

# The McClintock Letter

The official quarterly newsletter of the South Jersey Postcard Club  
Serving Postcard Collectors Since 1971 – John H. McClintock, Founder

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## A Few Memories from PoCax 2007



PoCax 2007 will be a great memory for the collectors who found wonderful new cards and had a chance to see one of the finest exhibits in recent years. Fourteen dealers found those who came eager to search and ready to buy. The exhibit this year was comprised of more than fifty boards and the quality was so high that most of the remarks all echoed the same theme – “they’re all so beautiful, I don’t know which one to vote for.”

When at last the votes were counted, the *Best of Show* Medal for 2007 went to club President Bob Duerholz for his board entitled, *You’ve Come a Long Way Baby...FORE!!*, the board that one visitor referred to as “Girls with Sticks.”

*Honorable Mention* awards went to Paula Cocciolone, who entered *Busy Elves*; Sal Fiorello, for his *Whitney Halloween*, and Emily DiVento for her *At the Mall*. Congratulations to all the winners.

Among the collectors who found additions to their collections was Past President Judi Kearney.

Ray Hahn, who managed the admissions table for part of the show, was simply too busy to work on his cross-word puzzle.

Be sure you get to PoCax next year, mark your calendar; the date is set – October 18, 2008, at the Double Tree Suites Hotel, Mt. Laurel, NJ.



## 2007 Newsletter Quiz

Oh, didn't I tell you? Here's a test to see who's been reading the newsletter.

1. In what state is Buzzard Roost's Dam?
2. What is the name of Kate Aylesford's home town?
3. Who lived at Washington Lane and Germantown Avenue in 1859?
4. What products does the *Galerie Chevalier* sell?
5. Where was Emil Riedel's Fine Wine & Liquor Store?
6. Where did Oscar Tschirky work?
7. What material covered the grip of General George Patton's 45 caliber revolver?
8. What world renowned landscape design firm built the League Island Park Lookout?
9. What is the meaning of "La Fleche Humaine?"
10. Which was the first country to change from the Julian to Gregorian calendar?
11. How far away is the End of Earth?
12. What strange event took place in Boston on January 15, 1919?
13. What were the painting specialties of William Henry Barribal?
14. When did Wally Kinnan present his first Philadelphia weather report?
15. How fast can a red kangaroo run?
16. Name the Hudson River steamer that was to be decorated by a Titanic victim.
17. What was the number of Raymonde de LaRoche's pilot's license?
18. What was the main building material of the Mexican border fortifications in 1916?
19. When did children first play, "Blind man's buff?"
20. How much can a male sea otter weigh?
21. What was Colonel Harry Everland's first job after joining the U.S. 15<sup>th</sup> Army?
22. What is a troglodyte?
23. What kind of business did Jane Herveaux own after she settled in America?
24. By 1900 how many hotels did Fred Harvey own?
25. Who was elected SJPC president at the December 2007 meeting?

Answers are found on Page 2.

**President's Corner by Bob Duerholz**

For those members who regularly attend our club meetings, you have heard me many times "THANK" Ray Hahn for the magnificent job he does every quarter producing our club's newsletter. You likewise have also heard me ask (some times, plead) for your help, that is submitting material to Ray to fill the on-going issues. I sincerely thank all of you who have made contributions. Please continue to do so.

We are always seeking more postcard stories to ensure Ray doesn't have to do it all himself. With that said, I am now directing my comments to all those members who, because of health or distance reasons, cannot attend our meetings. I ask that you please consider submitting postcard material to Ray for our newsletter. Your contribution does not have to be a lengthy article; it could just be information about an interesting postcard you have in your collection, and why it is of interest to you.

So please dust off your collection and contact Ray. Telephone, email or snailmail will get your submission to press.

**Editor's Niche by Ray Hahn**

Much has happened around my house these last couple months and it goes without saying that on some days, I didn't even think about this newsletter – I was just too busy doing other things, but it does feel good, so to speak, to be back into a solid routine. I do hope you enjoy this issue.

I suspect you have already found the QUIZ on Page 1. There is no prize for having the most correct answers, but if you care to send me a note about your "score" I'll be glad to mention it in an upcoming issue. Answers are printed below.

We have a wide range of contributors and their articles are fun to read and, dare I say it, "educational."

