

The McClintock Letter

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

August 2008

Vol. 8. No. 3

Postcards: Millville in the Mail

One cloudy day last winter, South Jersey Postcard Club President, Bob Duerholz, arrived in Millville to fulfill a task that had been thrust upon him simply because he serves as president of our club. He was in Millville at the invitation of the Riverfront Renaissance Center for the Arts to judge a contest, hosted by the RRCA, which would determine the pieces of art that would be made into new postcards, published by the Center to be sold in the Center and in the shops and stores of several other High Street Business Association members.



Street of Churches

When exhibit curator, Jay Helfinch announced the project late in 2007, the challenge was met with great enthusiasm and by the submission deadline there were nearly 100 pieces of art in the competition.

The entries were in many artistic formats, including painting, drawing, collage, computer digital-image manipulation, photography, and lithography. Bob was left with a very difficult chore.

Since the pressure was on (the winners were to be announced the following evening) Bob spent more

than two hours sorting the pictures into lots that he thought would make good postcards. After the first cut each piece was analyzed and then scrutinized for image value; those that were easily recognized as Millville scenes and those that would make good postcards but did not necessarily have wide appeal because of an uncommon image.

A third and fourth sorting had to be done, but finally, the field was narrowed and the winners were chosen. After the judging the gallery was locked and was off-limits until the results were announced in the main gallery the following evening.

It was quite evident that Bob took his judging seriously because when the results were made public his choices got an overwhelming reception. Judging is not exactly a contact sport, but in the process, Bob felt the pressure of many people's opinions, but he prevailed.

Three of the winning images are seen here along with the director's choice.

They are: *Street of Churches* by Carol Nagao, *Millville's Hot Spot* by Kathy Baldissero, and *Riverfront Afternoon* by Libby Rothfarb. *Arts Center* by Donna Pio was the director's choice.

The Center is a professionally operated forum for artists in all media. The Board of Directors hosts a continuing series of group and one-person exhibitions in the Main Gallery and the Witt Room. Exhibits open on the third Friday of each month.

The Center has art classes and special events for all ages. One of the most popular classes is Drawing for Seniors, taught by a local artist at the senior's high-rise residence across the street and in two other locations.

Currently seven of the new postcards are available for purchase at the Riverfront Renaissance Center for the Arts, 22 N. High Street, Millville, NJ 08332.

New Millville Postcards



Millville's Hot Spot



Riverfront Afternoon



Arts Center [Director's Choice]

□ President's Corner

Dear Fellow Member and Postcard Collector,

When you read this Newsletter, we should be well on our way to finalizing our country's electing process, and hopefully, you also are having a pleasant, wonderful summer.

Looking to the fall, I have our club's annual show, POCAX 08, foremost on my mind. I ask that you mark your calendars for October 18th to support this important activity. If you could help run it, that would be great, but if that is not possible, please try to at least attend the show. There are great buys to be had and friendships to be made or rekindled.

I'd like to revisit an old advocacy of mine and that is sharing a part of your collection with fellow members at our monthly meetings. The few times members have done this, I am amazed and thrilled to peek into another's world of postcards - beyond my own. It is not only fun, but educational. I encourage you to please share your collection some Sunday afternoon and sincerely hope you will do so.

Congratulations are in order for our Newsletter Editor, Ray Hahn. He was recently featured in the national postcard publication, *Postcard Collector*. Ray had an article published in their "Collector's Spotlight" section. At—a—boy Ray, and a big "Thank You" for all your hard work each year producing our club's terrific newsletter.

Speaking of the newsletter, as always, we ask that you please submit any postcard related article to Ray to help him fill and create diversity in future issues.

Hope to see you all at POCAX 08.

Bob



□ Editor's Niche

Our visit with Miss Helen

Last Tuesday was one of those beautiful days that needed to be captured in a poem and kept as a memory. Emily, Sal and I had an opportunity to meet and make a new friend—Helen Faust. With great appreciation and respect we called her Miss Helen, for she was proud to tell us she is 98½ years old. We learned from our conversation that she is a world traveler. A lady of class and charm, who has enjoyed life so much that she, like many of us collectors, simply can't bear to throw things away. We members of SJPC should be happy she felt that way about her cards.

