

The McClintock Letter

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

January 2011

Vol. 11 No. 1

Time to Vote for the 2011 Card of the Year

The card of the month contests in 2010 engendered some very vigorous rivalry. Throughout the year most of the contests had more than ten entries and the competition was so keen there was only one multiple winner.

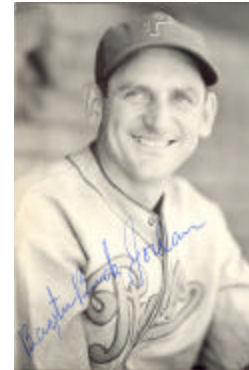
At the January meeting, those present will be eligible to vote for the Card of the Year. The cards included in the vote are the winners from the 2010 contests (only eleven this year because the February meeting was cancelled because of the snowy weather). Pick your favorite and be sure to cast your ballot in January. If you are unable to attend the meeting send your vote to editor@sjpostcard.com with the month in the subject line and your name in the message box. Your vote must be cast before January 9, 2011.



January



March



April



May



June



July



August



September



October



November

*Attend the January meeting.
Your only chance to vote.*



December

Remember, you may now subscribe to *The McClintock Letter*

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Type the word "SUBSCRIBE" in the subject line and your name in the message box.

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Remember, this newsletter is available electronically.

Send an email to editor@sjpostcard.com with the word SUBSCRIBE in the subject line and your name in the message box. Join the “GREEN” members of SJPC by saving our club the expense of paper, envelopes, stamps and postage. Thanks.

Leadership Elected by Unanimous Ballot

SJPC will begin its new year on January 9th with the same officers, trustees, past president, and editor as 2010.

At the December meeting the slate for 2011 was announced, but when the call for additional nominations was made there were none offered. A motion was made to elect the slate by unanimous ballot and the motion carried.

The 2011 Club Leaders are

President	Lynn McKelvey
Immediate Past President	Bob Duerholz
Vice President	Jim Estelle
Treasurer	Sal Fiorello
Secretary	Emily DiVento
2011 Trustee	Charles “Bud” Shropshire
2011 Trustee	Jane Cocciolone
2011 Trustee	Mary Chubik
Newsletter Editor	Ray Hahn

Contest Bookmark enclosed!

The CONTEST BOOKMARK brought about some real good results; many of you made positive comments. At a recent meeting I was told that some of our dealers had been stocking up on contest topics from the 2010 list. Hopefully they will do the same in 2011.

ATTENTION Membership ALERT

We want our members to know a SNOW EMERGENCY PHONE LIST was recently compiled. The list will be an aide to our officers and trustees in making calls in the event of a meeting cancellation due to inclement weather. No other members have access to your telephone numbers.

About 90% of the names on the list are those who regularly attend meetings. Many of our members do not attend meetings for a variety of reasons. Therefore, if your name is on the list below, you are NOT on the snow list.

George Benner	John Leech	Patricia Pierson
Donald Brown	Jim Lindemuth	Jim Prate
Barbara Booz	Richard Litton	Michael Rhinesmith
Shirley Carroll	L. R. Lownds	John Rhody
Anthony Cocciolone	Tony Macaluso	Ken Rodgers
Maurice Cuocci	H V Maulding	James Rozmus
Tom DeLuca	John McGrath	Michael Shor
James Gibb	John Meeham	Walter Spector
Gayleanne Goedeke	Lora Moore	D. K. Szabo
Larry Halteman	John Muits	Bruce/Marge Uhrich
Carlton Holladay	Allen Pergament	Don Wayne
Edith R. Johnson		

If your name is here and if you want to receive a telephone call if a meeting is cancelled because of inclement weather, you will have to let us know. Call 856-825-8202, ask for Ray Hahn and tell him that you wish to be placed on the emergency phone list.



Mark your calendars - POCAX '11
May 7th, Double Tree Suites Hotel
515 Fellowship Road, Mt. Laurel, N.J.

South Jersey Postcard Club

Visit us at sjpostcard.com

to find general information and our newsletter archives.

