

The McClintock Letter

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

March 2012

Vol. 12 No. 2

"Get a Basket"

Just a few weeks ago this card made its way into my collection of signed artist cards. It is signed C. J. Rose, a name I have seen on hundreds of cards with sports themes.

Needless to say, I can recognize the difference between a baseball theme and others depicting football, soccer, or hockey, but I confess to having nearly a negative education in the world of team sports. I had no clue how the card's title related to the accompanying illustration. Therefore, I turned to my guru of all things baseball – Tom Kearney, and asked what "Get a Basket" referenced.

Needless to say, I received an instant answer and it made perfect sense.

But I wanted more. Not a better answer but a deeper understanding. After some digging I found this reference to the phrase and how it has been part of baseball lore for over half a century.

As our friend Bob Duerholz says, "Thanks to the miracle of computers..." I was able to find a digital copy of *Baseball Digest* from September 1951, in which writer and sports columnist for *The New York Daily Mirror* Dan Parker wrote, "Needed: New Scripts for Fans." I quote:

"You've heard it said no two ball games are alike.

That may be true for the players but the customers respond to a series of familiar cues just like actors in long-run Broadway hits. There are a certain number of stock situations in a game, and for each, a stock reaction."

From this short introduction Parker goes on to list some rather common situations that occur in baseball games and then recalls the usual, commonplace, and often hackneyed response heard from the fans. His comments about these predictable reactions are both instructive and suggestive.

An example:

Situation: The score is tied, two are out and two men are on base and a heavy hitter is at bat, so the manager of the team in the field orders the pitcher to put him on and go for the .140 hitter who is next up.

Reaction: A storm of boos from the stands almost blows the man down.

Comment: *If the fans want stupid baseball, why don't the managers give them a break by ordering the pitchers to throw nothing but strikes to all batters?*

Situation: A foul tip hit the plate umpire in an unprotected place and he doubles up in pain.

Reaction: The crowd roars with mirth.

Comment: *Strange to say, umpires react to pain just like human beings. Those who enjoy seeing someone suffer will find bullfighting much more fun than baseball.*



Parker's sense of justice, as it relates to those playing the game and those watching the game, is keen and well dispensed. It was one of his endearing characteristics.

Parker died in May 1967 at age 73 and was eulogized by Damon Runyon as, "the most constantly brilliant of all sportswriters." He was one who refused to condone the misfits whose shenanigans and questionable conduct spoil the game for those who really love it.

Here again is another quip from Parker's column in *Baseball Digest*; his take on those who are like to ridicule a player who fails to make an easy catch ...

Situation: The catcher loses a high fly in the sun.

Reaction: The more-quick witted fans shout, "Get a basket."

Comment: *Baskets are barred under the rules this season, but the cliché we'll always have with us in baseball.*

So ... is it time to take a lesson from this bit of ancient baseball lore? Perhaps the next time you want to be critical, think about trying to find a flyball in the sun – it ain't easy.

Forget the basket! Just cheer louder if the ball is caught.

AGAIN, WITH GREAT SADNESS

we announce the passing of two very special gentlemen.

William "Bill" R. Johnson (1934-2011), formerly of San



Francisco died September 22, 2011 after a brief illness. Bill is survived by his wife Helen and two sons, Thomas and Frank.

After volunteer service in the United States Navy, Bill finished his Master's degree in government administration and worked for 28 years in Philadelphia as a budget analyst at the Bureau of Finance.

As a collector and dealer, Bill was a SJPC member for more than twenty years.

Joseph E. Engle (1928-2012), of Philadelphia died January 13, 2012. Joe is survived by his brother Mike who is also a member of SJPC.

As a young man Joe participated in the D-Day Invasion of the French coast at Normandy and served in Europe until after the Battle of the Bulge. After the war Joe earned a JD from Albright and Rutgers then moved to Philadelphia to set up a law practice and became a highly respected member of the Philadelphia legal community.

Joe will be remembered as a devoted dealer and collector. He was a true gentleman and scholar.

We salute you both, Bill and Joe. Rest in Peace.

A Chat with the Prez ...

As I sit down to write my first message to you my friends in SJPC, I can't help but ponder all the changes that have taken place in my life since Alan and I have joined our club just a few years ago: I have become an avid postcard collector, retired from 35 years of teaching, and have become president of our club!

