

LA POSTA: A JOURNAL OF AMERICAN POSTAL HISTORY

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COVER: Our cover reproduces a collage formed from envelopes, postal cards, picture post cards and a Christmas card mailed by a young South Dakota soldier to his sweetheart while he was experiencing military training at various Army camps around the U.S. in 1942. It is intended to call attention to Matthew Reitzel's presentation of this extensive correspondence. The correspondence was recently donated to the South Dakota State Archives in Pierre.

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Tappy Tolioby

Cath & Bill send their best wishes to all of our readers for a Merry Christmas and a very Happy 2006.

> We pledge to continue to bring you the very best in American postal history articles, and we look forward to hearing your ideas, comments and suggestions to make La Posta an even more useful reference journal.

Photos by Cath: (top left) a galah takes a turn at the tea tree feeder; (bottom right) the newest member of our "garden mob", a young joey stands very near mum as she munches rabbit pellets on the rocks.

Publisher's Page

Postal History and La Posta

La Posta has long billed itself as "A Journal of American Postal History". A widely accepted definition of postal history is that it is "the study of material that shows the use of postage stamps, handstamped, manuscript and machine markings that trace pieces of mail through...postal systems.1" FIP regulations state that a postal history exhibit will consist of "documents or postal items, which have been carried by a postal service...", and that such exhibits "will show either routes, rates and markings and/or the classification and study of postal markings on covers or stamps...²"

A quick glance at our masthead page reveals that we tend to apply a far broader defition of postal history when it comes to selecting articles for publication. We truly enjoy publishing a solid postal history article such as Rich Martorelli's fine piece on "Prexies at War" in the last issue, but we also see the value of exploring in depth the social, political, historical and geographical milieu from which our beloved postal history artifacts emerged. We hope that you share our viewpoint, and we welcome your ideas and opinions.

¹Linn's World Stamp Almanac, Fifth Edition, page 553, 1989.

It is our privilege to present a very diverse selection of articles in this issue. Matthew Reitzel leads off with a remarkable distillation of a series of letters written by a young soldier from South Dakota during his training at various military bases in the U.S. in World War II. Dan Meschter continues his ground-breaking series of US Postmasters General with Montgomery Blair. Michael Dattolico examines a letter to a "goat". Rich Martorelli explores Zeppelin covers. Bob Schultz has been reading other people's mail again and found a delightful item for Kansas (City) in 1849. Paul Petosky tells us about the postal icon of southern Oregon—the Rogue River Mail Boat. Tom Clarke traces the role of Stephen Girard in the social history of Philadelphia. Dennis Pack leads us on a expedition seeking out the post offices and branches of Utah's Glen Canyon. Robert Rennick is back with a new article examining the post offices of Jackson County, Kentucky, and finally we wrap up with a couple more pages from the remarkable collection of Washington State postal history assembled by Lane Woodard. We hope you enjoy the read.

Rihard W. Hilbul

In Memory of Gale J. Raymond

Longtime subscriber Gale J. Raymond, died on September 8, 2005 at the age of 81 in Texas.

Gale was born September 4, 1924 in Tulsa, Oklahoma. He served in the United States Air Force in World War II and was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for saving the crew of a B-24 Liberator after a 2,000 pound bomb failed to release properly. He also received the Purple Heart. Later he served his country as a navigator, intelligence officer, and special investigator.

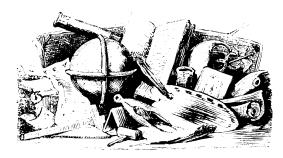
He was a 1949 graduate of the University of Missouri and received two honorary doctorates in theology. He retired from the USAF with disability during the Korean conflict. Gale was knighted in Cambodia in 1958 with the Chevalier de Ordre Royal du Sahametrei. He was a scuba diving enthusiast and a member of the International Underwater Explorers Society of the Bahamas.

His collecting interests began at the age of 14 and one of his early finds was a group of letters, covers, and stamps that he discovered in a Civil War military field desk. One of his special loves was seeking mail from "islands"—the tinier and the more remote, the better.

Gale Raymond was a former accredited APS philatelic judge, and a past president of the British Caribbean Philatelic Study Group, a fellow of the Royal Philatelic Society London, and a member of l'Union Marcophile (French Postal History Society). He was a prolific postal history collector and writer. The American Philatelic Research Library article index lists over 100 contributions of his to a wide variety of journals. Subjects included Cambodia, Pitcairn Island, Oleana Base, Bahamas, British Honduras, Anguilla, Arctic mails, Belize and many, many others. He was also author or co-author of three books on the Bahamas and Grenada.

Gale is survived by his wife of 58 years Naoma, daughters Susan Rodgers and Janet Johnson, numerous grandchildren, and his brother Cloyd. He will be sorely missed by all his friends in philately. Donations in his memory should be directed to a hurricane victims fund.

Alan Warren



POSTAL HISTORIANS ON LINE

The following individuals have expressed an interest in corresponding with other collectors via email. Names are followed by specific interest (where known) and complete e-mail address. If you would like to join this list in future issues of *La Posta*, send us a note via e-mail at *helbock@la-posta.com*

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Concluded page 31

Dearest Mary,....Yours, Steve:

A South Dakota Soldier's Experiences in World War II

Edited By Matthew T. Reitzel

Army Training in the United States

Steve A. Cihak sent 552 letters to his sweetheart Mary I. Paul from September 9, 1942 to November 11, 1945. The World War II correspondence covers Steve's eight months in basic training, three months in North Africa, and two years and one month in Italy. The correspondence includes hand written letters, typewritten letters, v-mail and air mail, postcards, and Western Union Telegrams.

The South Dakota State Historical Society received Steve's letters on February 8, 2005. Steve's niece, Susan Paul of Tyndall, South Dakota, donated the letters to the State Archives, located in the Cultural Heritage Center in Pierre, South Dakota. All 552 letters, including envelopes, were stored in a 15"x 10"x 7" wooden

box which Steve made and mailed to Mary during the war. The letters are historically significant because they make up an entire dialogue of one soldier's experiences from the beginning to the end of World War II.

Steve's letters show the day-to-day activities of a World War II soldier. Furthermore, there appears to be no difference between Georgetown
Ft. Ethan Allen
Tripp
NYC

Ft. Robinson

Steve A. Cihak saw quite a bit of the United States in his eight months of Army training. In his travels he criss-crossed the nation not once, but twice.

Steve the civilian and Steve the soldier. He went to town, saw movies, drank beer, went to church, played with local kids, had dentist appointments, and joked around with his campmates and coworkers. Activities we all experience; the only difference being Steve was miles away from his home and family back in South Dakota.

In addition, within the letters are accounts of the people, places, and events relating to Steve's home—South Dakota. Steve's responses give insight into Mary's writings, offering the reader a general description of the home front. As the prototypical South Dakotan, Steve

talks about the weather and crops, both where he was stationed and back home. Other topics covered are local marriages, deaths (both military and otherwise), and other activities of Steve's family.

There are 61 letters in this article comprising Steve's eight months of basic training in the United States. The locations include: Fort Leavenworth in Kansas, Camp Robinson in Arkansas, Fort Ethan Allen near Burlington, Vermont, a camp in Georgetown, Washington, Fort Lewis in Washington, and three letters postmarked form New York—Steve's final stateside visit before shipping off overseas. This article incorporates the correspondence as one long letter by Steve to Mary from each of the six basic training locations. Each paragraph represents a different letter which is end noted with the letter date.

These letters, written to a loved one, reveal the story of a soldier. They were not written with the intention of being read by a larger audience. The correspondence is of immense importance in highlighting, not the heroic or the patriotic, but the common everyday occurrences of one man's life during war. A diary, so to speak, of how soldiers acted, thought, and made their way through a situation

that for many, could have been better or could have been worse.

Fort Leavenworth, Kansas

Steve left Tripp, South Dakota by train on September 8, 1942 bound for Fort Leavenworth, KS. The correspondence from Fort Leavenworth is brief, only two letters. Mary however, is introduced to the activities of a newly arrived soldier at camp.

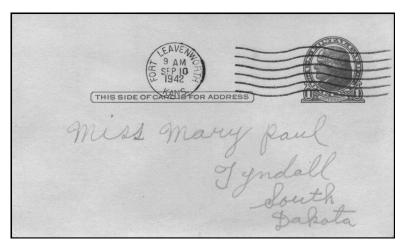


Figure 1 Steve mailed this postal card to Mary not long after his train arrived from Tripp. It would be the first piece of a correspondence that traced his experiences in war on three continents.

Dearest Mary,

Here we are getting our first degree, how many more before we get settled we don't know. Mary, I hope you are okay? As I am... our names are going to be called, so will close with love.1 To start this letter on Sunday noon, I'll just say I miss you. Was in church today, wish I was with you to Tabor church again. Well wishing won't do any good....Well we did a lot of things already, even had K.P. yesterday, boy! I'm telling you 16 hrs is a long time, but I'm still alive, still hoping I'll see you soon.... do not have so much to write as we don't go anywhere except K.P. or detail work. We are supposed to be shipped out of here tonight. I hope we do, I think we will be better off when we have our own barracks.....You will hear from me soon as we are leaving 4:00 this evening, where? - We don't know. I talk to your picture every day, do you hear me? Pray for us.

Yours, Steve²

Camp Robinson, Arkansas

Twelve letters arrived for Mary from Camp Robinson, located about seven miles from Little Rock, Arkansas. Steve's indoctrination into the military life emerges during his two months at Camp Robinson. Mary learned about K.P., the P.X., drilling, hiking, the firing range, digging spider holes, receiving vaccinations, the ambulance corp., and when Steve talked with the Major of the camp. Steve also informed Mary about visiting Little Rock, a local dance hall, his time in church, bunking with his fellow South Dakota soldiers, and receiving the Tyndall, SD newspaper. Other activities discussed concern events in South Dakota. Although removed from his state, you can see in Steve's letters that he is kept aware of what is happening back home in South Dakota.

Dearest Mary,

We are in the army now, out her in the Arkansas Ozarks, where the hillbillies live, it looks like a pretty fair country, but not like northeast of Tyndall, that's a real country.... I'm bunking with 3 Tripp fellows and 2 Vermillion fellows. So I think I'm pretty lucky....We are going to stay here 6 weeks, then we move again....Please write me all the news around there, and a lot about yourself, I wouldn't like anything better then to hear about you, besides seeing you.³

Am writing this letter to you, now after the lights went out, so I walked over here to the latrine, if you know what it means or what it is. The lights go out at 15 minutes to 10 at night. But the lights in the latrine burn all night. So that helps, It's a heck of a place to write a letter to a good and beautiful girl like you.....today I was on K.P. we all get K.P. about every 2 weeks here and there, so

don't think I did something wrong (ha)....We are doing a lot of drilling, walking, handling a rifle, and a nice looking rifle, haven't shot it yet but I have an idea when I do, it will knock me over, as it's a big riffle, if you would see me handle a rifle now, You would say them tricks are not possible, but we all had to learn them, they handle rifles and other things different then in the last war. Yesterday we went through the gas chamber, boy! Did I bawl, but I got my gas mask on in time so it didn't hurt me any.... we train a little of everything, and then we are going to be shipped out of here for our actual training, like Ed Carda, or others, so we get out of here in about 5 weeks, they said, we will all be picked out for a certain job, like mechanics, military police, infantry, machine gun, airplanes, etc....The army life isn't so bad, it isn't like home by a long shot, but it has its good, bad, sad, funny side to it. For example lets take the good - Well there is a lot of good boys here, I have seen it in church Sundays, by the way we have two churches, Catholics I mean, in our camp. The bad - Well there's a lot of bad over here too. They don't obey orders, stay away from camp, steal, drink, etc. sad....Well one day I seen 3 men go down and out from the heat. It's damp, but here the boys aren't use to it. If one man falls in our platoon, we don't stop, we have to keep on going even if we have to step over him, that's what the ambulance corp. are for, they drive behind us and pick us up if we fall. I'm still going strong so far. I hope I can keep it up. The funny side for example is like when we come home, or what we call home.... We have one fellow from Vermillion, SD he is a pretty good auctioneer and he makes it sound funny and a few laughs make us all feel good and of coarse I am usually making a fool out of myself by doing things to make them laugh. I have to do it at least every other day as the boys come over some evenings from other companies to see us do foolishness. I even bought a mouth organ her at our store or what we call the P.X....Little Rock, Arkansas is about 6 miles from here but I don't think I'll go to town. It would not be the same without you.4

Was really happy to receive your letters and package, a lot of people don't realize how much letters etc. help the soldiers. I was tired, and really sick yesterday from a typhoid vaccination but when I heard my name called I felt a lot better, and the fellows that don't get any mail, I feel sorry

for them and there is a lot of them that way....seems like they are all getting married, in our camp, and most of the boys I know are married, either their wives come to Little Rock and they meet there or the wives move in, as close to Little Rock see each other as often as they can...Our nearest city is Little Rock Arkansas, its 8 miles to town, how big the city is I couldn't tell you, I

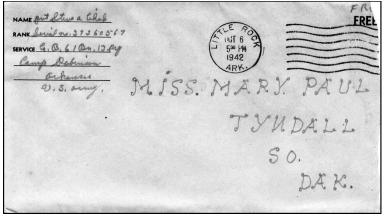


Figure 2 This envelope carried Steve's letter to Mary written in early October. The Little Rock post office postmarked most out-going mail from nearby Camp Robinson.

wasn't their yet, the boys wanted me to go with them to town but, nothing doing, I'll stay and write to my sweetheart We are doing a lot of drilling and studying. I wouldn't mind that so much but the vaccinations is what knocks me out. I've had 5 shots already and how many more, that's hard telling....You asked if we were assigned to certain works here? No, not in this camp. This camp prepares us for all kinds of work and what we can do best, well that's what we do. For instance, I am going to be an acting Corporal with stripes in a few days, and if I'll be good at it I may be one when I go to next camp....Some boys are good at medicals, truck drivers, mechanics, pilots, infantry etc. I met Reidinger from Tyndall didn't talk to him very long. There are a lot of boys here I know, but it's hard to meet them when it's like a big city....I could just about imagine what grandpa said and done, good grandpa. I miss him too, here you don't see old men, to tell you stories and advice, or little kids, only some boy's selling papers, and I talk to them as long as I can.5

