PROGRAM NOTES:  Heather David on Mid-Century by the Bay
The San Francisco Bay Area in the 1950s and 1960s was a magical place. From the modern ranch homes, schools and shopping centers of its post-war suburbs to its futuristic architecture and roadside attractions, this was a special region in which to live, work and play. Heather David will recall the era through “vintage” postcards, ephemera and her own photographs found in her book, MID-CENTURY BY THE BAY. It will be nostalgia for some, ancient history for others; please join us.

For Show & Tell bring finds from the Vintage Paper Fair.

PARKING: Car pool, take public transit or come early as parking can be difficult; park in pay lot within the Center gates ($10!), along Marina Green or in the upper free lot on Bay Street from which you can wander through the remarkable community garden and descend the grassy slope under the peaceful gaze of Bufano’s Madonna.

LAST MINUTE: THE MEXICAN REVOLUTION IN POSTCARDS, a slide show by Alejandro Murguia, Thursday, September 8, 6 pm; San Francisco Main Public Library, Lower Level.

COVER CARD

THE BLACK CAT!
—a name reekingly risqué and touched with intrigue. This was no backyard fence, but there was undoubtedly a good deal of caterwauling. The drawing is signed Hon(?) Sperry, 841 Phelan Bldg., and was published by Crowley & Cohn. —A rare and fabulous postcard from Glenn Koch’s collection.

[More details on p.14]
MINUTES, July 23, 2011

Hot and sunny turned to gray and cool as the bay drew near. Bursting through the Waldo tunnel we saw nothing but white. Where were the bridge, the bay, the city? It wasn’t until we cleared the toll plaza that the surroundings appeared. Fort Mason Center was the Twilight Zone—no cars… no people… no sounds. Stumbling into the library book sale coffee bar we found we were not the last people on earth.

Upstairs several tables were already covered with boxes of cards for sale or trade. Ed Herny had his intriguing stock set out, along with four boxes of superb signed artists and holiday cards from The Jan Banneck Collection. Most were priced well into the two and three digits—not giveaways, but still bargains as these cards would not be seen again except by kismet. Hy Mariampolski, on the other side of the room, had his boxes opened and cards displayed on the table—great stuff he had found in distant points on the globe. Sue Scott came in and quickly unloaded her boxes of fairies, children’s cards and other niceties; then Dave Parry with great cards that no longer fit his advanced collecting fields; Ken Prag stocked his table with an array of temptations and… and… a box of very nice twenty-five centers. Back on the other side was the club box, heavy with generous donations from Dan Saks, Ed Clausen, Lorelei Rockwell and several others whose names I have embarrassingly misplaced. [Thank you ALL for the $50+ that the ten-cent cards added to our treasury!]

We were called to order by President Ed Herny at one o’clock. Ed reminded us of the Vintage Paper Fair to be held in Golden Gate Park and the Sacramento Capitol Show, both coming up in August.

Show & Tell: Darlene Thorne showed a colorful article on collectors of patriotic collectibles that ran in the San Jose Mercury News and three other Peninsula town papers. The wonderful story ended with Darlene’s quote, “Collect from your heart.” She also showed a set of favorite cards from Bruce Diggelman’s collection—London Underground stations drawn by Tom Browne; then she told us that the local DAR had asked for another postcard program, on Hallowe’en. … Denise Hill brought a set of 1980s Kit Cat cards that she acquired through the website: www.kit-cat.com/products-page/kit-cat-post-cards. … Dan Saks showed four cards—with no info of any sort on them—which he found in a $1 boxful of RPs at the Mechanics Institute (textingly referred to as Mx Inst).

John Freeman talked about the recent Vernal Falls incident in which three visitors were swept over
the fall, then showed cards of Glacier Point and its Overhanging Rock and a warning sign to alert ignoramuses of imminent dangers. ... Omar Khan collects Indian postcards and showed one, but of a Native American—a linen with a humorous poem. ... Ed Herny, in his role as Archivist for the wistfully remembered Renaissance Faire, brought an oversize item from the RenFaire scrapbook, a postcard advertising *Dance Macabre* with Terpsichoreal skeletons jitterbugging to ward off the Black Death.

Business: As there was none, the meeting ended.

