

The McClintock Letter

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

November 2008

Vol. 8. No. 4

A Look Back at 2008 and a Glance Forward

Bob Duerholz has been SJPC President for just two years, but many of us forget that for five years while Judi Kearney led the way through some pretty wonderful times, Bob served the club as Vice President and provided some pretty amazing back-up. As President, Bob has had two very successful years as the club grew by more than 10% in membership, while we had two record auctions (an estate sale of Alex Antal's cards and the sale Helen Faust's collection), and two very successful PoCaxs - 2007 when there was record attendance and 2008 when the show was a success even though our national economy was in a state of recession and gasoline reached record high prices. At the monthly club meetings Bob has presided while attendance has been consistently high, we bestowed our first Honorary Membership, and more members than ever participated in the Card of the Month Contests. In 2007 nine different members won the contests and in 2008 there are already eight different winners.

Pocax 2008

October 18th was a chamber of commerce day with bright blue sky, cool temperatures and light breezes. It was a great day to travel to a postcard show, but unfortunately the economy caused many of our usual guests to make tough decisions about spending money on their hobby. Attendance was disappointing but the 2008 exhibit included over forty boards, done by a record number of exhibitors and our dealers had thousands of new offerings.

The exhibit as always was judged by those who attended. It was a difficult choice but a record number of votes went to Board Number One – entered by a first-time exhibitor – Jim Estelle. Congratulations, Jim!

The 2008 Honorable Mentions were shared between another new exhibitor – Karen Schell, and two old veterans of postcard exhibits – Sal Fiorello and Ray Hahn.

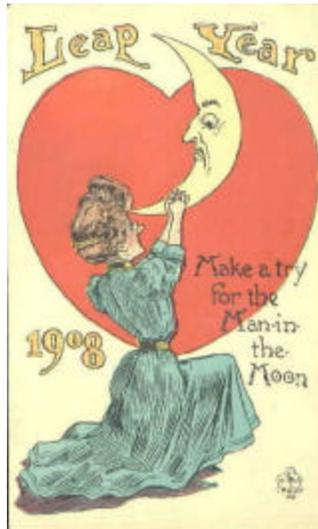


Best of Show
Oyster Industry in N.J.*
Jim Estelle

* Example. Not part of the winning board.



Honorable Mention
Jokers Are Wild
Karen Schell



Honorable Mention
Leap Year, 1908
Sal Fiorello



Honorable Mention
Faces of North Africa
Ray Hahn

Looking Forward; a Special Note about the Upcoming Election of Officers

At the December meeting we will elect new officers and trustees for our club. The officers to be elected are President, Vice President, Treasurer, and Secretary. Also, we will elect three 2009 Trustees.

At this time we know that a new president, a new vice president and at least two new trustees will be elected – this will be the most changes in officers in many years. Bob Duerholz will fill the position of Immediate Past President (a voting member of the Board) and at least one of the trustee seats will be filled by a new person, but the vice president and the other two trustees still need candidates.

As elections come closer, you may be asked by the Nominating Committee to serve the club in one of these positions. Please think about what your answer will be.

President's Corner

The South Jersey Postcard Club's POCAX 2008 is now history. I write this President's Corner the day after, and I must admit, I'm a bit tired. PoCax, as past presidents know, is a challenging task with advertising, contracts to dealers, hotel co-ordinations and table set ups, and other minuscule tasks too numerous to mention. But, I would be remiss not to mention my support group - the Board Members of the club. They were instrumental throughout the year in sharing responsibilities and supporting me with my thoughts and changes to our program. I am particularly grateful to that threesome I have in the past referred to as "The Glue," specifically, Ray Hahn, Sal Fiorello and Emily DiVento. Ray especially spends much of his time printing up the programs, name tags, and voting slips. He stored, delivered and help set up the tripods for the displays, and as always, takes the lead at the reception desk seeking new members and accepting donations. I sincerely "Thank" everyone who assisted in making the show a success.