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

December 2010 Minutes

The December meeting is always our Pot-Luck Luncheon meeting and this year the lunch table groaned with lots of good food. Thanks to all who contributed to the feast.

Nominations Committee Chairman Ray Hahn called the meeting to order and elections were held. There were no nominations from the floor. Harrise Kall cast the unanimous ballot for the slate as presented.

At the meeting . . .

- Vice President Jim Estelle presided with 31 members present. No one is certain, but this may be a new record attendance.
- Minutes were read by Secretary Emily DiVento and Sal Fiorello presented the Treasurer’s Report. Sal also reported that 32 members have paid 2011 dues. Collections will continue until the end of February.
- The Card of the Month contest winner was Sheila D’Avino. Congratulations Sheila, you are the only multiple winner in 2010. The topic was “your best Delaware Valley postcard.” (Sheila’s card may be found on the front page of this newsletter.)
- Emily DiVento won 50/50.
- Announcements: (1) It was announced that internationally known postcard artist Rick Geary has agreed to prepare a souvenir postcard for PoCax 2011 – our 40th consecutive show and exhibit. (2) Jim Lindemuth wants all SJPC members to know that the *Greater NJ Postcard Show* will be on April 16th in 2011. Plan to attend now. It is a great show. (3) We are pleased to welcome Neil Wood as a returning member. Neil has rejoined our club after some years, so be sure to say hello and welcome when you meet him. Some veteran members will remember that Neil was the editor of our newsletter sometime in the early 90s.
- Happy Birthday wishes were extended to Joe Engle who reminded us that, “the years fly by, it is only the days that drag-on.” Good advice to remember.



James Emory "Jimmie" Foxx

Postcard illustration provided by Tom Kearney



In 1929 when the *Time* magazine editors put Jimmie Foxx on the cover of the July 29th issue, they created an icon for what was good about America. He was young, handsome, and strong. Born in 1907, Foxx grew up on suburban farmland near Sudlersville on Maryland's eastern shore. Handsome is a word most men do not like, but Jimmie was six feet tall and 185 pounds with a chest as broad "as a barn door." Strong is a word most men do like, especially when it comes from a rival like New York Yankees pitcher Lefty Gomez, who once said of Foxx, "He has muscles in his hair."

There are pages of statistics that I could write about but they didn't matter to Jimmie, except one – he was very proud of his three American League Most Valuable Player awards. Statistics don't do much to help some one understand another person. Most baseball fans of the era called Jimmie Foxx "The Beast" – another reference to his strength. How strong was he? There is a fairly well-known family legend that while still a teenager working on the farm, he and other workers would compete in strength games – one such was trying to pick-up a 200 pound keg of nails without it touching your body.

Jimmie was often the champion when they played lift the keg.

Stories of Jimmie's twenty-year career are legion, dozens of sports journalists have had their say on his accomplishments and their writings can be found on the Internet and in hundreds of books. Jimmie spent 10 seasons with Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics before he moved on to Boston for seven seasons, and then three season with the Chicago Cubs and a final stint of one season (1945) with the Philadelphia Phillies. Jimmie never played second base or center field, but over the years he played each of the other positions, and finished his days in the major leagues after 2,317 games. Lots of sports writers like this story, but most forget to mention that he only played one game in 1939 as a short stop.

Another story about Foxx that testifies to his strength is one in which he hit one of Lefty Gomez's pitches so hard the ball broke a seat in the next to last row of the upper left-field stands at Yankee Stadium.

In January 1951 Foxx was elected to the Baseball Hall of Fame as its 59th inductee.

Later in life Jimmie often found himself "on the edge" of things. After his career ended in Philadelphia in 1945, he did sports commentating at Boston's CBS affiliate (WEEL) and lots of other jobs including coaching at the University of Miami. His highest published salary was \$32 thousand at Boston in 1939, a princely sum but like many of his era – it was never enough.

Foxx died at Miami, Florida, in the summer of 1967. He was 59.



National Baseball Hall of Fame's postcard in honor of Foxx's induction.



The W. Atlee Burpee Company Buildings: one lost, one still in use.