—NOTES BY LEW BAER

TREASURER’S REPORT
As of August 4, 2011: $3,516.86 —Ed Clause

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**EXCEPTIONAL CARDS: Seldom Seen, Rarely Offered**

The finest artist drawn cards that excite collectors today were once available on racks and in shops everywhere. They were not a dime a dozen, but they were affordable for most people. Postcards, like the passenger pigeon, were everywhere and in great numbers. Who could have dreamed that they would become a rarity or possibly disappear entirely.

Fortunately for us and generations of collectors, earlier postcard lovers did collect—or simply saved—the charming and beautiful artist drawn cards of the Golden Age and passed them on. Through accident, inattention or disinterest many cards were lost as they journeyed from then to now. What were “just penny postcards” have become treasured items in prized collections of century old artistry.

It was the passing-on that permits us to enjoy the thrills of collecting today. Over the years, countless accumulations of postcards were callously burned or lost in the trash by unknowing heirs to “just postcards.” Had there not been the loss of old time collections and trunks full of postcards, what treasures would be commonplace today?

We will never know all that was lost, but we do know what has survived due to collectors like Jan Banneck who passed her collection on to her son. And thanks to inheritors like Chuck, the cards were put back into the hobby where we all have the opportunity to add them to our collections.

The Jan Banneck Collection of Signed Artist and Holiday cards is being presented to the public by Ed Herny and Steve and Janet Schmale. See them at club meetings and at selected shows. —Ed.
Hy began with a confession, “I enjoy sets!” He recalled his first setsual experience as an eleven year old in the school stamp club eager to complete the 1938 Presidents set. Then, a stroke of luck when the teacher said she had something special for him and handed him the 16¢ black Lincoln that fulfilled his desires. Puny business over, Hy went on as the first images flashed on the screen...

“I collect New York City postcards [also a “confession” here on the Left Coast!] which include about 70 NYC artist-illustrated sets. Many people used to collect by sets, and that trend may be coming back.” So, who were the artists and illustrators and why are there so many sets of New York?

New York City at the turn of the twentieth century was the center of postcard publishing. The golden ages of cartooning, illustrating and advertising converged there and then, and postcards—also at their height—played an important role in all.

Advertising had its golden age between 1890 and 1910. There was a major shift of focus from the product to the purchaser. There was also a higher level of artistry in advertisements as great artists—Toulouse-Lautrec and Alfons Mucha, for example—became prominent through posters and other visual advertising. Through this shift, postcards became an important medium! They were a new form of advertising, as were posters, billboards, direct mail, premiums and prizes—and those prizes were often postcards. Artistic development led to the importance of advertising icons, e.g. Michelin’s Bibendum.

Through all this, postcards burgeoned and had two major boom periods. The first was 1903 to 1913 when they were still new and novel. The second boom, in the 1930s and 1940s, was in part a result of the GGIE and the NY World’s Fair—major expos on both coasts.

Postcard artists shared in the booms. Some worked, by contract or salary, for individual publishers. Others were freelancers, selling their work outright. Making sets—closely related or sequential images, published at the same time and often sold in packets—was a natural progression. New York City was a publishing center and a prominent venue for the scenes on the cards.

Florence Robinson was an early watercolor prodigy who first exhibited at age 17 and studied with Whistler. Her brilliant colors were seen on a Private Mailing Card set by Tuck in 1902-1903. It came in three different sizes!

Rachel Robinson Elmer, from Vermont, had married well, giving her the freedom to design postcards and work for the American Red Cross. She died in the flu epidemic of 1918, and is known for her idyllic view sets of New York and Chicago done in a mix of Impressionism and American Arts and Crafts styles.

Next, an unsigned set of night views of New York showed the growing importance of electric lighting.

A. Broun designed a set of Arts and Craft poster views in 1924.

Raphael Tuck, the world’s largest postcard publisher, was also the largest user of postcard illustrators. Tuck’s “Cosmopolitan New York” set pictured immigrant and streetlife views. Another set pictured historic views, such as 5 Points, the gangland battlefield.
The Hearst Newspapers sets of 1903-1904 were published in sheets of six that came with the newspaper. There were several sheets to collect and cut apart—inside glimpses into the lives of the upper and lower classes. They were one of the earliest and more effective uses of postcards as premiums.

Edward Penfield, “Father of the American Poster,” was a poster boy for the golden age of advertising art, well known for his work for Harper’s Weekly and the Kodak Company. Penfield’s best known postcards are the sets of unique views of New York (above, In the Head of the Statue of Liberty) he did for Hart, Shafner & Marx, the men’s outfitters. The cards were given as premiums in the stores and were mailed to lure shoppers, an early use of direct advertising.