The primary purpose of our visit was prompted by a letter that Miss Helen sent to Emily—asking if there was a way to sell her postcard collection. We arrived to find that Helen and her friend Dagmar are both collectors. We heard stories about Helen's collections (the best being the tale of her key to a French chateau), and although Dagmar was unable to stay and talk to us because of some pressing errands, Helen also told us about Dagmar's collection of Russian lacquer boxes—beautiful treasures, each with its own story.

Emily, Sal and I decided, on the spot, to do what we have done for so many others. We paid Miss Helen a deposit, and parts of her collection will be added to the auctions in the months to come. Another all-around, win-win situation.

Keep watch for notices about the auctions of the Helen Faust Collection. We will keep you posted on what will be on sale and when.



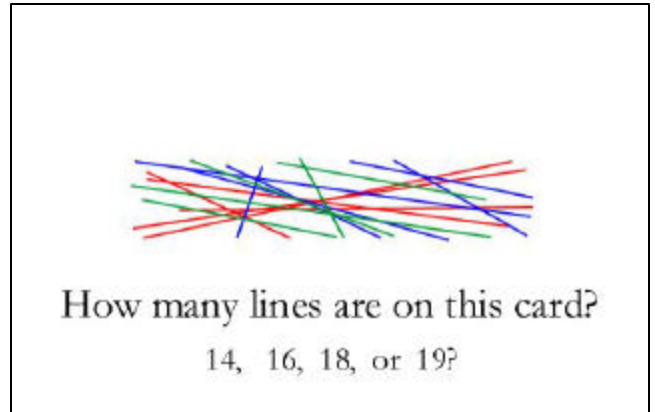
New Newsletter Format

A recent decision to purchase a wide format printer has made it possible for SJPC to save several dollars on the production of our quarterly newsletter. As your editor, I would like you to know it is slightly more complicated in regard to page lay-out, but the new printer is so much faster that the process is nearly equal time. The new inks are more vibrant and the paper we will be using has a 96 rating on the brightness scale. Hopefully, we will be producing a better product all-ways-around. If you have comments or suggestions, I would certain like to hear from you.



Intellect Isn't Everything; Some of Us Are Just Nice People

An old friend who just loves to torment people sent me this card.



I understand there is an extensive series of them, and they are used by European schools to determine intelligence. Here's what you do. Count the lines four times. If you get the same answer four times you are a genius. If you manage three of the same counts, you're well above average. If you get two of the same counts, you're average. If you get four different answers, sorry to say, you're not very accurate when counting lines.

Ray



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

Please send club inquiries to:

The South Jersey Postcard Club
c/o Emily DiVento, *Secretary*
1746 Johnston Street, Philadelphia, PA 19145

Please send newsletter inquiries and articles to:

Ray Hahn, *Editor*
908 Barbara Terrace, Millville, NJ 08332
or email to ray@rayhahn.com

January 12, 1907, Article Tells of Automobile Show

[Editor's Note: Choosing the May "Best Card Contest" winner was a very difficult vote for the club members. Steve Madara prevailed with the card you saw on our June Meeting Notice postcard. John Robert's card of Madison Square Garden's announcement of the 7th National Automobile Show was also in that contest.]

Here's the story as told in the *New York Times* ...

BIG AUTO SHOW READY FOR OPENING TO-NIGHT

Panorama of Swiss Scènes Forms Setting for Motor Cars.

VANDERBILT CUP ON VIEW

Elaborate Variety of Artistic Decorations for Exhibit—Racing Machines Will Be a Feature.

As a curtain raiser to the big automobile show that will open to-night in Madison Square Garden the committee of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers invited a number of the exhibitors and other motorists to a private view of the decorations for the present exhibit. In this respect the work is complete. The vast interior of the Garden is adorned as never before, and as automobiles were being taken in as rapidly as they could be unloaded from the trucks in Twenty-seventh Street the privileged spectators saw literally an automobile show in the making.