Burpee, c.1912

Washington A. Burpee was born in Canada in April 1858, the son of a doctor. The family moved to Philadelphia where the senior Burpee practiced medicine and young Atlee attended the Friend's Central School. In 1878 Atlee started a seed business with an idea that "a satisfied customer is the best advertisement."

Burpee "guaranteed" that his seeds would grow and he made sure that each variety was tested at one of his three test farms: Floradale in California, Sunnybrook Farm near Swedesboro, New Jersey and Fordhook Farm in Doylestown, Pa.



Seed House at Fordhook.

The card above (circa 1905) shows the Seed House at Fordhook Farm. With careful examination you can see seed drying racks and plantings in the front of the building. Your editor made a recent trip to Doylestown to find that the Seed House is still intact and is an integral part of the Delaware Valley College campus. It still houses the W. Atlee Burpee Seed Research Laboratory for breeding new plants. Does anyone like Fordhook lima beans? This is the place where that bean was highbred and grown for the first time. Today the building is exactly as it appears in the photo on the postcard, it is now painted bright white with deep red trim and shutters.

Burpee's spirit of fair business practice also extended to his employees. Those who sought employment at the Burpee Company were sure they would earn a fair wage and have a good and comfortable working environment. Burpee was one of the first to provide dining facilities and rest rooms for his female workers and a smoking room and rest rooms for his male workers. According to the directory of Distinguished Men of Philadelphia, published in 1913, Burpee's office was at Fifth & Buttonwood Streets, but that building (left) has been lost to history.

Burpee was an active member in every seed and horticultural group that existed in his time, on both sides of the Atlantic. He was also a member of the Union League, the Racquet Club, and Poor Richard's Club.



The W.A. Burpee Building

Generals Should Consider Our Wildlife

By Donald T. Matter, Jr.

In a recent search for information on a completely different topic, one which you will read about in another issue, I found an open letter to the editor of *The [London] Times*. It follows:

July 1st



To the Editor,

The generals should consider our wildlife. Yesterday I attended the visitation of a well-known Archdeacon, who, on his way to the church told me that numbers of linnets – apparently the most sensitive of our small birds – have been found dead, with the drums of their ears split and that liners in the Atlantic have been the refuge lately of thousands of our small birds, apparently scared many scores of miles from their native homes ... by gunfire and bombardments along our coastal shores by enemies of this great nation.

May I ask if any of your readers can confirm these observations?

[Signed:] W. M. L. Evans
Vicar, Saxby
North Lincolnshire

This may seem like a peculiar letter, but it is no secret that biological diversity has been of amazing importance to great numbers of people for a very long time. It seems safe to assume the Reverend Evans would be saddened by the loss of a single linnets, but even though the diversity theory applies to the wide variety of plants and animals that live on our planet, it also has to be respectful of each and every species.

Unfortunately, because we lack the vast resources that would be necessary to survey every place on the globe, scientists don't know exactly how many species exist beyond the 1.5 million already named and described. Estimates suggest that between five and 30 million species exist. This begs the question, "Why is biological diversity important?"

For this reason alone . . . bio-diversity is the pharmacy that provides us with essential medicines and the supermarket that is the ultimate source of all our foods. It is also a library that inspires and informs researchers, designers, and engineers, and a source of recreation for millions of people who fish, hunt, bird-watch or enjoy nature in other ways.

I should think this would be reason enough to consider our wildlife before we bomb the globe to bits in an attempt to resolve our individual and cultural differences. So study my postcard of a common linnets and wonder how much of a chance this little critter, who will grow to adulthood and live its whole life at the amazing weight of 7 to 10 ounces, has if the generals fail to consider our wildlife.



The Turul Bird, a Hungarian Myth from the 9th Century . . . On Postcards . . .

With help from Horváth Zoltán



... has roots in the ancient history of the Hungarians or Magyars – their official tribal name.

The Magyar conquest of the Carpathian Basin took place in 896 AD, and a thousand years later, national celebrations were organized to celebrate their Christian inheritance and to remember and thank their mythical gods for the wealth, good fortune and especially the fertility of the people being cared for by the Turul.

