Greetings, Fellow Deltoids,

I am happy to report that I have secured our meeting spaces at Fort Mason for the first six months of 2018. There was some horse trading involved, we move from room to room and I agreed to a later starting time in February and March, but we won’t be shuffling around the City looking for a place to gather while the Fort is redecorated.

For February and March, we will meet in Room C235, that’s the first room on the left as you enter the hallway. C235 is a bit smaller than C205 or C210 (Noted capacity of 45 vs. 50) but it’s better than the small room across the hall. I know the PPIE program is popular and the meeting may be crowded, but we can adapt. Also for February and March, we don’t have the room until 12:00, (12 to 4 instead of 11 to 3). Those two months will be a throwback to the days when we met at the picnic tables in front of Bldg. C, shared cards and kibitzed, until the previous group exited ‘our’ room. Not ideal, but we’ll make it work.

January 27th – 11:00 to 3:00 – Room C210
February 24th –12:00 to 4:00 – Room C235
March 24th –12:00 to 4:00 – Room C235
April 21st –11:00 to 3:00 – Room C205
May 26th –11:00 to 3:00 – Room C205
June 23rd –11:00 to 3:00 – Room C210

Note the date change for April; everyone will be able to attend both our meeting and Hal’s Show the following weekend.

I trust this meets with everyone’s approval. As noted above, there was a lot of give and take in securing these rooms, but it eliminates trying to find another venue. At least for the first half of the year.

—Ed Clausen, Treasurer /Hall Manager

Fellow Clubsters,

Here I am, coming out of “retirement” after only one month. This is not my plan. My plan is for someone to step forward and take over the editing—the assembling—of the club newsletter. I am hoping that this basic issue will show that person how a bit of time and effort will bring news and pleasure to so many postcarders.

Over the past few weeks, several of us have sent in articles for this first simplified issue. Thank you! I am confident there will be many more submissions over the coming months, and my old in box is still overflowing with unused postcards and their stories. All we need for the next issue is someone to say, “I’ll put it together!” [By “I,” I do not mean “moi.”]

As you will note, we have an addition to the list of club officers. Mike Jacobsen has taken on the role of Club Registrar along with the responsibility for maintaining the membership, email, and mailing lists. (Bravo, Mike!)

We are moving towards being more and more online. As we do that, Kathryn, our very proactive Veep, will be stamping and mailing meeting postcards. Let the year roll on!

—Lew Baer, Ed. (Ret.)

---

**CLUB OFFICERS**

**President:**
Ed Herny, (415) 725-4674 &nbsp;<br>edphemra(at)pacbell.net

**Vice President:**
Kathryn Ayres, 415-583-9916 &nbsp;<br>piscopunch(at)hotmail.com

**Treasurer/Hall Manager:**
Ed Clausen, 510 339-9116 &nbsp;<br>eaclausen(at)comcast.net

**Registrar:**
Mike Jacobsen, 415 333-9699 &nbsp;<br>MikesMuseum(at)yahoo.com

**Editor (Ret.):**
Lew Baer, 707 479-9437 &nbsp;<br>editor(at)postcard.org

**Recording Secretary:**
Nancy Redden, 510 351-4121 &nbsp;<br>alonestar(at)comcast.net

**Webmaster:**
Jack Daley: daley(at)postcard.org
From DAVE PARISH...

A neatly typed paean to life in Arizona came from Dave in Scottsdale:

Arizona is known for its natural attractions. Our climate, stunning beauty mixed with relatively low cost of living and the openness to new ideas have long been magnets for growth. What we enjoy today is because early settlers and past leaders made good decisions and capitalized on what nature provided us. The result is our current quality of life for which we have few rivals. You won't lose on betting on that to continue.

Pleasant weather is one of the prime reasons people move to the 38th state. Wherever you are, it’s only a short drive to a change of scenery. Variations in altitude and terrain account for some of the most diverse weather patterns in the nation. You can drive just a few hours and find completely different geography along with interesting sights and entertaining venues.

Surrounded by sun and succulents one moment, immersed in pine trees and snow, a short drive later. That's Arizona. A long standing joke is the reason people are drawn to the greater Phoenix area is because they can't spell Albuquerque.

[Editor's Notes: Janet and I were drawn to Arizona as that was the most exotic place we had time and money enough to honeymoon in. It was in the desert, so we knew it would be hot, and we packed a suitable wardrobe. We did not stop to think that heat may not be on the forecast for late December. We stayed at the hotel shown here. It was miles away from Phoenix and surrounded by open desert. The woman who straightened our room each day took mercy on the Crazy Californians and brought us warm clothes from her family's closets. While there I rode a horse named Widowmaker, and Janet, shuddering, bent down to touch a cactus and found her wrist pinned to her ankle.]

