

The McClintock Letter

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

February 2010

Vol. 10. No. 1

The Ocean City Music Pier: the Grand Dowager of the Ocean City Boardwalk

By Ed Wismer



Ocean City's Music Pier by Ed Wismer
Water-color print, 14" x 11"

Ocean City's Music Pier has been the resort's cultural focal point for more than eighty years. The pseudo-Spanish/Moorish architectural gem began to be constructed in 1928, just in time for the arrival of the Great Depression. Fortunately the funds for the construction had been appropriated before the financial disaster. Ocean City's biggest fire, in 1927, had destroyed the pier's predecessor; therefore Ocean City needed a new showplace. The surviving remnants of the old Music Pavilion were moved to 6th and the Boardwalk where the building became known as Convention Hall. It was the home of sports events and dances until 1965 when another fire finished it off.

The design of the Music Pier was influenced by early movies like *The Mark of Zorro* and *Ramona*. Its mish-mash mission style was also the result of the real estate boom of the 1920s in formerly Hispanic areas such as Florida and California. In the 1980s the pier's interior received considerable remodeling and technical updating that included a state-of-the-art sound system.

When music pier concerts began in the 1930s they were free; the miniscule municipal orchestra played seven nights a week, plus matinees. Then, the orchestra and vocalists depended on the good acoustics and a primitive sound amplification system that carried the sounds to the auditorium and the loggia on the south side of the pier. These days the pier is air conditioned, but regrettably you can not hear the music outside the auditorium. The concerts are not free either, however compared to such entertainment in Philadelphia, New York, or any other metropolitan area, the ticket prices are very affordable - although the really old-timers complain anyway.

Back in the 30s and 40s and even longer ago the only entertainment competition came from movies and radio but with the advent of television and nearby casinos the orchestra has scaled back and performs two or three nights per week and some concerts and shows are held in the Performing Arts Center at the new high school. The membership of the orchestra is about twenty-seven but is often augmented to a much larger ensemble. Many of the players also work for the Philadelphia Orchestra or other prominent Pops orchestras. The sound of the OC Pops tells it all.

(Continued on Page 2, see MUSIC PIER.)

President's

Apologies all around. See you in the next issue.
Happy Collecting . . .

Lynn



CLUB MEETING REMINDER

The regular monthly meeting of the SJPC will be

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 14 AT 1 PM

in the Prince of Peace Church Hall one-quarter mile east of
Marlton Circle on Rt. #70

AT THE JANUARY 10, 2010, MEETING ...

- Vice President Jim Estelle presided with 16 members present.
- Emily DiVento read minutes from December; Sal Fiorello gave the treasurer's report.
- The December 2009 Card of the Month winner showing the Ferris wheel at the Amusement Park in Millville was voted Card of the Year. The card was submitted for competition by Ray Hahn.
- There was a lengthy discussion concerning the need for a dues increase in 2011. (As a point of interest, when expenses are compiled in regard to the monthly notice cards, the special January mailing, and the quarterly newsletter, the cost of these



services amounts to \$9.89 per member. Only 11¢ of each member's dues goes to the club treasury.)

- It was suggested that some members may be willing to receive the newsletter electronically (via e-mail).
- Ray Hahn won Card of the Month honors. The topic was "Pots and Pans." See left.
- Alan Leibowitz won 50/50.
- A reminder that the club's new website is up and running at www.sjpostcard.com

Topic for February is Winter Sports

South Jersey Postcard Club

President Lynn McKelvey
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 2010 Trustee Jane Cocciolone
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 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

Editor's Niche

As we enter the last year of the first decade of this 21st century, I present to you what I think is the best issue of the last couple years. Eleven people have made contributions to this issue.

Our lead story, by guest contributor Ed Wismer, who is a dear friend of many years, is the first in what will be an occasional series of special pieces about famous and historic New Jersey buildings. On Page 3 is the story of King Edward's crystal palace submitted by Bud Shropshire, and on Page 6 we come to the conclusion of the story of the Smutty-Nose Murders of March 5, 1873.