This year I introduced something new, a Silent Auction. The cards were part of an album provided to the club by someone responding to the show's advertising campaign. It was fun and a great success in returns of over \$300 for the sale of just 17 cards. It was exciting to see all the last second bids on the cards before the closing bell.

All dealers I spoke with had favorable comments about the show but most agreed that attendance was a bit lower this year. I agree and feel we experienced an after shock of our so called Economic Crisis and high gasoline prices. People must pay utility bills and put bread on the table before spending dollars on their hobbies. Postcard collecting included.

When all was said and done and the last boxes were packed, I feel everyone had a great time buying, selling and just sharing thoughts on the great hobby of Postcard Collecting.

I am happy that the South Jersey Postcard Club can continue to provide this opportunity to all our members, dealers and attending collectors.

Hope to see many of you at the November meeting,

Bob

Editor's Niche

I too, like our President Bob, am glad that PoCax is over for this year – not because it has come and gone but because I have had so many things to do lately that I now have an opportunity to catch-up on other things, including putting my collection in order – a task I have long neglected.

At PoCax, so many of you are so kind as to remind me how much you enjoy our newsletter, and again, I thank you for the kind words. It is a sad fact that we no longer have the opportunity to subscribe to *Postcard Collector* magazine – they have closed up shop and moved to the literary equivalent of *Antique Trader's* attic. When John Rhody sent me an email telling me he had "heard a rumor" that SJPC Newsletter was being considered as a good replacement publication, I simply laughed out load. Thanks John.

Ray

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Dues Collection for 2009 Begins

You may pay your \$10 (individual or family) dues at any of the next four meetings or you may mail your dues to SJPC, c/o Mr. Sal Fiorello, 1930 S. Alder St., Philadelphia, PA 19148

Minutes from the October Meeting

- President Bob Duerholz chaired the meeting with 15 present
- Emily DiVento read the minutes and the treasurer's report was given by Sal Fiorello.
- NEW BUSINESS included a mention of an article in the Burlington County Times that described a 1921 Time Capsule that had recently been opened. It contained 30 postcards. The article also mentioned how many teachers these days are using postcards as teaching tools. (That's not news, but it is nice that people are beginning to recognize the historical value of post cards.)
- BEST CARD CONTEST topic was, "Soldiers and Sailors at Work." Sal Fiorello won with this mint-condition real-photo card. The caption reads, "At work in the boatswain chair."



- 50/50. It was Sal's day. He won the 50/50 too, but donated it to the club.



NOVEMBER 9th MEETING

at the Prince of Peace Church Hall
 ¼ mile east of Marlton Circle on Rt. 70 at 1 PM
 Contest Topic: Maps

DECEMBER 14th MEETING

**Holiday Pot-luck Luncheon,
 and Election of Officers**
 Bring your favorite dish
 to the Prince of Peace Church Hall
 ¼ mile east of Marlton Circle on Rt. 70 at 1 PM
 Contest Topic: Your best card of southern New Jersey



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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 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

A Little History of Woodlynne, New Jersey

By Bud Shropshire

This is a little history of Woodlynne, New Jersey, a small community situated between Camden and Collingswood. The 0.2 square mile town of 2,800 people in 1912 had three churches, one block of commercial stores, a grade school and a firehouse. Not many remember that Woodlynne was once an amusement park.

Woodlynne Amusement Park and Lake operated between 1895 and 1914. The park had boating and the world's oldest wooden roller coaster. My family moved from Camden to Woodlynne in 1946 and we attended the Methodist church. The roller coaster was on the same spot where the church now stands. Old postcards show the roller coaster and lake and a mansion inside the main entrance. Several postcards show people boating on the lake.



Entrance to Wood Lynne Park, Camden, N.J.



Mansion, Wood Lynne Park, Camden, N.J.

