

The McClintock Letter

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

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Atlantic City Air Carnival -- July 2 to July 12, 1910

By Allan "Boo" Pergament



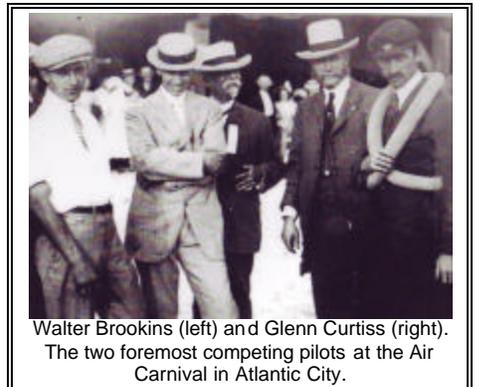
The sender of this real-photo postcard from the days of the Air Carnival in Atlantic City has written "Yesterday's Flight." Look at the multitudes of people lining the beach.

It wasn't long after the Wrights made the first successful flight of what was called a motor powered "aero plane" on December 17, 1903, that daring young pilots tried to make advancements in aviation that were only dreamt of before. Just a few years later (1909) a prize of \$10,000 was offered by the *New York Evening World* newspaper to the first person to fly from Albany to New York, allowing two stops for refueling. Since no one made the attempt, the newspaper continued the offer the following year. During 1910, Glenn H. Curtiss, who would become one of the foremost aeronautical developers in aviation history and later known as "the Henry Ford of aviation," captured the award by flying his craft at an amazing speed of more than 50 miles per hour. He went 137 miles in only two hours and 32 minutes.

A couple of months later a member of the Glenn Curtiss flying team, Charles "Daredevil" Hamilton, became the first man to fly the 149 miles from New York to Philadelphia and back on the same day. These were astonishing accomplishments for their time. In

those days people didn't know whether it was just a fad or perhaps the start of another means of transportation.

For ten days starting on July 2, 1910, the Atlantic City Air Carnival was held along the famous beaches of the city. This was a most desirable location. The young skilled aviators looked forward to establishing themselves as pioneers in a new field, as well as showing that flying was safe and here to stay. The aero plane might well provide future occupations in a new industry for many of them; as pilots, mechanics or teachers. Also, at that time, Atlantic City was establishing itself as the nation's most popular resort. What better venue could there be than performing before the almost "captive" audience of the many thousands who visit the Boardwalk? Not only that, but the public was being tantalized by hearing of recent accomplishments with the flying machine and were anxious to see such things for themselves.



Walter Brookins (left) and Glenn Curtiss (right).
The two foremost competing pilots at the Air Carnival in Atlantic City.



Young's Pier -- one of the "hangers" used for the competitors at the Air Carnival at Atlantic City.

were housed at ocean piers. One was Young's Pier (later known as Central Pier) at Tennessee Avenue; the other was Young's Million Dollar Pier at Arkansas Avenue. Entranceways were built to accommodate the planes and ramps were built to facilitate the difficult chore of getting the planes inside and back to the ground where the pilots were able to take off directly from the beaches.

Walter Brookins was the Wright's most highly skilled pilot. During the meet he set a record by becoming the first pilot to fly over one mile high. His plane reached 6,175 feet above the wooden way and he won the \$5,000 prize sponsored by the Atlantic City Aero Club.

Having just completed his successful flight from Albany to New York, Curtiss set another world's record for duration. He flew back and forth along the shoreline for a total of 50 miles in one hour and 14 minutes. The huge crowds, who lined the Boardwalk and beaches, were ecstatic with what they were seeing.

The audience was further enthralled by the first ever aerial bombing demonstration. Curtiss flew just 100 feet above the sailboat *John K. Mehrer II*, dropping oranges while the boat was in motion. Brigadier General William A. Jones, who was in the audience, commented that Curtiss had demonstrated the potential use of aircraft in warfare in a way that could easily replace battleship bombardment. Considering this was nearly a decade before World War I, his remark showed amazing insight regarding the use of aircraft by the military.



Preparing to take off from the Beach.

(Continued on Page 2. See: Air Carnival.)