Alas, as I completed the editing of the *Atlantic Monthly* article about the murders, I realized that it does not tell anything of the trial nor does it divulge the verdict. When you reach the end of the story, you will want to ask yourself, "What happened to Louis Wagner?" Since the answer is not in the story, I will tell you here that he was found guilty and sentenced to hang at the Thomaston (Maine) State Prison, where his punishment was carried to its proper conclusion. He is buried on prison property beneath a stone that reads, "L. H. F. Wagner, died June 25, 1875."

Bud Plumer has reviewed a postcard book on Page 5, Emily DiVento writes about pelicans, and yet another essay by Bill Reynolds appears on Page 8.

Enjoy.

Ray



Letter to the Editor

Don Pocher recently sent me an article from the Cape May County Herald. In "Antiques & Heirlooms" by Arthur Schwerdt, the columnist writes about railroad collectibles such as signal lanterns, watches, china, paper souvenirs, i.e., baggage tags and tickets. Naturally, postcards were mentioned and one of the article's illustrations was a postcard of the Brooklyn (NY) train yard. Mr. Schwerdt suggested that at auction bidding on this card might start at \$100.

I was really curious why he thought so; I sent an email to Mr. Schwerdt suggesting that the opening bid suggestion was missed by about \$95.

The next morning I received a reply.

Mr. Schwerdt invited me to consult on future postcard pricing issues.

When will I learn to mind my own business?



MUSIC PIER

(continued from Page 1.)

The soloists praise the auditorium and the orchestra highly and often even after their careers take them to the Met and opera houses around the globe they return to Ocean City Music Pier for guest performances. The venerable pier also hosts rock, jazz and folk music concerts, exhibits and other events, and is in constant use.

The pier is a favorite subject for artists (see my rendering in water-color on Page 1.) and is pictured on hundreds of postcards.* It is a true landmark and is recognized all over the United States and over-seas – it is looked upon as Ocean City's greatest asset. It has changed somewhat over the years but it is basically the same today as in the 20s except for the plane and ship spotting tower that once stood atop the pier during the war years and for some time thereafter.

* See Page 7 for postcards from Jim Lindemuth's inventory.

The Water-lily and the Crystal Palace

By Bud Shropshire

Several years ago, my wife and I watched the TV series, *Victoria and Albert* when it was aired on Public Television. When I was a kid, I did not like anything Victorian, thinking it was just old stuff. My picture of Queen Victoria was one of an old, heavy-set woman who always wore black. The TV series changed my whole perspective of the Victorian Age.



Victoria was born in 1819 and was still a teenager when she became queen in 1837. Three years later she married her first cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg. Their loving marriage brought about a standard of morality to the British throne and set an example for the nation at a time when "the sun never set on the British Empire."

In the 1840s, Prince Albert had been contemplating a project that would become the Great Exhibition of 1851. The exhibition was to be international in scope and to be housed in a single, large building, the first of its kind. In an architectural competition for the construction of this first of its kind building 13,926 applications were received.

Joseph Paxton, the designer of the Crystal Palace was an expert glasshouse designer and gardener. Scribbling on a blotter page, Paxton produced a rough sketch for a "palace of glass" – a giant greenhouse,



on an undreamt of scale and of revolutionary design which could be swiftly erected, was novel, light and glittering.



The Crystal Palace of 1851

A cast-iron and glass building erected in Hyde Park, London, for the Great Exhibition of 1851. Afterward moved to Sydenham Hill, where it remained until 1936 when fire destroyed the main structure beyond repair. The cost of the original structure was £150,000

The conception of the crystal palace was inspired by Paxton's study of the structure of the giant water lily – *Victoria Regia*. The plant, when flowering had eleven leaves of five feet in diameter lying about a gigantic bud. One day Paxton had his small daughter stand on one of the lily's great leaves; it easily bore her weight. Impressed by the plant's slender strength, he studied its structure of strong ribs radiating outwards being held tautly by delicate cross-ribs. It was a marvel of natural economy. Paxton's design for the exhibition building created a sensation. Sources vary but it was planned to be approximately 1608 feet long by 408 feet wide and 100 feet high leaving a variety of ways to calculate its square-footage – estimates range from 426,000 to 990,000 square-feet. 14,000 exhibits were installed in the interior.



