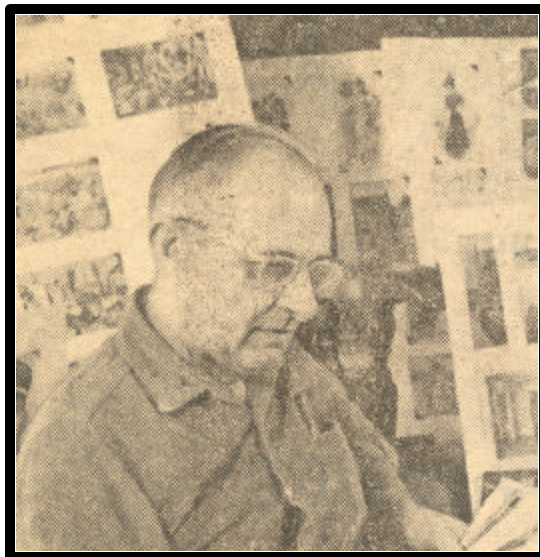


The McClintock Letter

The official quarterly newsletter of the South Jersey Postcard Club - Serving Postcard Collectors Since 1971
John H. McClintock (1925-2009), Founder

November 2009

Vol. 9. No. 4



John H. McClintock, 1925 – 2009

When John McClintock died in August it was a sad, sad day for all postcard collectors.

There is little to debate, John was the father figure of American postcarding and he had no heir apparent.

Members of the South Jersey Postcard Club should remember proudly that in every newspaper or magazine interview that John did, he mentioned that it was in southern New Jersey that he organized his first postcard club, and served as its president. He was proud of that fact.

Like most of us, what made John so unique were his collecting interests. To name only a few, he assembled remarkable collections of ostrich cards and primitive/lighter-than-air aviation cards. At one time he owned over 250 cards of the Betsy Ross House. John simply couldn't find enough installment cards, he also liked gimmick cards such as add-ons, especially animals with wire tails, and "squeakers." He liked pretty lady cards and cards showing sea-sick people. In a *Philadelphia Evening Bulletin* interview in 1972 John confessed that his personal collection numbered just about twenty-thousand postcards.

John McClintock was also the founder of the IFPD (International Federation of Postcard Dealers). It was through the efforts of John and his fellow charter-member dealers that codes of ethics were established for postcard dealers and standards were set for show exhibits and displays. At one time in the '80s John was producing postcard shows in eleven different states. John, with help from fellow postcard dealer Dee Parker, instituted National Postcard Week – the first full week of May, annually. John once told the story that about five years after NPW started, he received a telephone call from his post office. "You have too much mail for the size of your mailbox," said the postmaster – that year John received nearly four hundred National Postcard Week greetings.

In October 2006 South Jersey Postcard Club renamed our club's newsletter after John. John liked the idea but was a bit shy in accepting the honor. SJPC continues to publish *The McClintock Letter* quarterly.

□ President's Corner

It is a pleasure to write again for our club newsletter. It is always the best piece of mail on the day it arrives, and I can't do anything else until I've read it through to the end. We owe much to Ray Hahn for his dedication and the talent he has to produce such an enjoyable publication. Our newsletter is absolutely worth the price of dues; don't you agree?

This is the last newsletter of the year so let's wrap up some thoughts: 1. We must share our enthusiasm in collecting postcards and encourage others to do the same. 2. We must do some research on our chosen topics to see how some new postcards would affect it. 3. We need to share our finds. Your fellow club members love to learn about the new additions to your collections. Your sharing helps them grow as collectors too.

Our annual show reached a new level of participation this year with such variety in topics and styles. No one walked away without being impressed. Do you know our Pocax event is the only show in the area left that encourages board display and voting?

This is such a happy hobby. With so much doom and gloom in the world, postcards are cheap and fun – in dime or quarter boxes you can travel the world, go to the moon and back, cover every holiday, and even fall in love without blowing the budget.

So keep wearing your postcard smile, have more fun than you thought possible, and enjoy the holidays that will close this year and begin the next.