The entrance to the park faced Cooper Avenue which is in the center of town and is four blocks long. When I was a kid, my brother and I sold snowballs at a baseball field at the other end of Cooper Avenue. My uncle lived in a house on Cooper Avenue in the 1940s. One postcard shows the entrance to the park and the benches for people to sit. A friend of mine told me his parents used to sit on the benches and that he has part of one in his garage. The Woodlynne mansion and lake are no longer there, but homes built over the old lake tend to have flooded basements during heavy rainstorms.



Scenic R.R., Wood Lynne Park, Camden, N.J.



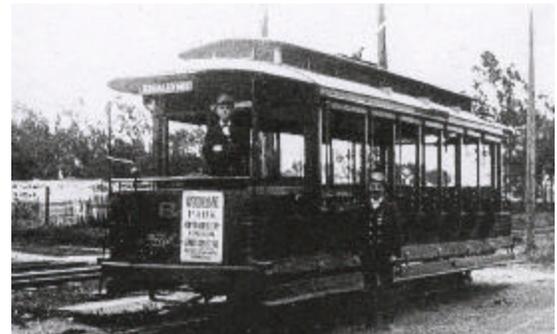
Wood Lynne Park, Camden, N.J.



Asbury Methodist Church now stands on the site of the roller coaster

When the amusement park closed, the roller coaster was moved to Clementon Amusement Park and became the "Jackrabbit."

Growing up in Camden and Woodlynne, everyone I knew went to Clementon to ride the Jackrabbit. The Breyers Company used to give free tickets to Clementon Park when you purchased their ice cream. Clementon Park is still in operation, but the old wooden Jackrabbit was closed down in 2003 and demolished in 2007 to make room for wilder thrill rides.



A book put out by Camden County has this picture of a trolley car that once ran to Woodlynne Park.

Maud Humphrey and Her Art

Maud Humphrey was born on March 30, 1868, in Rochester, New York. By age 12 she was already studying art with a family friend and pastor named James H. Dennis. The



Humphrey's home was in the Third Ward – the part of Rochester where the city's wealthiest and most socially elite families lived. Maud took great pleasure in the prominence of her family origins and chose to use only her maiden name in her professional life. Although Maud suffered with migraine headaches all of her life she maintained a high level of creative productivity. In diaries and from family sources it is suggested that

Maud created, in her 60 year career, as many as ten illustrations a week. Some estimates of her career range from 28,000 to 35,000 pieces. The Victorian Era, in which she lived, imposed many limitations on women, but Humphrey was a successful artist in a time when her skills mattered most. It is probable that some of her illustrations have been reproduced in the millions.

At age 17, Maud began study at the Art Student's League in New York City, and like many others, she returned there and continued her studies whenever time and circumstances allowed. For much of the following three years she busied herself with greeting card competitions and book illustrating. (Two of Maud's book illustrations for a publisher's edition of nursery rhymes may be seen here.)



Tom Tucker



Little Miss Muffett

Some time in 1888 she gave a child's picture to a friend, who took the picture for framing to the Stokes Company, a New York City art dealership and framing shop. Mr. Stokes was impressed with the work and through some quite tedious correspondence Humphrey agreed to illustrate one single book for Mr. Stokes, but that project turned into an exclusive contract that took every piece of her work for two years.

Maud Humphrey thought it necessary for her to have a unique professional wardrobe and work style. Her studio was always immaculate and she painted standing up, wearing freshly ironed artist aprons or smocks. When at work Maud would dress in shades of gray with white, purple, or pink accents that included lace scarves, bows, and ribbons. She always wore high heeled shoes. She was a tall woman; five feet 10 inches, with curly hair and a slender figure.

In 1891 Maud went to Paris for study at the Julian Academy where she participated in oil, watercolor, and illustration classes. It was in Paris that she studied with James McNeil Whistler. By 1893 she had developed a reputation of being a children's artist and although on rare occasions she did use professional models, most of her work was done using friend's children in their own playful environments. This genre of her art became known on Madison Avenue as the "Humphrey Baby."