Tomorrow we go out to the range to shoot our guns for the first time, so I'm going to try and get an expert medal, I don't think it will be so easy as these guns kick about as hard as a 10 gauge shotgun or more. That little rifle of mine I left [at] home is a little midget beside this one....night before last the other soldiers and I went to town for two hours. The city is larger than I thought. It's almost twice as big as Sioux City, they told me. The girls here are not as pretty as my Mary.⁶

Well, anyway that day we were out [at] the range shooting our rifles. I am disappointed in myself. I didn't hit the bull'seye as often as I would like to. Them rifles have the poop, they kick worse than a mule. So far I have the highest score in my hutment, but we have 3 more days left and I may do better and may do worse....We do a lot of shooting and drilling and stay out all day, even eat out [at] the range. Yesterday, being Saturday, the wind was blowing a lot of dust and that gets on our nerves. That's why a person gets tired....This morning I got up at 8:30 and went to church. Didn't even have breakfast. Was going to write letters in the afternoon but had company so we played cards and took some picturesI sure am pilled up with work. Tonight I have 8 more letters to write, and you may get a kick out of this, but I am washing my own cloths....I hope you did go to the Corn

Palace as I want you to go out and have a good time. I seen the picture of the Corn Palace in the Mitchell paper I got from a soldier from Mitchell and it sure looks good.⁷

I came home from the range, pretty tired, and dusty, and all that, then at 5:30 evening we had mail call and there was my name called, I ran for my hutment and read your letter, good thing I was in my hutment alone, also made my mouth water

when you mentioned them Kalachy [Kolache], Oh! Boy! The way you make them, they are fit for a king!...We get our packages about 4 or 5 days after you send them....Today we finished shooting on [the] range for record. O Darling, I'm the only expert rifleman in our platoon.....It seems queer to me that the corn [in South Dakota] is still green, other years we had quite a bit of corn picked by this time, and I agree with you about a lot of corn staying out in the field, won't that be a shame....You asked me how we heat our hutments. I think we are very modern here; we have a nice two burner gas stove. So don't worry we will keep warm.⁸

I hope you prayed for me this Sunday as this is the first Sunday I missed church in the army, but I'll go tonight if there is mass....We had to go on detail this morning. By detail I mean we had to work. We dug a spider hole in the ground; it's a hole in the ground deep enough to cover a man to protect him from bullets. We finished 10 minutes to 11 [this] morning. It wasn't so bad....There hasn't been a day or night since I'm in the army or even before that I haven't pulled out my wallet and looked and talked to you. It seems you understand what I say and mean and you seem to talk back. I hope you don't think I'm going nuts in this army....and we cannot get Yankton [WNAX] on the radio. Maybe we will get it when they will build the new tower....Yes I was to a dance here. But was there only about half an hour. They had a real nice floor and orchestra but I couldn't dance, Mary wasn't here, and another thing, I couldn't dance with my big clumsy number 9 shoes Oh! Boy!....I don't know if I wrote you but I met the major of this camp he sent for me because I was the best shot with the rifle. He gave a good talk. I'll never forget [it] and he gave me \$6.00 and to boot my name will be in a lot of papers, even in the Tripp Ledger then they gave me \$5.00 more from the Lieutenant of our company and a beautiful badge.9

This morning we are going on a 12 mile hike, Oh! Boy! and a lot of weight on our backs....I hope you will be able to read this as I am writing this on my knee its early in the morning, am sending you a clipping the lieutenant gave me yesterday morning during inspection, and if I will be able to I will send you my expert badge for rifle shooting, and believe me, I'm proud of it. It's the biggest honor a man can get for shooting a rifle. I also make expert in shooting a

machine gun, and bayonet, don't know if I'll get a badge for that yet....By the way, the boys kid me all the time about me talking in my sleep. They tell me I keep on calling for Mary all the time, but I think about you day and night.¹⁰

Before I forget, I received the Tyndall paper. It sure is good to read the home paper here....We are not all through with our drilling or shooting yet. We shoot once more with a different king of rifle next week. So far we had our own rifle shooting, machine gun shooting and bayonet for record and I made expert for all three and I'm 23 years old, so I'm thinking I'm going to land in the infantry....In about 2 weeks we expect to be moved, where we don't know. I would like to stay here as I think it's a pretty good place....I believe I really could help you with moping floors, washing clothes and so forth and I think I'm going to make expert for that too, without a badge (HA).

Maybe you misunderstood me but I'm not a full fledged corporal with corporals pay as yet. I'm what they call a lance corporal, but as you say I do give orders, but as you can expect I [am] not much good at it. But I try and do my best. Maybe if you seen me give orders you would get a great kick out of it....I guess I'll have to close for this time as we are going out on a hike this afternoon, and we will sing as we march.¹²

Received you precious package filled with cookies [and] candy tonight, and Oh! Mary you don't know how I enjoy them, the boys really think I have a real sweetheart. I know, because I have one. Them cookies are so good they just melt in my mouth, even one of the corporals came in our hutment for a taste of your cookies. Thanks a million honey....This morning we had to get up so early and go on a hike and march, shoot, climb ropes, jump high boards and so forth, but, honey when they told me I had a package, well a dead man came to life.

"The Moon So Bright" - written at 4:30 in the morning

The moon ever so bright In the early western sky Mary sleeping so peaceful and light Why I love Mary? Don't ask me why

The moon brighter couldn't be Then Mary's lovely and shining eyes Mary's smile makes happy me For us there is never no goodbyes¹³

As I have about an hour to write you a few lines, so here goes, I am O.K. I hope you are the same and leaving tonight. So you will hear from me as soon as I get located, will close now with best of Love.

Yours Steve14



Figure 3 This cover carried one of Steve's November letters to Mary. Life in New England must have seemed "foreign" indeed to a young man raised on the Great Plains.

Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont

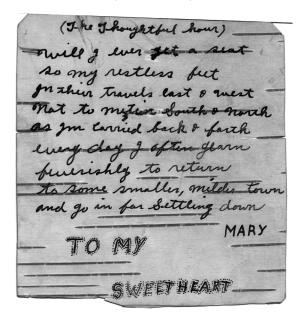
The transformation from civilian to soldier emerges in Steve's letters from Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont. While only comprising eight letters written in less than a month, the correspondence expressed how Steve is adapting to military life. More stories are written about general activities such as joining a bowling club, going to town, taking pictures, playing jokes on his buddies, and some international news. Observations are also made of the scenery of Vermont which Steve mentions in a number of letters. Also conveyed are the difficulties in being away from home. Steve writes of being lonesome and daydreaming about Mary and South Dakota. You also read in his letters Mary's frustration at being apart from Steve.

Received your letter yesterday and your beautiful picture today. When I say beautiful I mean just that and more, when I got the picture all the fellows wanted to see it, but I had to see it first, so I ran away from them, by the time they caught up with me I seen it, with blurred eyes. You may think it may not have affected me, but I know, for over two months, I haven't seen you and here all at once there you are, so real, and that million dollar smile, that would knock any soldier that hasn't touched a sweetheart or women for quite a while, and is lonesome and homesick and so far away he knows he can't possibly come to see her....I must tell you something about the country we are in [Vermont]. It's a beautiful country, when we were coming here by train I sure enjoyed myself....on both sides of us, there are big mountains, on the one side there is a lake called Lake Champlain, they say its 125 miles long. It's swell. You can find it on the map. Our nearest town is Burlington, Vermont, it's a nice town with some real folks living there, they make a soldier feel like he is something and make him feel at home.....I wrote you a poem, I hope you like it and I hope you won't think me a liar, when I tell you on what I wrote that poem, that's a bark from a tree, I picked off a tree, while we were on a hike, when I say a hike I mean a hike, up a steep hill and down,

when we crawled up the hill, we crawled on all fours some places as we were taking a break on our hike I went down to the creek where this tree was and got it.

Poem - "The Thoughtful Hour"

Will I ever get a seat
So my restless feet
In their travels east and west
Not to mention South and North
As I'm carried back and forth
Every day I often yearn
Feverishly to return
To some smaller, milder town
And go in for settling down¹⁵



Mary if you sometimes do not hear form me for some time you will have to understand like anyone else in the army, navy and all the rest, you do not know where you're going or what's going to happen to you so please don't worry about me too much. Pray I hope, but don't worry too much, I'll be alright, remember? What I told you? I said I was coming back to you, and I am, we will make up for last time shall we?....The cook told me to break the eggs in a bowl two eggs to every bowl and there's about 200 men more or less. Well anyway I didn't count them but that's guessing. Well I started breaking them some of them I did pretty good, but most of them I think were terrible. I had eggs and egg shells in and out of the bowls, floor, table, hands, shirt sleeves, oh, what a mess. I couldn't keep up and the boys made fun of me. They yelled for me to hurry and the more I hurried the worse I got.... after we were thru we went to scrubbing pots and pans Oh! Boy! and some pots greasy, soot and all that. I sure was a sorry sight. I'll give you an idea of the size of some of the pots. There were some 30 gallon pots, some 15 gal, 10 gal, some from coffee, beans, etc. and the frying pans them are tough, they weigh at least 25 lbs or so. So you can just shut your eyes and see me playing with pots and pans, but we had some fun too, the cooks are real good sports, I liked to clean the refrigerator.....Mary it makes me feel good to know that someone loves and is proud of me for them two things a man is ready and willing for anything, even

death.....You are doing a job at home by keeping a soldier happy and keeping the home fires burning until I return home....The news over the radio sounds good. I hope it will end soon, but I would like to get a crack or two at them. The sooner we get our training the sooner we get up here and finish them off....I believe I wrote you something about this camp. It's a nice camp and country, I joined a bowling club here in town, Burlington, so I spend my Saturday nights bowling with my friends, it's a lot of fun.¹⁶

I'm alright could be better could be worse. It's kind of lonesome today, it's raining, it makes everything dreary. I didn't even go to dinner today, I'm sitting here by a little card table writing to you and at the same time looking at your picture I have in front of me...Sunday if I'm not on any kind of duty. I'll have to take some pictures. I borrowed a camera from my buddy and bought two rolls of film. So I ought to have some kind of pictures, I had three rolls of pictures taken in Arkansas and took them in to have them developed, but we left before they were developed so I had one of the fellows send them to me but to this day I haven't heard from him. He maybe don't [sp] want me to know where he is at as he owes me \$4.00....For the last few days we were working on trucks and jeeps, grinding valves, putting in new piston rings etc. It's the kind of work I like, if only I could stay on that job.17

Was in town yesterday to have a small picture taken of myself that dad wants to send to the Catholic Workman, where I have my insurance, he's been asking for it a long time, so yesterday I did it. Also bowled a few games, which I enjoyed. But today I am stiff all over, this morning being such a beautiful Sunday morning....Went to church, I tried to keep my mind on what I was supposed to do. But I couldn't do it all the time I'd have my mind and eyes on the prayer book then all of the sudden I'd see myself coming to your place, and as I made the turn by your gate, there I saw beautiful Mary, sitting on the east porch with that pretty blue dress, remember that night? Then I'd catch myself and try to keep my mind on what the priest was saying. Then again and again, I see you. The worst of it was that it seemed so real, when I was going out of the church, it seemed like you was [sp] there beside me, like the time you took me along to Tabor [SD] Church, I'll never forget it....Last night I went to the depot to find out how much it would cost to go home to you, well, I felt glad, when the depot agent told me it would only cost me \$37.20 round trip to go to Sioux City. but the main thing is now if I'll get the furlough and if we will get paid. I couldn't hardly believe it when he told me I could get home that cheap.... Was in town, Winoski, this afternoon, was taking some pictures. I hope they turn out O.K. took two of some beautiful mountains on the east of us and I took two [of] the same picture of a waterfall by an electric plant...The waterfall is about 15 ft. deep and you ought to see it. The water comes down with great force it throws water like steam. I just can't describe it.18

Received the Tyndall paper yesterday, thanks a million. I enjoy reading good old home town news. As I was on K.P. so didn't read it until this morning, that is I read part of it, will try to finish it tonight19....didn't finish your letter so here I am again....in the evening I was, as it seems quite regular now, called on guard again. I got your letter as I was going on duty. So I read it and had plenty [of] time to think,

but there was no moon last night, it was foggy and a long night, as you were peacefully sleeping I was walking my post, trying to dodge mud holes, which I seemed to step in almost every one of them... I had your picture along with me while at the guard house and as I was showing it they asked if that was my wife. Another one said where did I get her, she doesn't belong to me as she is too young for me. But everybody thinks your swell, which I know you are. I wish you could meet some of these fellows, they are swell soldiers.²⁰

Right now we have about an inch of snow and it's still snowing. So it looks like we will have a white Christmas, which isn't so far away. Like you said in some way it seems like the time really flys and when I think back to the day I left you standing by the depot, so cruelly hurt it seems like ages since I saw you last....we heard the news last night about the French scuttling their fleet and preventing the Germans from seizing it and using it against the allies. It may sound like a big loss to the French and the allies, but again, if the Germans had gained control of the fleet think of the destruction the Germans might cause with the fleet if they had it....Yes Mary, Wednesday, the day before Thanksgiving, it has been three months since I left you unwillingly.... don't have a watch of my own anymore. The one I had, that big one if you remember, and well, the main jewel is broke on it. So I guess I'll send it home and get me a cheap wrist watch so I won't have to ask for the time from the other fellows.²¹

The weather here is getting to be like real winter with snow on the ground but it isn't so very cold, it's colder then a person thinks, but here the climate affects a person different then back home. It must be the altitude and the ocean being so close. Well anyway, this weather reminds me too much of home....I know a few codes, but this one is the latest one, so far few could figure it out, here the other day I played a joke on my buddy. Maybe I shouldn't have done it but I did. My buddy made a date with a girl that was working in a café we were in drinking some beer. Well when he asked her for a date, she told him she doesn't know what night she could go out with him as her dad was sick with heart trouble, and she had to stay a certain night to stay by his bedside, but she didn't know which night they were. So she asked him for his name and address so she could write and tell him. Well, he said I was a good writer, so I said I'd do it for him, well I

did, but in Code, and poor Freeman, he waited all week for an answer, he didn't get it. So he went to see her, and I followed him. Boy! Oh Boy! did I get it, she couldn't figure it out, and she was worried that my buddy would think her a double crosser. Well I straightened it out with me taking a little scolding and his girl don't think much of me, but I don't mind just so my buddy understood....Well tomorrow is payday. We will get paid I hope, so I'll have some money left over.²²

...here I am writing to you again, I am O.K. so don't worry, don't know how to write this letter, but Mary It can't be helped, I'm sorry Mary to inform you that I'm leaving again, form here. Where?? God knows. Am writing this that you wouldn't worry if I didn't write for quite some time so I'll write to you at every opportunity I

have. Will write my new address when I get settled, am writing this in a hurry, as am closing now, saying God bless you and lets pray for the best, take good care of yourself, Mary honey.