If I categorized these recent life changes, FUN would be the main topic of my new life folder. Making friends, learning about, searching for, and discovering postcards that are of interest to me and you is what has become my enjoyment and what I think SJPC is really all about.

You, the members, all have so much more postcard knowledge than I do, and it is a pleasure that you share this information. Those who participated in *Show and Tell* at our January and February meetings enlightened and thrilled us with your collections and made our time spent together extra enjoyable.

Alan and I have recently expanded our knowledge by adding another facet to our collecting by now reading the backs of all of our posted cards. This is thanks to Lora Moore's sharing her great interest in what has been written by the sender. Just two of my interesting finds include a January 10, 1942 writing that asks the receiver how she is after all of the rationing, and an October 22, 1926 writing that was done in an anticipation of listening to Queen Marie of Romania on the radio (no relation to Ray, though we do think his Marie is a queen). Queen Marie was visiting the USA at that time.

So in closing, I reiterate that postcard collecting is FUN thanks to all of YOU, and I am hoping that we can continue to enjoy this great hobby together for many years to come.

See you at the meeting!

Harrise Kall



Editor's Niche ...

I know that most of us over age 50 are not completely comfortable with some of today's technologies, and I have no plan, scheme, or program that will change that. If you are phobic about computers, so be it, but please be careful not to condemn the young because they are savvy and adventurous.

Some common Internet phobias including the payment of bills with a computer, receiving pictures of the grandchildren via electronic mail, and worst of all fear, (personified in "I don't want to touch a computer, I'm afraid I'll break it,") are holding us back from some really special communications.

With all this in mind, I am pleased to announce that in this issue we say hello to a new contributor – Ms. Lora Moore. Lora is young and aptly uses technology to combine two of her favorite pastimes, writing and postcards, into a 21st century Internet phenomenon called a blog.

"Blog" has come into English through common usage. For now at least, if you go to a dictionary and look between "block" and "blond" you will not find the word "blog." Let me define it for you and in doing so I hope to add to your understanding of Lora's contribution found on Page 6.

BLOG can be either a noun or a verb.

As a noun it is a web site at which an individual or group of users record opinions and/or information on a regular basis for an often devoted cadre of readers.

As a verb, to blog is the act of blogging; preparing or writing the content of a blog.

Please tell me this helps!

Ray

Attention members ...

If your collection includes any postcards of New Jersey post offices, RFD wagons, postal carriers, trains/trolleys, or other NJ post office-related subjects, please contact Doug D'Avino. A checklist is being prepared and you certainly want your special items to be included. Doug has all the details. Call him at 609-261-1472 or email davinod@earthlink.net.



*Welcome to SJPC's newest member,
Barbara Martinez from Vineland, New Jersey*



South Jersey Postcard Club

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At the February 12th meeting ...

- President Harrise Kall presided with 24 members present.
- The January minutes were read by Emily DiVento; Sal Fiorello offered a report on the club's finances.
- Three members presented *Show and Tell*: Judi Kearney brought her "Abraham Lincoln" collection; Bob Duerholz shared his "pull-out postcards" and explained the difference between pull-outs and fold-outs; and Jim Estelle shared his first ever Halloween RPPC.
- *Dressed in Sunday Best* was the Card of the Month topic. The winner was Neil Wood. Congratulations Neil on your first C of the M Contest win.
- 50/50 winner was Walter Nuss. Another first-time winner.
- ANNOUNCEMENT: boards and sleeves will be available at the next few meetings for both PoCax exhibits and the June *Complete Sets on a Board* Contest.
- PoCax 2012 is nearly ready to go. Please be willing to step-up and help with the many chores that need doing.

Dear readers,

Your editor introduces a new feature in this issue of *The McClintock Letter*. In a space on Page 4, you will find a spotlight on modern cards that are of very recent issue – cards that are still on newsstands and in gift shops. I hope you enjoy seeing the cards and reading about the subjects.

South Jersey Postcard Club's Page 3 Checklist

Courtesy of Bob Duerholz

Raphael Tuck & Sons, publisher

This set from Raphael Tuck & Sons is a series entitled FAMOUS AEROPLANES. The six-card set is from the Oilette Line and illustrates pioneer aircraft from the USA and Europe.