Lynn



Meeting Minutes for October

To read the minutes of the October meeting please find them on the slip-sheet enclosed with this newsletter. You will also find the Card Contest winner and other club news from last month.

CONTEST TOPIC for November:
Roadside America – white border or linen only
 (multiple entries permitted)



South Jersey Postcard Club

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Remember, elections take place in December. If you would like to serve, please let us know.

□ Editor's Niche

No words can tell the real story of John McClintock and the contributions he made to our hobby. John and I, although we only knew each other a short twenty years, had lots in common – he loved to prepare the club bulletins, his word for newsletters, and he was proud that he was able to get stories into print for the members. John had a real sense of being an educator.

I only asked John for advice on making a newsletter once. His reply was, "Make it interesting and write like you're talking to someone." I think that is real good advice.

Bringing a new issue of this newsletter to life four times a year is often a long and tedious chore – but I, like John did, love doing it and your continuing kind words make it a pleasure. This issue has been particularly rewarding because while researching the stories I have had help from some real interesting people. Al Kliberg is one; you will meet him on Page 3 and I am always happy to hear from our Arizona sage, Don Matter [See Below].

I sincerely hope you enjoy the upcoming holidays, and too, that you are looking forward to another copy of *The McClintock Letter* in January 2010. Enjoy this issue,

Ray

□ A Letter to the Members

To My Dear New Jersey Readers,

It's been sometime since I've had the inspiration to write about my postcards, and the truth is, I still don't, but just the other day I found a stack of papers that I had not seen in some years. Among the pages was a South Jersey Postcard Club newsletter [October 2002, Page 3.] that contained what I think was my very first contribution to your fine bulletin. I called it, *My Dad and Ernie Pyle*. It was the story of how my Dad left home in Paterson, New Jersey, in 1942 to go to war. He returned in 1945 and I had the pleasure of knowing my father for 45 years, before he passed in 1990. All this got me wondering how many boys and girls have grown-up in this world without their fathers, because some damn politician, infected by greed, started a war because he wanted to cleanse the world of a certain kind of people or some other equally obscene reason. The answer will never be known, but the colossal ambiguity sent me to the Internet to investigate war-time death. War casualty statistics can't escape the fact that soldiers die and are never identified. Their families live the rest of their lives not knowing what happened to their loved-ones. Thankful, everyday, that I escaped that misery, I learned that there are 42 nations worldwide that now have monuments to their unknown war dead.

Conceptually the idea sickens me, but on one hand with a long stretch of the imagination, those who have lost their own can take some solace in knowing it could be their lost son or daughter in that box.

I don't own any postcards of graves of the unknowns, but my friend Philip – down here in Arizona – does and I've borrowed a pile of his cards to illustrate this ramble of mine. [See Page 5.]

If you are a collector of grave-site, cemetery or other postcards that deal with death, I salute you for your willingness to preserve memories that are very difficult for many of us to endure.

I don't want you to enjoy reading about death, but I hope my article will make you think.

Don't Matter, Jr.

My Trip to Rhode Island – Two Interesting Postcards for Vastly Different Reasons

By Ray Hahn

For me, the most fun in collecting postcards is finding a dealer that you have never met before. Is it the adventure or mystery of searching a completely different inventory? I think so!!! Such was the case when I bought these cards at the King Hill Books & Old Postcards Store in Kingston, Rhode Island. The Butterfly Factory card has a special charm about it because of the message, but I will tend to the message later. First let's discover the history of the building. . .



The Old Butterfly Factory, Lincoln Wood, Pawtucket, R. I.

The Butterfly Factory was built in 1811 along the Moshassuck River by Stephen H. Smith. The structure first served as a cotton mill and bleachery, but was later converted to a print-works that employed most of the town's working residents. The factory received its name from the two large pieces of stone that are part of the east wall and seem to portray a butterfly silhouette – clearly seen on the postcard between the second-floor windows.