Alfred Benjamin & Co. published postcard sets, also, but the men’s suits here were the focus, not views. Next, a set of college year cards had striking graphics, signed by an unknown KAA. Postcards were used to promote catalogs and billboard advertising. The O. J. Gude Company published a set showing how customers’ billboards would look in place, and we saw the Gold Dust Twins in Times Square.

Philip Boileau designs with elegant people were popular sets. Pretty girls were used to sell products contrasting innocence with active lifestyle. The Eclipse Bicycle and Motorcycle Co. put out a set of postcards in realistic style with famous people riding their bikes. Huyler’s Coffee and Chocolate Shops throughout NYC each had a postcard with a local landmark and exaggerated fruit. Bears—symbols of warmth, cleanliness and strength, and popularized by President Teddy Roosevelt—were seen, anthropomorphized, on two sets of New York cards perpetually sought by collectors.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. used a set of postcards to market and reinforce belief in its intangible product. AT&T and the American Thermos Company had sets that showed consumers how to use the phone and thermos bottles—both new to the public. Postcard sets built product loyalty by telling a story with Durkee Marine Goods.

Hamilton King was probably the best known illustrator of the times for his Coca-Cola girls and also for other sets such as the bathing beauties at East Coast resorts.

Leopoldo Metlicovitz was an important Italian illustrator. His opera series—including Madame Butterfly, for the American premier—promoted and popularized performances. Giano Viafore, an artist and friend of Puccini, designed a set with operatic stars.
Grace Drayton (Wiedersheim) created many postcard images used in sets, especially the Campbell Kids and Dolly Dingle paper dolls.

Leighton Budd illustrated a set of Hofbrau postcards.

Dwig—Clare Victor Dwiggins—was a major cartoonist and productive postcard artist with many sets, “Huckleberry Finn,” “Skooldaze” and New York landmarks among them. He lived and worked in the Adirondaks in the Dwigram and “telecommuted” by U.S. mail.

R. F. Outcault was another great illustrator and American cartoonist. He was adopted by Thomas Edison as his protégé and he was illustrator for Electricity magazine. The Yellow Kid was Outcault’s creation for Hearst newspapers. He was the source of the derogatory term “yellow journalism” used in the rivalry between Pulitzer and Hearst. Outcault’s “Buster Brown” set advertised Bloomingdale’s.

Etlinger’s “Drunk Building” set followed a theme popular with European illustrators.

We saw Art Deco on a set for Rockefeller Center by Elizabeth O’Neill Verner.

Leon Louis Dolice brought European art trends—ascan school and social realism—to American postcards. Here, one of his “Visions of New York.”

Walter Early drew Elsie the Cow, the Eskimo in Eskimo Pie and the Swan for Swan soap. We saw his Elsie set for Borden’s at the NY World’s Fair.

Bernhardt Wall drew many sets of cards at his studio in Greenwich Village.

Hy did not include all of the more than 70 sets of New York City illustrated postcards in his presentation. We saw enough, however, to be aware of the importance of the city and sets in the history of advertising, postcards and postcard collecting.

As a finale, Hy asked us to name our favorite sets we had seen... then he revealed his top five:


—NOTES BY LB
Frankly, This is the Wurst

Get out your Wiener Whistle and start tootin’ Happy Birthday, as this year the Wienermobile celebrates its 75th anniversary.

The October 2006 Newsletter celebrated the Wienermobile’s 70th anniversary, so this quinquennial adds its birthday right behind the Postcard Club’s annual Panama Pacific International Exposition meeting on the “must” list. What other event has the Club observed so regularly?

Oscar Mayer’s nephew, Karl, is credited with creating the first Wienermobile. His 13-foot-long motorized hot dog started cruising the streets of Chicago on July 18, 1936. There are currently six (or seven—the internet is conflicted on this) Wienermobiles touring the United States. The longest Wienermobile on the road today is 27 feet long and 11 feet tall. Wienermobile buffs can tell you the different chassis, drive trains, and slight variations in body styles for each vehicle.

The most recent full-sized Wienermobile was built in 2004 on a GMC truck chassis with Pontiac Firebird taillights and has a six liter V-8 engine under the bun. The newest Wienermobile was built in 2008 on a Mini Cooper chassis. Everything I know about Wienermobiles is from the Internet, which is where I will let it stay.