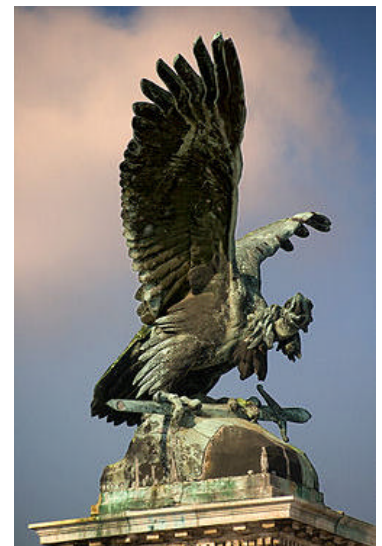
Turul, the mythical messenger from the gods, was the inspiration for dozens of commemorative statues, memorials, and even landmark buildings erected in the national's capital, Budapest.

The statues that were planned for the occasion included the one seen on the postcard to the left in the village of Banhidai. It was cast by Gyula Donath in 1905 and unveiled in 1907 – eleven years late due to unexpected financial problems. A modern card on the right shows a similar statue in Budapest.

There are many mythical elements in the Turul legend: the bird looks like a falcon but it has ears, so it is beyond the realm of nature. It offers protection and assurance of good crops and fair weather, but mostly it guards the lives of the un-born who will guarantee the future of Hungary and its citizens, even those who have left their homeland for other climes.

An interesting fact about the Banhidai statue is that the stones of the cairn on which the Turul is perched represent the lives of future Magyars. Each stone is part of the legend in which Emese, the first mother figure in Hungarian history, becomes pregnant and eventually gives birth to Álmos who was the father of the great chieftain Árpád.

Today the most prominent Turul statue is located in Tatabánya (near Budapest), where festivals are all about remembering the time of the Magyar Conquest, with archery, hunting with falcons, arts, crafts, and concerts. The statue sits atop a hill and looks down on the town and the entire Magyar landscape. A motorway passes at the foot of the hill so the image presents a joyous sight and helps those who enjoy the Magyar heritage to be mindful of the protection they enjoy by the fact of their birth.



The Page 7 Mystery Card, but on Page 5 this time.



The mystery card for this issue is a real photo greeting card from Philadelphia. There is a well smeared postmark on the address side that may be April 14, 1911.

I have no prize to offer you except bragging rights, but if you can tell your fellow readers the name of this church, you earn the privilege of having your name printed in this space in our March issue.

Send your answer to ray@rayhahn.com.



The Swineherd



Lord Tennyson wrote in his poem, *Locksley Hall*, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."

'Tis true, 'tis true!

The card at left is part of C. W. Faulkner's 1926 series that illustrates the fairy tales of Hans Christian Andersen.

This 1841 fairy tale is about a prince who disguises himself as a swineherd to win the love of the emperor's daughter, but while he is demanding kisses from the princess as

payment for what he makes her think are magical toys, he is soon disillusioned because of her arrogance and greed.

The tale was first published in Copenhagen, Denmark, in *Fairy Tales Told for Children*. It is likely original with Andersen although similar tales are known.

It is available at <http://hca.gilead.org.il/swineher.html>.



The word "swineherd" has fallen into disuse, especially in English, because of a more pronounceable term, "pig farmer." Interestingly, in other languages, i.e., Greek and Latin, some variation of the word is applied to many mythical heroes, including Odysseus, for he was a tender of pigs before he left home to fight in the Trojan War.

Additionally the word appears often in English literature including the parable of the prodigal son, the *Chronicles of Prydain* by Lloyd Alexander, and in Sir Walter Scott's tale of medieval England, *Ivanhoe*. It has most recently appeared in Disney's movie "The Black Cauldron," the main character is a swineherd.

Happy reading...

An Island Is a Perfect Place to Sleep



If Once You Have Slept On an Island

By Rachel Field

If once you have slept on an island
You'll never be quite the same;
You may look as you looked the day before
And go by the same old name.