And don't forget that I mentioned in the January mailing, I that I was time shifting the newsletter to the middle month of the quarter . . . so be on the lookout for issue #2 in May.

Stay warm and enjoy the Spring flowers.



**Answers to the 2007 Newsletter Quiz**

South Carolina	1. January, Page 3, Column 2.
Pleasant Mills, NJ	2. April, Page 4, Column 1.
John "Sparrow Jack" Bartley	3. April, Page 3, Column 1.
Rugs, tapestries & upholstery	4. October, Page 6, Top.
624 Porter St, Philadelphia	5. July, Page 5, Column 2.
Waldorf Astoria Hotel, New York City	6. January, Page 5, Column 2.
Ivory, not pearl	7. October, Page 3, Column 1.
Climthead Brothers	8. April, Page 4, Column 2.
Times the Human Arrow	9. July, Page 8, Title.
Fance	10. April, Page 1, Paragraph 3.
2 (miles)	11. April, Page 6, Column 1.
A molasses "hood" killed 21 people	12. April, Page 5, Column 1.
Women and travel advertisements	13. October, Page 6, Bottom.
November 3, 1958	14. January, Page 6, Column 1.
30 miles per hour	15. October, Page 6, Paragraph 3.
Washington Irving	16. July, Page 1, Top photo caption.
#36	17. January, Page 8, Column 1.
Bales of hay	18. October, Page 8, Column 2.
Possibly as early as 1485	19. July, Page 4, Column 2.
Between 50 and 100 pounds	20. January, Page 5, Column 1.
He took a package to Ft. Knox	21. October, Page 4, Column 1.
A person who lives in a cave	22. April, Page 5, Column 2.
Fashion	23. October, Page 8, Column 1.
15	24. April, Page 3, Column 2.
Bob Duerholz	25. January 2008, Page 1.

**The CONTEST TOPIC for February 10<sup>th</sup> is "Ice."  
 ... for March 9<sup>th</sup> – "Military Uniforms."  
 ... for April 13<sup>th</sup> – "Animals you seldom see."**

**Minutes from the January Meeting**

- President Bob Duerholz chaired the meeting with 23 present.
- Emily DiVento read minutes from the December meeting. Sal Fiorello gave the treasurer's report.
- The contest topic for January was statues. Ray Hahn's card of *Le homme de fer Metz* was the winner. Ray bought his card from the Lordens only three months ago.
- Ray also won 50/50.



- Correspondence was read thanking the club for a donation made in memory of our friend and member Kevin McKelvey.
- ANNOUNCEMENTS: President Bob told us of a two-page spread about our 2007 PoCax that appeared in a recent issue of Postcard Collector Magazine.

The result of the membership's vote for the card of the year was announced. The winner was the December card of the month, Jim Estelle's real-photo of the Wm E. Tucker, milk wagon - much more on this in the May Issue.

It was learned that Carol Riley, a long-time member of our club from Buena, NJ, passed away late last Spring. No other details are known.

- ATTENTION: The club pic-box has enjoyed some recovery thanks to recent donations by Bud Plumer and Jo Ann White, but it is still in need of additional unwanted cards. Donations may be brought to any meeting.
- THANKS to Judi and Susan for their help with the auction. They made a great team and it was noted that this auction brought in much needed funds for the club.
- FEBRUARY BRING & BRAG: President Bob Duerholz is asking for everyone who collects either Presidential or Valentine postcards to bring at least part of their collection to the February meeting to share with your fellow members.

**South Jersey Postcard Club**

President . . . . .	Bob Duerholz
Vice President . . . . .	Mimi Fridie
Treasurer . . . . .	Sal Fiorello
Secretary . . . . .	Emily DiVento
2008 Trustee . . . . .	John Valentino
2008 Trustee . . . . .	Lynn McKelvey
2008 Trustee . . . . .	Ray Hahn
Immediate Past President . . . . .	Judi Kearney
Newsletter Editor . . . . .	Ray Hahn

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c/o Emily DiVento, Secretary

1746 Johnston Street, Philadelphia, PA 19145

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Ray Hahn, Editor

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or email to ray@rayhahn.com

## Old Aviators PC Mystery Solved

By Bob Duerholz

At the December Club meeting, a member approached me to see if I had any interest in a card she had to offer. I'll respect privacy by not naming her, but her initials are JK.