Love and Kisses, Steve²³

Georgetown, Washington

Steve's correspondence from Georgetown begins with a letter written during a cross-country train ride from Vermont to Washington. He started writing on December 3, 1942 in Vermont and ended his letter on December 7, 1942 in Washington. Steve had most of his basic training in Georgetown, writing 33 letters in roughly four months. Steve saw the Georgetown camp as his second home and after reading his correspondence you sense that Steve was content in Washington. Some of the more interesting topics in the Georgetown letters include Steve's work in the kitchen, searching for a company Christmas tree, an airplane crash at a nearby Boeing factory, the effect on the soldiers when women are in the mess hall, meeting other Czech officer, and the stories of his friend from Oklahoma. Steve also spent his twenty-fourth birthday on the west coast and he received a special gift from Mary. He even scrounged up a typewriter and sent a few typed messages. Steve also reports on the perpetual dreary weather of Washington State. Of particular interest in these letters are the children that Steve became acquainted with while in Washington, offering glimpses of a civilian life within a military setting.

How's Mary? I hope fine, so far we are all O.K. am writing this on a moving train as you can see by my handwriting. Right now we are going thru Indiana, coming close to you, not often I get so close, again we go further, as I look out the window, I see nice level ground and fields of corn, soybeans, etc. It seems that most of the corn here is not picked and the soybeans are not harvested, and the ground is covered with



wouldn't worry if I didn't write for quite some *Figure 4 From scenic Burlington, Vermont, Steve was transferred to the* time so I'll write to you at every opportunity I *Seattle suburb of Georgetown for more advanced training.*

snow, almost 3 inches.... As I'm writing this I'm really sleepy and tired as we didn't get a sleeper. We had to sleep on the seats as best as we could....Here I am writing from Chicago, we stayed here about an hour went to see my Aunt Elsie, but she wasn't home. The weather here is cold with not so much snow, for once in a long time I had a real home cooked meal, I knew some Polish folks here that own a café, She really cooked us a meal,.... here I am again this time writing from Wisconsin, Its dark here so I can't see but I think I heard the conductor say it was, Mayville? WI, anyway, its Wisconsin. I'm still sleepy, don't know if we will get a sleeper just a few minutes ago I had a chance to take a drink of beer, so I really took it, it may help me, not to be so sleepy. I hope before it got dark. Mary, we really saw some swell scenery. I wish you were here with me. When I see so many Soldiers, taking along their women, I wonder what the matter with me. Today I met a Navy officer and his wife. She told me she followed him everywhere even overseas.....Now we are in North Dakota, finally got some sleep. We got a sleeper car in St. Paul Minn. We really appreciate it. They just told me this morning in Fargo, ND its 15 bellow zero. So you know its cold, they have very little snow. I just noticed looking out the window that some farmers were not thru threshing yet, must be short of help... Dearest Mary, here I am in Montana now. Just got up a few minutes ago. We had a sleeper so we had some rest, we are going thru the Rocky Mountains and Gee, they are pretty to look at, but I wouldn't want to live here, they have about 5 or 6 inches of snow, and cold, Oh! Boy! I hope it will be warm there where we are going. Helena is the name of the town....I'll bet you will think, this is a heck of a letter but here I am again writing on this ever bouncing train, but Gee Whiz Mary I sure wish you were here beside me, it's beautiful. Now we are crossing the Continental divide going up a steep mountain, 20 miles up, we have two big engines pushing and pulling us up. Such scenery, large mountains covered with snow and such pretty trees, crystal streams and rivers pouring down the mountain. Seen bears, deers, pheasants, etc. I just can't describe it, we went thru a tunnel a mile long-that was thrilling,...we are still in Montana and we have changed times on our watches three times already....Well Mary, here I am finally on the location we were suppose to come to, Oh! Boy. What a ride, I'll never forget it. We started Wednesday noon Dec 3 1942 came here Dec 7 1942. That was three nights and four days traveling that's really traveling isn't it? So far, as I see the camp for the half hour we are here. I think I'll like it. Just had supper, sure feels good to eat in a building, instead of a train that moves and bumps, sways so you can't even walk straight. Even now I feel like the ground is moving from under my feet. Coming closer up here I was wondering why my ears were buzzing and felt like they were full of wax. Well it's the high altitude here, we are here much higher than you are in SD. Looking out the barracks window, thinking of you. To my right, that's South of us, we can see the large and beautiful mountain called Mt. Rainer. The peak is all covered with snow. One of the soldiers said that they were there and some places there is suppose to be over 20 feet of snow. I sure hope I can go there some day. That is if we are not moved again. Today being Sunday, Mary I was a bad boy again, didn't and couldn't go to church. I hope you had the privilege to go. Believe it or not the weather here is swell, green grass, green trees, that is the trees that stay green all winter, you ought to see the great big trees they have here. There's thousands of acres of woodland, one thing I maybe won't like and that is it rains here quit often. The funniest thing happened to me coming up here, went thru a town in Washington, forgot the name, but there was about 4 feet of snow level, that' a lot of snow. Well after that I went to sleep across a seat and really slept. Must have been tired because the hard wood for my pillow didn't' bother me. Anyway, when I woke up, or I should say, when my pal woke me up, I looked out the windows and I know I must have made quite some funny faces because the boys laughed at me. As I was looking out the window I seen green grass, trees, etc. No Snow, people walking around on their farms with only their shirts. Gee, it looked too much like a dream....Mary, this is the first time since I'm in the army I really got homesick. I dream such dreams. If it was only at night, but even in the daytime, I always see someone especially you, one thing that comes to my head always in my dreams is the time I left Tripp by that old Depot, I get up just sweating. I'm always so sure I'm still holding you in my arms, but it's no use, you're never there, am closing now with the best of Love and all. Hello to your Dad, Steve, and Emil.24

As you will notice again, we have been moved again, going farther from you all the time.....Our camp is located right in the town of Georgetown....so far we like it, but we just moved in here yesterday from Ft. Lewis. That sure is a large camp. This one is small. What sort of work we will do here we don't know yet, but I liked the work I was doing back in Ft. Lewis, was working in a supply room, sorting out all kinds of equipment, but I'll take what I get....You know my mail hasn't caught up with me yet. I didn't get a letter from you for over two weeks. I sure miss your letters.²⁵

You know that one letter finally caught up with me you wrote it Dec 1, 1942 and I just got it today, and also got your airmail letter. It took 5 days to get here but was addressed on my old address, but Mary dear I was really glad to get them...I'm really lonesome, never in all my life did I ever feel like I do now. I just can't seem to do anything right, if I could keep my mind on what I'm supposed to do, and watched my changes, I could have been something already, a corporal or sergeant, but Doggone it, Mary I can't, maybe I'm a coward, but I can't help it, but I see you all the time day and night and think, think, think, — till I go crazy. Last night was the first time since I'm in the army that I went Haywire, I left camp, and walked and walked, I don't know how far but it must have been a long way because today I'm stiff all over. While I was coming back towards morning I just happened to go by a church, so that's where I stayed for some time, I felt somewhat better there, tomorrow morning I'm going back there, as it's Saturday night tonight....You know, today as we were coming back with a truck full of gravel going through town I seen a car like mine, with white wheels. I tell you I had all kinds of notions....That letter I just read now written Dec 13, 1942 means a lot to me and don't worry I'll never forget the small little town called Tyndall and the lovely girl that lives northeast of it. Because I've traveled some and seen a lot of big and small cities, towns, and girls, but not like that. Yes I always wanted to travel, well I done did it, but not in the way I would like to because in the army a person is not on his own for a minute. The only way a man has any privacy if when he closes his eyes, that's no fooling....Seattle is just about a half mile away

from our camp, haven't been there yet, but will go there as soon as we get paid, I got a pass....I'm here almost 5 months and they haven't touched my teeth, they don't bother me but I'd like to have them fixed. If you think you yelled, I'll bet I'll yell more then you when they start to drill, I really hate that drilling....Was glad to hear that the folks were there. They wrote just about every time that they were going there. The folks like you Mary, I know because before I left they told me so. You know Dad never says much, but I'll never forget his words, he said the afternoon I was home "Steve you're leaving a nice girl behind." ²⁶

Today as I was helping our corporal get our Christmas tree for camp in the woods I was thinking, boy, there sure were many places in the woods that I would have to carry you over, but I'd do that with pleasure. The woods are so thick. not so much with trees, but with all kinds of bushes and some kind of vines....and the ground is almost all marsh, muddy and wet. There's [sp] different kinds of trees here like jack pines, evergreens, etc. But one that is really pretty and interests me is one that at this time of the year [December] it has green leaves and is just covered with some kind of red berries, I don't know what kind of tree it is but it sure looks swell....Here the other day I got acquainted with a boy about 10 years old, he sells paper here in camp....we play pool together, checkers, looks my things over, he is quite a pal, his name is Frank. I don't know his last name, I always forget. But today, poor kid, after school he was supposed to go back after supper but he got his bike and rod 3/4 of a mile to tell me to come and see their Christmas program in their Catholic school. So I guess I'll go if I'll be able to find it.27

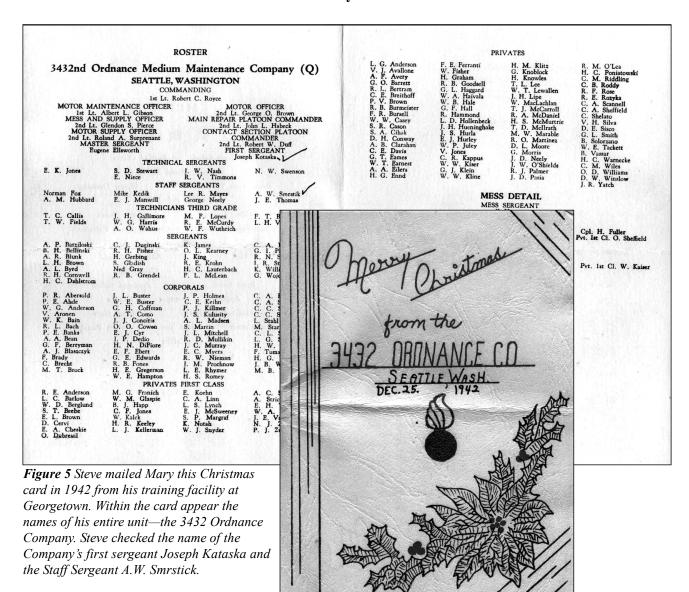
Mary, I don't know how to start this letter, but Gee Whiz! Tonight after work I went to mail call and sure enough there was a package for me and it was, if you didn't guess, from my sweetheart. I opened it and Gee Whiz! Mary, how did you know I wanted a wrist watch, sure [is] a swell one. It came in A-1 shape. All I can say is, Thanks a Million and I can say you're the swellest [sp] girl I ever knew, the most beautiful, kind, thoughtful, consider[ate], unselfish, which I don't deserve, but some day in some way I hope to tell you or show you in more ways then writing or talking [about] what I think of you. This is the first wrist watch I ever owned and you got it for me. I feel like a kid that got his first Christmas present....By the time you get this letter it will be after Christmas. I hope you had a swell Christmas. We don't know yet what kind of Christmas we will have yet, but you can be sure it's going to be a different Xmas then we boys ever had.....The first time in this state that the moon was out for quite some time, so when it shined through the window on my face waking me, I got out of bed and walked up a big hill, where the church is ands sat on the steps. I don't know how long, talking to you, and believe it or not, this morning I overslept, and didn't have my bed made up right. I almost got K.P. for it, but they were pretty good sports and forgave me....P.S. Its 7:30 P.M. and 50 seconds. Gee I sure like the watch.28

Am going to start by saying I hope you had a nice New Year, and hope you are well. As you read this letter, this Christmas and New Year rush, must have been quite a mix up as I got 4 of your letters in two days....Boy! Oh Boy! They really had us going here in the kitchen. We made quite a din-

ner for New Years and that meant more dishes and cups, saucers, pots, and pans, etc. to wash. Swept floors and all that stuff. Lots of boys brought their wives and sweethearts here for dinner. Which made me sad....I took this job of working in the kitchen and I think I'll stay for quite some time. I hope, because I believe this is a nice place, as any, or better. The work here is harder then if I was doing anything else, the hours are long and tiresome, but that's what I want, to work, work, so I can't think, the days are not so long, but the nights are long, there I go again moaning and complaining, there's others worse off then me....I'm writing this sitting on my bed and a chair for a table and waiting until the boys get thru eating.²⁹

Here I am again, started this vesterday and while I was writing they called me and I had to have a dental examination. So I expect I'll have to go to the dentist soon. I sure hate to go. That drilling is what I dread....After that I worked till 2 o'clock in the morning and this morning got up at six and wash, wash, and wash, scrub some more and other things so it seems if I want to write to you it takes me two days to write it....My buddy is back from the hospital. I'm sure glad. When he came back he pestered me until I went with him. He has a girlfriend here in Seattle. So we went to her home, and that's the first time I was in a civilian house since I came to the army, and oh boy. She is a pretty fair cook too. She gave us some of her cake, home cooked, and you can imagine how we went for it. That was the second time I had been in town. The first time I went because I had to buy some stuff....but this damp weather here is worse then back home. It's like this everyday, rain, foggy, damp. No matter how much you dress the goose pimples keep saying (looks like we're here to stay)....Just now one of the boys made me quit writing again, he is a real pest, but a good guy. He is a real cowboy from Oklahoma and he is a big fellow about my age, but I look like a midget compared to him....you should have heard some of the stories he told me, I guess I didn't laugh so much and as hard as I did tonight, since I came to the army. We work in the kitchen together and when the sergeant isn't there, and we forget ourselves, we always start to argue and fight if some people would see us they would think we really meant it, but I'm beginning to like him more every day....After this doggone war is over, first thing I'll do is go home to you and then for a visit, I really want to go to Oklahoma. All the stories and things he told me about that state really sounds interesting, that way I can find out how cowpunchers live.³⁰

I know you will laugh, but I'm working in the kitchen as a steady K.P. and if I like it I'll try and be a cook....but gee whiz, all the dishes, cups, pots, pans, etc, and potatoes, I peel them by day and dream by night. I never thought there were so many potatoes. I've done work that I thought I'd never do, put my hands in messy, greasy, sloppy things, cut meat, cut and slice all kinds of vegetables.... I just found out today our first sergeant, his name is Kataska, is a Czech. I thought he was Polish, there is quite a few Polish boys here, but only two Czechs besides myself. There is one here that can understand Czech so every chance I get I talk to him...here the weather is almost always the same everyday since we came here, it's either raining, foggy, and cloudy most all the time. There were only two days so far that we seen the sun for quite some time.³¹



I just came back from Church just now and it was a beautiful mass and benediction. I always feel a lot better after I come back from church, but I'm still lonely and homesick....talking about how busy we are in the kitchen, you are right Mary, that sort of work is never finished, and you are also right, if you walked in, that I have a grease spot here and flour spot here, in fact I'm a mess sometimes, I now wear a big white apron so it isn't so bad, but Mary if you walked in like you said you would like to, well I wouldn't care how much you laughed, just so I could see you again... I will try and cook a meal for you when I get home. But it won't be just so easy, as we are used to making things for about well, from 100 to 200 men, and our recipes are made as such. We have a lot of recipes, if I have time, I'll try and copy down as many as I could as they may com in handy someday....Today is the first Sunday we boys had off since I came into the kitchen. There were some bad boys during the week so for today they are doing the work for usSundays we have quite a few women eating with us, the sergeant and other men bring their wives, sweethearts, daughters etc. I get a kick out of it.