Local historian, Al Kliberg told me when I called him in August that the Butterfly Factory belfry once held a very important bell. It carried a date of 1563 and is said to have originally hung in an English convent, and later to have been aboard the British frigate *Guerriere* when that ship was captured by the United States ship *Constitution* during the War of 1812.



So without our permission, time marches on and in 1950 the property and structure were purchased and renovated. The chimney was demolished and the top floor was removed to transform the building into a single family, one-story home. [See left.]

Now to the message that caught my attention:

The card is postmarked October 24, 1907, and is addressed: Master Richard F. Quimby
Allen Hospital
East Greenwich, Rhode Island

Dear Richard, To-day is Harriet's birthday & she received many presents. Your birthday will be next month & you will be home by that time so we can have a good time.

From brother Roy

Finding a card addressed to a patient in a hospital always begs the question, so I researched the Crawford Allen Memorial Hospital for Tuberculous Children and found that it opened in July 1907. Their mission was to help children inflicted with tuberculous affection of the bones and glands. When the hospital opened the facility had a capacity of 40 beds – all of which were free.

The Crawford Allen Hospital was built on property donated by Mrs. Anne Crawford Allen Brown (think of the Brown Family who endowed Brown University in Providence, R.I.), and served as a branch of the Rhode Island Hospital.

In an era when the "we will try anything" mindset seemed to think isolation in cool, salty atmospheres would be the ultimate situation for tuberculosis patients, this hospital was designed to be such a sea-side facility – only the second such hospital in the country. Yet another was built in Rhode Island the following year on Dead Goat Island near Providence. [Ask me if you dare about the name of this island.]

My information came from the Russell Sage Foundation's report on the *Campaign Against Tuberculosis in the United States, including a Directory of Institutions Dealing with Tuberculosis in the United States and Canada*, ©1908. Notes appended to each directory entry included many topics. A note with the Allen Hospital entry states that the average weight gain per child in 1907 was six and one-half pounds.

I have yet to discover if the Quimby family (siblings, Harriet, Roy – perhaps Royce – and Richard) of Providence, Rhode Island were related to the pioneer female pilot Harriet Quimby who lost her life in an aviation accident on July 16, 1912. [See Page 3, October 2005, *South Jersey Postcard Club Newsletter*.]



The Old Pawtucket High School Pawtucket, R. I.

Look closely at this postcard. It was never used but it is of German manufacture and has a divided back – assumptions are it is from between 1907 and 1915.

Most times the circumstance of producing a postcard is to present the best of what you have for the world to see. Historians may take a slightly different tact, but why would anyone want to picture a broken-down, abandoned building with nearly every window broken out on a postcard?

The answer is deceptively simple, but I don't know what it is. Suggestions?



ATTENTION NJ HISTORY ENTHUSIASTS

In our upcoming February issue you will find the first in an occasional series of articles about famous southern New Jersey buildings and landmarks. The Music Pier in Ocean City will be first. The article will be written by Ocean City's fine-arts critic Ed Wismer and illustrated with cards from Jim Lindemuth.

Condition, poor; Interest, high

Scandinavian-America Line

S.S. Frederick VIII

At a recent show I stood at Tony Macaluso's table looking through a batch of cards that seemed to have little in common. This poor card you see here was one of them. It has three bent corners, it has been folded in half and the top right corner is so frayed it will fall off in the near future. BUT ... the message on the card is utterly fascinating – it reads,

Souvenir of my 138th crossing of Atlantic Ocean, and of my 40th crossing with Capt. Mecklinburg, on this ship.

Philip Y. Peabody

At sea, on board S.S. "Frederik VIII," bound West, Sept. 9, 1932.

The Scandinavian-American Line's *Frederick VIII* was named for HRH Christian Frederick Vilhelm Carl of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, the king of Denmark from January 29, 1906 until his death on May 14, 1912.

Do you think it is safe to assume that Mr. Peabody was a valued member of the ship's crew? Isn't it interesting that a man with an English name that means "mountain man" would work so long as a seaman?