I saw the Wienermobile in person when I was around ten years old. Oscar Mayer was the sponsor of a local Los Angeles children’s television show and the show’s host, Engineer Bill, along with the Wienermobile and its star, Little Oscar, appeared at a nearby supermarket opening.

Little Oscar only rides in spirit on the Wienermobiles today. The character was discontinued when George Molchan, who had appeared as Little Oscar for 36 years, died in 2005 at age 82.

The current Wienermobiles are staffed by two “Hotdoggers,” hired from the 1,000 to 1,500 college seniors who apply for the job every year.

Each of the six (or seven) vehicles has an Oscar Mayer nickname, as do all the Hotdoggers. Two Hotdoggers I read about on line called themselves “Reese with Relish” and “Lucky Dog Lauren.”

And the puns don’t stop there. Here is a list of Wienermobile license plates used over the years: YUMMY, WNRMOBL, IWSHIWR, OH I WISH, WEENR[11], OURDOG, BOLOGNA, RELSHME, LIL LINK, BIG BUN, WNR MBLE.

Oscar Mayer operates a special website for the Wienermobile, www.hotdoggerblog.com, where the drivers report on their travels and which also shows where they will be appearing. Perhaps they still hand out Wiener Whistles. That’s where I got mine. And with any luck, I’ll be able to detail another personal encounter with the Wienermobile for the Newsletter’s 2016 remembrance.
Sapulpa was once the oil capitol of Oklahoma. It’s a real nice town with an alignment of Rte. 66 becoming Main street. I, of course, bought postcards there too. I found a stationery/office supply, “Gabe’s,” that had some reproduction cards of the area in its hey day. A frame shop had some freebie cards announcing the gathering of “wall dogs,” a bunch of itinerant sign painters traveling through the area who were to paint murals here and there.

We have lunch at The Rock Cafe in Stroud, Oklahoma. The Rock was built with stones unearthed during the building of Route 66. It started out as a service station, later a lunch counter was added. Eventually, the gas pumps and service area were done away with and it became a full time eatery. The place was put on the National Registry of Historic Places about eight years ago and burned after we left in ’08. A renovation was completed and it opened right in time for our arrival last year.

Dawn Welch, the owner since ’93, was picked out by the Pixar people to be portrayed by “Sally Carrera,” the hot blue sports car. Next door is the Stroud Area Veteran’s Memorial. I always tip my hat to the ones that helped give us freedom.

The town of Wellston has route 66A and route 66B, the only A & B split anywhere. Arcadia is just a small run down little town with many of the buildings abandoned. The Round Barn is right on the side of the road. It was a community effort to restore the thing. It’s an amazing example of master carpentry. It’s also a museum and gift shop.

We roll on down the road through more small towns until the metropolis of Oklahoma City appears. I try to visit at least one of the sights each year that I pass through there; there’s the Cowboy Hall of Fame (now known as the National Cowboy Western Heritage Museum), Oklahoma City National Memorial (Murrah Federal Building), and the Oklahoma Firearms Museum. The Murrah Federal Building site is quiet and eerie.

Exit #88 is where Lucille’s Road house is (or was). Lucille Harmon ran a cafe/store/gas station with upstairs living quarters right on the north side of the highway. The Hydro town proper is farther north about a quarter mile or so. The Hydro Market has put up with me every year asking for postcards. A few years ago, out of a clear blue sky I got a package in the mail from them with one of each of the postcards that they had made up.

Lucille’s gone (2000) and some Johnny-come-
lately came along and bought the place with plans to make it new and improved, but not much happened. We still stop there every year and salute Kirk Woodward, the founder of the Mother Road Rally in ‘95 (R.I.P. 2002) who has a plaque placed there in his honor donated by one of the Route 66 historical groups. There’s also a white cross attached on the fence that separates the little frontage road from Route 66. He died at age 66.

Down the road in Weatherford, where there’s an off ramp from the interstate, a moneyed dude strolled into town and built a Mega Lucille’s Road house. It looks like the little original Lucille’s on steroids. It’s loaded with T-shirts, postcards, hats, maps, books, chapstick, candy, soda, burgers, fries, milk shakes.... I had to get one of those orange Lucille’s Road House T-shirts, and I got the manager to make me a deal on postcards with the same logo.