The opening of the exhibition was like a coronation day. Flags of every country were flown above the palace. There was a flourishing of trumpets and the combined choirs of St. Paul's Cathedral, Westminster Abbey and Windsor Castle sang Handel's *Hallelujah Chorus*.

The exhibition was a huge success and a triumph for Prince Albert. Six million or more persons visited the Crystal Palace between May 1st and October 15, 1851.

Ten years later, in 1861, Prince Albert died at age 42.

Victoria was a widow at age 42 with nine children – four sons and five daughters. After Albert's death, Victoria indulged in a violent grief and remained in mourning the rest of her life. She died in 1901 at age 82 acquiring a greater popularity than any of her predecessors.

A fire in 1936 destroyed the Crystal Palace except for the water towers which were taken down during World War II because of a fear that the Germans would use them as navigation beacons for their V-Rockets to reach London.

The cards above show the Victoria Memorial at Windsor Palace and the Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens, London.



Tips on Repairing Impaired Postcards

Everyone has a card in their collection that needs repair. Here are a few tried and true methods for making repairs to postcards that can't be replaced or are difficult and/or expensive to replace. It is always wise to practice your repair techniques before working on a valuable card.

Reprinted from John H. McClintock's *Postcard Bulletin* [Date Unknown]

BACK OF THE CARD SEPARATING

Moisten a gummed label – not a self-adhesive one – and insert it between the separated edges and press down for just a few seconds. Remove the label and with some practice you will have timed it so that the gum remains in place. Place the card in or under a heavy book for an hour or more and the repair is complete. This method is better than using paste, glue or rubber cement, all of which some times leave a lumpy appearance.

CARDS WITH BENT, CREASED, OR DENTED CORNERS.

These cards can be improved in appearance by placing them in a humidifier, either home-made or commercial. Set the machine to its medium or highest setting. Allow the card to remain undisturbed for at least 24 hours. Make certain no water touches the card, especially the edges. Remove the cards from the humid environment and press in a heavy book for another 24 hours.

This method is also good for repairing pin holes in cards, however before pressing, smooth the hole by rubbing it with the back of a spoon.

CARDS SOILED ON THE VIEW SIDE

Any attempt to clean the view side of a card should be started with a slightly damp cotton cloth, followed immediately by a similar wiping with a dry cloth. If the results are unsatisfactory rub the card very lightly with a soap or pink gum eraser. This process will remove soil, but be sure to remove all traces and fragments of the eraser before storing your card in a polyethylene sleeve. This technique may also be used to remove fly-specks.

REMOVING OXIDATION FROM EARLY REAL-PHOTO CARDS – Practice first and use extreme caution

The oxidation on most pre-1915 real-photo postcards appears as a cloudy film or haze usually around the edges of the card. This oxidation is a chemical break-down of the silver-haloids in the emulsion layer of the card – it is a normal consequence of aging. To remove this film or haze, take a slightly damp cloth and apply a minute amount of clear, repeat clear shoe polish, then wipe the card lightly in one direction only. Best results have been achieved when rubbing from the center to the edges of the card. When satisfactory results have been achieved, wipe the card with a clean, dry cloth to remove all traces of dampness and polish.

WARPED GELATIN CARDS

Warped gelatin cards will usually respond to the same humidifier treatment as cards with bent or broken corners, but the drying periods may need to be extended beyond the usual 24 hours – perhaps as much as 72 hours. Soft un-embossed paper towels will speed the process, but check the drying process to assure the paper towel does not stick to the gelatin surface. Be advised that when left in non-support environments these cards will still have a tendency to warp or curl. The best storage for any gelatin card is a hard sleeve of the appropriate size.