Art historians like to ask, "What do these American businesses have in common?" Ivory Soap, Crosman Brothers Flower Seeds, Mellin's Baby Food Company, Wilkie & Platt Clothiers, Elgin Watch Company, Sunshine Stoves Ranges and Furnaces, Butterick Patterns, Equitable Insurance, Metropolitan Life Insurance and Anheuser-Busch have all used Maud Humphrey's work in their national brands advertising. (At left is a fairly rare postcard of a Maud Humphrey illustration done for the Butterick Company - pattern makers who have accommodated generations of American home dress makers.)



Humphrey married Dr. Belmont Deforest Bogart, a surgeon specializing in heart and lungs. She was a proud wife and mother and in her very late years attracted more attention as the mother of the actor Humphrey Bogart, than as an artist. Dr. Bogart was of Dutch decent and wealthy from his father's invention of the process for doing lithography on tin. Maud's son, Humphrey was the model used for her most famous advertising illustrations – advertisements for the Mellin's Baby Food Company. Both parents spent a great deal of time at home. Their careers allowed the doctor to practice in the family home and the artist to have a studio with a nursery on the third floor. The household had two maids, a laundress and a cook. Like fashionable families they had a summer cottage at Lake Canandaigua, New York, but this was a 55-acre working farm with manicured lawns and a dock for sailing. The family owned the property until 1915 then sold it for a summer residence on Fire Island. This allowed Humphrey to be closer to her position as art director at *The Delineator*.

The Bogarts were much affected by the depression (1929-1933), her husband's dwindling medical practice and failing health, and the literal disappearance of the family fortune, forced them to sell their primary residence and move to a converted brownstone in New York City (not a serious inconvenience since the new home was in the elite and fashionable Upper West Side). Then, more than ever before, Maud's studio became a sanctuary. After her husband's death, she was left with thousands of dollars of debt in hospital bills. It was then that she was forced to turn to her son for help. Humphrey was by then ... (Continued next page.)

a young actor in Hollywood and with only minor difficulty he managed to pay the family debt and chose to move his mother to California. She lived in an apartment on Sunset Boulevard at the Chateau Marmont. This lifestyle was hard for her to accept, but with F. Scott Fitzgerald, Laurence Olivier, and other Hollywood dignitaries and much of the Hollywood glamour crowd buzzing about in the lobby, she gradually changed her opinion. The California sunshine brought many changes in her life, like a daily walk to Schwab's Drugstore where she would often make a minor



frequently unnecessary purchase and would then return to the Marmont with many on-lookers taking note of her every movement. She would fill her mornings and evenings by painting or drawing in her apartment studio. (In those later years, Maud frequently returned to the greeting card as an outlet for her creative talent. Here is a card she designed while living in California, but obviously remembering her early years when fur coats and hats were

the norm in snowy New York State.)

After only five retirement years at the Chateau Marmont, Maud died of pneumonia, a complication of cancer on November 22, 1940. She is buried in Forest Lawn Cemetery in Los Angeles. Her death certificate lists her as a "housewife."

It is a sad fact that in the era in which Maude Humphrey worked it was standard publishing practice that original art became the publisher's property. After any one particular advertising project was finished the art was kept in vaults or storage cabinets until it was no longer cost effective to keep it. When the clean out order was given by the publisher or the advertising editor, pages by the thousands were simply and unceremoniously destroyed. These terrible events



account for the relative scarceness of original Humphrey art today.

Another cruel reality is that none of Maude Humphrey's work was ever intended for postcards. She was by profession a commercial illustrator who earned nearly \$50,000 annually, a colossal sum in her time. She was never a postcard artist. It is however a wonderful anomaly that many postcard publishers recognized the popularity of her work and printed her illustrations and advertising art by the millions.

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Another in a long list of coincidences that I frequently speak of is that a SJPC member let it be known that she wanted to start a collection of Humphrey cards, just as I was about to write this article. I bought this card as an illustration for the article, but now it has turned into a Christmas present.