In the weekdays the kitchen is noisier then a chicken house, but when there are a few women it's so quiet you could almost hear a pin drop on the floor.³²

You're a real mind reader, that's just the way I am, with a big apron on about 10 sizes too big for me, with my shirt off, and my undershirt sleeves rolled up, and how did you guess I whistled when I work?....my job is to keep things clean, and in our spare time help the cooks and I try to help as much as I can. They know every time they make something they say, "Let Cihak taste it and see if it's good." One day one of the cooks made a cake and he took it out too early and it was too raw, he sure was disappointed. To cheer him up I said, "Let's put on a lot of frosting on all sides of the cake and maybe the boys won't notice it." So we did, the biggest kick I got out of it was they came and told the cook, 'we call him Chick,' how good the cake was... My buddy is out tonight on serious business ever since he came back from the hospital and met that girl. He missed only one night. He went to see her and he was broke too and he kept on borrowing money. Finally tonight he told me, he was going to her place for the last time, so how he is going to come out I don't know. He said he would be home at 10:30 pm but it's 11 o'clock now and he isn't back yet.....You know Mary, when you are there back home and reading them books behind the stove I can just see you. Well read a few for me. I haven't read a book yet since I'm in the army except a prayer book on Sundays, in the evening after work, if we don't have to clean our rifle, footlocker, grease our shoes [and] shine them, or many time some of the boys come in late in the evening so we have to feed them.³³

Out here we do everything but smile. A cold wave hit us sometime last Saturday and we have about a foot of snow and cold, Gee Whiz, the goose pimples don't say, "We see each other a lot lately," but they say, "We see each other all the time." Anyway, it's the worst weather we had in this part of the country since 1916 so you know it's unpleasant. Cars, trucks, and everything else froze up and busted because it came unexpected and it broke many power lines. Many people were out of lights and those that had electric stoves were in a heck of a shape....I'm really glad I'm working in the kitchen, it's at least a little warmer....Believe it or not I just put on my overcoat. It's so doggone chilly here in this room, the rest of the boys are in bed and nice and warm, and laughing at me. Let them laugh.³⁴

Here I am in our little P.X. a little army store writing you a few lines, telling you how I miss you, sometimes I wonder if I'll ever see you again.....most of me is back there in SD if I remember right. It's around a nice little town of Tyndall, and some day I hope to go back there to get me all together again, and to hold someone in my arms again....Gee Whiz, tomorrow it will be 5 months since, no I'm wrong. It will be 5 months since I'm in the army, but it will be 5 [months] 11 [days] Sept. 8 since I have kissed you last, I never realized a person could miss and long so much, to hold someone in your arms.³⁵

Have a little cold yet and a little weak but will get over it in time, don't worry, I'll take care of myself if I get too sick I'll stay in bed and follow orders from headquarters in SD, close to Tyndall....got the Tyndall paper yesterday and read the interesting part about that bombing range, they sure have a lot of acres and I can just about imagine how much noise them airplanes and bombs will make when they really get started. If I was flying one of those planes you know what I would do? I would land first by your place and tell vou how swell vou are and all that....You know Mary the trains go by our camp about 2 or 3 times an hour and every time I hear the whistle, and rumble of a train I get funny feelings I want to go places. That's where I must have got the idea I wanted to go to Oklahoma. But really, I guess when I get home to you I don't think I'll need much persuasion to stay....Sunday I had the privilege to go to church so I prayed for both of us. I was again so weak [from his cold] that I really huffed, puffed, and groaned before I got on the hill to the church, it was swell though. I always go for the last mass, as I like benediction and they have a swell choir. Many times I feel like going upstairs and sing with them....After I came back from church I had dinner, after dinner I made out my laundry, which cost us \$1.50 a month, they do a fair job and [I] polish and oil my shoes, clean and oil my gun, and before I knew it, it was evening....Then the boys pestered me to go to a show with them, did I go? Well I did, I was glad I went, seen that show called "Bambi" it was a colored picture about animals and their nature in the forest. If you ever get the chance to go, go it's good....In some ways the time just flies, just think this Tuesday I'll be 24 years old, an old man. What about if this doggone war last a while. I will be an old man.....the people are getting more nuts every day. I know a man here that has been married three times, and is getting married again....Say, talking about pinnacle, oh boy, would I like to play again, I still think I can beat you and Mrs. Carda, even if I don't have any practice.³⁶

As I Am Having A Lot Of Fun Playing With This Machine Thought I Would Drop You A Few Lines.....You Ought To See me Hunting And Squinting For These Doggone Keys. Am Sweating, This Is Harder Work Then Working In The Kitchen. Today We Had A Hard Day And The Boys Seem Hungrier Then Usual.....The Boys Are Making Fun Of Me. But I Am Going To Keep On Plugging Until This Letter Is Finished Or This Doggone Machine Is Going to Finish Me....You Know Today Something happened That Made Me Feel Good And Gave Me The Funniest Feeling. Three Boys Selling Paper About Mary's Age Came To Have Supper With Us And They Asked Me To Wash Their Faces So I Naturally Did. I Sure Gave Them A Good One. They Got More Kick Out Of It Then I Did I Guess. The Boys Are Getting Tired Of Laughing At Me So One By One They Are Going To Bed....Mary is Going To Get a Typed Written Letter If It Takes Me Till Morning. How Am I Doing So Far. If I Had To Write All My Letters I'd Go Nuts. Just Read It Over Again And Boy O Boy It Sure Don't Look Good To Me. So Many Mistakes, I Hope You Will Be Able To Read It....Today I Peeled A Hundred Pounds In One Hour And Ten Minutes, I mean Potatoes. Is That Pretty Good? And Wash About 135 Cups 135 Dishes About A Hundred Bowls In One Hour. How Is That?...Well Mary As This Doggone Machine Is Getting The Best OF Me And Its Getting Time To Go To Bed I Will Close For This Time.³⁷

Got the Tyndall Paper today, and noticed there one day you had 26 below zero. Gee that's cold. I'll bet I know just where you go after you are thru with your work. You get yourself a book and then curl yourself by the stove, right?....I see day after day men-men-men only since Xmas we had woman here for dinner and supper....I sure had some fun with some little kids after I came out of church, the kids come up to me and asked me all kinds of questions, even embarrassing questions. There were so many people standing around. They asked me if my expert badge stood for bravery. They don't see very many of those badges and my collar and corporal pins, they asked me if I was a captain or something big. They even asked me how many Japs and Germans I killed and all kinds of questions like that. They could talk and ask more questions then a phonograph.³⁸

Well yesterday being my birthday [February 2] I thought I'd go out celebrating. Well I had it all figured out what I was going to do and how much celebrating and fun I'd have. Well, when evening came and [I] was in town and had two beers and it wouldn't have taken many more to make me woozy. Well, Mary there you were in my mind just as plain as day looking at me with your lovely eyes trying to tell me something. Well, anyway, I went to the show and to bed......You know when I was back home we had a custom that whenever one of us kids had a birthday

well, as how old a person got that many hits and slaps he got for pantswarming. Well I thought I'd get out of it here in the army. Well, I didn't. You know when you sent me that swell box of variety candy, etc. and a nice birthday card, well the boys remembered it and yesterday morning as I was bending over the sink washing dishes, two of the boys grabbed me and oh boy, I got it. No kidding, that was the warmest pants warming I ever got. But it was nice of the boys to remember even if it was a little painful though.³⁹

Received your most welcome letter yesterday. Was sure glad to get it, was kind of blue all day. And as you say, them thoughts, my thoughts are more of back there in SD close to Tyndall then here. No wonder I'm so absent mindedYou wishing I was there, I wishing you were here, what a complicated world. No wonder I have no ambition....Today we really are busy. Besides washing dishes, pots, pans, peeling potatoes (etc.) we had to clean silver ware, wash cupboards, and boy that's some job. [I] am writing this in a hurry. I snuck away to write to you. Uh oh, there they go again yelling at me, but I'll finish this page first. 40

Am still working in the kitchen and yesterday we had doughnuts, boy were they ever good. Wish you could have been her to taste them. Today Art, one of the cooks, made a real nice cake today, an orange cake, with orange frosting. Did you ever hear of a cake like that? But it's really good. They are just now serving supper so after I finish this letter I'll have to fill myself, but I'd rather have some of your Kolache....Art, the cook, just now brought in the big cake in a big cake pan and a big knife in the other hand. He had to come and bother me. Just so I could taste his cake. I told him how good it is and boy is he proud. I don't blame him. Gee Whiz, looks like I should have locked myself in somewhere, they are coming in all the time pestering me. But they are good fellows even if they short sheeted me last night. Do you know what that is? If you don't I'll tell you. They take the top sheet starting from the foot of the bed and bring the end to the other end at the head of the bed. Then when person tries to slide into bed he gets stuck. Well, that's what happened last night. I didn't cuss very much. I'll have to find a way to get even.41

As I Received Your Most Welcome Letter And The Swell Picture Of Your Lovely Church. Gee They Really Are Swell. It Looks A Lot Different Then When I Was There With You. I'll Never Forget That Time. They Sure Made A Swell Job Of Painting And Decorating It. I Bet Its Beautiful Especially On Midnight Mass With All The Candles And Electric Lights Burning. The American Flag Witch [sp] Makes It Very Patriotic. Some Day When Ever If Ever I Go There It Shall Be Saluted By Me....Again Here I Am Writing Again With This Doggone Typewriter And I Forgot To Bring Your Letter Along So I Dont Know If All Your Guestions [sp] Will Be Answered. I Just Borrowed This Thing From A Good Friend That Works Here In The Supply Room. This Letter May Be Short But Mary If I Wrote My Thoughts There Would Be An Ever Ending Page Of Thoughts. 42

Here I Am Again Trying My Best But I Am Afraid This Machine Is Going To Get The Best Of Me, But Heres Trying Again,......Again Tonight I Walked Out Here To Visit, Well The First Thing I Seen Wass [sp] This Doggone Machine, So—— I Started To Fiddle Around And First Thing I knew I was Writing To My Mary....Today Some Of The

Boys Were Talking About Old Times And About Their Girl Friends, Well The First Thing You Know I Started To Day Dream About My Mary And The Times we Used To Have And Do....The News Over The Radio Sure Sounds Good Tonight, I Sure Hope It Keeps Up, Am Sending You A Valentine It Maybe Isnt So Nice But Its The Best They Had Here In Georgetown, Hope You Like It.⁴³

How are you? I hope fine, I'm OK could be better could be worse as the saying goes. You know I was just showing the boys picture of the church. They too think it's really swell. Well I'm still in this kitchen of ours and believe it or not I'm just like you, I'm sitting here behind the stoves, using my knee for a table and just finished sampling Art's, pies. It's good pie, a cherry pie, you want a bite?....You asked me how my buddy came out when he wasn't on that serious business. Well It was serious he is a married man and has a little boy about ten months old back home. Well, this girl here wants to get married, and he didn't tell her he was or is married. She went on her vacation now so I don't know how things will come out. Yet, I'm going to keep out of it. What people won't do now days, I can't figure it out.44

Here I am again, that's the way it goes. I start to write or do something and sure enough they call me, but am going to try to finish this time. Well now it's 3:30 in the afternoon it's 1:30 out there and the weather isn't so nice now, it's cloudy and kind of foggy, but it's warm though....I think I too would feel lots better if I had someone to tell my troubles and ask for advice. This way a person has so many things in his head, he don't know if he is going or coming. A person does feel lots better when he tells things. I used to when mother helped me, you too helped me an awful lot before I left and still do thru your letters and thoughts.... We have 3 cooks and three helpers and 4 K.P.[s] and one dining room orderly. The cooks work one day and [get] two days off, you see they work in shifts. It's a pretty good deal that way....You know Mary, that's why I'm kind of afraid to go home, yes it's something like fear. If I come home and I know that the folks worried and worry plenty, well, I know they have changed. Dad, I'll bet looks a lot older, mother more grey hair, the kids grown up. Grandma and Grandpa too will look different. You know I will be like a stranger coming home getting acquainted all over again. You and me, will we have to get acquainted all over again? Will you be changed any? I'm sure you [are] getting prettier every day eh? I know you are, it's a funny thing to think of such things isn't it? But I can't help it, maybe back home out there you all too are wondering the same thing.45

Today they had a funeral in the little church on the hill for a man that was killed in the place where that big four motored airplane crashed. It sure was a bad accident. Not quite a mile from our camp. Now quite a few of them are scared that maybe one will crash in our camp as they fly over it, and so low too, as our camp is just beside the big Boeing airfield. Where they come and go at all times of the day and night. I'm not scared of them, Why? We all have to die sometime and if it's suppose to happen here, well, let it come. But I would sure like to see you first.....We are getting some excitement here now. They are starting a factory right beside our camp, part of the Boeing's factories where they make parts for airplanes. Well as soon as they finish the place they will have over 800 girls, and when they go to and

from work they go by our kitchen. They now have about 10 or 15 working now. Some of them even stop here to visit or stop for a cup of coffee. I sure get a kick out of the boys, they sure have the pep then, things just fly then. Some of these girls are young and pretty, not as pretty as you of course, and some are quite old. And it's so hard to find a place to live, this town of Seattle will really be a great city if this keeps up and people are here from all over. I know quite a few from SD and ND that work here. 46