The Wright Biplane



The Wright Flyer was the first powered aircraft. It flew four times on December 17, 1903 near Kill Devil Hills, North Carolina.

Blériot Monoplane



Designed by Louis Blériot this was a light and sleek monoplane constructed of oak and poplar.

The Curtiss Biplane



A biplane fitted with a wheeled tricycle undercarriage; construction was primarily of spruce and ash.

The Farman Biplane



Designed by French aviator Henri Farman, this biplane went on to be employed in the early stages of WW I by the French military.

Latham's Antoinette Monoplane



Arthur Latham was a French aviation pioneer. He was the first person to attempt to cross the English Channel in an airplane.

The Voisin Biplane



The Voisin Brothers designed their biplane in 1911; their company was one of the first in the world exclusively for aircraft manufacturing.



Join the fun at PoCax 2012

**Saturday, May 5, 2012, 9 AM to 4 PM at the Double Tree Suites Hotel
515 Fellowship Road, Mt. Laurel, NJ**

SJPC's Modern Card Corner



Acadia, the first national park east of the Mississippi River, sits hard against the Atlantic Ocean, about 260 miles north-east of Boston.

The first attempts to bring national park status to Mt. Desert Island were made in 1913. In 1916 President Wilson announced the creation of *Sieur de Monts* national monument which in 1919 became Lafayette National Park. Ten years later when the Schoodic Peninsula was donated to the park the name was changed to Acadia.

John D. Rockefeller was the person responsible for building the 51 miles of carriage roads that lace the 11,000 acres of land that now is the park. It is Mr. Rockefeller's roads that make cycling such a popular pastime at Acadia.

This card, published by the Northwest Art Mall of Gresham, Oregon, is a standard 4" x 6" card with a watermark image on the address side. It was purchased in the main gift shop of the park for \$1.00.

★★★

"The Waving Girl" of Savannah, Georgia



At the eastern end of River Street, on a bluff above the Savannah River, is a statue named "The Waving Girl." It was commissioned and erected in 1971 to perpetuate the memory of Florence Martus (1868 - 1943). The sculptor was Felix de Weldon, who is best known for his United States Marine Corps Memorial in Arlington, Virginia.

While still a young girl, Florence moved to a cottage along the river near the entrance of the harbor with her brother George. Life at the remote cottage was lonely for Florence. She had only her devoted collie as a companion.

At an early age, she developed a close affinity with the passing ships and welcomed each one with a wave of her handkerchief. Sailors began returning her greetings by waving back or with a blast of the ship's horn. Eventually Florence started greeting the ships arriving in the dark by waving a lantern.

For forty-four years Florence welcomed each incoming ship and waved good-bye to each out-going one passing to and from the Savannah harbor.

This modern card is available in many Savannah gift and novelty shops.

Tipperary? How Should I Know?

By Ray Hahn

At a table in my library, some time in the mid-70s, a long-time colleague (I'll call him Mr. Wood) was helping his student whose name I forgot years ago, fine-tune a term paper on the music of the First World War. Mr. Wood was a well accomplished teacher, but he also had a keen intellect and was always on a quest for true scholarship.

On that day, Mr. Wood discovered that his student had included in his term paper the lyrics of the song, *It's a Long Way to Tipperary*. You know it, the chorus is ...

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary
To the sweetest girl I know!
Goodbye, Piccadilly,
Farewell, Leicester Square!
It's a long long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

After a bit of the usual banter between student and teacher, it was obvious that the student was getting tired of answering questions. Then it happened! In a voice louder than a library whisper, I heard the student say, "Tipperary? How should I know where it is?"

★★★

It's a Long Way to Tipperary, the song, was composed by Jack Judge on January 30, 1912. It was allegedly written for a 5 shilling bet in Stalybridge, Ireland, and it was sung in a performance at the local music hall the next night. Judge's parents were Irish, and his grandparents came from Tipperary, so he really had a sense of how long of a trip it was. It became popular among the soldiers serving in



Jack Judge, circa 1933

the armies fighting the First World War and is remembered as a song of that era.

Surprisingly the song was also sung with great bravado during World War II.

This modern postcard shows a bronze memorial erected in honor of Jack Judge. It stands in the courtyard of "The Grand" Theatre, in Stalybridge, Ireland.