[Ed's Notes, part II This was a sweet offering from Dave, and having the card, I wanted to share it. Your comments, thoughts, and reflections will be treated similarly especially if they are sent as emailed documents with postcard scans included. With your participation, we will all have a lot of fun in 2018. Thanks, in advance, to all of us for renewing and for writing. —LEW]
From DAN SAKS...

Imagine my surprise when today, in the Friends of the Los Gatos Library used book store, I saw “San Francisco Bay Area Post Card Club” on the spine of a book. It was, “Facing Disaster,” and while I’ve been more open to surviving earthquakes than buying postcards of them, I thought I’d better bring it back “home.” But, and here’s the suspicious part, the first two pages had been removed. No doubt that’s where someone had inscribed a note to the recipient. So who gave away their copy? Step forward and get your knuckles rapped.

Here are a few acquisitions at the San Diego show. The first is Rathaus Schöneberg (the neighborhood’s city hall) showing JFK giving his “Ich bin ein Berliner” speech in 1963. I stayed in that area in 2006 and ate at the Rathaus’ cafeteria, enjoying Koenigsberger Klopse, which is a giant meatball.

Then there’s this “about as good as it could ever look” view of Lankershim Blvd. in North Hollywood. I paid a lot for it (over $10, whew!) since the seller had lived in Lancaster and knew it was a scarce view. Scarce? Hah! There were probably lots of them for sale at a nickel each in the Thrifty Drug Store right there in the picture. But we did both reminisce of being able to drive in the 1970’s on the then empty Highway 14 between Lancaster and the Valley at 100 MPH. So what’s a few extra bucks to a fellow traffic scofflaw?

The next one is a Jewish Temple whose architect must have been thinking of a giant kitchen trash can – step on the entrance portico and the building’s roof flips open.
Looking BACK
by Jim Caddick

Used as inducements to purchase postcards from a particular publisher, sample cards took on several forms.

The most basic is what I call the “cold call” card, the first card shown. It carefully lists the full sliding scale of prices, depending on quantity, as well as setting forth the terms of sale plus an inducement for prompt payment. In addition, there is a subtle ploy to confirm the advertiser’s ability to produce the goods: the Weaverville, California image from the Iowa printer demonstrates not only the quality of the work (which is the first task of any sample card) but also that Luke Doolittle is not a local yokel but presumably has an interstate customer base.

The second card from Rieder, Cardinell Co. of Oakland is a more refined form of a cold call card. It serves as a business card introducing Mr. Eichwald, whose name might not be familiar to the person addressed, but the company’s probably is.
The Rotograph card, number three, falls between the other two, being a general introduction to the company, in case you didn’t know about it already.

Unlike those above, the Mitchell card is not one for general distribution, but is aimed at the troupe of salesmen who will show it to prospective customers.

Once the first batch of cards has been ordered, the supplier’s task is to get re-orders. This seems to be the function of the Patterson card; presumably it was placed at the bottom of the stack in a display so that it would appear as a flag reminding the buyer to order more of the card with that precise stock number.

**End of the Trail?** – No, Kazakhstan cowboy

---

Here’s a charming prayer, not often published, which anyone who loves old postcards will understand.

**The Postcard Hobby Prayer**
by John H. McClintock

Postcard collecting is my hobby,
I shall not be bored.
It maketh me do research on far-away places,
It causeth me to correspond with strange people,
It keepeth me alert.

It leedeth me into new areas of knowledge
for curiosity’s sake.
Yea, though I am house bound by miserable weather,
I will fear no boredom, for my cards are with me.
Their beauty and their history enchant me.

They show me a pleasant escape
from the tions of everyday life.
They fill my shelves with shoeboxes.
My checking account runneth lower.

Surely, their beauty and information
shall surround me all the days of my life,
and I will be listed in the ranks of postcarders forever.
New Year’s Postcard from 1909 Unlocks Decades of Bernal Family History
by VICKY WALKER

From the fabulous Bernal Heights History Project and https://bernalwood.com

In the fall, while working at the Vintage Paper Fair in Golden Gate Park, I took a break to rummage through Eric Larson’s 25-cent boxes. I always read the backs of the cards to look for San Francisco addresses, so I was delighted to find a Bernal-related card.