Received your most welcome letter last night [and] was going to answer right away but as we are painting our kitchen, you know that means work, moving things, and everything gets dirty and spattered with paint. That all means work.....Say Mary, I just got the package of popcorn, candy, and cookies. Gee Mary, you're wonderful, you shouldn't bother like that. It's extra work for you and all that and I don't deserve it....You should have seen the boys. They were all flocked around me they asked all kinds of questions and gave many compliments and you can imagine how long the popcorn and stuff lasted with all the boys. Every time somebody comes in and asks who the pretty girl is on the picture I have on a little stand I tell them. They tell me you are pretty. I'm sure proud of you.....You know my buddy, maybe was in a heck of a fix and maybe we thought he was a bad boy. Well here just before he left he found out from his sister and friends that she, his wife, was going with another man she used to go with before they got married. That's why she didn't write to him. So they were both bad and I still believe if she would have wrote to him once in a while he would have been a better man, but again, things like that come out in the open sooner or later. A person can't do bad things without being punished for them.⁴⁷

Well in the afternoon had two hours rest and three little boys came to dinner and of course pestered me to play with them. Well I did, played ball, rode bicycles, even played cowboys, you should have seen me with a real cowboy had on. I again felt like a civilian. I was pretty tired before I started to play with him, but today, boy oh boy! am I stiff, I didn't think I was that soft. But working inside all the time without the kind of exercise we were doing yesterday, well something has to happen. But they had a good time.... got dressed and went for a walk and what a walk (no wonder I'm stiff eh?) I walked and thought about many things. I must have made about 15 miles because this morning I asked the boys where a certain little lake is by a beautiful golf course and they said about 7 ½ or 8 miles. The moon was shining so it wasn't so dark. But gee, it was swell last night, wish you could have been with me.48

Last night I started to work nights. They are so short on help out here. So I think If I'll work every other night till midnight and once a week all night it will help some and of course it will help too [with] the money part.....I work now in a railroad express where we load and unload packages and other stuff off and on boxcars and also sort them. It isn't just so bad but some of the boxes are quite heavy and clumsy, but that ought to make me stronger, so if I didn't have much time before now I will have less. So if I don't write much and sometimes not so often you will understand eh?....Well today is March 4 already, the spring work will begin back there in SD. Gee that seems and feels funny not to be there farming grain, repairing machinery, fixing harnesses, etc. at

this time. But by next year I think I'll be back on my little farm again. We hope and pray....March 6 is Mothers and Dads 26th anniversary. Gee Whiz I'm getting absent minded.49

We are almost through with cleaning and painting for a while and are we really glad too. Now that I'm thru here, wish I could help you now. Do you think we would get something done? I'd be quite a pest. You were saying you were not to a dance since the last time with me, well I've danced once at a dance. I sure don't enjoy them like I did back there in by Tyndall. One thing I don't like this popular music they play, the main thing though is Mary isn't with me....Last Sunday for once in a long time we didn't have to work. In the morning went to church in the afternoon was going to write letters, but the three little boys pestered me to take them to a show. Well, I guess I'm pretty soft or chicken hearted. I took them. By evening about 9 o'clock they were so tired from walking and seeing shows two of them fell asleep going back to camp on the bus, and I believe I was as tired as they were....am still working in the kitchen here in Seattle. I like it here. I hope I get to stay for a while yet, but if I have to move, well Mary. We all have a job to do and it must be done. I have my job being a soldier, so I am going and doing my best.

Yours, Steve⁵⁰

Ft. Lewis, Washington

The letters from Ft. Lewis account for Steve's final leg of basic training. Steve wrote 11 letters from late March though early April of 1943. Many of the same activities and emotions are represented in this final assortment of correspondence. The feelings of loneliness and homesickness are prevalent, along with similar feelings from Mary. Steve went to movies, about Dr. Frankenstein and Roy Rogers, received vaccinations, and made dentist visits. He continued to complain about the pace of the mail and how another payday has come and gone without getting paid. Steve seemed to know another move was eminent and that he had come to the end of his basic training. He is bracing Mary for the inevitable event of being shipped overseas and into war.

We again have been moved out here to Ft. Lewis, for how long or what I'm going to do I don't know yet, please don't worry, I'll be O.K. I've lived thru it for almost 7 months and can do it again. Will write you more about it later when I find out what I'm going to do. I'll sure miss the place we left. If I could have stayed there when this bunch left I would have stayed there a long time. Had all kinds of plans (but that's gone with the wind). I'm not the only one, there is a fellow that came with us, he had a wife and a 6 month old baby, and they had a nice apartment there in Seattle. Now she is going to move up here closer now, that sure makes it tough that way..... As we came here last night we had to unpack. Couldn't do it all last night as the lights went out at 9 o'clock so had to finish this morning. All at once the inspection business came along. So again we had to start all over lining things up, clean everything, shine shoes (etc.) that's life....We had pretty good things for dinner today, but I'm telling you its sure seems different to eat again with all the rest of the boys sitting behind tables instead of eating with the cooks and K.P. and not helping prepare stuff. 51

You know I never thought that such a thing could be possible, that a person could miss a person so much. I used to think that such things only happened in books and movies, but now I know different. Many things I've learned that I thought only happened in books and [to] other people, but as long as we live we will hope and pray for the best....Here we are again in Ft. Lewis, the second time, could be better

could be worse. No doubt you have received the airmail letter I sent you here the other day. It sure takes long for the mail to get there, and here too sometimes. This last airmail letter I got from you took 4 days, that wasn't so bad. It might have been in Seattle a day or two.... some friends from another company came for me to go to a show with them, so I went. It really was spooky. It's a wonder I didn't dream

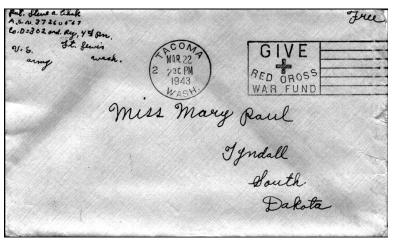


Figure 6 This cover carried one of Steve's letters to Mary written at Fort Lewis, Washington, in March 1943.

about it. It was called "The Wolf Man" a picture about Dr. Frankenstein, if you have seen one you know how spooky they are. This is the second one [movie] I've seen, well now that I'm here....Worst of it is I didn't get paid yet. We are supposed to get paid the 22nd of this month. Will try to get there. Was also going to come home to you the first part of April but my furlough has been cancelled again. So don't expect me for some time again, [I] am sorry, but this life you know.⁵²

Today about half the boys here have girls to see them. I talked and played games with them till I got to sick of it all. Went to a show about Roy Rogers in Idaho, it was a pretty good show. Today the sun isn't shining but it's quite warm, and oh! You sure could see Mt. Rainer plain today. It looks like it's so close yet its pretty far out there, about 60 miles one of the boys said. A person could see that there is quite a bit of snow there....Today being Sunday you no doubt were to church weren't you? Good girl, I was a bad boy, didn't go this morning as I was pretty sick after the vaccination shots we got yesterday. Yes Mary, we are going through all that again, that's the worst thing in the army for most of us to take. In fact, most of us got sick last night and today, but if that's suppose to be done we can do it, did it before so we can do it again, oh! oh! There I go quoting President Roosevelt eh?....if I'm right, you will be getting a new address from me again. Can't say when or where but don't worry I'll be O.K. and I don't think it will be over the pond yet. I'm the only one in this company that's from SD and [there are] only three of us boys from SD in the whole regiment....For a few days now I have been working at the depot we work at checking in and out all parts of trucks, jeeps, tanks, also small arms depot, handling parts from all

kinds of guns and [the] sergeant with three of us fellows have a big truck which we take out and bring in motors, it's quite heavy work, but that ought to make me strong eh?53

Sure was glad to hear from you as I'm quite lonely out here. It's worse then in Seattle, here we don't go out as often to town or a show as we did there. So a nice letter sure was a godsend for me. You know it seems like you are part of me. You seemed to know or have a feeling that something like that would happen, to be moved again. Well that's army, as my saying goes, could be better could be worse....You asked

me if we have theatres here in camp. Yes Mary we have, they are large theatres. The worst thing about shows here is that there are so many boys that want to go to a show that many times there are two lines of men a block long, sometimes longer, so you can imagine how it is. The show costs us 15 cents but by the end of the month most of the boys are broke. Well I don't like to see them stay in the barracks all the time. I take them along and buy their

ticket. Next we are hungry so popcorn and candy we get. Coming back we stop at the P.X., which is our store, [and] then some of the boys are thirsty and are out of cigarettes. Oh Nuts, every time that happens I say I won't do it again, but so far I've done it every time.....I work with a good Sergeant Malary, he is a good fellow. We have a big transport truck which we use to take old motors and parts to a salvage depot where we get new ones for old ones to take to our depot. At times it's heavy work, but interesting, but now, I think, well I shouldn't be telling you this, but well we are turning the depot over to some other men from a different company. We will for some time go on a lot of drilling, go on hikes with them doggone heavy packs on our backs and things like that....Yesterday I had it. It wouldn't have been bad, but in the morning we again took two vaccination shots, again. Yesterday and today [I] am quite sick, mostly fever. Most of the other boys too are sick....Also got a letter from the folks. Mother was saying how grandpa has so much trouble with his toes. I believe you know he has diabetes, that must be bad. Lillian too isn't well. I guess she won't be able to help much in the field work[ing] with Dad and I'm so afraid something will happen to him, as he isn't so young and not very steady....Last night, as I didn't sleep very good, so was awake most of the time. I heard one fellow talk in this sleep, he was proposing to his girl, he called her Elsie. He talked so plain, the way he proposed she couldn't have said no if she wanted to as he covered the whole subject, explained everything in every way. He explained all the advantages and disadvantages. Gee that was the most interest-

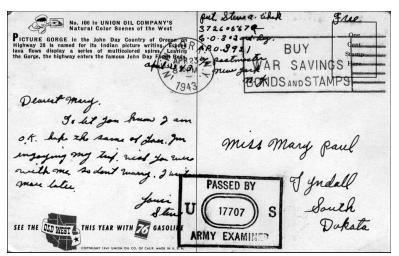


Figure 7 This card was posted by Steve while he awaited shipment overseas through the New York Port of Embarkation in late April 1943.

ing thing I heard in the army. This morning I kidded him about it. I never seen a redder face then his, if you could have seen him!⁵⁴

I know it's hard but it can't be helped and there will be times you won't be hearing from me, so keep your chin up Mary and smile for me eh?....I too planned on buying more roosters for this spring then I had last year. Well, instead of carrying a pail, I'm carrying a rifle, but it's a job that has to be done, so that's that.....Today some of my buddies over 38 years old were discharged. Some are going home, some are staying here in Washington to work on defense jobs. They had [a] tough going in the army, but yet they sure hated to leave. Some of them had tears in their eyes while shaking hands saying so-long. I'm really glad they are out. They had a hard time of it here and there.....Yesterday one of the boys had quite a time while walking guard. It was so dark you couldn't see anything in the woods. While walking his post he fell into a fox hole, or better called man hole, he got up [and] fell into another one, got up fell twice more. Poor fellow he thought there must have been 4 man holes. In the morning he found out there were only two. It was so dark and as he fell he must have lost direction and fell in the same

hole twice. He sure scratched his head in the morning and even laughed with us.⁵⁵

Oh! Yes, got the Tyndall paper today. I'm always glad when I get the Tyndall paper. Read where Frank and Harry Simek are home from the army. I wish them the best of luck. Do you know how or what happened to Harry? Hope he isn't going to be crippled. Don't worry about me Mary, I'm just lucky I guess and try to be as careful as possible. I didn't get hurt bad yet. Just a few bruises but that can be expected....Say Mary, before I forget to tell you, if I get the chance to go somewhere to mail it. I'll send you my most treasured things I have. I earned them for you and I'm proud of them. I want you to have them, my expert badges for rifle and bayonet and my Corporal stripes with the pins. They are yours. I worked and earned them for you.56

I know you are wondering what I'm doing. Well I can't say exactly, but as I believe I wrote you that we have a vital and important job and I'm doing this and that whenever they need me. Its interesting work....You know Mary it seems the harder I try the harder it is for me to find anything to write about. I could tell you pages, how beautiful, good, kind, patient, you are. I'd like to tell you that personally some day and I will because when I left I told you I was coming back to you. So come I will. Can't say when, but [I] think it won't be very long now as the news in the paper and radio sure sounds good.⁵⁷

Received your most welcome but sad and blue letter. Gee Mary, I wish I could comfort you, but can't for the present. Gee Mary, I don't like to see you blue, tired, and lonely. Cheer up Mary. I like to see you smiling like you are smiling at me now in the picture.....Why do such things have to happen to us. After 23 years I found what I have been longing and looking for, in less than a year, again

we are apart. After we get together again we shall not part again, are we? In the mean time Mary put on a smile, say it could be better, could be worse..... You asked me why we were vaccinated again. Well Mary there are so many things to be vaccinated for, and well, we are getting it. It isn't exactly so bad, but it's the most dreaded thing in the army. Every time I get a shot I get a fever.⁵⁸

The letters sure do take long to get here. The last letter from you I got in three days, it takes usually from 4 to 6 and 7 days to get here. I can't figure out why it takes so long because if it is a airmail letter it should get here and out there in two days at least because there is a plane that leaves Seattle every day that goes to Chicago. There is a holdup somewhere.....in the near future you will be hearing from me less then you have been lately which has been very few haven't they? But you will find out later why, but as you said ad I too say it, I'll make up for it. I should say We and forget about the past.....You asked me if or thought that I wouldn't like it if you had some fun at Joe's Inn, with Ilene. Mary you know I wouldn't say anything. I want you to have fun, smile, laugh, dance, (etc.). You know as well as I do I

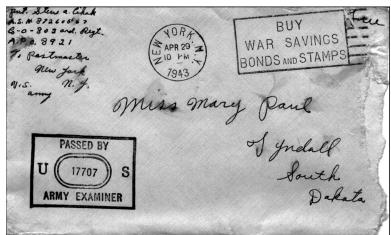


Figure 8 Steve's last letter mailed from the U.S. was postmarked in New York on April 29th. Note his transit APO identified as 3921.