**The Girl and the Moon**

The title of this musical comedy, *The Girl and the Moon*, comes from an ancient Siberian fairy tale that recounts the story of how a very lonely moon came to earth one day and tried to spirit-away, into the sky, a young girl as a celestial companion. The attempt is a complete failure and the moon finds it must offer many timeless gifts to win the girl's forgiveness. The first literary reference dates to the 1750s.

In the Spring of 1905 this musical was to be Elmer E. Vance's first production for the theater. The show opened in previews in Norwich, Connecticut, on March 20th when Beatrice Vance (his wife?) played the title role and other cast

members included William Clifton, Harry Laurence and Graclyn Whitehouse. The *New York Times*¹ review offered no criticism, but stated that the show will be taken to New York for a run in April [1905].

Searches of the Broadway Data Base and the American Musical Memories websites, show no evidence of any show by this name ever being produced in New York.

That may make this advertising postcard a real treasure. It is for a Broadway show that never happened. And, if it did, it has completely disappeared from the books and websites that keep New York's theatre district history.

The card promises the show will make you laugh, and that there are 50 people, mostly girls, in the show. Here it is – proof that you should never believe everything you read.

★ ★ ★

¹ *New York Times* production notice, March 21, 1905

**A Card Mailed in 1907 Shows 1901 Photograph**

This card was mailed in July of 1907 to Mrs. Jos. Siegfried at 248 E. 5th Street, Chester, Pennsylvania, by Gus, who dated the card July 11th. The picture is indeed an odd one that almost defies description.



The caption (on the sign leaning against the wheel on the left) claims that this Civil War gun carriage sat undisturbed at Fort Delaware, Delaware, for so long after the war that a tree grew up between the spokes of its wheel.

The fort was first imagined as protection for the ports in Wilmington and Philadelphia. No battle took place there but it was used to house more than two thousand Confederate prisoners following the battles at Gettysburg in July 1863.

The picture was supposedly taken on June 6, 1901.

★ ★ ★

Fort Delaware is a living-history Delaware State Park located on **Pea-Patch Island** in the middle of the Delaware River.



Less than 50 miles south of Philadelphia, the enactors at the fort impersonate all manner of real people who lived on the island during the Civil War, including the sergeant-of-the-guard, the cook, a laundress, the local pastor, and a Confederate prisoner who tried three times to escape by floating downriver on a log. (Wow! What a streak of bad luck that guy had.)

Visitors make their way to the island from April to October aboard the **Delafort Ferry** that makes three stops – Delaware City, DE, the island, and Ft. Mott, NJ. After a captivating visit to the island just a few weeks ago, it is recommended to take your own picnic lunch and lots of bug-spray (needed only when the winds die-down).

Tombs of the Unknowns

By Donald T. Matter, Jr.



Here Rests
In Honored Glory
An American Soldier
Known But To God

➤➤ Forty-two other nations have similar graves; here are a few. <<<



The Danish memorial to an unknown is the *Landsoldaten* erected in Denmark in 1858.



France buried a World War I unknown at the *Arc de Triomphe* in 1920.



The British entombed their first unknown soldier in Westminster Abbey in 1920.



Spain laid to rest their unknown soldiers at this Obelisk on November 22, 1985.



King Albert presided over the entombment of five unknown Belgian soldiers in Brussels on November 11, 1922.



Romania's unknown warrior was buried at this site in Bucharest in 1923.



Canada's Fallen Hero lies at rest in Ottawa. King George VI presided during his visit in 1939.



Above: The Hellenic Republic (Greece) buried an unknown soldier in Syntagma Square in 1843.

Right: Since 1916 Estonian unknowns have been at rest in the Defense Forces Cemetery in Tallinn.



Above: At Nasr City (part of Cairo) the Egyptians have entombed soldiers who lost their lives in the October 1973 War.

Left: In 1919 at Riga the Lithuanians buried the remains of a soldier who died in fights against the Bolsheviks.