The card was not the type I normally collect, but it did interest me enough to say, "I'll take it." I was particularly amused with all three aviators wearing goggles; the plane's controls being a steering wheel (an early carry-over from automobiles), and what I knew the plane to be - an amphibian. (I knew this from the high mounted engine.)

It wasn't until I looked more carefully at the card that I noticed the word "Swede" on the hull. Knowing I have an extensive collection of aviation related books, mostly about historical aviators and events, I thought no big deal; I'll research this at home and find who these early aviators were.

WRONG. I could not find a thing.



So onto the Internet I went. It took a little doing, but I found a book, entitled *Log Book, A Pilot's Life*, by Crocker Snow, that made reference to a Bostonian pilot, nicknamed Swede.

"Bingo," I said, "I have to get a copy of this book."

After another search at used book sites, I had one on the way.

Upon its arrival I immediately read up on Swede.

Originally I wanted to summarize the four pages of information I found, but then felt I could not do justice to the author's own words by telling you what he told his readers about Swede.

In the photo Swede is at the controls, Crocker Snow is the pilot in the left rear. When you read this memoir first hand, you will know why Crocker is seated in the rear. In the left front seat is Olcott Payson, Crocker Snow's business partner.

Some excerpts from Snow's book that will return you to the "adventurism of early aviation" follow:

During the late twenties, sea-planes and flying boats were common. Since they could land on any sizable body of water, they were useful for flying to destinations without suitable landing fields. Demand was high, and the market seemed ripe for the introduction of another amphibious model that could take advantage of both dry and wet landing areas. Accordingly, my Skyways partner Olcott Payson and I persuaded our fathers to finance the design and manufacture of a two-place, folding-wing amphibious flying boat. Our fathers each put up \$20,000 on one condition: that neither Olcott nor I would fly our creation until someone else had flown it at least 50

hours. We were delighted.

Our factory was the bottom floor of an abandoned shoe plant in East Boston, close to the airport. In under a year, we designed and constructed the Skyways *Amphibienne*.

We did our test-flying off the secluded waters of Buttermilk Bay, away from Boston and Marstons Mills onlookers. Olcott and I cheated slightly on our promise to our fathers by doing the original taxi tests. During these, I sometimes got a few feet off the water, so, technically at least, I was flying the plane.

After some discussion about appropriate candidates, we hired Lewis Dabney "Swede" Parker to do the real test flying.

Swede was one of the best seat-of-the-pants pilots I ever knew. He had two weaknesses, however: he was impulsive, and he had little interest or experience in instrument flying.

After putting the *Amphibienne* through her paces, Swede declared himself happy with her normal flight, landing and takeoff characteristics. In order for the plane to be certified, it had to pass engineering and flight tests mandated by the Bureau of Air Commerce. We arranged to have the tests performed at Boston.

On May 11, 1930, Bud Rich (Skyways chief of maintenance), Olcott, Swede and I gathered on the beach near the family boat house at the Bay. The *Amphibienne* was about to embark on her first cross country, 60 miles to East Boston, where the Bureau of Air Commerce inspector Joe Boudwin was waiting.

We insisted that Swede wear a parachute, which he donned before hoisting himself into the cockpit.

Bud, Olcott and I watched nervously as Swede taxied to the extreme northeast end of Buttermilk Bay.

The plane took off easily into the prevailing southwest wind, made a slow climbing turn back over us, and then headed northeast toward Boston. When it reached the far end of the bay at an altitude of about 1,000 feet, we were horrified to see it roll over on its back. As the plane went into a slow, inverted spin, I hollered uselessly for Swede to bail out.

(To be continued.)

OK, okay . . . I know I am leaving you hanging for months, but the story is too long to finish within the limits of this newsletter.

So, you can ponder, "Does Swede parachute safely; or not?" I am returning you to your childhood days; it's like being at the Saturday afternoon serial movie, except this a postcard cliff hanger!

Believe it or not, (this is a first in my postcard researches), but I have made contact with Snow's son, Crocker Snow, Jr. Mr. Snow, Jr., is Director of the Edward R. Murrow Center for Public Diplomacy at Tufts University in Massachusetts. He is a veteran American journalist, and he has confirmed that the aviator in the left rear seat is indeed his father. When I received his reply to my email, it produced a big lump in my throat.

Read more in the May issue. Make sure your dues are paid up to experience . . . "the rest of the story."