think you are a good girl and as I used to say to my sister, you are old enough, you ought to know what's right and wrong and above all. I want you to be happy. I'll do anything for you. Yes Mary, even if you find anyone that you love better than me, tired of waiting, if I did anything wrong, tell me, I'll step out of the way, even though I wouldn't care to, but I will for you.....About the fellow that had a dream about Elsie. Well here the other night, while lying in our tents, I had quite a serious talk with him. You are right, he said she is and was willing to share the good with the bad with him. He said many times he wished he had asked her but he still firmly believes he did right by waiting. I don't know how I ever got mixed into it but we talked and argued about the subject almost all night.⁵⁹

I'm glad you got them badges O.K. I was worried that they might have got lost or broken as I couldn't insure them. I value them a lot as I worked to get them for you. A person can't buy them, they are Government Issue and it's all in the service record. By rights I should wear them at all times, but where I may be going soon I won't have no use for them....My buddy and his girlfriend from Seattle came over [and asked] for me to go with them to Seattle. [I] didn't feel like it but was glad later. As I saw something I'll never forget. As I was looking out the bus window I seen a large field in a valley of many hundreds of acres of just flowers. As far as I could see they were all the same. It's a flower with a dark green stem as thick as a fountain pen, some thicker, and yellow petals which in the middle forms a sort of a buttercup. People here don't call them buttercups, but I heard a fellow say the real name for this is juankwells [sp], but I can't find it in the dictionary.....you know, even though I've cursed this state many times, but I believe if I were in civilian life I'd really like it.60

As you and I know it would come, it happened. Here I am way out here a lot further from you than before. Why? Well, we went on a honeymoon, yes honeymoon with my Uncle Sam. Even went to see Niagara Falls, a really beautiful sigh.....Coming out here going through Nebraska, Iowa, and Illinois. Everything is getting green, farmers out in their fields. Gee it sure made me long for you on the farm.....Today is Easter, was in church this morning, it's a beautiful day, all I can say is Happy Easter. May God Bless You, and yes all hopes and planning gone again. That fellow that said 'Elsie, My Elsie' well we had all kinds of ideas and hopes, now again it's gone for a while. We will have to wait a little longer Mary. It won't be long I don't think. The news and such sounds good and it won't be long and we will be home eh?

Yours, Steve⁶¹

The next letter Mary received was written May 11, 1943, the location given as "Somewhere in Africa." Steve traveled across the entire continent of the United States two and one half times in eight months. Steve's contact with Mary in many ways sustained him, and in some instances, helped keep his sanity. His letters communicate a soldier's commonplace activities during basic training, offering glimpses of both camp life and events

in South Dakota. Steve met interesting people and had several new experiences. Experiences he would not have normally had if not for the war.

Steve's basic training letters are only a fraction of the total correspondence he kept with Mary. The communication between Mary and Steve continued during the war. Steve sent an additional 485 letters from both North Africa and Italy. The overseas letters ran from May of 1943 and ended fittingly on November 11, 1945. His letters continue to convey the people, cultures, and climates he encountered while at war. His narrative reveals the story of an ordinary man in a not so ordinary time, trying to stay linked to a loved one an ocean and half a continent away.

Mail connected the soldiers with their sweethearts, friends, and family. Steve's appreciation for Mary's correspondence emerges in every letter. Reflecting an appreciation felt by several soldiers who received mail from their loved ones. Letters like Steve's present a further understanding of what soldiers went through; explaining how they spent their time and tried to stay connected to the important people in their lives.

Endnotes

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1 Steve Cihak to Mary Paul, September 9, 1942.
2 Cihak to Paul, September 13, 1942
3 Cihak to Paul, September 15, 1942
4 Cihak to Paul, September 23, 1942
5 Cihak to Paul, September 26, 1942
6 Cihak to Paul, October 1, 1942
7 Cihak to Paul, October 4, 1942
8 Cihak to Paul, October 7, 1942. Kolaches are a Czech dessert tradition-
ally made with yeast dough and fruit filling.
9 Cihak to Paul, October 11, 1942
10 Cihak to Paul, October 16, 1942
11 Cihak to Paul, October 18, 1942
12 Cihak to Paul, October 21, 1942
13 Cihak to Paul, October 22, 1942
14 Cihak to Paul, November 1, 1942
15 Cihak to Paul, November 11, 1942
16 Cihak to Paul, November 14, 1942
17 Cihak to Paul, November 20, 1942
18 Cihak to Paul, November 22, 1942
19 Cihak to Paul, November 24, 1942
20 Cihak to Paul, November 26, 1942
21 Cihak to Paul, November 29, 1942.
22 Cihak to Paul, November 30, 1942.
23 Cihak to Paul, December 1, 1942
24 Cihak to Paul, written December 4, 1942 to December 7, 1942
25 Cihak to Paul, December 14, 1942
26 Cihak to Paul, December 19, 1942
27 Cihak to Paul, December 22, 1942
28 Cihak to Paul, December 23, 1942
29 Cihak to Paul, January 4, 1943
30 Cihak to Paul, January 7, 1943
31 Cihak to Paul, January 11, 1943
32 Cihak to Paul, January 16, 1943
33 Cihak to Paul, January 18, 1943
34 Cihak to Paul, January 22, 1943
35 Cihak to Paul, January 24, 1943
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36 Cihak to Paul, January 28, 1943
37 Cihak to Paul, January 29, 1943
38 Cihak to Paul, February 1, 1943
39 Cihak to Paul, February 3, 1943
40 Cihak to Paul, February 4, 1943
41 Cihak to Paul, February 7, 1943
42 Cihak to Paul, February 9, 1943
43 Cihak to Paul, February 9, 1943
44 Cihak to Paul, February 12, 1943
45 Cihak to Paul, February 17, 1943
46 Cihak to Paul, February 22, 1943
47 Cihak to Paul, February 24, 1943
48 Cihak to Paul, March 1, 1943
49 Cihak to Paul, March 4, 1943
50 Cihak to Paul, March 11, 1943
51 Cihak to Paul, March 14, 1943
52 Cihak to Paul, March 17, 1943
53 Cihak to Paul, March 20, 1943
54 Cihak to Paul, March 28, 1943
55 Cihak to Paul, March 30, 1943
56 Cihak to Paul, April 2, 1943
57 Cihak to Paul, April 5, 1943
58 Cihak to Paul, April 5, 1943
59 Cihak to Paul, April 9, 1943
60 Cihak to Paul, April 13, 1943
61 Cihak to Paul, April 25, 1943
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THE POSTMASTERS GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES XX. Montgomery Blair, 1861-1864

by Daniel Y. Meschter

ew were better prepared to take over the Post Office at the beginning of the Civil War than Montgomery Blair and fewer equaled the innovations he introduced to its operations.

Firstly, he was the scion of two extraordinary families, the Blairs and the Prestons, both early eighteenth cen-

tury immigrants from the north of Ireland. Montgomery Blair's great-grandfather, John Blair (1720-71), came to Pennsylvania with a sister and an older brother in the 1820s where the brothers founded a dynasty of theologians and educators. They and their sons occupied pulpits and headed colleges in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, while their sister married an eminent cleric and had two equally famous sons in the clergy¹. One of John Blair's sons, James (1762-1837), turned to the law and with

an in-law, the Rev. David Rice, crossed the mountains to Kentucky in 1783 where Blair opened a law practice in Frankfort and Rice took charge of Presbyterian congregations around Danville. Both took active roles in the organization of the State of Kentucky. Rice led an unsuccessful movement to insert an antislavery clause in the state constitution and Blair was repeatedly appointed attorney general from 1797 to 1820, the longest tenure of any Kentucky attorney general.

In 1789 James Blair married Elizabeth Smith, the granddaughter of John Preston who immigrated to Virginia in 1738. The Preston family was remarkable for its outstanding lawyers, legislators, civil servants, military officers, clergymen, doctors, and authors who exercised considerable influence in eighteenth and nineteenth century America². Among them, James Blair's oldest surviving son, Francis Preston Blair, Sr., (1791-1876) joined the future Postmaster General, Amos Kendall, in editing the Argus of Western America in Frankfort, Kentucky and became an ardent supporter of Andrew Jackson. He moved to Washington following Jackson's election where he and Kendall published the Globe in support of Jackson's administration and played a leading role in Jackson's "Kitchen Cabinet." It was during this time that Francis Blair, Sr. purchased the house across Pennsylvania Avenue from the White House that

is still known as Blair House, a National Historic Landmark. However, holding strong antislavery views and opposing the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854, Francis Blair, Sr. and his sons transferred their loyalties to the emerging Free Soil or Republican Party³.

Francis Blair's son, Montgomery, was born in Frankfort, Kentucky in 1813. He was educated in local

schools and entered the United States Military Academy in 1831. Following his graduation in 1835, he served in the Seminole War until he resigned his commission in 1836 to study law at Transylvania University of which David Rice was one of its founders. He moved to St. Louis the next year to read law under Senator Thomas Hart Benton and was admitted to the bar in 1839. In all of this he clearly was the beneficiary of his father's influence in the Jackson and Van Buren administrations. He began the



Montgomery Blair

practice of law in St. Louis, was appointed U.S. district attorney for the district of Missouri, elected mayor of St. Louis in 1842, and sat as a judge from 1843 to 1849 when he resumed to his law practice. He moved to Maryland in 1852 and built up an eminent law practice in Silver Spring and Washington⁴.

In the meantime, his youngest brother, Francis Preston Blair, Jr., was born in Lexington in 1821⁵. He moved to Washington, D.C. with his father in 1830 where he was educated in elite preparatory schools. He graduated from Princeton University at 20, studied law at Transylvania, and moved to St. Louis to join Montgomery's law practice there. He enlisted as a private during the Mexican War and served briefly as attorney general for New Mexico Territory in 1847. He was elected to the House of Representatives in 1856 and served intermittently until mid 1864. Missouri honors him as a hero who saved the state for the Union when he wrested control of the St. Louis Arsenal from Confederate partisans in 1861. He was particularly noted for his service as a major general during the Civil War who won the esteem of both Grant and Sherman as a military leader of volunteers.

Already well known in the courts of Maryland and the District of Columbia, Montgomery won national attention defending Dred Scott in 1856 and arguing John Brown's right to a fair trial in 1859. Any doubt as to his political loyalties was resolved by his chairmanship of the Maryland and National Republican Conventions in 1860. He delivered the Maryland and Francis, Jr. the Missouri delegations to Lincoln at the Chicago convention to give the nomination to Lincoln on the third ballot, in recognition of which Lincoln appointed him Postmaster General on March 5, 1861. Noteworthily, Lincoln had already appointed another Republican stalwart, John Adam Kasson of Iowa, First Assistant Postmaster General on the 4th; it is said on Blair's recommendation. Kasson and Blair became such an effective team that it put Kasson in position to play a key role in the Paris Postal Conference in 1863.

Blair's administration of the Post Office Department covered three major areas: improving its existing management system; maintaining service under wartime conditions (Part XXA); and sponsoring the Paris Postal Conference (Part XXB). According to sources quoted by Younger, Blair considered himself an efficiency expert and reformer who is said to have made more improvements in the Post Office than anybody since Franklin⁶. Supported by a acquiescent Congress whenever his proposals required legislative action, he improved the registration system, limited franking privileges for deputy postmasters, introduced a salary scheme for postmasters, reduced postal rates and made them uniform throughout the nation, instituted free city delivery, established branch post offices where needed to serve the public, proposed the postal money order system, and organized the railway post office. By expert management and the application of efficient methods he reduced the bureaucratic tendency toward deficits and was personally proud his policy to make the service self-supporting produced the Post Office's first surplus in over a decade during his last year in office (1864). As an experienced attorney accustomed to preparing legal arguments for the courts and a diligent administrator, Blair's annual reports tend to be succinct, and analytical⁷.

Few of his innovations were original, however, being adapted mainly from existing practices in Great Britain and the Continent. The model of the uniform penny post the British adopted in 1840 in which letters were rated by weight rather than distance carried was spreading little-by-little throughout the world. Congress took a major step in this direction when it adopted a five-cent per half ounce rate up to 300 miles and ten cents over 300 miles in 1845 and adjusted it to three cents per half ounce *prepaid* up to 3,000 miles and ten cents

over 3,000 miles in 1855. In the most comprehensive postal rate legislation since 1845, Congress divided the domestic mails into three classes: first-letters and matter wholly or partly in writing except book manuscripts; second-periodical publications; and third-all other mailable material, including a catch-all of printed material other than periodicals, paper goods, seeds, and so on, effective July 1, 18638. First class mail was rated at three cents per half ounce prepaid regardless of distance carried and drop letters at two cents to include delivery. The rate for periodicals of the second class not over four ounces issued once a week began at five cents quarterly and escalated in proportion to frequency of publication. Transient matter of the second class and third class matter was rated at two cents per four ounces or fraction up to four pounds (double rate for books and circulars).

Among Blair's recommendations was the abolition of the carrier's fee-two cents for city delivery or collection-in favor of free delivery that he predicted would "greatly accelerate deliveries and promote the public convenience" and pay for itself through increased postal revenues (1861 Report, p.149) in conformance to his theory that "certainty, frequency, and facility of postal communication influence the amount of correspondence more than do any variations in a moderate tariff," arguing there had been no significant loss of revenue due to the rate reduction of 1855 (1862 Report, pp. 145-6)9. The Postal Service credits Joseph William Briggs, a postal clerk in the Cleveland post office, for bringing the idea of free city delivery to Blair's attention; but this overlooks the fact that "free" delivery began to emerge in many towns in England as early as 1800 and that D.D.T. Leech, almost certainly from his own knowledge, wrote that in 1863 Blair "had become convinced from the remarkable results attending the free delivery of mail packets in some of the European cities, that a similar facility on this side of the Atlantic would secure like results10."

Congress complied by authorizing Blair to employ letter-carriers for free delivery of mail from "such post offices as he may direct¹¹." He inaugurated the system on July 1st in 49 cities, employing 449 carriers (1863 Report, p. 4; Appendix 3, p. 24). During its first quarter of operation, carriers in New York City, for example, made five deliveries and six collections a day delivering over two million letters and picking up almost as many from patrons and the pillar boxes the Act authorized. The Act also confirmed the establishment of

branch post offices previously authorized by the Act of April 16, 1862¹², but repealed the one-cent fee for letters delivered or collected at branches.