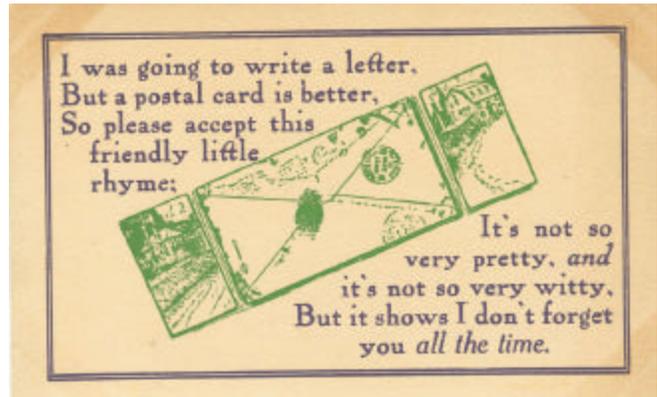
Gee, I'm a lucky guy.

Postcards about Postcards

By Ray Hahn

I have wanted to write an article entitled, *Postcards about Postcards* for a long time, but it has frequently fallen off the list of things to do for more immediate curiosities or it was replaced in many consecutive issues by contributions from other members.

Over the years, I have found cards like this one. Cute, but boring. The picture is silly and amateurish; the rhyme is not well written or even well thought out . . .



. . . but now I have found a card that simply can't wait to be seen by all who love postcards.

It came to me by accident. I was searching for my usual topics at the PoCax Show last month and found several excellent additions to my collection of unusual occupations. And best of all, it is another in a collection of cards that could be categorized with the title, *Only in France*.

Stop and remember how the French adopted postcards in the early part of the 20th century. France is likely the country in the world second only to the USA in the number of postcards bought, addressed, and mailed from 1898 to 1950.

And, only in France would it be thought acceptable to buy postcards and get a free and unsolicited look at a pretty girl's underwear.



... from Etaples, France, posted May 14, 1906

My Reflections on the Presidents and the Health Crises They Faced

By William Reynolds

George Washington



When we think of the father of our country, we think of a tall, broad chested, robust man who led his military troops into battle, with little fear or concern for his own health, but Washington was, in fact, plagued by a variety of ailments throughout his life, so much so, that it led him to become a hypochondriac.

His broad chest was hollowed in the center from tuberculosis, his tough and leathery skin, was a result of years of exposure to the out-doors, and pock-marked from a bout with smallpox. His upper thighs were brutally scarred from a crude surgery where a bone-deep tumor was excised.

Throughout his lifetime, Washington suffered several bouts of pneumonia because his nasal passages were never able to supply enough oxygen to his lungs. His forceful chin, made famous by a Gilbert Stuart portrait, hid the fact that our first president suffered from painful distortions in his jaw caused by tooth decay, extractions and the use of ill-fitting wooden dentures.

Within six weeks after taking the oath of office as president, Washington faced a near fatal illness. He suffered from violent cramps in his thighs, accompanied by persistent chills and fever. A father and son team of physicians found a malignant tumor, and operated on him without an anesthesia. His was a prolonged and difficult recuperation, for it was two months from the surgery that the president was able to sit up and ride in a specially built carriage, and even then there were complications. He developed conjunctivitis in his eyes, a severe cold and eventually, pneumonia.

During his first year in office, Washington was disabled for nearly four months. And mind you, there was no provision at the time for the transfer of power in case of a president's incapacity or inability to carry out his duties.

A U.S. Senator, upon seeing Washington, described him as having a complexion that was 'pale, almost cadaver like' and a voice that was hollow and indistinct.' Ever mindful of his physical infirmities, Washington decided not to seek election to a second term, but was persuaded by his secretary of state Thomas Jefferson to stand for another four year term.