**First in a New and Occasional Series**  
**A Rotograph Series of Those in the American Theatre**

Submitted by John Valentino

Long before Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy sang to each other in the 1938 film version of *The Girl of the Golden West*, the story had several other embodiments. The author, David Belasco (1853 – 1931), then and up until this very day (January 23, 2008) has had other of his works in every mainstream form of entertainment – theatre, opera, vaudeville, film, and television.



David Belasco, circa 1916

Belasco was born in California as the Gold Rush was just getting started. His parents were English and moved to California to work in the dance halls and theatres of San Francisco. David's first venture as a playwright came in 1884, two years after he moved to New York.

None other than the opera world's most beloved composer, Giacomo Puccini adapted two of Belasco's works for the opera, first in 1898 with *Madame Butterfly* and again on December 10, 1910, when he premiered *A Girl of the Golden West* in New York City. *A Girl ...* is in three acts and is set in an 1850s mining camp in the high Sierra Mountains of California. The characters include "Minnie" a saloon keeper, "Jack," the sheriff, and "Dick Johnson," a bandit.



The popularity of Belasco's work was immeasurable in his day. With what might be called a Midas touch, he either wrote, directed, or produced more than 100 Broadway plays. And who do you think was his favorite actress – none other than a lady named Blanche Bates. This postcard of Bates is #B1486 in a Rotograph Series. It shows her in the role of Minnie in the 1905 stage version of *The Girl of the Golden West*.

The Belasco Theatre, a New York City stage on West 44<sup>th</sup> Street, has enjoyed almost as much success as the man for whom it was named. Among the most notable productions are the original cast productions of *Madame Butterfly*, *Johnny Belinda*, *The Solid Gold Cadillac*, and *A Raisin in the Sun*.

In future issues you will meet other entertainment personalities like Francis Wilson, Lillian Russell, Lulu Glaser, Maude Adams and others. If you collect this kind of card, ask John about the fifty or more he has in his inventory.



**The Koala: *Phascolarctos cinerus***

By Emily DiVento



The Koala, a strange little animal, is a mammal (order: marsupial) that lives only in the eucalyptus forests of southeastern Australia.

Reaching a weight of 11 to 26 pounds and a height of 24 to 33 inches, the koala must live near eucalyptus for his diet consists only of the leaves of several varieties. The koala even knows to avoid certain leaves at certain times of the year because of their poisonous content.

A koala has a natural odor like cough drops, which are often made with eucalyptus oils. The adult animal can eat two to three pounds of leaves in any given day. Since the leaves are usually strong flavored, tough, and hard to digest, the koala has six more feet of intestines than all other marsupials. On rare occasions when a koala comes down to the ground to move to a new tree, it may eat small amounts of dirt and stones to help with digestion.

The koala is an excellent climber and they use their pointed claws to climb trees that have very smooth bark.

When other animals invade their territory, the koala is capable of a harsh, grating sound that resembles a saw cutting wood.

Interestingly koalas never leaves their trees for water; their leaves contain a sufficient amount for their needs. The name koala means "no water," and is derived from a native Australian word.

The female koala usually bears only one pup at a time. A baby koala is pink and brown and is born without hair. For up to seven months, while growing, the baby will stay in its mother's pouch for protection and only occasionally will climb out and cling to the mother's back. Mother and baby usually part ways after about eleven months.

By far the koala is a very interesting and unusual animal. They are zoo favorites all around the world and many years ago when Australia was still part of the British Empire it issued a stamp featuring the koala in a value of four pence. (4d.) I'm still trying to learn why the pence is abbreviated with a "d."

Koalas on postcards are fairly common items. Most dealers have some.



**The Giant Ferris Wheel**

By Bud Shropshire

In 1893 the first major World's Fair was held in Chicago, Illinois. It was called the Columbian Exposition and commemorated the 400 years since Columbus's discovery of our continent.

The highlight of the exposition was the Great Ferris Wheel. The Expo promoters, who were looking for something to compete with the Eiffel Tower of the 1889 Paris Exposition, were delighted when George W. G. Ferris, Jr., an engineer, submitted his design for a giant wheel. It was the first of a kind.