You may bustle about in street and shop;
You may sit at home and sew,
But you'll see blue water and wheeling gulls
Wherever your feet may go.

You may chat with the neighbors on this and that
And close to your fire keep,
But you'll hear ship whistle and lighthouse bell,
And tides beat through your sleep.

Oh, you won't know why, and you can't say how
Such change upon you came,
But – once you have slept on an island
You'll never be quite the same!



Atlantic City – August 23, 1911



There is no need to comment about the scene on this postcard, but it is fun to speculate about the six or seven year old boy and why he is on the beach with five girls. Could they be his sisters? Heaven help him if they are!!!



So, dear readers, have you figured-out the theme for this page? Yep, you're quite right. I'm rushing the season; wishing for spring already. In the left column there is an Easter greeting card and then an Andersen tale of love, and finally a reminder of National Postcard Week, an annual spring celebration of our hobby - always the first full week in May. In this column you found a poem by Rachel Field, likely one of my all time favorites, and just above a memory of the days when children were allowed to be children.

National Postcard Week

May 1-7, 2011

Plan now to send cards to all your PC friends.

Query Signal Level: [Acknowledged Reception Card] What's that?

I know it is rude, crude, and impolite to eavesdrop on other people's conversations, but recently . . .

The scene. A postcard show in Point Pleasant, New Jersey, sponsored by a New Jersey postcard club. This was the first time for this show and the dealers who supported the event were pleased to be there. Both beginners and veterans were on hand to sell their cards and when I arrived – about a half-hour after the doors opened – the place was fairly crowded.

The cast. Several dozen people, collectors mostly, some standing in small groups, others seated in front of the always familiar white cardboard boxes that hold hundred of standard size postcards, and still others standing, with heads bent-down, chin on chest, looking through a pile of cards held close to the chest.

My role. Card collector. Shopper. Newsletter editor looking for interesting cards that will illustrate articles that I hope will interest every last member of my two postcard clubs: Taconic Postcard Club and South Jersey Postcard Club.

What came next. I sat down at the table of an old friend and asked, "Anything new that I can use for the newsletter?" This dealer has heard me ask this question many times and he is usually prepared for me. I am handed a fist full of cards and I sit, contented, looking for treasures. There is a man I don't know sitting next to me looking at QSL cards. I thought to myself, egad, there really is someone who collects those cards.

Then another man walked up behind us both and asked, "What are those?" A hand reached between our heads and the left index finger was pointed to the cards in my neighbor's hands. Gladly, I ignored the intrusion, but I couldn't help but hear . . .

"They are QSL cards," said my neighbor.

"What's QSL mean?" asked the intruder.

Neighbor: "They are cards used by ham-radio operators. Cards that confirm a radio transmission."

"Yeah," says the intruder, "but what does QSL mean?"

"Uh, Q is for question, but sometimes it means confirmed. S is for, uh, uh, I think it means sign or signal, and L is for, uh, uh, uh, I don't remember," the neighbor answered painfully.

"What did you say they are used for?" asks the intruder.

My neighbor is now plainly bothered by the pesky questioner, so he replies, "Ham radio operators send them to each other to confirm receipt of a transmission."

"Transmission of what?"

"Radio broadcasts. That's all I know. I need to finish looking at these, I have to get to work," says the neighbor.

"Okay," says the intruder, "You don't know much about what you collect, do you?"

"I guess I know more than you do," retorts my neighbor who is visibly relieved when the intruder walks away.

And finally. I think, wow, I'm glad he didn't ask me! I didn't say anything – after all my neighbor had to get to work. I just hope he isn't a radio-operator.



The Presidential Health Crisis Series

By William Reynolds
is on hiatus!



I know dedicated readers of *The McClintok Letter* are expecting to find an article by Bill Reynolds in this space telling of the health and ills of President Harry S. Truman. Sorry to disappoint, but I guess Mr. Truman did not have a health crisis while in the Oval Office because Mr. Reynolds has omitted him from his series.



Harry Truman
Official Portrait by Greta Kempton



Presidents on Postcards



Harry Truman, President USA
1945-1953