After leaving office, Washington retired to his beloved home - Mount Vernon, but his retirement would be short. Only two and a half years later, on December 13, 1799, he developed a sore throat, an aching neck, difficulty in breathing, and a fever. He was given a home brewed mixture of molasses, vinegar and butter that almost suffocated him. At his request, he was bled of a pint of blood then his neck was wrapped with flannel soaked in an ammonia solution. Three more bleedings were performed over the next twelve hours, but, in time, he was beyond hope. Due to the patient's difficulty in breathing, one physician offered to do a fairly new procedure, a

tracheotomy, that had, up to that time, only been performed in England, but others of the attending medical team opted not to try.

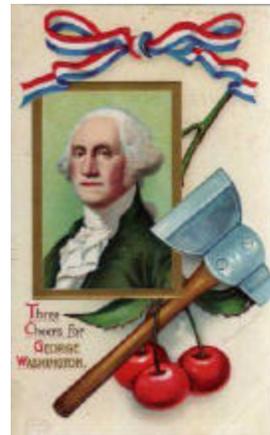
Washington thanked the doctors for their effort and accepted the inevitable consequences. "I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I feel myself going. Let me go quietly. I cannot last long."

Shortly before eleven o'clock on the evening of December 14, 1799, George Washington died at age 67.



George Washington on Postcards

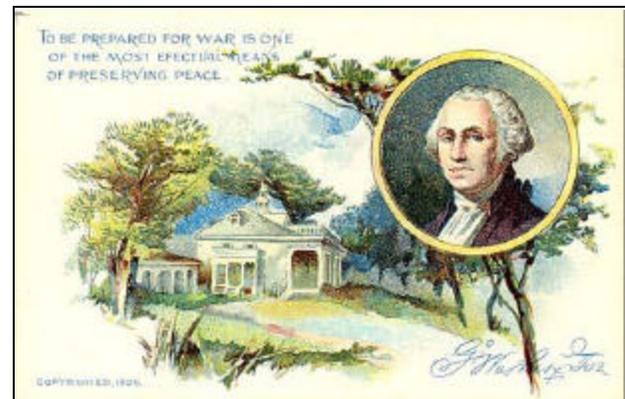
There are dozens of Washington theme postcards. Most every dealer will have some in his inventory. Here are a few to look for.



Three Cheers for George
Washington
SIGNED ELLEN CLAPSADDLE



"First in war, first in peace and
first in
the hearts of his countrymen."



"To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of
preserving peace."

CLEVELAND NEWS CO. CLEVELAND, OHIO. #P1.



Editor's note: Bill Reynolds is a member of the Taconic Postcard Club, the East of the Hudson Postcard Club in New York State. His *Presidential Health Crisis* series was originally authored for that club's newsletter, *T. P. C. Matters*.

Thor's Hammer on a Fred Harvey Postcard

I found this Fred Harvey *Phostint* postcard and thought it would make a nice illustration for an article about a rather unique piece of nature. The natural part of the story of Thor's Hammer is told in the caption on the card, but another interesting story unfolds when you go to the Internet to find information about this Grand Canyon site.

As I search for "Thor's Hammer" I learn, among other things, that it is a favorite name for all kinds of "rock" and "heavy metal"

bands from Iceland to Washington State. Thor's Hammer is also the name of a computer game and it the title of a science-fiction novel. "Thor's Hammer and (fill in a name like 'little lost girl' ...)" has been used as a title of several episodes of a cable television, teen-gore/slasher program.

I also learned that this very image is for sale – yes, today – on a website named www.allposters.com, which claims to be the world's largest poster, print, and frame stop. They claim to have 500 thousand posters and prints for sale.

Allposters.com's print of Thor's hammer is 12 x 18 inches. It sells for \$19.99 + shipping from their offices in the San Francisco Bay Area of California.