President's Corner

Happy summer everyone! I actually enjoy being a Jersey girl because of our four seasons, but I am eager for the next season already. October will be here soon enough, so in this heat I am working on a few new boards for the show. How about you? Everything is rolling along for the show, so start telling your friends about it. But, before PoCax we have an amazing event this month – a mega auction! It may be considered a highlight in our year, second only to PoCax. I am very pleased that we have such a dedicated group to manage this event, but please extend your hands to help when ever you can, as there is a small job for each one of you and I thank you in advance for your generous support and participation. Looking forward to seeing everyone soon - healthy and tan.

Lynn



Editor's Niche

Hope you enjoy this issue and be sure to check our mega auction lots list at www.sjpostcard.com/auction/lots.htm. See you on August 8th – Auction starts at 2 PM sharp.



CLUB MEETING REMINDER SEE PAGE 3.

AT THE July MEETING ...

Past President Ray Hahn conducted the meeting with 21 members present. We were pleased to welcome new members Mike Engle and Dr. Edward Smith. We also greeted Mike Schwartz who was attending his first meeting and Ric Short who was back after a long absence.

Emily read minutes and Sal presented the treasurer's report. The announcements included plans for a club sponsored Mega-Auction to take place in August. See Page 3.

Jim McHugh won 50/50.

Steve Madara won the Card of the Month Contest. The topic was arches. You can see his card at left.



Topic for August is Red Cross (multiple entries permitted)



Interested In Maritime Postcards?

By Bob Duerholz

If your answer is YES, here is good news for you.

Ray Hahn and I recently had the pleasure of seeing hundreds of maritime postcards on wall displays and that does not count the hundreds of others stored in binders. The place to see this wonderful collection is not far from most of us. It is the newly opened (within the past three years) Museum of New Jersey Maritime History in Beach Haven on Long Beach Island.

The subjects are numerous: lighthouses, life saving stations, whaling, ship wrecks, sea shore communities, and many more. The postcards are very professionally displayed and would you believe, there is NO admission charge.

The museum is located at the corner of Dock Rd. and West Ave in Beach Haven. Call 609-492-0202 for more information or visit the web site, www.MuseumofNJMH.org

Hope you have the opportunity to see this terrific collection. Ray and I certainly enjoyed it.

Air Carnival . . .



Thousands watched as the "Daring Young Men" flew their aero planes above the Atlantic City Boardwalk.

Even after the Carnival, Atlantic City continued to have an impact of aviation's history. Some of the notable facts are: Glenn Curtiss was the first to obtain a license for passenger flight, he operated seaplanes from the Curtiss Flying Station at the north end of the Boardwalk until the late 1930s; two attempts to fly across the Atlantic Ocean were launched from Atlantic City, one in 1910 another in 1912; and the word "airport" was coined in Atlantic City in 1919.



The history of the Atlantic City Air Carnival is well documented by SJPC member Allen "Boo" Pergament. He is a true Atlantic City historian. His picture collection helps us understand why Atlantic City and an interest in flying machines were a perfect match back in July 1910.

All postcard and photographic images are from the collection of Allen "Boo" Pergament.

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Copernicus, Science and the Catholic Church

By Ray Hahn



They finally buried Copernicus! He has been away from his grave for nearly five years. Why? Because in 2004 a local bishop asked the scientific community in and around Frombork, Poland, to find Copernicus. (The bishop is unwilling to share what his motive was in making the request.) It took more than a year, but a team of forensic specialists did what they were asked and they weren't the least

bit concerned about an exhumation that would cause international concern.

In 2005, using ground penetrating radar, a skull and some bones of a 70-year old male – the age Copernicus was when he died – in the floor of the local cathedral. The grave was unmarked. In another stage of investigation, DNA was successfully extracted from a tooth in the skull and was compared to a hair that was found over 100 years ago in a book authenticated as belonging to Copernicus. The entire process has taken nearly five years, but these facts have lead the scientific community to conclude they have achieved their assigned task.

Let's pause here to learn what caused a rift between the church and its once devoted canon and doctor, Nicolaus Copernicus. The answer is one word: science. Today it is almost too difficult to fathom how a subject that is taught to third graders could cause such a disturbance in church doctrine and divide secular scholars into camps with myopic philosophies. We now teach our children that the earth revolves around a stationary sun – it is an integral part of all planetary studies, but at one time, that concept was heresy.