That first Ferris Wheel was as high as a 25 story building. It was 264 feet tall and it weighed 1,200 tons. It had 36 cars each measuring as big as a small house - 30 feet long and thirteen feet wide. 40 seated passengers could fit in one car or 60 could fit if standing. The cars were big enough for weddings to take place inside. There was a conductor in each car ready to help the 2000 people that could ride the wheel at the same time. The axle was the largest piece of steel ever forged. It was 45 feet long and weighed 56 tons. It is estimated that 27 million people visited the 1893 Expo (nearly equivalent to half the population of the United States at the time) and records show that nearly 1.5 million paid admissions earned a profit for the Expo company of more than \$400,000.00. Subsequently,

all such wheels have been called Ferris Wheels.

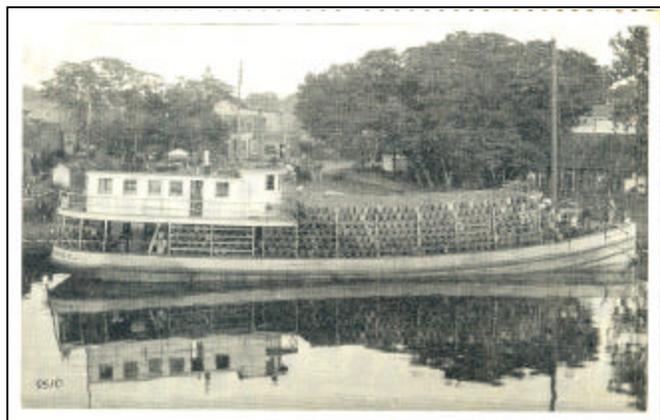
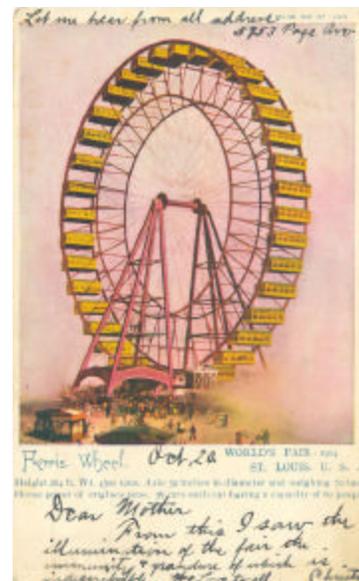
After the Expo, the wheel was taken down, but it was reassembled again ten years later at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904. When the St. Louis event finished the wheel was dynamited and broken up for scrap metal.



Some say that George Washington Gale Ferris, Jr. was a troubled and mysterious man. He had been educated at the California Military Academy and Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, where he received an engineering degree in 1881. When he submitted his plan for the wheel he was thirty-two years old and a senior partner in a California firm specializing in steel bridge building.

Ferris died on November 22, 1896 in Pittsburgh, at age 37, it was commonly thought at the time, by his own hand, but it is known that he suffered from tuberculosis.

The four cards with this article are from both the 1893 and the 1904 events. At a recent postcard auction one similar card had a suggested price of \$150.00. I bought the black and white card (top, right) at one of our club auctions.



**Local History Comes Alive on Postcards**

Card loaned by Lynn McKelvey

This card is a treasure. It is postmarked June 26, 1939, and pictures a river-freighter/house-boat at a dock along the Delaware River. The cargo is tomatoes packed in barrels and the barrels are stacked seven tiers high.

The caption on the address side reads:

**NEW JERSEY THE NATION'S PLAYGROUND**  
**BOAT LOAD** of tomatoes at Delaware River dock enroute to a Camden cannery. Tomatoes are an important crop in New Jersey ranking third in the Nation in their production.

NJ 31

Along the left edge of the card is a line that reads: "Official photo of the New Jersey Council, Trenton, N.J."

Has anyone seen others of these cards?

*Dinner With a Stranger*

Anonymous

The hedonist in me demands the very best, at least when its affordability is within the extreme limits of my wallet. Now that you know that about me, let me tell you of a wonderful experience when I had dinner with a stranger. It was on the western coast of France only a few years gone by. At least it seems like yesterday for then I was so young and now I am so old.