Several of Blair's most important recommendations were adopted too late in his tenure for him to take an active role in their augmentation. One was the adoption of a money order system to facilitate the transmission of small sums of money through the mails to avoid theft and reduce loss of money letters (1862 Report, pp. 1138-9; 1863 Report, p. 18). Congress enacted his recommendations in considerable detail in the Act of May 17, 1864¹³, but since the Act granted more than a year until July 1, 1865 to put it into operation, the establishment of Money Order Offices fell to his successor, Wm. Dennison.

Blair's role in the revision of postmaster compensations is not as clear as the cases of free city delivery and money orders. His reports contain little or no reference to the subject; but Leech is definite Blair played a key role in originating a new system of pay for postmasters where he wrote: "Prior to 1864 postmasters had been compensated for their services by a percentage on the receipts of their offices, denominated 'commissions.' On the 1st of July of that year, at Mr. Blair's suggestion, a radical change was directed by law through the substitution of specific salaries for [varying rates of commissions]14." The scheme the Congress enacted at Blair's suggestions declared that "the annual compensation of postmasters shall be at a fixed salary, in lieu of commissions, to be divided into five classes¹⁵." These salary classes, exclusive of the New York City postmaster whose salary was set by law at \$6,000 per annum, were set at: first-less than \$4,000 and more than \$3,000; second—less than \$3,000 and more than \$2,000; third-less than \$2,000 and more than \$1,000; fourthless than \$1,000 and more than \$200; and fifth-less than \$200 with the salaries of the first, second, and third in even hundreds of dollars; fourth in even tens of dollars; and fifth in even dollars. Congress left the actual establishment of salaries to the Postmaster General in accordance with the rules set out in the Act; but in deciding on a method to determine the annual salary of a postmaster, Blair did not abandon the schedule of commissions then in effect. He decided that the annual salary of a postmaster would be determined by adding the whole of the box rents received and the commissions on the office's revenues for the past two years, including the amount of stamps canceled, the amount of unpaid postage collected, and the amount of postage on printed and other mailable matter of 60% on the first

\$100; 50% on the next \$300; 40% on the next \$2,000; and 15% on everything over \$2,400. Provision was made for salaries to be re-adjusted every two years or more often if conditions warranted, for post offices in operation less than two years, and for offices at the intersection of mail-routes designated as distributing or separating offices¹⁶. Under the first classification in 1864, only 52 postmasters fell into the first class, 209 into the second, and 392 into the third.

Certainly the most important and long-lasting of Blair's improvements was the organization of the Railway Mail Service he inaugurated on his own initiative in 1864¹⁷. Even before this, however, Postmaster General Kendall appointed a "route agent" to accompany the mails between Albany and Utica, New York in 1837 and in June 1840 agents on the Boston to Springfield route began to sort mail collected along the line for delivery to other points, expediting delivery by as much as 12 hours to a day. Gradually the idea of sorting mail on the cars evolved. The foundation of the Railway Mail Service is credited to W.A. Davis of the St. Joseph, Missouri Post Office who began sorting mail on the cars between Quincy and St. Joseph in 1862 so that especially the western mails would be ready to be transferred to the Overland stages upon its arrival in St. Joseph rather than waiting to be sorted *after* its arrival, saving hours. At Blair's direction, George B. Armstrong, Chicago's assistant postmaster, placed a car equipped for the distribution of mail into service between Chicago and Clinton, Iowa on August 28, 1864 and the Railway Mail Service came into being. This experiment was soon followed by routes between New York and Washington, Chicago and Rock Island, and New York and Erie. Actually, in its simplest concept, all the Railway Mail Service did was to move the old distributing offices into railway cars so that the mail could be sorted while traveling from one major point to another at an advantage of 12 to 24 hours or even more ahead of the mails laying in a distributing office waiting to be sorted. Under this scheme, postmasters continued to make up their outgoing mail as usual, but instead of directing it to the first distributing office in any direction as formerly, they directed it to the first Railway Post Office going in that direction in which their mails were opened, sorted, and sent on to the terminus nearest the address.

The system began slowly due to the impact of the Civil War, but by the end of 1868 twenty-six Railway and Steamship Post Office routes had been established aggregating 70,000 miles and employing 279 clerks at an increased cost over route agency that Leech claims was

largely offset by the reduction of clerical forces at distributing offices. Neverthe-less, the Railway Postal Service was the wave of the future; it reached its zenith around 1930 when more than 10,000 trains moved mail to and from even the smallest villages until with the demise of railway passenger service beginning in the late 1950's, it faded away on June 30, 1977, surrendering to air and highway transportation. (Continued)

Endnotes

- 1 See Alfred Nevin, ed. *Encyclopedia of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America*, Philadelphia, 1884 for biographical sketches of these early Blairs.
- Wilson, L.A. and Preston, William Bowker. *The Preston Genealogy*, Deseret News, Salt Lake City, Utah 1900; Dorman, John Frederick. *The Prestons of Smithfield and Greenfield in Virginia*, Filson Club, 1982.
- 3 Smith, W.E. *The Francis Preston Blair Family in Politics*, New York, 1933.
- 4 See Vexler; *The National Cyclopedia of American Biography*, v. 44, p. 190; article in *American National* Biography. New York, 1999; and W.E. Smith, *op cit* for biographical sketches of Montgomery Blair.
- 5 See also Biographical Directory for a sketch of F.P. Blair, Jr.
- 6 Younger, Edward. *John A. Kasson: Politics and Diplomacy from Lin*coln to McKinley, Iowa City, IA, 1955, p. 130.
- 7 Blair's *Annual Report of the Postmaster General*, December 2, 1861, Serial 1119, p. 551ff; December 1, 1862, Serial 1159, p. 119ff; and October 31, 1863, Serial 1184, p. 3ff are cited in the text by "(Year [of] Report, page number)."
- 8 Act of March 3, 1863, 12 Stat 701.
- 9 The United States Postal Service, An American History, 1775-2002, Washington, DC, c. 2003, p. 20.
- 10 Leech, D.D.T. The Post Office Department of the United States of America; Its History...Washington, D.C. 1879, p. 42.
- 11 §11, Act of March 3, 1863, 12 Stat 703.
- 12 12 Stat 379.
- 13 13 Stat 76.
- 14 Leech, op cit, p. 50.
- 15 Act July 1, 1864, 13 Stat 335.
- 16 The rules in the Act of June 8, 1872, 17 Stat 294-5 appear to be those originally issued by Blair.
- 17 The principal sources used here for the Railway Mail Service include the *United States Postal Service, op cit,* pp 15-6; James, Thomas L. "The Railway Mail Service," *Scribner's Magazine,* Vol. 5, No. 3, March 1889, pp. 259-277.



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Figure 1 Front and back of envelope mailed from San Diego, California, on March 11, 1892, to Lt. Powhatan H. Clarke, U.S. Army, while attached to a German cavalry regiment in Germany. Back of cover shows NEW YORK transit machine cancel and a Dusseldorf, Germany, receiving marking.

Mail To A Goat

By Michael Dattolico

Collecting military-related mail can be an exciting endeavor. But until I discovered the cover shown as *figure 1*, I never realized how truly enthralling it could be. It sent me scurrying to the archives to dig for an explanation to an intriguing mystery.

At first glance the cover seemed common enough. It was mailed from San Diego, California in 1892 to Germany, a 5-cent stamp affixed to pay the overseas rate for a half-ounce letter. Upon closer inspection, however, I realized that it was mailed to a lieutenant in the 2nd Hussar Regiment based at Dusseldorf, Germany. But it was the officer's surname, P. H. Clarke, that jolted me. I knew that 'Clarke' was not a German name; it was either American or British. But why would a Brit-

ish or American lieutenant be serving in a German cavalry unit? Since the letter was mailed from the United States, I assumed that he was likely an American.

The archives contain copies of Francis Heitman's listing of commissioned army officers, along with George Cullum's West Point registers. Heitman's book indicated that Powhatan Henry Clarke served as an army officer during the 1880s and early 1890s. It also showed that Clarke had graduated from West Point. Records revealed that he had been appointed to the Military Academy from Louisiana in 1880 and graduated in 1884. Especially noteworthy was Clarke's ranking. Of the 37 men in the class of '84, Powhatan H. Clarke had graduated 37th — last.

Traditions abound at West Point and have dictated the way things are done throughout the school's history. The Military Academy's General Order of Merit, for

example, established the graduation policy that diplomas would be presented according to academic performance. The cadet with the highest grade average was awarded his diploma first, and the remaining corps received theirs in descending order. The last man in academic standing came to be known as the class "goat."

The moniker has nothing to do with the animal. The nickname stems from the distinctive goatee worn by a Spanish instructor who taught the cadets in the 1880s with the lowest academic standings. Thus, it was the beard that prompted the tradition.

It would be a mistake to assume that the cadets with the lowest academic rankings made mediocre officers. Ironically, the "goat" of the 1812 class, Rene De Russy, became a superintendent of West Point, while the second-to-last graduate in the class of 1845, Thomas Pitcher, took command of the academy in the 1860s. George

Pickett, last in the class of 1846, became a Confederate general and beloved Southern hero. George Custer, who brought up the academic rear of the 1861 class, was also a dashing Civil War hero. The cadet who was second-to-last in the class of 1901 was the only West Point-trained officer to receive the Medal of Honor in World War One. And then there was Lt. P. H. Clarke, last in the class of 1884.

Powhatan H. Clarke is not a well-known figure. Born in 1862, he was named for the Indian chief who was the father of Pocahontas. The officer's father, also named Powhatan, was a professor at Baltimore City College. Appointed to West Point from Louisiana, Clarke's first assignment after graduation was the 9th U.S. Cavalry, one of the all-black "Buffalo Soldier" cavalry regiments then based in the Southwest.

Clarke may have been academically shaky at West Point, but he soon showed his fighting abilities against the Indians. On May 3, 1886, he and his men were locked in a fierce battle with Apaches at Salt River, Arizona. The troopers were surrounded and almost out of ammunition when one of Clarke's men was wounded and unable to move. Disregarding personal danger, Clarke rushed to the soldier's aid. For his actions, he was given the Medal of Honor. Presented to him in 1891, the citation read in part:

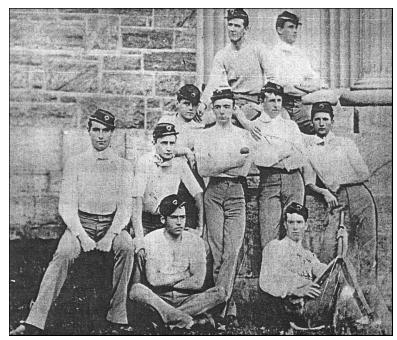


Figure 2 West Point photo taken in the early 1880s. It is believed that Powhatan H. Clarke is the man shown leaning on the second and third cadets from left.

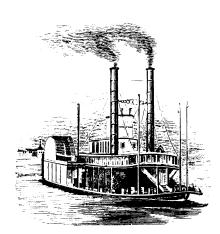
"...Second Lieutenant P. H. Clarke displayed conspicuous gallantry when he rushed forward to the rescue of a soldier who was severely wounded and lay disabled. Although exposed to enemy fire, Lt. Clarke carried him to a place of safety...."

None of his heroic exploits, however, provides a clue why Lt. Powhatan Clarke was suddenly a member of a German cavalry regiment in Germany. But the wording of Clarke's service summary creates an even bigger mystery. It indicates that he was promoted to first lieutenant in 1891, and was "...on duty with the 12th Westphalia Hussar Regiment at Dusseldorf, Germany...April, 1891 through May 22, 1892...to obtain military information...."

Shades of James West and Artemis Gordon! Obtain military information? One wonders exactly what Clarke's mission was. Perhaps he was part of an exchange program whereas Clarke was assigned to a German unit to study their cavalry tactics, while a German officer observed U.S. Army procedures. Or was he involved in more clandistine operations?

Clarke returned to the United States in the summer of 1892 and was officially on leave until September, when he was assigned to the 10th U.S. Cavalry at Fort Custer, Montana.

On the afternoon of July 21, 1893, Clarke displayed his courage and devotion to his men once again, this time not against armed Indians but the raging currents of the Little Big Horn River. A trooper had fallen into the river and desperately called for help. Without hesitation, Clarke dove into the water to save the struggling soldier. Unfortunately, both men drowned. Lieutenant Powhatan Henry Clarke, "Goat" of the 1884 West Point class and Medal of Honor recipient, was dead at age 31.



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POSTAL HISTORY SOCIETIES (Listed by request)

Mobile Post Office Society — http://www.eskimo.com/~rkunz/mposhome.html

(For a listing of <u>all U.S. State Postal History Societies</u> on-line, see the web page for the Empire State Postal History Society) — http://www.esphs.org/usphsoc.html

"Is it real or is it.....?"

By Richard Martorelli

little earlier this year, a fellow stamp collector and I were sharing our latest treasures. Having started stamp collecting with a fascination for postage due mail, I always look for the more unusual examples. Some of the usages that I have acquired along the way include a Mexican postage due letter from the US occupation of Vera Cruz in 1914, a 1941 short-paid Tin Can Mail cover, and a 1951 postage-due bill for delivery using the "mail-by-the-pail" system from the

Marine Post Office at Detroit, MI. My latest prize was a post-card carried on the first US to Germany flight of the Graf Zeppelin LZ127 in October 1928, as shown in *Figure 1*.

This New York picture postcard is addressed to a woman in Berlin, with a message handwritten in German.

Figure 1 is a paragraph of the picture postcard is addressed to a woman in Berlin, with a message handwritten in German.

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lin, with a message handwrit- *Figure 1* is a personal-purpose postcard carried on the 1st US to Germany Zeppelin flight.

The postcard is franked for \$0.50, when the correct mailing rate was \$0.53. The card is hand stamped with the New York "opera glass" marking, charging 30 gold centimes postage due. The UPU Congress of Stockholm in 1924 required that, as of October 1, 1925, insufficiently prepaid or unpaid mail sent between member countries of the UPU would be dispatched, and assessed a charge (expressed in gold centimes, the international currency of the UPU) payable by the addressee. The charge would be double the amount of the deficient postage, with a minimum charge of 10 gold centimes. At that time, 5 gold centimes equaled US \$0.01. In this Zeppelin postcard's case, since the deficient postage was \$0.03, double the deficiency would be \$0.06, times 5 gold centimes/US\$0.01 is equal to 30 gold centimes

Richard Martorelli, copyright reserved August 25, 2005

international postage due. In Germany, where the card is addressed, 2 gold centimes equaled 1 gold pfennig, so the charge would have converted to 15 gold pfennigs.