Never attempt this with heavily embossed cards. They simply do not respond well to this treatment. Most attempts

in straightening embossed cards will result in dry, but very unusually shaped cards due to the pressing.

ALBUM RESIDUE STUCK TO BACK

Cards with black, album paper stuck to their backs will respond well to wet wiping with a paper towel or cotton cloth, but this will only work well when the glue or gum used to adhere the card to the page is water based. If the glue is resin based there is a modern product, *Goo-Gone*, that will remove the adhesive but may also damage the paper or at best leave an unwanted smell on the paper surface. A wet card, especially linens, may have to be pressed dry for up to 48 hours.

TORN CARDS CANNOT BE RESTORED

Torn cards can be improved by placing a small strip of transparent mending tape over the tear on the back of the card. Press away any air that is caught under the tape, then moisten the torn area on the front of the card and press the paper fibers together using the back of a spoon.

POSTCARDS WITH METAL OBJECTS ATTACHED TO THEM SHOULD BE INSPECTED CLOSLY BEFORE ATTEMPTING REPAIRS.

Cards with attachments were designed to have the attachment via tiny metal tabs inserted through the face of the card only and then bent flat. When inspecting a metal-attachment card you should not be able to see the bent-tabs on the back of the card. If you see the tabs it means the metal object was added after its original manufacture. Such cards are generally considered fakes and are not worthy of repair.

If the card is worthy of a repair, try first to separate the attachment from the front of the card to ascertain if the tabs are still intact. If so, push the tab gently through the front of the card and gently press into place. Then follow the method used for repairing tears. Cards with metal attachments should be allowed to air-dry – do not press.



One of Our Country's Unique Places

Card submitted by Sal Fiorello



The Four Corners, that is what they call the only place in America where four states meet at one single point. Utah, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona join at a

common point just $\frac{4}{10}$ th of a mile down a sand road off of US. Hwy 160, in the Navajo Indian Reservation.

The location for the monument you see on this card was set in 1861 by the 36th Congress. The boundary's east-west line is meant to sit exactly on the 37th parallel.



Postcards of the Night; a review

By Bud Plumer

Daedalus Books out of Columbus, Maryland, sends out catalogs offering books, music CDs, and DVDs.



Postcards of the Night

Occasionally in the book offerings are postcard books containing real postcards or books whose topics are on postcards, all at very discounted prices. Their address is PO Box 6000, Columbus, MD 21045. A postcard to them would put you on a mailing list.

A recent acquisition from them was a book about postcards entitled, *Postcards of the Night, Views of American Cities* by John A. Jakle, professor of geography at the University of Illinois. It begins with the telling of the author's interest in postcards and his interest in bright lights, big cities and his fascination with night scenes on postcards. Arranged alphabetically from Albuquerque, New Mexico, to Youngstown, Ohio, over 86 cards illustrate this book, many of which I have in my own collection.



John A. Jakle

The author speaks of artists and photographers who early on, experimented with nighttime depictions, especially through the "instrument of the early postcard." Whether sent by travelers to relatives and friends, used in everyday correspondence, or simply collected, the postcard was a principal means by which urban scenes were known. "It enabled the viewer to own a scene frozen in time."

Also speaking of photography as an art, the author initially suggests that nighttime scenes were simply artistic expressions. Jakle goes on to say that most makers of postcards turned to doctoring daytime photos making them appear as nighttime scenes. Many of the re-touched scenes which in certain cases eliminated items like over-head wires and other ugly specifics became more esthetically pleasing. Historian Alison E. Isenberg is given much credit for some actual physical changes in some cities influenced by these manipulations. [Editor's note: Professor Isenberg is a member of the faculty at Rutgers University in New Brunswick, New Jersey.]

Jakle also speaks of early attempts to picture night through the development of "hold-to-light" cards, some-times called moonlight cards, an expression I have never heard.

Even after the development of fast lenses and high speed film, when real nighttime scenes were available, postcard publishers frequently continued to depict nighttime scenes as they had previously.