My weary bones found themselves in the small town of St. Malo, situated on the northern shore of Bretagne – 400 kilometers west of Paris. I was alone that night, as my traveling companion of the last six weeks needed to return to America for the beginning of his fall semester at Bucknell University in eastern Pennsylvania. It seemed strange at first, but when I entered the *centre-ville* through a massive stone gateway that was larger than my boyhood home, I saw at once a hotel whose name immediately caught my interest – *Le Grand Hotel Continental Chateaubriand*. I had often heard the name as it related to a piece of beef tenderloin that my father would order as a meal in the best restaurant in my home town and he and my mother would share the meat while enjoying different side-dishes. Baked potato was my mother's usual choice, while my father always asked for mashed with onions, even though they were not on the menu.



I entered the hotel on a lark, almost sure there were insufficient funds left in my wallet for a stay in such a place as

this. The desk clerk looked at me and suggested that if I wanted a room for the night I should register immediately since he had but one room yet unsold. The fee for that night in August 1967 was seven francs – approximately \$28.00 – a princely sum in those days. The room fee included dinner, but I needed to be sure of how much cash I could allow to flow. I opened my wallet and found that if I spent the money for this totally unnecessary extravagance, I would have but 13 francs left to pay for my return trip to Paris and my transfer to the airport for my flight home the day following. Thank goodness the plane ticket was an advanced purchase – a somewhat unusual situation in those days. Gamble, I may? Gamble, I must!

I did the clerk's bidding. I registered, bathed and napped for the remainder of the afternoon. I awakened at just past six o'clock and felt a need for a walk. In St. Malo, the best views of the city are from the ramparts of the town walls. Any casual tourist can make a nearly complete circuit of the town without his feet touching the ground. I walked about a quarter mile and stopped to peer over the edge at the beach below. The beaches were empty at that hour, the swimmers had returned to their hotels and only a few shoppers remained in the streets. About thirty meters farther along the wall was a typical park bench. I decided to sit and people watch. I love the French and if you plan to watch people in France the French are the best people to watch. Forget the tourists, you can see them anywhere.

After about ten minutes on that bench I was joined by a young French woman who dropped three large packages on the far end of the bench, then opened a small purse and removed a cigarette case. She sat down next to me and lit a cigarette with a gold lighter that I thought must have cost her (or at least the person who gave it to her) at least \$50.00. She turned to me and said, "You're an American; my name is Nicole. They call me Nic, N – I – C, Nic." I've always wondered how the French can do what they do. Within a couple seconds of meeting someone they have your nationality pegged to a "T" and they make you feel like you have known them for at least two decades.

"Hi," I said, "Yes, I'm an American, and did you say your name was Nic, N – I – C, Nic?" She understood my gentle teasing. She smiled.

"Oui," she replied, "What is your name?"

I told her and added that I was only in St. Malo for the evening and that I would be returning to Paris in the morning and going on to New York City the next day. I was returning to my teaching job in a small town in southern New Hampshire."

"Where are you staying?" she asked.

I answered her and thought that would be about as far as our conversation would go.

"Oh, that's nice, so am I," she said as she stood and picked up her packages. "Maybe, I'll see you there."

Later, promptly at nine o'clock, I entered the Grand Café Continental for my dinner and learned that I had bought a room that included a fish or beef dinner for two with potato, dessert and café. The waiter had no sooner explained the fare for the evening when it ran through my brain that I didn't need dinner for two, and immediately after the thought came, it went right back out of my head. Why, you ask? Oh, my, please ask why. Okay, I'll tell you anyway.

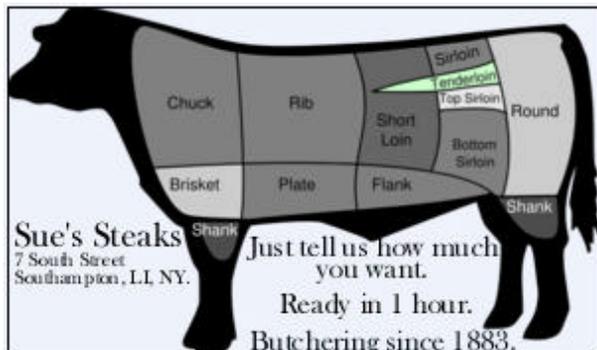
Nicole had just walked into the café and she was just as alone as I was.

I didn't think; I just did it. I stood and walked toward her and said, "Please, Nic, N – I – C, Nic, join me." She did. We ate dinner – a very large Chateaubriand – with potatoes, crème pie and coffee. We talked until mid-night. I never saw her again. I don't even know her last name. I have never forgotten her. I've told this story a hundred times, and when I do, I wonder if Nic, N – I – C, Nic, remembers her dinner with a stranger?