The article goes on to describe how the inside of the hall was decorated with murals of a village in the snow-capped Swiss Alps, and of an overhead amber bunting, with thousands of silver stars, that provided the ideal firmament for the heroic statues that marked the display area. It tells of a glorious fountain and an arbor of white birch trees that lined the floor. The placement of the different automobile manufacturers—more than two dozen in number—was detailed for the visitors by classes of vehicles, including, racing, gasoline, electric and commercial. The *Times* left it up to the reader to visualize the "colors" of the cars.



From the "There's Nothing New Under the Sun" File

This card has no postmark, but judging by the clothes, an educated guess would put it in the between 90 to 100 years old category.



So here we are in 2008 in almost total despair over the high cost of

nearly everything.

If the card is as old as we think, it reflects attitudes about food costs between 1908 and 1918—the Great War Era. Stop and think about those days – there were no televisions, cell phones, or iPods to provide news about events that took place ten minutes ago. Transportation was limited to a very small number of cars, trains, bicycles, and horse carriages. There were no such things as SUVs, minivans, or pick-up trucks with designer names on them, but they knew how to keep track of their money.

Will we soon be back to those days? I think we all hope not.

Surprise, surprise! It's Still There



When I bought this card from George and Marcella a few months ago I thought I was buying a piece of history long gone. Not true. As Robert Leroy Ripley always said, "Believe It Or Not," this restaurant is still in business and apparently enjoys a fine international reputation.

In 1830, when a Spanish lady named Ana López arrived from Zaragoza and founded the Inn La Zaragozana, she was far from imagining that it would become the luxury restaurant it is today, the oldest in the Cuban capital.

With an excellent location in Old Havana's Historical Area, it offers a wide variety of dishes, including fish, lobster, shrimp, pork, beef, and chicken. The prices range from moderate to expensive. Lobster and shrimp cocktail, oysters, chicken, Spanish omelet, fried chickpeas with sausage and Serrano jam are some of items offered in the Cuban style.

During the revolution (1959), La Zaragozana rescued a menu with traditional recipes that had impressed its patrons from all over the world since the 19th century. The chefs cater to the taste of travelers, mainly Europeans, interested in those dishes.

It is said they cook the best Galician soup in all Cuba. Its list of famous clients includes the Spanish poet Federico García Lorca, who visited in 1930, the American novelist Ernest Hemingway, the boxer Rocky Marciano and the outstanding athlete Javier Sotomayor.

The restaurant has guitarists, singers, and trios who make your visit more pleasant.

Open Monday through Sunday, from noon to midnight. La Zaragozana's specialty, sangria and a sandwich, is available in the Snack-bar 24 hours a day.



What Is This Man Doing?



In the Burgundy wine region of France is the village of Dole. It hard against the Doubs River, between the French Alps in the east and the Cote d'Or in the west. Today as the traveler goes along the country roads from Dole and Dijon he sees only vineyards. In the long ago the farmers had one constant concern, and it was this man who kept watch for the feared invader. Look closely. What is he doing?

The Story of Casey Jones and the Train Wreck That Made Him Famous

By Donald T. Matter, Jr.



John Luther Jones was born March 14, 1863. His initial railroad experience was on the M & O Railroad at Columbus, Kentucky. It took him a number of years to gather enough seniority but in March 1888 he joined the Illinois Central as fireman on the Water Valley and Jackson Districts with his seniority board at Water Valley, Mississippi. Opportunities for advancement looked good on the ICRR and Casey's seniority rights as fireman and later as engineer were on all road and yard jobs from Jackson, Tennessee to Canton, Mississippi. Additionally, there were several blanket passenger runs from Memphis to Canton manned on alternate trips by Water Valley crews. Jones had seniority rights on those runs also. Old records show Jones was promoted to engineer on February 23, 1891, and his name first appears on the register book of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers on March 10, 1891.

As was the lot of newly promoted engineers Jones worked at yard service until he could hold a regular engine. In the summer of 1893 the Chicago World's Fair was attracting huge crowds to the grounds along the lake on Chicago's south side. This was ICRR territory and the line was being taxed to provide transportation for the thousands coming to the fair. A call was sent throughout the system for engineers. Jones answered the call and spent the summer doing suburban service in Chicago. It was then that he became acquainted with No. 638. The Illinois Central had their big new freight engine on display at the fair, and at the closing of the fair, the 638 was due to be sent for service in the Jackson District. When Jones learned this, he asked permission to run the engine back to Water Valley. His request was approved, and the No. 638 ran its first 589 miles with Casey Jones at the throttle.