Mr. Jakle's book is recommended for all postcard lovers and collectors.



The Union League of Philadelphia

This building has stood on Broad Street in Philadelphia since



the League was formed in 1862 as a patriotic society to support the Union. It is wrapped in secrecy and intrigue.

Who would like to write a story about this building?

Dealer's Corner Welcomes Don Pocher



Don Pocher was first in-line when this new feature was announced at the '09 Pocax. Don is curious to know some thing about the ship pictured on the card above. Since I have often said, "There is a story about every postcard," it was then time to "put-up" or "shut-up."

This is what I learned. First I have to mention that I had a couple other naval researches on my team this time; Dave Boone, a nautical historian and ship painter, and Matt Herbison, archives manager and librarian at the Philadelphia Independence Seaport Museum.

Like so many projects, after the question is defined by people who know how research is done, the problem gets real easy. That's where Matt Herbison comes into the story. He knows about nautical reference books and his expertise led us to one called *Merchant Vessels of the United States*, a Department of Commerce publication in its 51st annual listing. Because of the age of the postcard - we guessed circa 1909 – 1915, Matt chose the 1919 edition. Surely no one would have guessed that there would be ten Commodores listed, but by very clever elimination, using gross tonnage, length, draft, and kind of service all but two were excluded from our list of possibles.

The "kind of service" information in the directory helped the most. Of the ten vessels three were freighters, one was a yacht, one was an oyster boat, one a merchant steamer from Texas and two were fishing trawlers – leaving two passenger ferries. One from Atlantic City and one from Patchogue, NY. The vessel from Atlantic City was eliminated because of its age and home port information.

When Dave Boone joined in the search, he suggested that perhaps the geographical limits we had imposed on ourselves should be expanded. That's when the answer became obvious.

Don's card shows the United States Merchant Motor Vessel *Commodore* with official Commerce Department construction number 208445, built in 1911 at Patchogue, New York. The vessel was designed for passenger service and had its home port, for at least 22 years in the village of Patchogue, on the southern shore of Long Island, New York.

It is only speculation but there is a fair chance that the *Commodore* was used to ferry passengers from Long Beach to Montauk, with several ports in between, during the summer vacation season. Dave also suggested that vessels like this one were used to accommodate wealthy New Yorkers, Philadelphians and Bostonians to their summer residences in Newport, Rhode Island; various ports in southern Maine, and Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

Don has not yet priced this postcard, but if you would like to purchase it, Don's contact information can be found in our club's roster – published with each August issue of this newsletter.

This is the conclusion 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 November issue, we had reached the part of the story when Ivan finds his wife Anethe dead on the living room floor and Karen's body is discovered in a bloody heap in another room of the cabin.

A Memorable Murder, by Celia Thaxter

edited and abridged for this newsletter.

After seeing such a horrific scene, John and Ivan lay senseless in the snow, staring at the heavens in disbelief, but soon their pitying comrades lead Ivan back to Appledore Island. John knows his wife is safe. Though stricken with horror and consumed with wrath, he is not paralyzed like poor Ivan. John finds Karen's body in another part of the house, her face already black from bruising and strangulation. They find Louis's tracks and all the tokens of his disastrous presence – the contents of trunks and drawers scattered about in his hasty search for the money, and, all within and out of the house there is, blood, blood everywhere.



By the time I reach the cottage John had returned from Smutty-Nose. He was making all efforts to console Maren. He is a young man of the true Norse type, blue eyed, fair-haired, tall and well-made. Perhaps he is a little quiet and undemonstrative generally, but at this moment he is superb, kindled from head to feet, a fire-brand of woe and wrath, with eyes that flash and cheeks that burn. I speak only a few words to him and I go away. The outer room is full of men; they make way for me, and as I pass through I catch a glimpse of Ivan crouched with his arms thrown round his knees and his head bowed down between them, motionless, his attitude expressing total abandonment cannot be described. His whole person seems to shrink.

