwise taken. Probably most appealing, I made friends with people I would have likely never even communicated with (Along with my other incessant worries when I first became editor, I used to worry that someone would catch me ending a sentence with a preposition, even though many note that such a rule is basically a “grammar myth.” Since this is my last issue, I thought I’d go a little crazy and try it).

Time to get serious. I want to thank everyone who made my term so enjoyable. From all of the former editors who provided so much important guidance and advice, to my editorial board who provided both a backbone and a heart to this experience. Like good graduate students, my managing editors (Deeanna Button, Andrew Maniois, and Sadie Mummert) did most of the work and allowed me to take most of the credit. The support offered by Dr. Susan Kelley, Dean of the College of Health and Human Sciences at Georgia State University, allowed us to keep moving the journal forward, even in the midst of my own move. Of course, the authors and reviewers are what made the journal possible and I’d like to thank all of them for being so easy to work with (another preposition – I did it twice. Now I’m really getting excited! As Britney Spears would say, “I’m not that innocent”).

I absolutely must point out that the direction and guidance provided by Welmoed Spahr at Springer Publishing has been unlike any support I would have expected. Welmoed’s faith in the American Journal of Criminal Justice — along with the efforts of Dave May and Peter Wood in transitioning the journal — makes me proud of where the journal now is.

I’m also proud of the new editor — George Higgins from the University of Louisville. George has great plans for the journal and I know that he will work tirelessly to make sure that the best possible articles are published between these covers. He brings with him unbridled enthusiasm, keen academic skills, and a long history of editorial experience. Incidentally, about a decade ago, George rejected an article that I had submitted to *Criminal Justice Policy Review*, where he served as managing editor at the time. Maybe his editor made him do it, but his name was on the rejection letter. It’s not that I’m bitter or anything – but I feel he owes me one.

Not surprisingly, Chloe did a great job delivering her joke of the day. I hope that I did half as well at this job as she did with hers. It’s now George’s turn. I know that he will do a magnificent job. Besides his skills and abilities, he’s got great people to work with (another preposition – as Britney would say, “Oops, I did it again”).

In case you are wondering, “What is a rabbit’s favorite kind of music?” It’s hip hop.