The following is a continuation of Celia Thaxter's essay that appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, in May 1875. The original is more than 10,000 words – you can find it at <http://www.seacoastnh.com/smuttynose/memo.html>. **Editor's Note:** When we interrupted this story in the August issue, we had reached the gruesome part of the story when Maren is screaming at Anethe to "...run, run, run!" But Anethe is petrified by fear and answers, "I cannot move."

A Memorable Murder, by Celia Thaxter

edited and abridged for this newsletter.

At that moment Louis quit trying to force the door. He makes his way round the corner of the house and there confronts Anethe where she stands in the snow. The moonlight shines full on his face; he knows he has been discovered! His first thought is to return to the front door where he had seen an ice-ax, left there by Maren, who had used it to cut the ice in the well. With ax in hand he returns to Anethe. It is no matter that she is beautiful, young, and helpless to resist, that she has been kind to him, that she never did a human creature harm, that she stretches her gentle hands out to him in agonized entreaty, crying piteously, "Oh, Louis, Louis, Louis!" He raises the ax and brings it down on her head in one tremendous blow, and she sinks without a sound and lies in a heap - her warm blood reddening the snow. While Maren stands totally helpless at the window, he then deals her blow after blow. Distracted, Maren strives to rouse poor Karen, who kneels with her head on the side of the bed; with desperate entreaty she tries to get her up and away, but Karen moans, "I cannot, I can not." She is too far gone. Maren knows she cannot save her, and that she must flee herself or die. So, while Louis again enters the house, she seizes a skirt to wrap round her shoulders, and makes her way out of the open window, over Anethe's murdered body, barefooted, running away, anywhere, breathless, shaking with terror.



She makes her way to the cove but looks back to see that Louis now has lit a lamp and is following her – she realizes, if she can't find his boat and row away in it, she too will be dead in just minutes! Over the rocks and snow to the farthest side of the island will be her only refuge. The moon has set; it is about two o'clock in the morning, and so cold! She shivers from head to feet, but her agony is so great she is hardly conscious of her bodily sensations caused by the freezing snow, the jagged ice and iron rocks that tear her unprotected feet. Falling often, rising, struggling on with feverish haste, she makes her way to the very edge of the water; down almost into the sea she creeps, between two rocks, upon her hands and knees, and crouches, face downward, where her dog joins her and nestles close beneath her breast. There she remained, not daring to move, until the sun rise. She is so near the ocean she can almost reach the water with her hand. There let us leave her and go back to Louis Wagner.

Wagner needed to finish one dastardly deed before attempting another. Karen had crept into an unoccupied room in a distant part of the house. The ax was no longer of use. Louis could not kill her with blows, blundering in the darkness, so he wound a handkerchief about her throat and strangled her. Plain and simple; his second murder complete.

Now he is forced to look for Maren. If she has escaped that means he has no chance. What kind of fear is in that thought? Escaped, to accuse him as the murderer of her sisters. He looks for her, although his time was growing short; it was not part of his plan that this brave little woman should give him so much trouble; he had not calculated on resistance from these weak and helpless ladies. Already it was morning. He could not find her in or near the house; he went the cove, seemingly everywhere. Imagine, that blood-stained butcher, with his dark face, crawling about those cellars! He dared not spend any more time; he must go back for the money he hoped to find, his reward for this! All about the house he searches, in bureau drawers, in trunks and boxes: he finds fifteen dollars for his night's work!

He drags Anethe's stiffening body into the house, and leaves it on the kitchen floor. If the thought crosses his mind to set fire to the house and burn up his victims, he dares not do it. But how cool a monster is he? After all this gruesome work he must have refreshment; knife and fork, cup and plate, were found next morning on the table near where Anethe lay; fragments of food which was not cooked in the house, but brought from Portsmouth, were scattered about. The handle of the tea-pot which she had left on the stove was stained with blood. Can the human mind conceive of such nonchalance? Wagner sat down in that room and ate and drank, and later washed off the blood, left towels and basin behind and returned to his boat to row away toward the coast for dear life.