Copernicus never experienced the taunt of church inquisitors or the embarrassment of ex-communication, or for that matter any kind of punishment. When he died he was a virtually unknown astronomer. His theory, however, that of Heliocentrism put forth in his only book, *On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Spheres*, sure took a beating when those in the centers of European learning discovered his calculations and observations of the heavens removed Earth from the center of the catholic (lower-case "c") universe. Interestingly Copernicus took receipt of a printed copy of his book only on the day before he died in 1543.

If you would like to know more about Copernicus and his theory, there are hundreds of websites where you can learn details. Simply Google *Copernicus* and you will find a week's worth of readings covering topics from his scientific and mathematical theories and his early life to his re-entombment in the same grave he was taken from five years ago.

Please exorcise any thought you may have that I'm bashing the Catholic church. I would never do that, but there is an element of amusement in the fact that science – especially the kind we see CSI (crime scene investigation) teams doing on TV three or four nights a week – has reinstated the worthiness of a man's life work and helped the person himself rejoin the church as a hero of scholarship and a scientific pioneer.

★ ★ ★

I own only one postcard showing Nicolaus Copernicus. It is nothing special; it is old, not too clean and the caption on the address side is in a Cyrillic alphabet. It is almost embarrassing to offer it as my only illustration, but the man in the picture would be totally mortified if he knew all these 467 years after his death that he was even portrayed in such a manner.



Do You Remember . . . In November 2004?

SJPC's monthly card contest honored the United States Postal Service. You were asked to submit a card with an unusual postmark. Don Pocher won the contest with a card cancelled January 30, 1934, as you see in the illustration right. Now, do you remember?

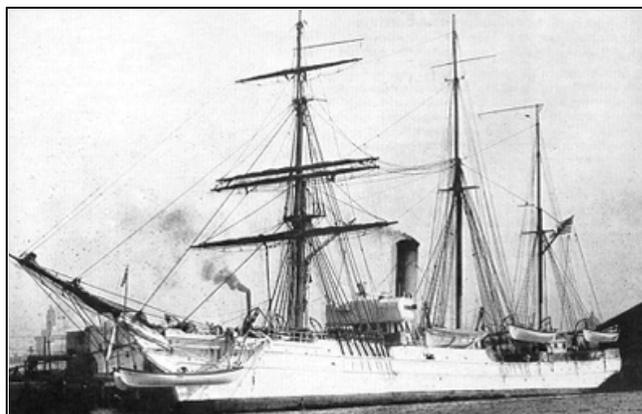


The card that Don submitted had the following message

Greetings from Byrd Antarctic Expedition II

*This card was carried . . . on the
Ice Breaker S. S. "Bear of Oakland."*

[Signed] Robert A. J. English, Captain



U.S.S. Bear, circa 1932

Although the *Bear* was built in Scotland, it served the U.S. government for more than 60 years as a revenue cutter, a Coast Guard cutter, a polar exploration vessel, and an Arctic patrol ship.

Shortly after *Bear* was retired, Admiral Richard Byrd decided to purchase the ship for his expedition to the South Pole. Byrd renamed her *Bear of Oakland* and sailed her to Boston for a refit. On September 25, 1933, in the company of a steamer, *Bear* left Boston bound for New Zealand. She arrived at Wellington, NZ, on January 6, 1934.

Bear of Oakland sailed for Little America, the Antarctic base, on January 19. Twelve days later she arrived and unloaded her supplies and equipment. Among the items unloaded was the mail. It was January 30, 1934.

★ ★ ★

To see more historical photographs of the *Bear* and its crew, go to the US Coast Guard website and search for "Bear 1885" or type the following URL into your browser:

<http://www.uscg.mil/history/webcutters/Bear1885.asp>

**U.S. Postal Air Mail Service from Philadelphia to Camden
...And Back ???**

By Bob Duerholz

Surely, you have got to be kidding me is what I thought when I learned about it, but YES, it is true. It is hard to believe, but starting on July 6, 1939, there was such a service. It was a joint effort between the US Postal Service and Eastern Air Lines. Now, there is even more that is unbelievable. The aircraft took off from the roof of the Philadelphia Post Office and flew to an airport in Camden.