All of that day the slaughtered women lie as they were found, for nothing can be touched till the officers of the law have seen the whole. John returned to Portsmouth to tell his tale to the proper authorities. What a different voyage from the one he had just taken, when happy and careless he was returning to the home he had left so full of peace and comfort. What a load he bore back with him, as he made his tedious way across the miles to the means of vengeance he needed so badly! But at last he arrives, tells his story, the police at other cities are at once telegraphed, and the city marshal follows Wagner to Boston. At eight o'clock that evening comes the steamer *Mayflower* to the Shoals, with all the officers on board. They land and make investigations at Smutty-Nose, then go to Appledore to question Maren, and when everything is done, they steam back to Portsmouth, which they reach at three o'clock in the morning.

But, what of Ivan? They dare not leave him alone lest he do himself an injury. He is perfectly mute and listless; he cannot weep, he can neither eat nor sleep. He sits like one in a dream. When I speak his name to Maren the next day, she replies, "Oh, my poor, poor brother!" in tones of deepest grief.

She herself cannot rest a moment till she hears that Louis is arrested; at every sound her imagination fancies he is coming back for her; she is fairly beside herself with terror and anxiety; but the night following that of the catastrophe brings us news that Louis is indeed arrested, and there is quiet rejoicing at the Shoals. The dead are properly cared for; the blood is washed from Anethe's beautiful bright hair; she is clothed in her wedding dress. They are carried across the sea to Portsmouth, the burial service is read over them, and they are hidden in the earth. After poor Ivan has seen the faces of his wife and sister still and pale in their coffins, their ghastly wounds concealed as much as possible, flowers upon them and the priest praying over them, his trance of misery is broken, the grasp of despair is loosened, but just a little. Yet hardly does he notice whether the sun shines or not, or care whether he lives or dies.

Louis Wagner was captured in Boston on the evening of the next day, and Friday morning followed by a hooting mob, he was taken to the Eastern depot. At every station along the route crowds were assembled, and there were fierce cries for vengeance. At the depot in Portsmouth a dense crowd of thousands had gathered, who assailed him with yells and curses and cries of "Tear him to pieces!" It was with difficulty he was at last safely imprisoned. Poor Maren was taken to Portsmouth from Appledore on that day. The story of Wagner's day in Boston, like every other detail of the affair, has been told by every newspaper in the country. To one he says, "I have just killed two sailors," to another, "I have seen a woman lie as still as that boot." When he is caught he puts on a bold face; denies everything with tears and virtuous indignation. He is made to confront the men whom he has so fearfully wronged; his attitude is one of injured innocence; he surveys them more in sorrow than in anger, while John is on fire with wrath and indignation, and hurls maledictions at him; but Ivan, hurt beyond all hope or help, is mute; he does not utter one word. Of what use is it to curse the murderer of his wife? It will not bring her back; he has no heart for cursing, he is too completely broken. Maren told me the first time she was brought into Louis's presence, her heart leaped so fast she could hardly breathe. She entered the room softly with her husband. Louis was whittling a stick. He looked up and saw her face, and the color ebbed out of his as he looked at her in silence.

The next Saturday afternoon, when Wagner was to be taken to Saco, hundreds of fishermen came to Portsmouth from all parts of the coast, determined on his destruction, and there was a fearful scene in the quiet streets of that peaceful city. Two thousand people had assembled; such a yelling crowd was never seen or heard in Portsmouth. The air was rent with cries for vengeance; showers of bricks and stones were thrown from all directions, wounding several of the officers who surrounded Wagner. His knees trembled under him, he shook like a leaf, and the officers found it necessary to drag him, telling him he must keep up if he wanted to save his life. At last he was put on board the train in safety, and carried away to prison. His demeanor throughout the term of his confinement, and during his trial and subsequent imprisonment, was a wonderful piece of acting. He really inspired people with doubt as to his guilt.