There is no longer any moon, the stars fade; he rows like a madman to reach the land, but realizes he is panting, trembling, weary. He is soon to be a creature accursed! It is too late to hide his actions. In vain he casts the dory adrift and hopes to creep on to Portsmouth, and do so unobserved. But he is seen and recognized by many persons; his identity established beyond a doubt. He goes to the house, where he lives, steals up-stairs, changes his clothes, and before the landlord says he never felt so badly in his life. He says "farewell forever," goes away and takes the train to Boston, but before nightfall a police officer's hand is on his shoulder and he is arrested.

Meanwhile poor shuddering Maren on the lonely island, by the water-side, waits till the sun is high in heaven before she dares come forth. She thinks he may be still on the island. At last she steals out with the dog running before her. It is so cold her feet cling to the rocks with every step, till the skin is fairly torn off. Being on the side of Smutty-Nose opposite Star, she waves her skirt, and screams to get some attention but none is forthcoming. She realizes at last there is no hope in that direction; she must go round toward Appledore in sight of the dreadful house. When she arrives with one swift glance she sees some horrid token of last night's work. She notices the curtains the three had left up when they went to bed; they are now drawn down; she knows whose hand has done this, and what it hides from the light of day. Sick at heart, she makes her way to the northern edge of Malaga, which is connected with Smutty-Nose by the old sea-wall. She is directly opposite Appledore and the little cottage where abide her friend and countryman, Jorge Ingebertsen. Only a quarter of a mile of ocean separates her from safety and comfort, and at last her screams reach the ears of the children, who run and tell their father that some one is crying. He sees the poor figure waving her arms; he takes the dory and paddles over, and with amazement recognizes Maren, still in her night-dress, with bare feet and streaming hair, with a cruel bruise upon her face, half senseless with cold and terror. He cries, "Maren, Maren, who has done this?" and her only answer as he takes her on board his boat and rows home is "Louis, Louis, Louis!" From her incoherent statements Jorge pieces together a picture that helps him learn what happened.

It seemed impossible, but within minutes a message was sent, "Karen is dead! Anethe is dead! Louis Wagner has murdered them!"

The morning sun glittered on the white sails of the little vessel that comes directly to the island from Portsmouth with the husbands on board! How glad they are for the morning and the fair wind that brings them home! Ivan and John seek the welcoming smiles of their wives, but alas, how little they dream of what lies before them! From Appledore they are signaled to come ashore, and that they do but wonder at the tongues that can hardly frame the words that tell the dreadful truth. Ivan only understands that something is wrong. His thoughts are for Anethe; he makes his way home crying, "Anethe, Anethe! Where is Anethe?" As a broken-hearted Maren answers her brother, "Anethe is – at home," he does not wait for another word, but seizes the little boat and heads for Smutty-Nose. With headlong haste the husbands reach the house and find blood-stains in the snow! Then inside after Ivan breaks open the door to enter they find upon the floor, naked, stiff, and stark, the woman he idolizes, for whose dear feet he could not make life's ways smooth and pleasant enough – stone dead! Horribly butchered! Their eyes are blasted by the intolerable sight: both John and Ivan stagger out and fall, senseless, in the snow. Poor Ivan, his wife a thousand times adored, the dear girl he had brought from Norway, the good, sweet, girl who loved him so, whom he could not cherish tenderly enough!

The pain of knowing he was not there to protect her is too much to bear.

[This tale of the Smutty-Nose murders will come to a conclusion in the next issue.]

Desperately Seeking ... Postcards!

By Ray Hahn

Princess of Polish Painters

Long ago I found a card in Ken Kolb's inventory that I knew at first glance I wanted to collect as many as I could find. My first thought was that the card was one piece of a larger scene and Ken agreed. (We both agreed on the "installment set" idea because of the way the images "run-off" the edges of the cards.) I have never forgotten that card, although when I looked for it recently I could not find it.

Then one day last week Marie and I went to Mullica Hill looking for trouble and at the Old Barn antique store I found eight cards – two of which are pictured here.