Late in the afternoon we roll into Clinton and make the rounds to visit the Route 66 Museum there that’s the best in the country! There’s an old hotel and watering hole, too, that we visit before we head to the motel to hose ourselves off after a day of riding in the Oklahoma heat.

Tomorrow morning we’ll leave Clinton and head off to Sayre (where the Joad kid was jailed in the movie *The Grapes of Wrath*). From there we’ll head on to pay a visit to the Sandhills Curiosity Shop housed in the old City Meat Market, the oldest building in Erick, and be entertained by Harley and Annabelle Russell (The Mediocre Music Makers). The Pixar people created Towmater after Harley.

You can Google up that place (on the corner of Sheb Wooley and Roger Miller). There’s lots of You Tube videos available to click on.

Sandhills Curiosity Shop is the best place to spend your time on the Mother Road. (Everything is free there, but they accept tips.) There’s the Roger Miller Museum about a block away from the Meat Market, but it's only open Wednesday thru Sunday, and we’re there on Tuesday. I bet they’ve got postcards! I might give them a call tomorrow.
When I first rode into the little town of Erick, I thought it was just another small town that time forgot since the building of I-40. As we rode down that section of road—now named Roger Miller Blvd.—I could see all of the old buildings, most of them abandoned and boarded up. In the middle of the road was a couple dressed in striped overalls waving flags. One was the Stars and Stripes and the other was a Rt. 66 banner. It was Harley and Annabelle who were aware of our arrival ahead of time. We come into that town about mid-morning every second Saturday in June and have a standing date with them.

Harley grew up in Erick (like Roger Miller) and moved off to play guitar with music groups all across the land. After years on the road and dealing with the trappings of that lifestyle, he threw in the towel and moved back home to be near family and friends. In the old Meat Market building he started a music store that sold guitars, strings, harmonicas, sheet music, etc., but not many people came through those doors. One day a pretty young Annabelle wandered by in search of new strings for her guitar (she was out visiting family), and they teamed up to form a music/antique store.

Things remained pretty slow until one day a big yellow tour bus pulled up out front. The driver came in and took a look around and said that he was way ahead of schedule and had a bus load of tourists from Holland and asked if they could put on some kind of show for them to kill time. Thus came their success. That tour bus driver single-handedly became the early promoter of that little place. Soon all the tour bus operators in the land were pointing their buses towards Erick.

Today the place is a hodge podge of antiques, collectibles (lots of Route 66 memorabilia) and nothing is for sale! Everyone is given a soft drink, and in the hot summer, ice to go with it. All of the tables have bottles of booze that other tourists have dropped off, just in case you need to bolster your drink.

When the show’s over and we’re ready to head onto the next town, everybody wants to take a group picture. It’s a time consuming process as all try to figure out how it’s going to get done properly. People run back and forth out into the street and take their turn to get the shot. The second year that I did the trip, I thought of myself as experienced, so to set the pace, I set my camera out on the white painted line in the middle of the deserted street and tried to direct everyone else to do the same. As I was back at the front porch, a truck came down the street and was forced to cross over the line by the overflowing crowd of bikers. There’s a great bunch of photos of
me lying down in the middle of the street next to a smashed camera.

We’re on our way now to Texola, Texas where we all get our photos taken in front of the old jail. Shamrock, Texas is where the art deco building known as the U-Drop-Inn is located. After years of abandon, the city now owns the building and has restored it and turned it into a visitor’s center and gift shop.

The next town that we stop in is McLean. The Devil’s Rope Museum, dedicated to the history of barbed wire (or as they call it, bob whar). Every different design of bob wire ever made is on display there, along with many of the various machines that were used in its manufacture. Photos and old postcards show the local history.

**INTERESTING CARDS... FOUND IN THE CLUB 10¢ BOX!**

In Satellite City the Braniff space ship let visitors view the wonders of the Western Hemisphere at Freedomland USA. “The World’s Largest Entertainment Center” in The Bronx, NYC, 1960-64.

For Art Sommers’ album: “Rocket Honeymoon,” the Odd Fellows float in the 1958 Pasadena Rose Parade.

More wonders... on a postcard asking for a letter!

A classic 1950s LA motel where Perry Mason might have secreted a client. “Heated swimming pool, T.V. and Radio, near Hollywood Race Track.”