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editor@sjpostcard.com

A TB Nostrum and a Long Walk that Proved Nothing

By Ray Hahn with considerable help from Megan H. Fraser

Among postcard collectors who specialize in social history, the genre of card you see here is known as a “walker.” “Walkers” are comparatively rare and frequently are real-photo cards. The image is usually of an individual, but sometimes a group, and the message tells the reason the walking was done and mentions the starting point and intended finish line. The case at hand is one that took place 99 years ago. This card heralds the efforts of four people who began their “walk” in April 1913, but an additional cast of characters includes a Los Angeles doctor, a President of the United States, and some of the many who want to believe everything they read in the newspapers.



and his excessive weight-loss. Then he tells how after only five months of treatment, using a product called *Tubercleclide*, he is re-gaining his lost weight and is once again able to breathe well enough to live a normal life. He ends with [I am] “a man amongst men once more.”

Six months later, on August 16, 1911, in the *Los Angeles Times* under a headline that read, “Proofs That Tubercleclide Cures Consumption,” Mr. Berger’s letter appeared in a display advertisement along with similar letters from Francis Marshall Elliot, Mary B. Harper, and Mrs. John Bassett.¹

For the next several months the news of Tubercleclide raged like the Santa Ana winds. All around the hospitals and TB sanitariums and generally throughout the medical community of southern California, words and phrases like, “amazing,” “miracle,” and “recommended by leading lung specialist of Europe” were used to convince TB patients that cures were available.

Concerning the idea of the cross-country walk, we can find no independent evidence of its conceptualization, but the postcard caption supplies us with the date, April 8, 1913, and the names of the participants: Carrie Van Gaasbeek, Mabel Clarkson Ackerman, N. A. Clarkson, J. T. Price and Al Berger.² Also from the photo we can identify Los Angeles City Hall as the starting point of the “tramp,” a location only one-half block from the bank building in which the Tubercleclide Company had its offices – at 116 Temple Street.

The only other evidence we have found in newspapers is a reprint of a telegram sent to the editor of the *Los Angeles Times* from El Paso, Texas, on June 14, 1913. In part it reads: “Three men, two women and three burros arrived here on the first leg of an ocean-to-ocean hike from Los Angeles to New York. The hikers ... who were cured in Los Angeles of tuberculosis are walking to New York to prove it. They hope to reach New York by Thanksgiving.”

And the rest of the story is ... after a stop in Washington, DC, where they visited President Woodrow Wilson at the White House to solicit his help in persuading the National Health Service to provide funds for anyone who could not afford treatment to receive the medication free-of-charge, the walkers arrived in New York City on December 31, 1913.

They had their photograph taken as you see to the right.³



★ ★ ★

Merriam-Webster Dictionary, New Edition, 2004, ISBN: 978-0-87779-930-6. Page 494.
nos •trum \ˈnās -trəm \ n : a questionable medicine or remedy.

★ ★ ★

From: KNUDSON, W., MD. Nostrums and Quackery, [A collection of articles on the nostrum evil and quackery, reprinted from The Journal of the American Medical Association, 2006.] Page 168. Prelinger Library, San Francisco, California.

TUBERCLECIDES is a consumption cure fake exploited by the Tubercleclide Company with headquarters at Los Angeles, California. The reputed discoverer of this remedy is one Charles F. Aycock, formerly of Oklahoma. Tubercleclide was brought to the attention of newspaper readers not only by display advertisements, but by means of advertisements in the form of news items. Its method of exploitation differs little from that of similar fakes. Two of the claims made for this nostrum were: the discovery of the age” and “Consumption can be cured by Tubercleclide.”

From the World Encyclopedia of Con Artists and Confidence Games

Charles Aycock, U.S., fraud, was a blatant quack who sold a bogus medicine called Tubercleclide which he claimed would provide a complete cure for tuberculosis. The medicine consisted of creosote carbonate and little else, yet he peddled endless quantities of this useless “cure-all” from 1918 to 1928 without legal restraint, even though there were dozens of court hearings about the drug and Aycock’s total lack of medical qualifications. Especially cruel was the fact that this wholly ineffective elixir was sold at considerable cost to tens of thousands. Physicians called to condemn the phony drug were so ambiguous in their evaluations that the courts found it impossible to condemn the drug or its promoter. Finally in 1928, a federal circuit court decreed that Tubercleclide was absolutely useless and that Aycock’s promotion and selling of this quack medicine was a fraud. Aycock was not prosecuted, however, he ceased his sale of Tubercleclide and retired on the vast riches it had brought him.