**Chateaubriand Steak**

This postcard has always been a favorite. It reminds me of a wonderful meal I had forty-years ago. The green triangle shows where the tenderloin is butchered.



The Chateaubriand steak is a thick cut from the beef tenderloin which, according to legend, was created by his personal chef, Montmireil, for Vicomte François-René de Chateaubriand, (1768–1848), the author and diplomat who served Napoleon as an ambassador and King Louis XVIII as Secretary of State. This cut is usually only offered as a serving for two, as there is only enough meat in the center of the average fillet for two portions. At the time of the Vicomte the steak was cut from the more flavorful, but less tender sirloin and served with a reduced sauce made from white wine and shallots moistened with demi-glace and mixed with butter, tarragon, and lemon juice.

**François-René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand**



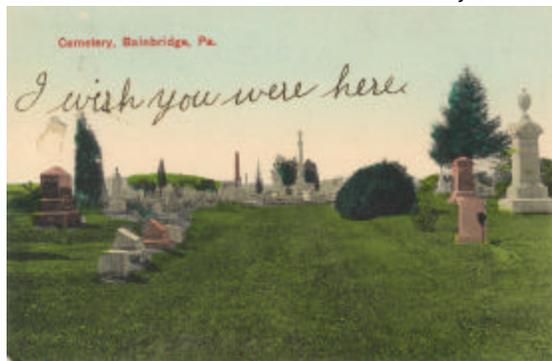
Born September 4, 1768, he was a French writer, politician and diplomat. He is considered the founder of Romanticism in French literature.

Someday I plan to return to St. Malo, and I hope to visit the tomb of this, the greatest of the world's hedonists for it was he who taught me that only the best can get you dinner with a stranger and a memory that will last a life time. I was 27 years old in 1967 – forty years isn't really a life-time, but it's a start.



**I wish you were here. Really? Or not!**

Card submitted by Steve Madara



The rather curious message on this card was sent to Chester Colman, South Front St., Steelton, Pa. Yet another curiosity – it was postmarked Bainbridge, PA, 10 AM – December 25, 1908 – Christmas Day.



**Offensive Postcards**

By Susan Lane

I was following a discussion about how to get rid of offensive smells emanating from postcards. While there is an understanding that most musty odors can be dealt with, with fresh-air, one collector had a particular stack of cards that stunk of smoke and kerosene (not exactly fun fragrances). I have not gone the route myself, nor have I called Consumer's Report for their take on this, but here is the report from those that did go the full mile.

On the premise that certain substances; i.e., ammonia, coffee grounds, and other dry-cleaners will remove odors, the experimenter completed clinical trials on smoky postcards while collaborating with her eleven and nine year old "sniffers" and reports that "no worthy postcards were harmed in this experiment."

The process followed was: each single smelly postcard was put into an unsealed Baggie and placed on top of a layer of each medium lining the bottom of a Tupperware bowl. The lid was then placed on the bowl and everything was left to sit for 24 hours. After the initial 24 hours the results were:

- Ammonia did not help the smoky smell in any way and caused the card to curl.
- Coffee grinds left a lovely coffee smell, but the test-sniffers still detected an underlying scent of smoke.
- Kitty litter was not bad, almost the winner.
- Baking soda was the hands-down winner. The card was virtually odor-free.

This experimenter did not try the dryer-sheet method for it would have required a trip to the store. However, another contributor did try dryer sheets by interweaving a dozen smoke smelling postcards within the folds of the sheets. The length of time that the package was left to "work" was not mentioned. The experimenter reported, "I don't know if it really removes the smell, but they were definitely less offensive."

Yet another concerned collector had issues with cards smelling of kerosene. It was suggested she enclose the cards in a plastic bag with moth balls and the kerosene smell would disappear; so would the moth ball smell eventually. This contributor added that she thought mothballs are too toxic, so she decided to not even try.

Baking soda sounds like a good way to go.

**“The Tragedy of Kate” aboard the M.V. Georgic, circa 1932**

*Submitted by Megan H. Fraser*

In a recent evaluation of some White Star memorabilia at the Independence Seaport Museum in Philadelphia, the following page was found. It has come from the White Star Line M.V. (motor vessel) *Georgic*, that made her maiden voyage from Liverpool to



New York beginning June 25, 1932. It is safe to say the daily shipboard trivia contests on cruise ships have a long history. My dad loves the Holland-America mouse pad he won in a trivia contest aboard the *M.S. Noordam*.