Well, one might say, it could not have been a fixed wing aircraft flying off a roof, so it must have been a helicopter. Sorry, wrong! It was what in aviation terms is called an AUTOGIRO.



This strange aircraft was really a predecessor to modern day helicopters. The difference is ... the autogiro did not have an engine turning the rotor blades. They were free-spinning.

We owe the invention of the autogiro to a young Spanish inventor named Juan de la Cierva. Like many early aviators, he built several types of fixed wing aircraft to limited success. He even toyed with the concept of building what we know as a helicopter, but soon realized the tremendous complexities of not only driving rotor blades with an engine, but also maintaining aircraft control. He finally managed to succeed in building the

autogiro which is basically an aircraft fuselage, without wings, with a forward motion propeller, but with a free-spinning rotor assembly. Without getting very technical on how it works, the forward motion of an autogiro causes the rotor blades to rotate and therefore creating lift. So, the "powered" engine propeller provides "thrust," while the "un-powered" rotor provides "lift."



Juan de la Cierva

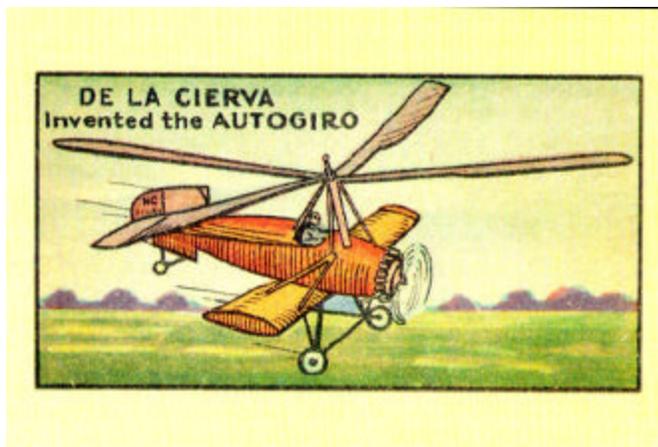


It sounds very simple, but in reality it took years of experimenting to make it successful. One test-flight in England was recorded by a photographer as pilot Frank Courtney was about to do a demonstration flight in Cierva's sixth autogiro. The success of this test determined whether Cierva would sell his autogiro to the British military.

One of the benefits of the autogiro was that it could take off at not only a relatively low airspeed, but would leave the

ground in a short distance. This was a major breakthrough in aviation for the time, (1923). Cierva kept improving his autogiro over the years and over 500 were built around the world.

In the United States, Harold Pitcairn, the founder of Eastern Airlines took a big interest in the autogiro and acquired the rights from Cierva to manufacture them in America. Some examples of their use here are: the US Army bought several and it became the first rotary aircraft used by the Army; the New Jersey State Forest Service used an autogiro to fight forest fires in the Pine Barrens; many were sold for private recreational use; and of course, the airmail service.



Cierva's Autogiro on a postcard

Ah, yes back to the airmail service between Philly and Camden. It was short-lived, only about a year in duration. The autogiro did have one short coming; a phenomenon called ground resonance, but, that was not the reason it fell into disfavor. Autogiros disappeared from production primarily due to advances in pure helicopter technology, and the fact that Juan de la Cierva, was killed in a Dutch fixed wing airliner in 1936, and no strong advocate of the autogiro took his place in promoting such a revolutionary invention.

We in the Philadelphia area are very fortunate in that you can see an original autogiro at the *American Helicopter Museum and Education Center* in West Chester, Pennsylvania. I recommend a visit. Their contact telephone is 610-436-9600. Additional autogiro information can be found on "The Contributions of the Autogiro" web page and the "American Helicopter Museum" website.