For more Route 66 fun take a look at Laurel Kane’s website: [www.postcardsfromtheroad.net/index.htm](http://www.postcardsfromtheroad.net/index.htm)
We mentioned Freecards, AKA Rackcards, last issue. John (J.W.van.Veen(at)inter.nl.net) must have been listening as he sent a message to the online Freecard list: “IS THE FREECARD HOBBY DEAD?”

In June I spent two weeks in Rome. A friend had told me of one location to find Promocards. After walking through the city I found over 40 new Italian Promocards, not so bad. I must admit I was lucky that the cards [were] changed during my visit.

In the Netherlands, where I live, we still have Boomerang freecards. The number of cards issued is indeed less than before. We do see a wide range of free postcards not specifically distributed by racks—in movie theaters, book shops, and other places.

The good news from the Netherlands is: we have two new publishers. Both have racks and a distribution network which is targeting a specific group.

ZTRDG is distributing cards in “good quality food stores” in favor of healthy eating. The cards are half postcards and half recipes. The name can be read as Zaterdag, the Dutch word for Saturday.

OFF THE RACK

FORECARDS is distributing cards on golf courses. I have found about 20 so far. Many more are known amongst freecard collectors, and I hope I can trade for the missing cards.

My freecard hobby is not dead. I am still collecting. I did receive collections from two friends that stopped: Jan Lagendijk (Delft, freecards around the world) and Jan J. de Vries of Amsterdam, author of THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF FREECARDS.

Even without new cards, I have enough to sort out for at least a year. My collection is over 50,000.

As I have moved to a new and bigger house, I finally can get my collection sorted out. If any of you have cards you do not want, please let me know.

John’s big news is that the Rackcard (Freecard, here) hobby is thriving, if not in the U.S. or U.K., and that Jan and Jan, two major leaders have dropped out. Here are a few local “Freecards,” some from businesses long gone—all part of the Rack Era and all eminently collectible.

—Ed.
POSTCARD CALENDAR

Aug 27-28, Sat-Sun, SACRAMENTO, California’s Capital Show, 6151 H Street, 10am to 5 and 4pm It’ll be hot outside, but we’ll be cool in the marble halled Masonic Temple.

Aug 28, Sun, HEALDSBURG, out door antique show in the town plaza, 8-4*

Sept 11, Sun, SANTA CRUZ-Scotts Valley, Central Coast Show, Scotts Valley Hilton, 6001 Madrona Drive, Mt. Hermon exit off Hwy 17, 10am-5pm* The autumn one-day event IN A NEW VENUE; it is always fun! Clubsters enter free!*  

Sept 24-25, Sat-Sun, GLENDALE, Vintage Paper Fair, Glendale Civic Auditorium, 1401 N. Verdugo Rd., 10am to 6 and 4pm. Free entry! Free parking!!+

Oct 15, Sat., WALNUT CREEK., Railroad, Mining & Western Show, 1475 Creekside Dr., 9am-4pm*

Oct 22-23, Sat-Sun, PORTLAND OR, Greater Portland Postcard & Paper Collectibles Show, 10000 NE 33rd Dr., Portland, OR, 10am to 6 and 4pm+  

Nov 4-6, (also Dec 30-Jan 1 and Feb 10-12) Fri-Sun, SAN MATEO, Hillsborough Antique Show, Expo Fairgrounds; 11am to 8, 7 and 5pm*

Nov 5-6, Sat-Sun, ESCONDIDO, San Diego County Show, 340 North Escondido Blvd., from 10am+

Nov 19-20, Sat-Sun, CONCORD, Vintage Paper Fair, 5298 Clayton Road; 10am to 6 and 4pm*+

Bolded entries are produced by club members.

* Ken Prag will be there; let him know what to bring for you; 415 586-9386, kprag(at)planetaria.net
+ R&N will have cards and supplies.

signed himself “Hon” (?) Sperry, but checking the online city directory, Hon (or How) turns out to be William Alexander Sperry, Jr., born 1890 in SF; graduated UCB 1912 where he was a cartoonist for The Pelican, the campus lampoon paper. He and his wife Lucy, lived at 1101 Pine Street and by 1920 were in San Anselmo. He worked as an artist for a daily paper and possibly benefitted from his father’s wire business that must have surged during the post-1906 rebuilding. John F. Crowley and Herman Cohn, who published the card in 1913, ran a liquor store in the Olympic Hotel building at 136 Mason—indepth details courtesy of Frank Sternad. Extrapolating from baer facts, I would guess that young Sperry—after graduating from Cal—hung out at the Black Cat, around the corner from his office in the just rebuilt Phelan Bldg. After a few drinks one afternoon, he doodled a drawing of the nightery and gave it to the head waiter who showed it to Cohn or Crowley at their store around the other corner. For a lark they had postcards made of it as a gift for their good customer, The Black Cat. Does that seem probable?