A few weeks after all this had happened, I sat by the window one afternoon, I recognized Ivan Christensen. He dragged one foot after the other, and walked like an old man. He entered the house; his errand was to ask for work. He could not bear to go away from the neighborhood of the place where Anethe had lived and where they had been so happy, but he could not bear to work at fishing on the south side of the island, within sight of that house. By and by he spoke to others saying he believed it was to have been, and if so, it was too, to be that Ivan went back to Norway—alone.

Eastern Brown Pelican

By Emily DiVento

The Eastern Brown Pelican *Pelecanus Occidentalis*, often called the "Flying Suit Case," is at home on the Atlantic Coast. It can be seen as far north as the New England states, as far south as Brazil, and in the Caribbean area. It is also well known to American fisherman of the sea.

The Eastern Brown Pelican is at ease when it swims, and when flying, it is just a few inches from the tops of the waves without its wings touching the water. It also soars in the sky, carried on warm



air currents. The bird seems peaceful when flying, but when looking for food, it can put on quite a show. Even at distances of 30 to 100 feet, it can spot fish near the water's surface. The bird slows down, then



folds its wings behind its body, and like an arrow dives headfirst into the water. At times, it completely disappears but with its powerful wings, it can take off again without any problem. The surface of the sea can be covered with spray when several hundred diving birds fish together.

Pelican diets consist mainly of fish: herring, mullet, minnows, squid, but also some amphibians and crustaceans. One bird can consume as much as four pounds of fish a day. All pelicans have extremely large bills and distensible gular pouches in which they catch fish.

Pelicans can attain a length of four to five feet with a wingspan of six to eight feet. When pelican groups travel together they are seen in single file flying low over the surface of the water. They are most often seen along waterways, canals, docks, shorelines, and piers.

Pelican reproduction is a joint effort. Mates help by bringing material to the females who build the nest, normally located on the ground. The birds usually have one brood with two to three eggs a year. Both parents feed the young, who are fluffy, a lighter brown in color, and often learn to swim before they learn to fly.



Eastern Brown Pelican, Florida

Eastern Brown Pelicans can be found in extremely large numbers in their prime breeding grounds on Pelican Island, off the east coast of Florida. Pelican Island, America's first Federal Bird Reservation, was dedicated on March 14, 1903, by President Theodore Roosevelt.

Additional Views of Ocean City's Music Pier

Cards purchased from Jim Lindemuth

1.



2.



3.

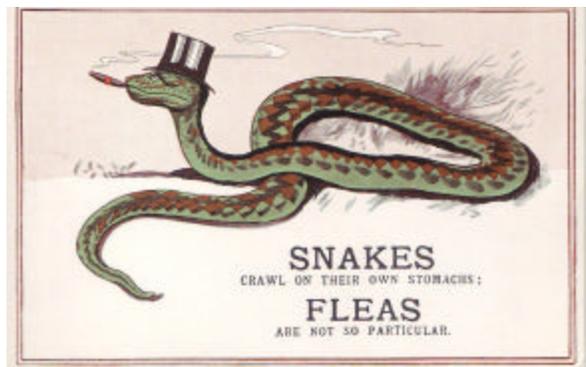


Most of our SJPC dealers have excellent inventories of Jersey Shore postcards, so when I was searching for cards to illustrate the Music Pier article I went to Mr. New Jersey Postcard, himself – our own Jim Lindemuth.

With the images above our readers can see a near complete history. No. 1 shows the original music pavilion built in 1905. It burned in 1927 and was replaced by the current structure. No. 2, a 1940s era linen shows a typical Sunday afternoon concert audience all dressed in their Sunday best complete with hats and gloves. In No. 3, a 1950s linen you can see the building in profile from the south side. Clearly visible is the spotting tower, added to the roof of the building in 1942 to accommodate war time air and sea guardians.



Snakes crawl on their own stomachs...



When this card appeared at a recent meeting I looked at it and literally scratched my head. I had no idea what its meaning was, not even a guess. If you know its meaning, you need to talk to me as soon as possible.

If you, like me, have no clues, you'll have to read about it in the next issue of *The McClintock Letter*.