As explained in my article, Harold Pitcairn purchased Cierva's rights to manufacture the autogiro in the USA. In addition to Pitcairn's sanction of air-mail delivery by autogiro, he also used them to sell chewing gum, sparks plugs, coal, and many other products. Here are two advertisements used in 1932 to suggest that Americans needed "his" newest means of transportation: the Model T of the Air. Pitcairn's Tandem Sports model had a base price of \$5000 and the advertisements suggested that it would be easy to reach any business or recreational destination, no matter where it may be. "Your Villa in Tuscany" or "Your Country Club's Vast Open Lawn" are suitable for easy take-offs and landings.



The CCC: the 1933 American Bail-out!

Thirty-seven days. That is all the time it took.

What took 37 days, you ask?

The first enrollment of Civilian Conservation Corps inductees took place on Monday, April 10, 1933, just 37 days from Saturday, March 4, 1933, when President Franklin D. Roosevelt was sworn into office. It had been 1,222 days since the stock market crash of '29 and everyone in the country wanted change, they wanted it fast and the President-Elect had plans to make those changes.

I will let you draw your own conclusions as to why I mention this fact, but the reality is, when the CCC was formulated, then voted on by the representative bodies of the federal government, and made operational, it was a marvel of how well government works for the people when so many politicians are of the same mind-set.

That April morning men, aged 18 to 28, crammed into hundreds of CCC enrollment centers across the country to sign their names to employment contracts that enabled them to earn \$30 a month, with a mandatory \$25 deduction to be sent to families in the form of an allotment check, which made life a little easier for people at home.

The history of the CCC has been written by many, and you, the casual reader, need not delve too deeply into the facts before finding something that impacted your family. For us, my wife's father worked for nearly a year at a CCC camp in Louisiana. The money he earned helped support his mother and sister back in New Jersey.

Throughout the nine years of the CCC the conceptual initiative changed from conservation to other national concerns, including disaster relief following the 1937 floods, to projects focusing on resources for national defense, developing infrastructure for military training facilities, and forest protection and preservation.

The Corps served the nation well, but in 1942, when all national concerns had to be devoted to our war involvement, Congress voted on June 30th to eliminate funding, officially ending operation of the program.

Enrollment peaked at 505,800 in nearly 2,900 camps by the end of August 1935. It was during this time when the federal government began to properly document the works projects with certified photographers from the Department of Agriculture.

Thousands of photographs have survived in many forms including books, documentaries and postcards.



Mess Time at CCC Camp No. 627, Savannah, Ill.

One collector of social history postcards, Hal Ottaway, of Wichita, Kansas, offers this example of a camp in Illinois as one typical of the era.

Dealer's Corner

The McClintock Letter welcomes Mike Schwartz to this occasional feature.



School House & Waterworks

When I asked Mike Schwartz to contribute to this Dealer's Corner feature he was eager to do so, but when his card arrived in my email, I knew at once this was going to be a difficult search. Let me explain.

The card is a real-photo and there is but one clue on the card. It is the name of the photographer and what one would assume is his hometown. It reads: **E. M. Colburn, Deermont, N. J.** [See below.]

E. M. Colburn, Photographer, Deermont, N. J.

I had never heard of Deermont, so my first call for help went out to Doug D'Avino, our resident authority on N. J. Post Offices. Doug returned my email saying, "No such place."

My next step was an Internet search that took a very long time, but at last I found a site dedicated to West Jersey history. Still no Deermont, but I did find a reference of E. M. Colburn of Peermont, New Jersey.

At this point it was safe to assume the "D" in Deermont was a misprint. Then it seemed like the research gods were moving across to my side of the line in the sand – beach sand that is. We long-time residents of southern New Jersey know that Peermont was once a part of what is now Avalon. It is an area just south of the current bridge that crosses the inlet into Avalon at 30th Street.

A call to the Avalon Historical Society confirmed my suspicions about Mike's real-photo being of Avalon's first elementary school, and a visit to the photo archives at AHS offered this comparison, suggesting a 100% guarantee.

Sadly the water tower remains a mystery.



The Old Tatham Homestead and School House

If you have an interest in purchasing this card, email your editor. I have Mike's contact information.

Bruce Bairnsfather: the Father of Wartime Comics

By Ray Hahn



Long before *Private Breger* (drawn by Dave Breger) shared with us the humor in the often illogical routine of daily life in the army and *Willie and Joe* (drawn by Bill Mauldin) became the voice of truth about what it was like on the front lines of war, our British cousins had *Old Bill*, drawn by Captain Bruce Bairnsfather.