Jones was soon able to find more work on the No. 638. He liked working the Jackson District because his family was there, and Jones spent most of his working days on the 638 until the late 1890s. Over the years Casey had his share of extra passenger runs and he liked the work and the pay, and generally, passenger runs offered much shorter working days, better pay and considerable prestige.

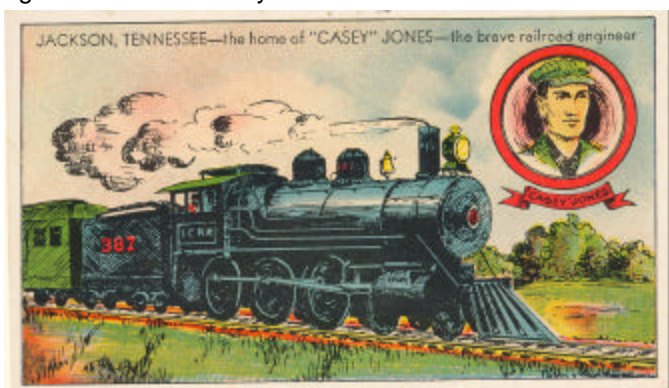
In February 1900 the chief district engineer transferred to a new route thus opening runs No. 1 and No. 4 to a younger engineer. Jones asked for the job, and after ten years as engineer, Jones had a regular "high wheel" job.

The new job went well. Jones was pleased with the 300 Class passenger engines that were assigned to the run. He missed his co-workers in Jackson, but met a good young fireman named, Sim Webb. Most important was the fact that the job was a challenge to his ability as an engineer. Illinois Central had shortened the running time of its passenger trains between Chicago and New Orleans so that an on-time run was at a pretty good speed.

The schedule allowed about five hours time from Memphis to Canton and about the same time for the return—this was a fairly light day's work. As passenger demand got heavier and the trains longer, the task became more demanding, but all the officials really demanded of an engineer was that he makes running time. In other words, that he deliver the train to the next division no later on the schedule than he got it. Passenger comfort was not important, and damage suits for being thrown about at high rates of speed were almost unheard of, so dispatchers and other officials looked the other way when too much time was made up. Jones did his best to give them their money's worth.

On the night of April 29, 1900, Jones was assigned the No. 382 and six cars out of Memphis; fireman Sim Webb with J. C. Turner, conductor. Imagine you are with him on that last run. As the No. 382 moves out of Memphis and through the yard Jones passed the switch at East Junction and told Sim to be ready because it was uphill and fast for several miles. There were slow curves at intervals until he topped Hernando Hill twenty one miles out and then hold on tight for it was down the hill through Love Station and across Coldwater River Bottom as the telegraph poles began to look like a picket fence. One more slow curve south of Coldwater and then the Grenada District racetrack for sixteen miles with only a gentle curve at Senatobia and another at Como.

As Jones passed through Senatobia his thoughts were with Dave Dowling and his fireman Jack Barnett. They had roared through the same way last November and turned over at the south crossing, killing both of them. Funny thing, Jones reflected how the newspaper account headlined the story "Mail Train Delayed by Accident." At some length it was explained that due to a wreck of the southbound train on Monday morning, the mail was late and several local citizens who were returning from visits to Memphis were quite late getting home. The last sentence briefly stated, "Both the engineer and fireman of the train were killed instantly in the overturning of the giant locomotive." No names were given!



Jones probably thought a fellow sure deserved to get his name in the paper for that day's work.