¹ Los Angeles Times. “Proofs That Tubercleclide Cures Consumption” August 16, 1911. Page I-6.

² Photo Postcard with the caption: TUBERCLECIDES ENDURANCE TRAMP “LOS ANGELES to NEW YORK”

³ Photograph. Available at the Library of Congress website (<http://www.loc.gov>).

Postcard Inspires Search for Family History in Small Ohio Town

By Lynn McKelvey

Occasionally, in this crazy postcard business, you meet the most interesting people and learn about their special collecting interests. Some of us even visit obscure places, all for history's sake. One day, about four years ago, I was sorting through a hand-span's worth of my postcards of small towns. They were the type of cards with glitter in a fancy hand-writing. Others had felt pennants with the name of the town on the pennant, and there were a few which had no state, but the name of the town was actually printed on it; no town view, just flowers, perhaps trying to re-kindle a homespun memory as the reason for being there. One of these obscure town names stood out clearly as it was the same name as a man that I knew from my office, so I took the card to the office one day and gave it to him. His eyes grew wide and he was very curious about it.

Little did I know that he had been doing some family research online, but had never really discovered any details



worth investigating.

Well, in recent years my coworker has had a renewed sense of the hunt. He made some contacts there, and in October, he went to visit the town which holds his historical origins.

The town was Sherrodsville, Ohio. My friend had a chance to research and travel there and became connected in a very special way to this little town. He learned about his ancestry and

made some new friends. ALL BECAUSE OF A POSTCARD.

This is the kind of story one could only dream about, but it shows that everything has a beginning, and again, almost everything can be found on postcards.

[Editors FYI: Sherrodsville is 52 miles south-east of Akron. In total, it is one-third of one square-mile. In 2000 the population was 316 people. If you use a magnifier you will discover that the horse and wagon are parked in front of a furniture store and undertakers.

The publisher was I & M Ottenheimer, Baltimore, MD.]



The Major Joseph McCullough, USAF (Ret.) Collection

By the end of this month or perhaps next, SJPC will finish the sale of Major McCullough's postcard collection. This collection first came to be when the Major was assigned duty on USAF missions on five continents. In later life Major McCullough gave up his wings and picked up chalk and eraser – he became a history teacher in Gloucester City High School where he taught his life-learned skills to his students. Everyone there called him Maj in honor of his Air Force rank. He didn't seem to mind. Throughout many of his 86 years, Joe McCullough collected postcards.

His collection first came to our attention in August 2011 when the Major's daughter, Pat, called to inquire if it were possible to sell the collection through SJPC.

It is always a special day when an endeavor such as selling a collection of nearly 2000 cards begins and the first sale is always the most memorable. That day was December 9, 2011.

The first sale was the card you see here. It was published on behalf of the Fort Monroe (Virginia) Coast Artillery Unit. It is a mint condition linen, featuring a fanciful rendering of the unit's mascot, the Oozlefinch. After first consulting with linen card specialist, Don Preziosi, who said the card was extremely

rare, and also confided that he had only seen the card once before and that was 35 years ago. Don suggested that a proper value would be about \$30 to \$35.

After a few emails to military collectors with deep pockets and within a very few minutes an offer was received for the card and it was sold for \$30.00.

When the Major's daughter learned of the sale she was pleased to have asked SJPC to sell her fathers postcards.