Born in 1888 to a military family, but educated in England, Bairnsfather initially intended to join the military but he failed entrance exams twice and was forced to join the Cheshire Regiment, an honorable infantry regiment of the British Army, part of the Prince of Wales' Division, but one that had no customary recruiting practices.

Although well suited emotionally, but not physically, military life did not work for Bruce Bairnsfather; he resigned his commission in 1907 after making the decision to pursue a career as an artist. Then and even today, artists need to fill their days with odd jobs that, as they say, "pay the bills" – such was the case for Bairnsfather.

Humor was not only a profession for Bruce Bairnsfather; it was a way of life, and many people recognized his talents. One day in 1911 he made friends with a man forty years his senior – Thomas Lipton. That friendship solidified Bairnsfather's social and financial status for the rest of his life. Bruce not only secured commissions to draw advertising sketches for Lipton Tea, but also



Player's cigarettes, Keene's mustard and Beecham's Pills. Who knew tea, tobacco, mustard, and laxatives could engender an entire life's fortune?

On the eve of World War I, Bairnsfather joined the Royal Warwickshire Regiment and served with a machine gun unit in France until 1915. When he returned to England with hearing damage sustained during battle, he was posted to a unit on Salisbury Plain, the place he considered the birthplace of his best-known character, Old Bill. Bill was a veteran infantryman in the British Expeditionary Forces who spends his days mentoring his young troop-mate Alphonse.



Old Bill was a grizzly character with a walrus mustache and despite his immense popularity with the troops and massive sales increases for the publisher (*The Bystander*), there were objections from many sectors of the newspaper's audience, to the "vulgar caricature" of Old Bill. Nevertheless, Old Bill's and Alphonse's success in raising morale led to Bairnsfather's promotion and the receipt of a War Office appointment to draw similar cartoons for other Allied forces.

After Bairnsfather married Cecilia Agnes Scott in 1921, he continued to draw Old Bill and the cartoon remained popular between the World Wars. Many police officers of the time had similar facial hair, and that may have led to British police being referred to as "The Bill." Bairnsfather work was the subject of one of the first British sound films (1927); he also wrote and directed the 1928 Canadian film *Carry On, Sergeant*. Old Bill also appeared in books, plays (including Broadway), musicals, and films.

Four examples of Bairnsfather's Great War series *Fragments from France* are seen here:



The Thirst For Reprisals

"'And me a rifle, someone. I'll give those ___s 'ell for this!"



The Innocent Abroad

"Well what sort of night ...?"
"... 'Ad to get out and rest a bit."



That Evening Star-Shell

"Oh, star of eve, whose tender beam, Falls on my dream."



A.D. Nineteen Fifty

"I see the War Babies Battalion is a coming out."

During World War II, Bairnsfather continued his Old Bill work, but he was never asked to help with the British war effort. Instead, he became the official cartoonist for the American forces in Europe, contributing to *Stars and Stripes* and *Yank*. He also drew or suggested hundreds of nose art pieces for American aircraft.

Mr. Bairnsfather died in 1959 of complications of bladder cancer. In later life, he had found himself typecast as the creator of Old Bill, and his [London] *Times* obituary concluded of his career that he was "fortunate in possessing a talent ... which suited almost to the point of genius one particular moment and one particular set of circumstances; and he was unfortunate in that he was never able to adapt, at least happily, his talent to new times and new circumstances."

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

Woodrow Wilson

The Armistice of the First World War with Germany's final surrender was signed on November 11, 1918, but the real hard work of diplomacy was still ahead for Woodrow Wilson. He triumphantly sailed to Paris where ticker tape parades greeted the president and his first lady as their motorcade traveled through the streets to attend the Versailles Peace Treaty conference. It was Wilson's finest hour.

Wilson envisioned a *League of Nations*, so the world would never again witness the horrors committed during the Great War. It became his all-consuming mission to convince the American people that the United States should join such a league to insure a long-lasting peace.