After a quick water stop at Sardis, fifty miles out, Jones noted with satisfaction that he had picked up more time than he hoped. From here to Grenada would be slower, but he could steal a little on the curves and let her ramble across the creek and river bottoms to make up more time. It worked just as he planned and he really let No. 382 go from the top of Hardy Hill to Memphis Junction, one mile from Grenada. Too fast around that curve at Hardy; pity that poor baggage man; he would have to stack it again. If he ever became superintendent, mused Jones, as he stopped for Sim to align the switch at Memphis Junction, he was going to see that this switch was lined for the Grenada district instead of the Water Valley district. He had run through it one morning about two weeks before and his ears were still burning from the tongue-lashing he got from Trainmaster Bill Murphy.

When he stopped for water at the penstock at Grenada, Jones was only about forty minutes late, and a hundred miles out. The light train sure made a difference. He then realized that he had to ease off to keep from going through the curves too fast on top of the hills as well as the bottom. The bosses might call him in about arriving at Grenada too fast. The track was fast from Grenada to Eckridge, some curves up the hill to Sawyer, then a brief stop at Winona. From Winona to Durant he was looking at thirty miles of speedway and no restricted curves. He would see eighty through the creek bottom just south of Magee Siding.

Caution! Red order board at Durant! The northbound passenger No. 2 got orders out of Canton annulling a Durant meet; now they would meet at Goodman. "That Jones boy is showing off again," George Barnett, engineer on No. 2, would say as he went by Goodman. "He knows they don't pay a dime more for a fast run than they do a good one."

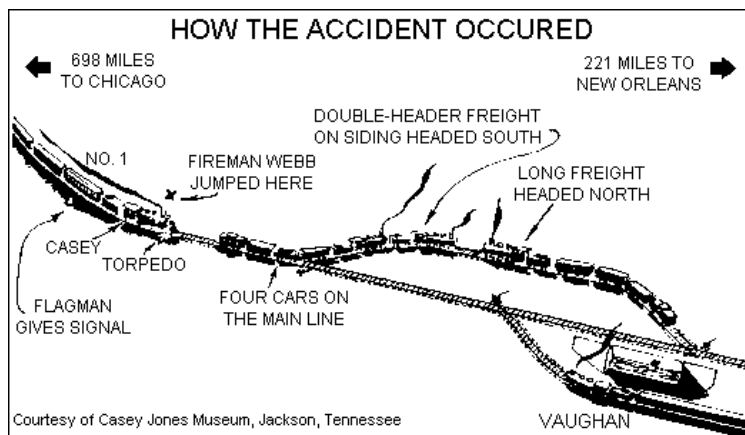
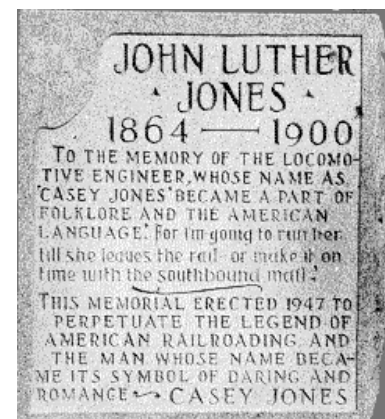
By the time he passed the No. 2 at Goodman, Jones was five minutes late but going to Canton on time would be a simple matter if all went well, but experience told him there was congestion somewhere ahead. As 382 came to Pickens it was almost on time. No trains here in the passing track; they all must be at Vaughan six miles ahead.

Jones was "dead-on." In Vaughan the No. 72 and No. 83 freights were trying to move off the main line needed for the passenger train when an air hose broke on the fourth car behind the engine on No. 72; No. 72 could not move. No. 83 was blocked by No. 72 and it could not move. Several cars of No. 83's train were still out on the main line above the north switch. Fireman Kennedy on No. 72 was closest to the broken hose so he rushed back to change it, but the crash came before he could complete the repair.

The No. 382 crashed through the caboose and several cars, lunged crazily to the left and came to rest on the engineer's side pointing back from whence it came. Jones was mortally wounded by a bolt or piece of splintered lumber that struck him in the throat. A stretcher was brought from the baggage car and crewmen of the other trains carried him a half mile to the depot. While lying on a baggage wagon, Casey died.