The sale continues at the next meeting when more military related cards will come up for auction, as well as collections from:

- Chicago
- South Dakota
- St. Louis, Missouri
- Washington, D.C.
- Utah Salt Flats
- Colorado
- Louisiana
- Williamsburg, Virginia
- Ohio
- Texas

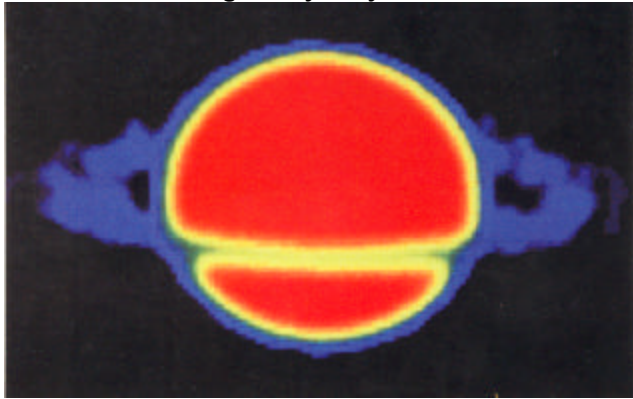
Long Island, New York, and Florida, but these are but a few of the items.

Approximately 1500 cards are to be sold and nearly 95% of the items are in mint or near mint condition. Seldom do such pristine cards come to auction. Here is your chance to win some beautiful new cards for your collection.

The sale of the McCullough collection is the largest sold by SJPC since that of Bill Kille in 2004.



Page 7 Mystery Card



This is likely the most difficult mystery card ever presented in *The McClintock Letter*. It would be impossible to explain the image without giving away the answer, but you can win the card along with a complete explanation if you are the first to contact your editor with the answer to the question, "What is the object in the pictured?"



Weather Warning Signals

In 1957 the United State Weather Bureau adopted a system of weather warnings intended to convey, by using flags and lanterns, the intensity of an approaching storm. The flags for daytime use and lanterns at night. The idea was to make it possible for mariners to judge for themselves the urgency of getting into port when faced with a severe storm. The system became effective on January 1, 1958.

The postcard below is nearly self-explanatory. It shows the four stages of storm warnings: i.e.,



- SMALL CRAFT WARNING indicated winds up to 38 mph.
- GALE WARNING forecasted winds up to 54 mph.
- WHOLE GALE WARNINGS indicated wind to 73 mph.
- HURRICAN WARNINGS indicated winds over 74 mph.

Generally speaking the system worked well until the use of naval and short-wave radio became commonplace. The mandate was discontinued by the Weather Bureau on February 15, 1989, but the Coast Guard continued to use the system until February 22, 2001.

The Strangest Collection I've Ever Heard About

By Donald T. Matter, Jr.

I had the amazing good fortune to be in Golden, Colorado during the weekend of the annual Denver Postcard Show: a Dede Horan, event.

As is frequently the case, the stranger, be they gentleman or lady, standing next to you at a postcard show becomes your new, albeit for only a few minutes, best friend. They will tell you things they wouldn't tell anyone else they know. Keep this thought, okay?

Now, let me ramble for just a second. I think there are very few people who really care what others collect, but they who ask you what you collect do so to prompt you into asking them the same question. They then have the chance to explain to a perfect stranger what they search for and then they glean some degree of elation in doing it. Explaining their quest lends credence to their collecting as if they were doing the work of the Almighty.

So it was the morning of January 21, 2012. I walked up to a dealer's table and stood next to a lady in her fifties. I asked the dealer for my usual topics.

Sadly, as is often the answer I get, the dealer replied that he had none.

As if it were her cue my "new best friend" said, "You should try collecting collective nouns."

Surely, you know there are many good reasons not to continue the tale of the ensuing conversation, but suffice it to say, I did ask her to show me some of the cards she had selected to buy and explain why. I did this with more than great trepidation for I truthfully had never, ever, seen a dealer with a "collective nouns" category.

She started by asking, "Have you ever heard of a pride of lions or a gaggle of geese?"

I answered with a smile and that's when it all began. She showed me cards that pictured crows, owls and giraffes. Then she regaled me with her passion for collective nouns. She held up the card of crows and announced this is a Murder of Crows. She called the owls a Parliament and with almost unmeasured delight she handed me the third card and said, "That is a Corps of Giraffes."



Yo, you corps of giraffes "a-ten-hut"

So my advice to all show-goers is if anyone asks what you collect, turn and run screaming to a place where there is no one who asks questions.

Future Contest Topics Include

April – Easter Bonnets

May – The most expensive card you bought at PoCax

June – Sets; completed collections displayed on a board

A Postcard Collection That Documents Nature's Mistakes

By Donald T. Matter, Jr.