A Series – My Reflections on the Presidents and the Health Crises They Faced

By William Reynolds

James A. Garfield

Only sixteen years after the death of Abraham Lincoln, another president fell victim to an assassin's bullet. But, James A. Garfield's ordeal is unique in the fact that he hovered between life and death for 79 days.

The executive branch of government stood at a virtual standstill, as there was no provision for a transfer of power due to the president's incapacity or inability to perform the duties of his office. The former Ohio congressman, then aged 49, had been in office only four months, when on the afternoon of July 2, 1881, he and his party were waiting to board a train in Washington when a disappointed office seeker, Charles J. Guiteau, took aim at the president and shot him in the back.

For weeks, doctors probed the president's body in a valiant effort to locate the bullet, often, using bare hands or unsterile instruments. The wound, itself, was not fatal, but had the doctors known to be more careful, they might have saved Garfield's life.

In the end, the president succumbed to a nick in the splenic artery caused by the passing bullet. [In anatomy, the splenic artery is the blood vessel that supplies oxygenated blood to the spleen.] The nick developed into a weak spot in the wall of the artery, which turned into an aneurysm which ruptured.

On September 19, 1881, the president complained of severe pain, lapsed into a coma and bled to death.

William McKinley

President McKinley was shot, in the stomach at close range, while attending the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo, N.Y., in September of 1901. He lingered for eight days before succumbing to his injuries. A closer look at the medical care rendered to McKinley, at the time, reveals some startling and unsettling facts.

Immediately after the shooting, the president was transported to the fair ground's first aid station, rather than Buffalo General Hospital, which was some twenty minutes away from

the fairgrounds. The first aid station was improperly equipped to handle such an emergency, it had no electric lights and was staffed by a medical team equally unequipped to tackle a case of such magnitude. The attending surgeon, Dr. Matthew D. Mann, who operated on the president, was in fact, a gynecologist and obstetrician, who had neither operated on a male patient nor anyone with a bullet wound.

Mann was keenly aware of the controversy that had surrounded the physicians' cautiousness in treating President Garfield's wounds twenty years earlier, and he did not want to repeat their course of action. Within minutes of being brought before him, Dr. Mann proceeded with his surgical exploration. He was able to find the two bullet holes, but was unable to trace the wound or find the bullet. He first pronounced that the bullet had lodged in a place where it could do no further damage, and felt that there was no further evidence of damage beyond the stomach. He irrigated the stomach with a warm saline solution, then closed the bullet holes with sutures, but made no allowance for drainage.

With the surgical procedure over, members of the press corps were given their first medical bulletin on the president's condition. 'Cautious optimism' was the catch phrase most quoted in the newspapers that day.

The president was then transported to the nearby home of John Milburn, a prominent attorney and master of ceremonies for the exposition. Initial reports indicated a complete recovery, so much so, that Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt continued on his planned hunting trip to the Adirondack Mountains, believing that the crisis had passed. But, just as the situation was entering its second week, the president took a turn for the worse - he grew weaker. The president's aides and closest confidantes put out an urgent call to track down the whereabouts of the vacationing Vice-President.

Roosevelt received word of McKinley's condition, and raced back to Buffalo, but by the time he arrived, it was too late. The president was gone.

An autopsy revealed that no healing had taken place, the perforations in the stomach had reopened and the pancreas had become inflamed. Most ominous was

the fact that the bullet was never found.

Presidents on Postcards

JAMES GARFIELD
BY MORRIS KATZ

Part of a 1967 series of presidential portraits.



A circa 1905 card with un-divided back shows

**"Old Glory" kneels in prayer for
OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENTS**
a popular sentiment.



A card from a Raphael Tuck postcard series, "Presidents of the United States No. 2328." Titled: "WILLIAM McKinLEY."

Caption reads: "Portrait of President William McKinley. Twenty-fourth President of the U.S. Elected twice. Inaugurated for the first time March 4, 1897 and entered on his second term March 4, 1901."

The card is artist signed by Burdick.