Although there has never been an occasion in my collecting years that I wanted to hurt someone, it was when I first saw these cards that I simply wanted to punch someone on the nose. Instead, when I realized that every card had been defaced with pencil lines, tears came to my eyes. At first glance I was shocked, "Why would anyone do such a thing to a postcard?" Well, of course the answer is obvious; they were using the images as patterns for some art-work project.

★★★

The artist of these beautiful images was Zofia Stryjenska, the princess of Polish painters. She was born in Krakow, Poland, the eldest of the six children of Franciszek and Anna Skrynska in 1891. A multifaceted artist, she was a painter, muralist, graphic artist, book illustrator, as well as designer of kilims (flat, tapestry-quality woven carpets), toys, posters, stage sets, and costumes. She was far and away the most influential Polish artist of the years "between the wars." After World War II and during the subsequent Communist regime, she was systematically banished from artistic circles; her contributions to all the Polish arts were ignored. Her banishment was because she refused to join the government-run Union of Polish Artists. The governmental efforts were so successful that even today her work is considered minor, but even though she was barred from showing her post-1945 work, the Communist government, without her permission, appropriated her paintings and illustrations for mass-produced postcards, calendars, plate decorations, and even travel brochures. Needless to say, she was never paid royalties, nor did she claim any; she merely lamented the poor quality of the reproductions. Zofia Stryjenska died in Switzerland in 1976.

★★★

Almost certainly the cards I seek are part of the set published during the Communist era. The cards I found in Mullica Hill will serve as "space savers" until the day I find replacements that have not been mutilated.

Claude Monet and Wine

Wine lovers everywhere recognize the word "Bordeaux," but it may be a stretch to ask if they know who created the Bordeaux caricature – not character – *kar.i.ka'choor*.

Caricatures are often the first types of art created by the very greats. Learning to caricature a person or thing helps in the developmental process and the conceptualizing of portraits and scenes. Caricatures often pick a few elements (details) and focus on them disproportionately.



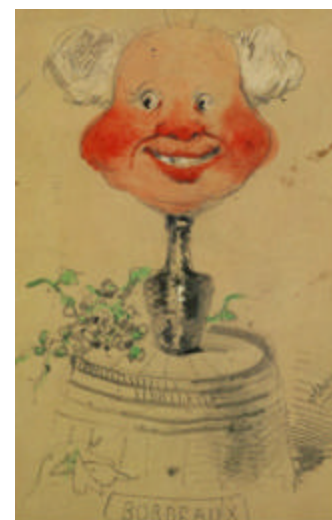
The Bordeaux image is world famous. It has been used in European advertising for years, except I didn't know about it until just recently. Anyway, the answer is Claude Monet.

Monet was born in 1840. When he was only eleven years old his family lived in Upper Normandie and young Claude became known locally for his chalk and charcoal caricatures. Most likely because of his lack of interest in education he would doodle in the margins of his text books and on almost any piece of paper he could find. Often the images were of teachers or fellow students who were always willing to purchase them for ten to twenty francs.

Many years later when Monet was an artist capable of creating masterpieces like this one, his passion for many of life's pleasures, especially food and wine, became evident in his work and commanded a bit more the twenty francs.



Still life with Bottle, Bread and Wine by Claude Monet



Bordeaux Caricature, 1857

Monet did this famous caricature in 1857, when he was only seventeen years old. It is unknown if he used any particular person as a model, but it is thought the face may be one of his teachers.

On my pension, I know I couldn't afford an original Monet and I'm not sure I would even want one, but I should like it very much if some one would offer to sell me this postcard – for, let's say, twenty dollars???

Sounds fair to me; how about you?

A Series – My Reflections on the Presidents and the Health Crises They Faced ... by William Reynolds

Ulysses S. Grant

Another president who had a penchant for the bottle was Ulysses S. Grant. His life, before the White House, was that of a ne'er do well, who sauntered from one job to another. Townspeople nicknamed him Useless Grant.