These cards show the *Georgic* sometime after 1934 when the Cunard and White Star lines merged.



**The Tragedy of Kate**

**The clues refer to words ending in “cate” or “kate.” Example: number 26 is vacate. The words sought have no connection in series with one another. Solutions to be handed in at Purser’s Office before 5.30 p.m.**

1. Kate’s child had to be coddled \_\_\_\_\_
2. Kate goes into big business \_\_\_\_\_
3. Kate publicly recommends \_\_\_\_\_
4. Kate flashes and sparkles \_\_\_\_\_
5. Kate is on thin ice \_\_\_\_\_
6. Kate puts two in the same place \_\_\_\_\_
7. Kate misappropriates funds \_\_\_\_\_
8. Kate’s partner discovers her position \_\_\_\_\_
9. Kate involves others in the plot \_\_\_\_\_
10. Kate slangily trounces enquirers \_\_\_\_\_
11. Kate is evasive in her answers \_\_\_\_\_
12. Kate will not squeak \_\_\_\_\_
13. Kate rings up friends \_\_\_\_\_
14. Kate retires into the country \_\_\_\_\_
15. Kate tears the bark off trees \_\_\_\_\_
16. Kate cuts off the top \_\_\_\_\_
17. Kate twists her wrist \_\_\_\_\_
18. Kate divides into two branches \_\_\_\_\_
19. Kate mortgages her property \_\_\_\_\_
20. Kate assigns to specific objects \_\_\_\_\_

21. Kate invents facts \_\_\_\_\_
22. Kate confuses the issue \_\_\_\_\_
23. Kate wrangles \_\_\_\_\_
24. Kate’s sentence is pronounced \_\_\_\_\_
25. Kate is deprived of all her property \_\_\_\_\_
26. Kate is evicted and goes vacate \_\_\_\_\_
27. Kate makes a humble petition \_\_\_\_\_
28. Kate discloses hidden resources \_\_\_\_\_
29. Kate proves she is honest after all \_\_\_\_\_
30. Kate conciliates an opponent \_\_\_\_\_
31. Kate gets a partner out of difficulty \_\_\_\_\_
32. Kate renounces all her rights \_\_\_\_\_
33. Kate tears up her roots \_\_\_\_\_
34. Kate undertakes a sacred life \_\_\_\_\_
35. Kate gets no oxygen \_\_\_\_\_
36. Kate dries up \_\_\_\_\_
37. Kate is officially declared extinct \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Cabin No. \_\_\_\_\_ Time handed in \_\_\_\_\_

M.V. “Georgic.”

*The answers to the quiz have most likely gone down with the ship. You’re on your own.*



*Card and information submitted by Steve Madara*



**Hamburg, N.J.** Only 10½ miles from the New York state-line, in the eastern half of Sussex County, is a quirky little town of about 3,000 residents. Hamburg has no appreciable tourist attractions, but it does have a Gingerbread Castle. The castle is in a park tucked away along an unremarkable stretch of Route 23, just a couple hundred yards from where the factory that created the world famous “Wheatsworth Crackers” stood. Built in 1930 by Fred Bennett, who in an interview for Time Magazine in July of 1930, said, “It cost me \$50,000, but if it brings the children and their mothers together, it’s well worth it.”

The life-sized castle tells the story of *Hansel and Gretel*,” and at one time there was a miniature railroad around the property for the children to ride. The first building on the site was a flour mill built in 1808, but when that enterprise became unprofitable, a wire and cable factory replaced it. From the 1980s to 1992, the Gingerbread Castle was only used as a haunted house attraction during Halloween, and then a fire in 1993 caused the permanent closure of the castle. Today, there is a renewed interest in the property by an area developer who paid nearly three-quarters of a million dollars with an assurance to the borough council that a restoration is planned.

In the Time Magazine article [7/13/1930], Dean George Harold Edgell of the Harvard Faculty of Architecture, sites the castle as the only example in America of a proper setting for a Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale.

World renowned architect and set designer Joseph Urban did the lion’s share of the work when he wasn’t busy with the Ziegfeld Follies and the Metropolitan Opera. It took him two years to complete the project.