The Republicans, who took control of Congress in 1918, were against a league; therefore Wilson decided to take his case to the citizens. He embarked on a whistle-stop railroad trip, to plead his case, and over the course of several weeks, he traveled some 10,000 miles, making stops in 29 cities.

It was October 2, 1919, in Pueblo, Colorado, during his railroad tour that the president fell victim to a paralyzing stroke. Orders were given to the train's conductor to return to the nation's capital, because the president's condition was considered to be grave, however, the severity of his illness was kept from everyone outside his inner circle.

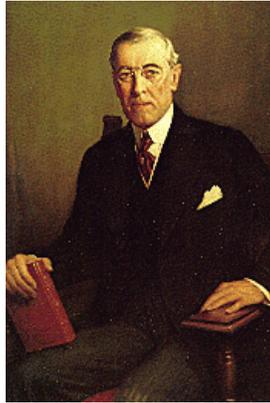
During the first two weeks of the president's illness, it was decided that various cabinet secretaries take over the president's mundane tasks because the doctors feared the slightest upset would hinder his recovery.

At no time, was the president treated at a hospital. He was never tested to determine the extent of his mental functions nor was he ever examined to locate the brain lesion that resulted from the cerebral trauma.

The doctors conferred with the president's wife, Edith Bolling Galt Wilson, and told her bluntly that her husband's recovery rested in her hands.

For the first two weeks, the press reported that the president had been suffering from exhaustion brought on by his strenuous trip, but in mid-October, the doctors and the president's aides were met with yet

another medical crisis. Wilson was in great pain, suffering from a prostatic obstruction that was blocking his bladder. A team of doctors from Johns Hopkins University was called, but they were unable to dilate the muscles of the urethra or insert a catheter.



WOODROW WILSON
Official White House Portrait

Since the bladder was becoming increasingly distended, the only way it could be drained would be through surgery. Without surgical intervention, kidney damage and fatal uremic poisoning would occur. When the doctors approached Mrs. Wilson seeking permission to perform surgery, she steadfastly refused to grant approval.

In the meantime, the president's temperature rose and his pulse became weak and erratic. Nurses were ordered to treat the affected area with hot water bottles, and after some time, the muscles of the urethra suddenly relaxed and the expected crisis was averted.

For the next several months, Mrs. Wilson stood guard outside her husband's bedroom, and dispatched whatever paperwork the president was asked to review to various cabinet secretaries, but the Republican led Congress grew suspicious of the seriousness of the president's illness and formed a delegation led by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts to call upon the president to assess the situation.

By the appointed visit, Wilson had been well rehearsed by his wife. He inquired about pending bills and made some humorous light hearted remarks. The president was seated in a high back, upholstered chair, propped up by pillows, and his affected left arm and hand were strategically covered up by a shawl so that there was no indication of paralysis. The room was arranged

so the visitors could see the president only from an angle, and would, therefore, be unable to see the droop of his jaw or the slump of his shoulder.

The delegation was also unaware that the president's attention span, at that time, was limited to about 15 minutes. Discreetly, Mrs. Wilson called an end to their visit before fifteen minutes had passed, citing other pressing matters that the president needed to address. With that, the delegation bade their farewells and dropped any further investigation into Wilson's health.

A full six months went by before the president was well enough to sit through a formal cabinet meeting. It was then, for the first time, that members of his cabinet saw the full effects and severity of the president's stroke. He looked old and worn and his mental capacity was greatly impaired, so much so, that each secretary had to be introduced to the president by name. Very little formal business was conducted during that hour long session, but through it all, Wilson put on a brave front.

The toughest blow the president had to endure during his final year in office was the Congressional rejection of the United States joining the League of Nations.

For the final 17 months of his administration, Edith Wilson served as her husband's eyes and ears. Critics frequently referred to her as Mrs. President. In any event, Edith Wilson's main concern was the health of her husband, and she courageously helped him for the remainder of his term in office.

A frail and disappointed Woodrow Wilson was helped into the presidential motorcade to escort his Republican successor, Warren Harding, to the inaugural of March 1921.

Wilson died, on February 3, 1924, at age 67, in his Washington home.

Presidents on Postcards



President Wilson in Paris with Raymond Poincaré, President of France (1918)