The image on the front was a New Year’s greeting from 1909, but the address on the back revealed that it had been sent to Mrs. M. J. Hills at 15 Patton Street in Bernal Heights.

And whose family played an important role in the history of San Francisco. Mercy’s husband, Charles E. Hills Sr. (1854-1947), was one of the four Hills boys who started a grocery store in San Francisco in the 1870s that eventually developed into the world-famous Hills Brothers Coffee.

Family lore has it that Charles bailed out his investment of $500 in the coffee company as he needed the money for family purposes, and he thought the business would go nowhere.

The Hills house at 15 Patton was built around 1892, according to water records.

The first owner was George D. Mayle, who ran a couple of coffee parlors in the city. Charles Hills, who later worked as a ship’s carpenter, and Mercy bought the single-story house in 1899 and that’s where they raised their children Fannie, Helen, Jennie, Charles, and George (1890-1967).

Through my friendship with John Hills, one of George’s sons and an SFBAPCC member, John kindly shared some family photographs.

On the left is Mercy, the recipient of the postcard, in a photo taken in the 1890s:

As it turns out, “Mrs. M. J. Hills” was Mercy Jane Watts Hills (1854-1918), the paternal grandmother of John Hills, with whom I have been corresponding for a few years about Bernal, and her family played a significant role in the history of San Francisco.

George’s father George Hills married Ellen I. Jones in November 1913; around that time he and his father added a second floor to the house on Patton Street, creating a flat at 15a for George’s new family.

George and Ellen had three sons. George Jr. was born in 1918, Jim was born in 1921, and John was born in 1922. The Hillses always referred to the street as Patton Alley.

John adds, “A point of interest and somewhat ironical: my father, George W. Hills Sr., not in a direct line of the three sibling coffee founders who ac-
cumulated truly great wealth from the bean, actually became an employee of Hills Bros for fifty years, from the age of 20 through 70 (1910-1960 approximately).

“He worked primarily as a boxmaker and ultimately, as he became older, in a semi-retirement job as yard superintendent, checking cars and trucks in and out and generally providing some security for the parking/dispatch yard.”

John Hill’s parents, George (seen in the 1920s in the backyard of 15 Patton, wearing his leather work apron) and Ellen (photo taken in 1915).

George Hills, with a Hills Brothers delivery truck he drove in the 1930s.

John recalls an outhouse in the backyard – there was no indoor toilet for a time at least.

The Hills family moved away from 15 Patton in 1931, probably around the same time the Board of Supervisors ordered a public auction of the buildings at 5-15 Patton, 161-177 Highland, and 102-180 Appleton so the land could be used for “school purposes.” The city-owned land was instead used to build the Holly Courts public housing project, which was completed in 1940.

John thinks the house was moved round the corner to Highland Avenue, but it may have been demolished in the years since. (If anyone wants to help solve this Bernal mystery, we’d love to know for sure where 15 Patton ended up.)

I don’t know how I magically ended up with this post card, but I sent it on to John — after all, it’s technically a family heirloom. We both wonder where it’s been for the last 108 years.

Slightly adapted
All photos courtesy of John Hills
See the original story at https://bernalwood.com/2018/01/03/new-years-postcard-from-1909-unlocks-decades-of-bernal-family-history/
ALBUM WORTHY

SCHOLASTIC CLIFF HOUSE; DAVE PARISH

THE CITY I GREW UP IN; LB

RARELY SEEN PRE-PPIE; DP

IS THIS THE FIRST *$ POSTCARD (2017)?

GO-TOGETHERS; TOMMY SUTROV

CYANO FILLMORE ST., 1904; DENNIS O’RORKE

BEWARE OF GRIFFINS IN SUTRO’S GARDEN; DO
POSTCARDS IN THE NEWS
Gleaned by Nancy Tucker

1907 Albuquerque Citizen

1907 Cimarron News and Press

1907 Deming Headlight

1907 Roswell Daily Record

1908 Roswell Daily Record

1908 The Spanish American

1907 Albuquerque Citizen

The Real Thing.

He—Why do you consider Miss Travers strong-minded?

She—Well, she traveled across the continent three times without mailing a single souvenir post card.—Chicago Daily News.

An escaped sanitarium patient has been recaptured through sending back picture post cards. It’s not odd that sending picture post cards aroused suspicion that he was demented.
San Francisco Bay Area Post Card Club
320 B Monterey Blvd.
San Francisco CA  94131-4131

Membership current through year on address label.