Now that you know all that, do I even need to mention that the image you can purchase on the internet is an exact copy of the Fred Harvey postcard you see here? Complete with the same title, in the exact same font and the exact same size. It is an EXACT COPY! And not only this image, the allposters.com company has dozens and dozens of Fred Harvey postcard images for sale without even attempting to hid the fact that they have probably pirated these pictures and never paid one dime for their use.

As for this beautiful postcard, the usual very esoteric, Fred Harvey caption found on the address side reads, "The details of the structure of the Grand Canyon can be seen only at close view, but grand effects of the whole can be witnessed in great panoramic scenes. Seen in detail, gorges and precipices appear, seen at a distance, in comprehensive views, vast massive structures are presented. The traveler on the brink looks from afar and is overwhelmed with the sublimity of massive forms; the traveler among the gorges stands in the presence of awful mysteries profound, solemn and gloomy."

A Most Surprising Result, but It Cost Almost \$700

It's been said a million times, so for the one millionth and first time, "... there is a story in every postcard picture.



Pommard is a very small wine region in the northeast corner of France. It is a commune in the 30 – mile – long escarpment known as the Cote d'Or, Burgundy's most renowned wine area. The people live there with a watchful eye on the day by day accounting of world-wide wine sales.

The Pommard wines, all of which are not necessarily equal in quality every year, run the gambit from \$3 whites to \$100 reds.

Every village is said to have its own character, to have its own character, like the terms sturdy and rustic. But whatever you like, the viticulture of this region is professional and spellbinding.

The card you see here comes from the Helen Faust collection and is a real-photo of a 1940s era vintner who is seen sampling the 1949 vintage for residue sugars. The '49 was the vintage of French wine that paid for the war-time losses. Most of the vintages from 1937 to 1946 were simply awful, but un-knowingly the Nazi Party still requisitioned millions of bottles to satisfy their "official needs." For some Frenchmen, it was hilarious – they were making money selling grape juice to the enemy. It was not funny to most French winemakers whose cellars were literally stolen by the Nazis. After the war, it was troublesome to own a winery, but then in 1949, a decade of problems was resolved in one great year – a hot, dry summer equaled a perfect vintage, capable of selling for record high prices. World wide the sales set records, some of which still stand.

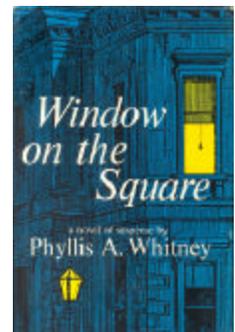
When I purchased this postcard from Helen, she tried to refuse my payment, saying, "It's too much," but I assured her that I was giving her a fair price.

Recently, I did a bit of Internet research to find if there was a 1949 bottle of Pommard still available for sale. It took a while but I did find such a treasure in the Sherry-Lehmann wine shop in New York City. It is a 1949 Reserve Des Caves De La Reine Pedauque for the princely sum of \$679.00. Oh well, I'm not going back to Thunderbird, but I won't be buying a wine to match my postcard.

A Personal Note from Ray and Marie

When Phyllis Whitney died his year, at age 104, there wasn't much sadness in our family because her books, for many, many years gave us so much joy, Marie more-so than me, but after all, we found our daughter's name in one of Mrs. Whitney's books. In *A Window on the Square*, © 1962, "Megan" Kincaid moved to New York City to live behind a window on [Washington] Square. Our Megan did the same thing, in 1989, but as a student at New York University.

There is a quote on Mrs. Whitney's official website that says, "... most of my writing has been concerned with understanding between people. Whether of different races, or religions, or within same families, I tried in my books to deal with the subject of understanding the other fellow." -- Phyllis A. Whitney



Andy's Story of Stan Musial

As told to Donald T. Matter, Jr. by Andrew January



Stan Musial, circa 1940

"My postcard collection is mostly baseball," said Andy, "and this is my favorite." He was handing me the card you see here. It is a card of Stan Musial when Musial was about 28 years old, and although it looks like a real-photo it is a mass produced print card from a Chicago firm. I took the card from him and felt a sense of history, as Andy said to me, "It reminds me most of the day I met him.