That night they switched out enough cars to make up a train, transferred the passengers and sent them on south. Jones's body was taken to Canton in the baggage car. Next morning he made the long trip back home to Jackson, Tennessee on passenger No. 26. On the following day a funeral service was held in St. Mary's Church where he and his wife Janie had married fourteen years before. Burial was in Mt. Calvary's Cemetery. The newspaper account lists the names of fifteen enginemen from Water Valley who were there to pay their last respects. This too was something of a record; those engineers took-off work and rode 118 miles to Jones's funeral.

The rail board's formal investigation concluded that, "Engineer Jones was solely responsible for the accident as consequence of not having properly responded to flag signals." The implication being that Jones got a sign to pull into a siding but assumed the north switch would have been cleared for him. He made a brake application and was slowing when his fireman saw the caboose and jumped from the coal-tender. The emergency application was not enough, but it slowed the train enough that no passenger or other crew member was seriously injured.



The Plains Zebra

By Emily DiVento

The home of the plains zebra is eastern Africa, mostly Kenya and Tanzania. An interesting animal, the zebra has the same body shape as a horse, and usually reaches a height of 4 – 4½ feet and its weight varies from 500 to 712 pounds. Mostly a vegetarian, the main diet consists of tough grasses, bulbs, and rhizomes (root-like stems).



There are three types of zebras, you can tell them apart mostly by their stripe patterns. Stripes on the plains (or Damaraland) zebra reach very low on the animal's stomach and feet. There is much debate among scientists about how stripes hide the zebra; however, most agree that in high grasses and dim light, zebras can blend into the countryside.

Zebras live in mixed herds, along with other animals, like antelopes and gnus. Surprisingly this provides better chances for survival. Predators such as lions, cheetahs, and hyenas find it nearly impossible to get close to such a herd to isolate a single animal for a kill. It is a common sight to see a gnu standing guard next to a sleeping zebra. It is also helpful that zebras can run faster and farther than most of their natural enemies.



Zebras often graze in herds of 100 animals at a time and have a very organized community with a social unit ranking order. A social unit contains about ten animals – one adult stallion, with five or six females and their young. The strongest female is the leader with the stallion at the back of the group.

Even though these animals are all plant eaters, they do not compete for food. Others in these herds eat only soft grasses, and as dry season arrives most zebras travel to new areas as far as 100 miles or more.

Female zebras usually bear one foal after about a one year pregnancy. The majority of foals are born after the rainy season (January through March). Foals have much longer hair than adults and their stripes are brown. The young can stand and walk within 15-20 minutes after birth. The newborn's stripes turn black in about four months.

PoCax '08
Double Tree Suites
Mount Laurel, New Jersey
October 18, 2008

164 Words

Card loaned by Bob Duerholz

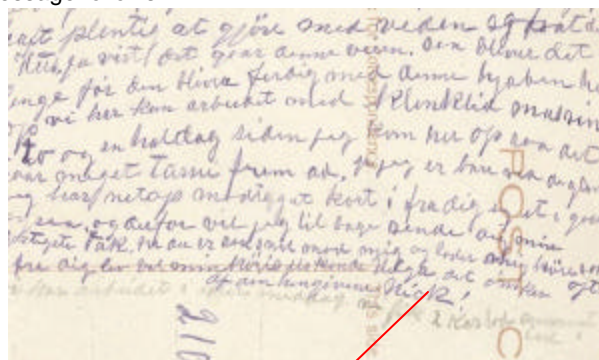
When our club president decided to bring this card to the May meeting he had no idea what fun we would have with it. To start, Bob was surprised by the size of the handwriting – he even went so far as to count the number of words in the message. There are 164.



Love at its Height

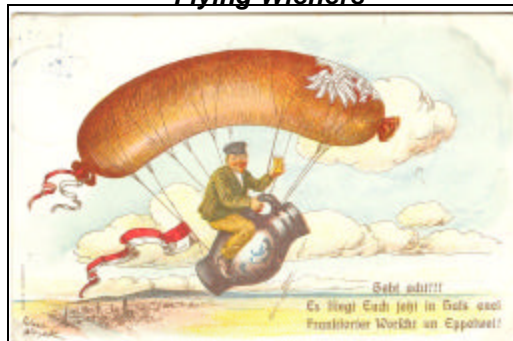
Everyone had a look at the card. It was addressed it to Mrs. Helga Haugin – a resident of Everett, Washington, and posted in Blaine, Washington, on August 22, 1910 – nearly 100 years ago. The card is in near mint condition. The colors are very bright and the corners are fairly sharp.