Lacking in academic prowess as a youth, many of his friends and neighbors were taken aback when Ulysses' father was able to procure an appointment for his son to attend the West Point Military Academy. Grant had a less than stellar career there and his superiors often referred to the young cadet as being sloppy in appearance and having little regard for his studies. He did, however, excel in mathematics and was an accomplished horseman.

Grant's fondness for the bottle came after he was commissioned as a Second Lieutenant and was assigned to active duty during the Mexican War. His colleagues also enjoyed imbibing but Grant preferred to do his drinking alone. He felt uncomfortable in crowds and considered himself awkward in social circumstances.

Returning home from the war, Grant married, and settled down. He was totally devoted to his new wife, and he knew that she frowned upon his inability to hold his liquor. On many occasions Grant pledged to sober up and stay dry.

He was called again for military service and was dispatched to Fort Vancouver on the Pacific coast. Now a captain, Grant continued to drink in solitude, while he pined away for his wife and infant son. Unfortunately his military stint was abruptly terminated when he was found to be under the influence while appearing before his troops. Grant was asked to resign his commission.

With no prospect for a career and with a wife and growing family Grant was at wits' end. He tried his hand at farming, but a combination of malaria, tuberculosis and liquor proved to be his downfall forcing him to sell the farm at auction. Grant was equally unsuccessful in his forays as a real estate agent and store clerk. Nearing age 40, Grant was penniless and had few hopes for where his future would take him.

With the outbreak of the Civil War, Grant immediately returned to

the only life he had ever known – the military. He was promoted to the rank of colonel and before the year ended he had attained the rank of brigadier general.

Two years later, President Lincoln appointed Grant as General of the Armies. The general's fondness for alcohol did not escape the president. At one time, Lincoln asked, "Do you know what kind of whiskey Grant drinks? I would like to get barrels of it and send them to my other generals." Following his victory at the Battle of Vicksburg Grant celebrated to such an extent that reports were issued that stated he was afflicted with a series of migraine headaches and was confined to his tent to ensure his recuperation.

On April 9, 1865, General Grant accepted the final surrender of Confederate General Robert E. Lee at Appomattox Court House, Virginia, ending the four year long, bloody Civil War.



ULYSSES S. GRANT
OFFICIAL WHITE HOUSE PORTRAIT

In recognition of his service to his country, President Lincoln invited the general and his wife to accompany him and Mrs. Lincoln to a performance of *Our American Cousin* at Ford's Theater in Washington, DC, on the following Friday night. Mrs. Grant, however, refused the invitation and the couple escaped being witnesses to the horrors that happened that April night.

Four years later, the acclaimed military hero of the Civil War, was elected president. Although he still had a strong addiction to alcohol, Grant remained sober and carried out his duties as chief executive with due diligence and fortitude.

Retiring from office eight years later, the Grants embarked on a round the world trip. When they returned, they made some very bad financial investments, and were soon, virtually penniless. Given such circumstances, one would suspect that Grant would surrender to the bottle, but he didn't.

At the urging of his friend, the acclaimed humorist and author, Mark Twain, Grant was persuaded to write his memoirs. He immediately set out on the long and laborious task, but in the midst of his writings, Grant was diagnosed with cancer of the throat. At one point his condition became so severe that he was treated with cocaine solutions and morphine injections. It was now a race against time. Grant's energy was ebbing, but he continued to press ahead with writing out, in longhand, the story of his life. The former president and military leader completed the final draft of his manuscript just two days before his death at age 63, on July 23, 1885.

Royalties from his memoirs netted his widow nearly a half million dollars.

This man who nearly drank himself into oblivion and who had risen through the ranks of the military and attained the highest office in the land should serve as an inspiration to all who may be similarly afflicted.



Presidents on Postcards



This rather flattering portrait of Ulysses Simpson Grant, 18th U.S. President, is one of a 1967 Morris Katz series of Presidential Portraits



Looking Ahead

In the next issue you will read about two men who gave their lives for the office of President. James A. Garfield, who served only six months of his first term, and William McKinley who was assassinated only six months after his reelection in 1900.