"When did you meet Stan Musial," I asked.

The next few minutes proved that most of us old guys have the most fun remembering the past. "I met Musial in 1953, he was 33, I was 13. The only thing he said to me was 'How'ya doin' kid.'" He shook my hand and then he was off to talk all his other fans. Andy continued, "You know, I collect everything from stadiums and famous players to sand-lots where kids play on summer afternoons, just for fun, but more than anything about baseball, I have always loved Stan Musial like he was my older brother." Andy then told me this story.

Stan Musial never got thrown out of a game. Never. Think about that. He played in 3,026 games in his career, or about as many as his contemporaries Joe DiMaggio and Johnny Pesky played combined. He played across many different American eras – he played in the big leagues before the bombs fell on Pearl Harbor and he retired a few weeks before Kennedy was shot. He played when Jimmy Dorsey and Glenn Miller ruled the Top 40 charts, and he played when Elvis was skinny and when Chubby Checker twisted. He played before television and after John Glenn orbited the earth. And he never once got thrown out of a baseball game.

There was a game in 1952, the year the Today Show came to television and the *Diary of Anne Frank* was published, the Cardinals trailed the Brooklyn Dodgers by two runs in the ninth. The bases were loaded. There were two outs. Musial faced pitcher Ben Wade. The two battled briefly and then Musial connected — a long home run to right field. A Grand slam! Everyone in the stadium stood and cheered wildly — what could be bigger, a grand slam in the ninth to beat the hated Dodgers. I don't know why everyone hated the Dodgers, but that's what we called them – the hated Dodgers.

Musial started to run around the bases in his own inimitable way, not too fast, not too slow, all class. It wasn't until he rounded first and was closing in on second when everyone seemed to notice at once that the third base umpire was holding up his arms. A ball had rolled on the field just before the pitch. The umpire had called timeout.

Home plate umpire, Tom Gorman, realized he had no choice. He disallowed the home run. The fans were mad. The St. Louis manager, Solomon "Solly" Hemus, raced from the dugout, got into Gorman's face and called him every name he could think of — finally Gorman had no choice and threw him out of the game.

Peanuts Lowrey came in like a tag-team wrestler and picked up where Solly left off — Gorman tossed him too. Before it was done, Gorman threw out six Cardinals. He must have looked like the sheriff clearing out the saloon in one of those old Westerns. You know the kind; it's when cowboys come flying through plate glass windows.

And then Musial, who in the confusion had not been told anything, walked over to Gorman. He calmly asked, "What happened, Tom? It didn't count?"

Gorman nodded sadly and said the third base umpire had called timeout.

"Well, Tom," Musial said, "there's nothing you can do about it."

Stan Musial stepped back in the batters-box while fists shook and boos and threats echoed around him. It was one of those real ugly situations when there could have been real trouble, but Musial was always the one guy who could control a crowd just by not losing his temper. Wade threw his next pitch and Musial promptly tripled off the top of the center field wall to score three runs and give the Cardinals the victory anyway.

Tom Gorman, usually a man of few words, said after the game ended, "Stan Musial is certainly in a class by himself."

Stan Musial will be 88 years old on November 21st. I'll be 68 the day after Christmas. We have both seen a lot of ball games since that day we met in 1953.



Dear South Jersey Postcard Club Members,

I meet lots of people in my line of work. Andy January is, like me, a retired doctor that I met in Mississippi when I was there last June. Andy volunteers at a veterinarian's clinic. After a few conversations with Andy, I learned that he is a postcard collector and the only thing Andy loves more than animals is baseball.

On the third day of my visit to Mississippi Andy told me the story you just read. I hope you enjoyed reading it as much as I enjoyed hearing it and writing about it for you.

I am working on a great article for your February issue and I hope you all have a great Holiday Season.

Don



Stan Musial, Spring Training, 1958