I have enjoyed writing about some of the collectors I've met since my move to Arizona, but recently I met someone whose collection of postcards was somewhat disturbing. To tell the truth, I was nearly sickened by some of the cards I saw. The collector, who wants to be nameless, says the collection (nearly 300 cards) is basically of freaks and freak shows.

Most of the cards in a "freaks" collection show the unfortunates who are called, "Pinheads," but there are many more.

Pinheads

A microcephalic was often the main event in a freak show in North America and Europe during the 19th and early 20th century. It was in these shows that they were called pinheads, and unfortunately there were many synonyms, e.g., airhead, birdbrain, blockhead, bonehead, bubblehead, chowderhead, and more.

Famous freak museums similar to the Pickard in Scotland and others operated by men like P. T. Barnum and Robert Ripley caused the curious public to want more and more of those so afflicted to be exhibited. By the 1930s the demand for new "exhibits" was astonishing. The curious simply could not conceive of the humiliation and disgrace suffered by those on display.

Most of the pinheads were presented as they were, but others were likened to be a different species of mankind (e.g., "monkey men," "bearded ladies," and "woolmen") and one was described as missing link, and another as the last surviving Aztec. Famous examples are Kiko and Sulu (who were billed as brothers from Zanzibar) and Schlitzie the Pinhead, who was featured in the 1932 movie *Freaks*.

The Disease and Treatment

The online encyclopedia, Wikipedia, defines microcephaly as a growth "disorder in which the circumference of the head is more than two standard deviations smaller than average for a person's age and sex." Usually a microcephalic head is congenital or it may develop in the first few years of life often stemming from a wide variety of conditions that cause abnormal growth of the brain or from syndromes associated with chromosomal abnormalities.

Microcephaly can also be associated with other conditions that are only indirectly associated with the nervous system, such as: alcoholism (which can result in the fetal alcohol syndrome disability), diabetes, chickenpox, rubella, and even radiation poisoning.

In general, life expectancy for individuals with microcephaly is reduced and the prognosis for normal brain function is poor. The prognosis varies depending on the presence of associated abnormalities. Generally there is no specific treatment for microcephaly.

Pinheads in Poetry and Art

The exploitation of those with microcephaly was so prevalent in the early 20th century that it was totally acceptable for poets and artists to use pinheads in their work. In Robert Lowell's poem *The Banker's Daughter* some characters are portrayed as pinheads.

Another more blatant example is the painting, *Pip and Flip* by Reginald Marsh, of pinhead sisters Elvira and Jenny Lee Snow, supposedly from Peru, which today hangs in the Art Institute of Chicago as an example of the New York based Ashcan School of Art.

Pinheads in Literature

A recent search of a major library's online catalog confirms the curiosity about freaks of nature. More than 250 titles of fiction and non-fiction are now available. Most are classified under subject-headings such as *freaks*, *freaks of nature*, *side-show characters*, *circus performers*, and *carnival acts*.

The Story of Pip and Flip

Not from the Yucatan or Peru, but from Georgia, twin sisters Elvira and Jenny Lee were born circa 1910 to Robert and Lillie Snow of Hartwell, Georgia.



They "worked" as side show attractions at the World Circus Side Show at Coney Island, New York. The shows owner – a real scoundrel named Sam Wagner - paid their parents \$75 a week to keep them "working." They lived under lock and key for most of their lifetimes; not because they were dangerous but because they would disappear into the crowd at every chance they got. Pip was the most severely afflicted, having the mentality of a two year old; Flip functioned at the level of a six year old. One source of fairly reliable biographical information suggested that they would seldom eat regular meals unless they were given roasted peanuts for their performance.

Others with hair, skin, face and head Anomalies



Li Po Sui, circa 1939

Annie Jones, the bearded lady; Li Po Sui (left), a woolman from the Hebei province of China, and the Lucasy family of albinos were others with international reputations as freaks who suffered the ridicule of the public throughout their lifetimes.

Postcards

Souvenir postcards of freak shows, freak museums, and circuses were once common. One of the all-time favorites was this one of Violetta, the half-woman, circa 1925, who was exhibited at the Dreamland Circus Side Show at Coney Island, N.Y.



Violetta, the Half-Woman

Today most sideshow, freak show, and circus postcards sell in the range from \$20 to \$50. Real-photos are considerable more.