FROM JUDITH PERKINS a few months after her return to England: “I did look at the newsletter [online] and loved how the postcards change. I have not really got into the postcard world here because there is no club in Bath. On the Internet I saw a couple in Bristol but have not followed it up yet. I have joined a bowls club here and have been involved in a lot of matches and they go all over the place to play. I still prefer SFBC, it is a very nice friendly club. I am coming over in September to stay at a friend’s house and look after their pooch. If a meeting is on during that time, I will look in.”

FROM PER SCHULZE (per(at)schulze.no): “On page 15 last month, you show a photo that was taken by Ruth Stotter in Bergen. Now that’s my neighborhood! I realize that many SFBAPCC members travel a lot, either on business or for pleasure. Should anyone be planning to travel to Norway, please remind them that the club actually has a member living there, who would be extremely delighted to organize a guided postcard tour, including meeting dealers and fellow collectors. Should travel plans be limited to the neighboring countries of Sweden, Denmark or Finland, and not include Norway, I would be happy to send a list of postcard related places to visit. Please relay an open invitation on my behalf to anyone in the club who may be interested.” [Last month Per was spotted racking in Sweden. ▼]

LEAVE NO STEIN UNTURNED: I discovered an overlooked page of my notes from our visit to SFMOMA and the reassembling of the Stein Family collection: Several real photos made by Gertrude Stein in 1930-1933 were displayed in a small showcase. Another postcard with a sketch of the Matisse Family was sent to Michel Stein, 3663 Clay Street in San Francisco (only two blocks from E.H. Mitchell’s residence). The card was signed by the artist.

MORE MAIL From Audrey Ercolini: “You mentioned the ‘Wish you were here’ phrase. How about ‘I wish I were there’? I love sets and would really like to hear the July program. I remember Janet saying one time that she ‘didn’t have a set mentality.’ I have loved sets ever since I found out postcards came in sets. I rarely buy or even look at cards any more, but if I had a chance to complete a set, I probably would. I’ve gotten involved in other activities, and there is no one to share my postcard enthusiasm with. I just wanted you to know how much the blurb about the meeting made me want to be there. At least I can read about it in the newsletter in August.” … From Laura Ackley: “I was sorry to miss Carol’s presentation, but my injured foot is still a real problem. However,
The “rules” are to write a poem each day on a postcard on July 27 and the entire month of August. Send it to the next person on the list found online. If everyone plays fair, you’ll have 31 new poems of your own, 31 poem-postcards in your mailbox and 31 new poet friends. Those who do do this are asked to copy at least one to the newsletter.

NEW BOOK IN TOWN: Art Sommers’ Arcadia book on DONNER SUMMIT was just released. “The images turned out really well,” sez Art. “I have a whole chapter on photographer T. C. Wohlbruck.” See for yourself!

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB, during its annual encampment on the Russian River, puts on an entertainment for the community. This year, the 100th celebration was a sell out. Could the Large Letter theme have been responsible?

CRISTA JEREMIASON, THE PRESS DEMOCRAT

SET-ING PRETTY: Hy Mariampolski’s program last month had its effect on some of us: Hy’s talk was so titillating, that it sent me on a search for more sets. I’m bidding on two Sally Rand postcards from the Ggie on eBay right now. Twenty years ago, a dealer offered me all ten for $100, WITH a printed envelope. Not knowing their worth, I was incensed, and walked away without replying. Think of it! All ten cards for $10 apiece! Dumb me! Hardly dumb, dear Clubster, just naive—like me. Edouard Pécourt showed me an inexpensive set of French cards for the opera version of THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, La Esmerelda. Only two had the stately white goat on them. I paid for the set and gave back the goatless cards. “But, it is a set!” spake Edouard.... Dumb me! —Lew

POETS: TO YOUR PENS! Carol Brockfield is afraid we might not have enough to do, so she sent the link to a postcardXpoetry cross: www.concretewolf.com
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