It is the message that has everyone guessing. It is in a very unfamiliar foreign language. A detail image of the message follows.



The message is signed, Nick. We have recently learned that the message is written in Norwegian.

Flying Wieners



This Austrian card with undivided back is another piece of Bob's collection. The caption when translated reads, "Watch out! It flies you know ... with a Frankfurter sausage and apple wine!"



Page 7 Mystery Card

Jean Bellows, the lady in this portrait by the American artist Eugene Speicher, was born in 1915. She made her Manhattan stage debut at age 19, and married into one of America's best known theatrical families.

You can win this card if you know her married name. Hint: there is a very strong presidential connection. Think, April 14, 1865.

Contact your editor at the address in the club information

box on page 2.

Good Luck!



Do These Puzzle Cards Have a Name?

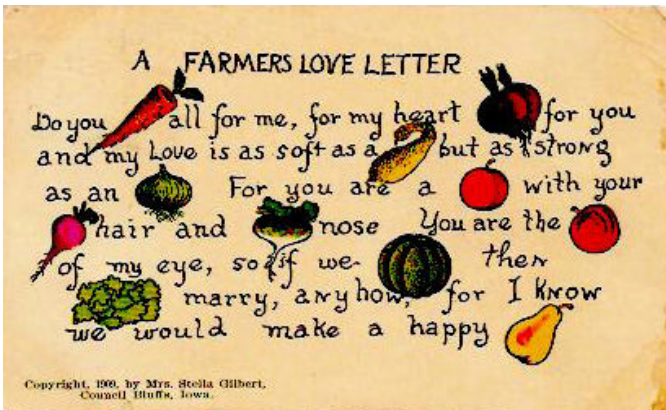
By Steve Madara

These greeting cards are as fascinating as they are entertaining. It may take a little practice to read them without stopping to think about the word substituting icons, but the message manages to show through.



To get you started, the message on the card above would read:

**A (key) (note) to Fortune.
Strike the (iron) while it is hot.**



This message is a bit more of a challenge, but it begins with a carrot (care at) and two beets (beats). I'll let you strike out on your own from there. Have fun.

Does anyone know if these cards have a specific name?

A '52 Pontiac and Its Proud Owner

By Jim Angermeier



This Pontiac convertible has had a few accessories added. Even Harley Earl (see: SJPC Newsletter, July 2003) would never have put this much chrome on a car. One would wonder if all those horns worked at once, what sound would they make?

The caption on this card tells the reader that the owner wishes to remain anonymous and that the photograph was taken in Houston, Texas, in 1973.



Lew Fields, the Face of American Theatre.

Submitted by John Valenti no



Lew Fields is best remembered as a Broadway and Hollywood producer, but he started his career in comedy and vaudeville by performing in museums, circuses, and variety houses in New York City. He once said his act was fairly common at the time, because the comedy come mostly from mangling the English language and deliberately

using malapropisms.

(You know what a malapropism is. It's as when Annie Oakley said, "I can shoot with my left hand, I can shoot with my right hand, I'm *amphibious*." What she really meant was, *ambidextrous*.)

Fields toured with his friend Joe Weber until 1896 when they opened the Weber and Fields Music Hall and produced very successful burlesques of popular Broadway shows. In the music hall's casts were some of the greatest performers and comics on the American stage at that time, including Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, and DeWolf Hopper.

Weber and Fields broke-up their partnership in 1904, but Fields took over all operations at the music hall and immediately broadened the venue for musicals and ballet. In 1923, Weber and Fields reunited for a short film when they reprised their favorite routines. They also reunited on December 27, 1932, for the first ever show at Radio City Music Hall. That was their last stage appearance.

Fields died in July 1941 at age 74. He was born Moses Schoenfeld, but never used his real name except on financial documents.

Fields's three children (Dorothy, Herbert and Joseph) all enjoyed theatrical careers of their own.