In looking at this cover my friend said "Yes, but it is only a Zeppelin cover. Almost all of those are just *philatelic*. Here look at the unused and unissued US revenue stamps I bought at the Matthew Bennett sale..." After we concluded our meeting of the mutual admiration society, I started thinking—are all Zeppelin covers only "philatelic"? Are there things to look for in identifying

a non-philatelic cover?

Let's start with the "why" of a cover. Why did this piece of (usually) paper end up with (usually) postage stamps on it, and get sent from point A to point B, collecting (usually) some markings on it? Briefly, without getting involved in the entire history of written

communications, it is because one person wants to tell something to someone else who is farther away than shouting distance. While this statement is a very broad generalization, it expresses the concept that the "why" of a letter is its' very purpose for existing. The reasons for a letter can be roughly divided into two categories—to convey a <u>personal</u> message (love, news, condolences, etc) between individuals or to convey a <u>business-related</u> message between parties in a transaction (advertising, fundraising appeal, payment of a bill, etc). We stamp collectors have added one more category for a letter, and that is to obtain a special philatelic postal marking, such as first day covers, ship launchings or other special event postmarks.

Starting from this establishment of three basic categories of primary purpose, it is important to realize that there are many crossovers. For example, an eBay stamp dealer used a block of four of the 1998 reprinted \$1 "Western Cattle in a Storm" to send me a purchase by

Priority Mail. This is was primarily a business mailing, but it had a philatelic crossover. When I sent a Valentine's Day card to Joanne, the woman I love, and franked it with "Love" stamps and had it mailed from Loveland, CO on February 14, I was primarily sending personal mail, but it also had an obvious philatelic twist. On the other hand, I sent my son Paul a picture postcard bearing a Chinese New Year's stamp, cancelled at the Chinatown station in San Francisco on February 9

(Lunar New Year), and wrote a short message "Have arrived. Will see you for dinner in 3 days". I was primarily sending a piece of philatelic mail, but it also contained personal correspondence. So, using this framework, I now answer no, that not all Zeppelin covers are of a philatelic purpose. For economic and valuation purposes, however, this is a non-issue. From my observations as a collector/ buyer, the market price of a piece of Zeppelin-carried mail is mostly based on the actual flight involved, the quantity of mail known, scarmarkings, stamps used, origin/destina-

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city and types of *Figure 2* shows two examples of philatelic-purpose mail flown on the markings, stamps Graf Zeppelin.

tion and physical condition. The academic question, of personal interest, of philatelic or non-philatelic, is not asked or usually considered. In considering how to tell the difference between a Zeppelin cover mailed for a philatelic purpose vs. a business or personal purpose, it is easier to identify a philatelic cover, as there are many more examples. A disclaimer—the observations that follow are by no means exhaustive or completely inclusive, and represent one man's observations and opinions. The examples cited will be of mail carried on the German Zeppelins *Hindenburg* and *Graf Zeppelin*.

Let's start with the most obvious—the date of the flight itself. I would call any letter carried on the 1929 "Round the World" flight or the 1931 "Polar Flight", such as those shown in *figure 2*, philatelic by their very existence. Very few of the 50,000+ items carried on each of these trips would have had a business or personal primary purpose. Why? For the 1929 flight, there were less expensive and timelier ways to send a postcard rather than the \$1.78, 21-day duration Lakehurst-to-

Lakehurst flight. For the 1931 flight, why would anyone send regular correspondence (business or personal) via the North Pole? Next, consider the first flights—to a specific place, or the first of a year/flying season. With regular service between Germany and North and South America, and flights around Europe, there were many opportunities for special flights and markings. For example, the first flight of the Graf Zeppelin from the US to Germany was October 28-November 1, 1928, noted in the handstamp on the figure 1 postcard. As with many airmail events of that period, a large number of

people wanted a souvenir, and this flight carried approximately 52,000 letters and 50,000 postcards. Given the circumstances, I agree that most of these 100,000+ pieces were primarily philatelic in nature, but some would have been crossover pieces as well.

The next area to consider is the address. Two prominent dealers, but by no means the only ones, in airmail items in the 1920's -1930's were Hermann E. Sieger of Germany and A.C.Roessler of East Orange, NJ. Both men worked with dealers, collectors and postal officials to create flight covers of interest, documenting the historic events of the times. Cleary, any mail ad-

dressed to Sieger (father of the current dealer and cataloguer Hermann W. Sieger) or Roessler (aka AC Roe), like those in **Figure 3**, can be categorized as having a primary philatelic purpose. The material I have seen for cachets attributed to Roessler or envelopes created by him for airships concentrated more on the US airships of the day rather than on the German ones. Much of his efforts in the later 1930's were devoted to cachets, including his checkerboard-edged envelopes, possibly as a result of his legal troubles concerning fraudulent use of the mails.







Figure 3 shows philatelic mail addressed to dealers Sieger and Roe and a Roe cachet for a 1933 "Century of Progress" flight.

Figure 4 illustrates other frequently seen philatelic indicators. These include mail addressed "in care of Postmaster", to the Zeppelin Company or with the same sender and addressee. The geographic location of the addressee, compared to the geographic route of the flight, is another area for examination. How many people in Denmark would have correspondence routed to them via Friedrichshafen or Recife, Brazil?

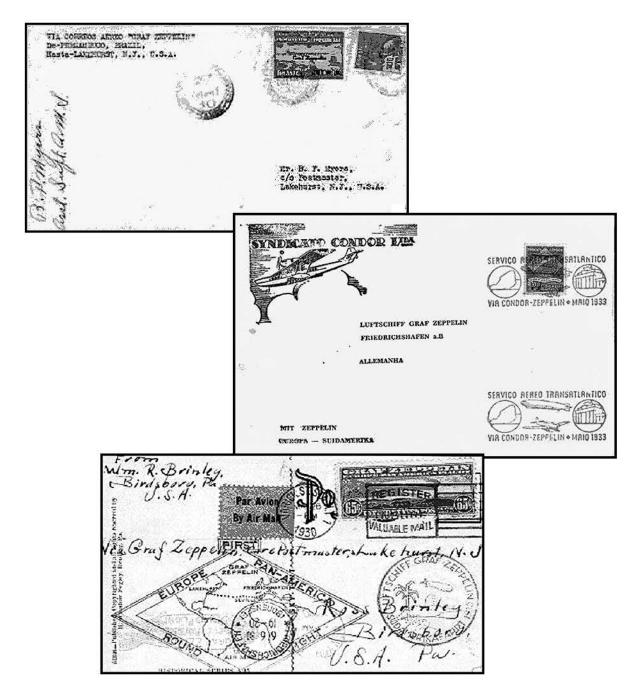


Figure 4 illustrates examples of address types frequently found on philatelic purpose mail.

A lesser-known but definitive indicator of philatelic mail is an address of F. W. von Meister, or a row of five small black numbers usually found to the left of the address area, as seen in *figure 5*. These are referred to as "von Meister" numbers, referring to the "special US representative" of the Zeppelin Company. His title refers to his role as the coordinator or facilitator for US collectors who wanted to get flight covers with German, Spanish or Brazilian stamps, mailed from those countries and carried on the Zeppelin flights. The covers processed thru von Meister were stamped with the straight- line set of five numbers. From my professional background, the most likely reason for the marking is as an accounting tool, for example to help track and balance the cash received

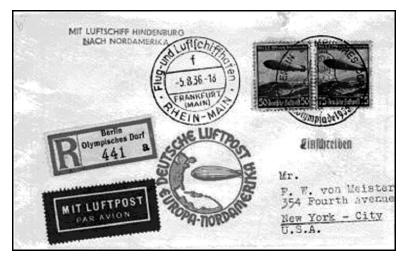




Figure 5 pictures two examples of "von Meister" philatelic Zeppelin mail.

from collectors with the covers returned to them. The first use of these numbers was for the 1930 Pan-American flight, and the last use was for the 1931 Polar Flight, even though Mr. von Meister continued his services at least through the final flight of the *Hindenburg* in 1937.

In looking at a number of covers, there are other possible indicators of philatelic mail, but none are definitive. Business addresses are often found either as the sender or the addressee. From personal observations, it is not uncommon for employees to occasionally use their company's business envelopes to send personal mail, with the employee providing their own postage, such as the envelope at the top of *figure 6*. Also, individuals will sometimes have personal mail or packages sent to them at their place of work so that they can verify receipt. Both of these actions could support the use of a business address on a piece of philatelic mail. Many of the observed Zeppelin envelopes have a typewritten address, and sometimes a printed address. The typewriter always has the advantage of producing words that can be read, even if the reader does not know the meaning. So, a typewritten English address on a cover to be handled by the Brazilian and German Post Offices might have been a little extra





Figure 6 pictures examples of philatelic mail that share characteristics of commercial mail.

insurance that the letter would be delivered to the US, or at least an English speaking country for onward transmission. A printed address could represent a type of business-reply envelope, or it could be one of a hundred created by a dealer to save himself the work of hand addressing. Another indicator is the message, or lack of message. This is hard to determine with most envelopes, as the contents are usually not still with the envelope. Postcards, like the one at the bottom of *figure 6*, on the other hand, are easy to analyse, and are frequently found, because the postcard mailing rate was usually one-half of the amount for a letter. In this case, the philatelic nature is clear because the only message on the reverse is "please return to (sender's address)."

The last area of consideration in this overview is the stamp used on the mail. A dead giveaway is overfranking, paying an unlikely and unreasonable amount more than the required postage. True, anyone might overpay a few cents because the exact amount of postage is not available. On the other hand, using a full set of Pan-American Zeppelins with a face value of \$4.55 on an envelope that required \$3.90 in postage, as seen in *figure 7*, is a strong indicator that the sender's purpose was philatelic.

This is also true if the stamps used were special Zeppelin overprints that created a high face value stamp.

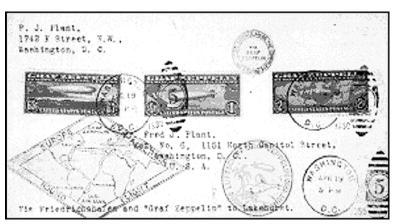


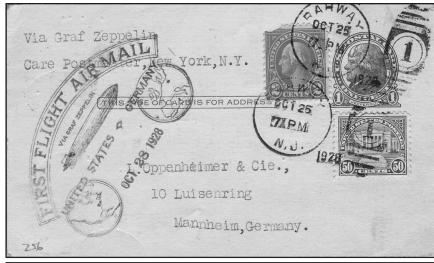
Figure 7 is a typical overfranked cover that indicates a primarily philatelic intent.

Some mail carried on the German Zeppelins, however, had a primary purpose other than philatelic. This appears to include my postage-due treasure from figure 1. The postcard contains a handwritten message in German between two individuals. and makes reference to an occasion upcoming in November. This seems to be support a personal purpose over the competing philatelic one. Figure 8 is another example, this time being a business purpose. The illustrated government postal card has been upgraded to the correct postage for the flight. It bears a typewritten message between two firms involved in the brewing industry, confirming the receipt of hops and ordering more. While the sender is caught up in the excitement of the times about the Zeppelin, at heart this is business mail, being sent by the most expeditious means.

Business addresses, as noted above, are often found either as the sender or the addressee on Zeppelin mail. This is particularly true on mail between Europe and South America. The *Graf Zeppelin* made its first flight to Brazil in 1930 as

part of the three-continent Pan-American flight, and made many other trips throughout the next 3 years. Starting in 1934, and lasting until 1939, Deutsche Lufthansa operated a scheduled commercial all-airmail service from Berlin to Rio de Janeiro, with further connections to other cities including Montevideo, Santiago, Lima and Buenos Aires. This biweekly service was accomplished using a mix of landplanes, the *Graf Zeppelin*, and flying boats launched from and recovered by catapult ships. On average, one-way delivery time from Germany to Brazil was 3-4 days, compared to 15+ days for surface carried mail.

The physical condition of the envelope can also be looked at as an indirect pointer of purpose. For a collector, keeping the flown mail in near-mint condition would be of top importance, in order to preserve the value and appearance, such as those shown in *figure* 2. If an envelope were sealed, it would have been



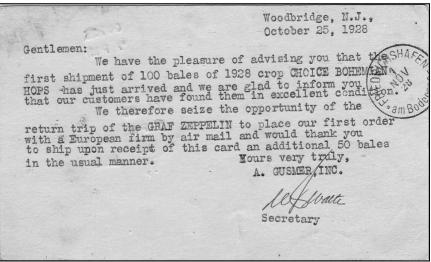


Figure 8 is a very clear example of commercial-purpose Zeppelin mail.

opened carefully or maybe not at all. For both business and personal mail, however, the contents of the envelope would be more important than the envelope itself, which would have been paid little attention. For example, the envelope at the top of *figure 9* was flown from Brazil on the Graf Zeppelin (noted by both the typed instruction on the front and an "onboard" handstamp on the back), and delivered to a bank in England. From other examples, it appears that the basic Zeppelin postage rate was 4,200 Reis. Bearing this, and the boxed "R" registration mark in mind, it is a reasonable surmise that the torn upper right corner had high value stamps. They probably were overprinted Zeppelin airmail stamps of 1931-32, Brazil Scott C26-C30. On seeing them, a "collector" or accumulator at the bank tore the stamps off, totally ignoring the transit marks. Other "file marks" often see on business mail include file folds, water staining, "doodling"/notes, insect damage or punched file holes such as the cover at the bottom of figure 9.

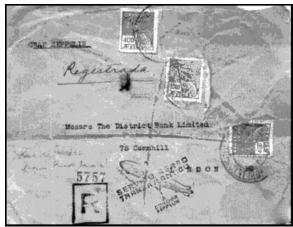
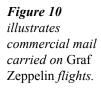




Figure 9 illustrates two items of commercial mail with damage.

Lastly, looking at franking, the use of regular-issue definitive stamps or a meter for postage is also more likely to indicate a business mailing. This is seen in the *figure 1* postcard, using the minimum definitive stamps needed for the correct postage, and in the examples from Germany and England illustrated in *figure 10*. As a side note, while franked and marked for the Zeppelin flight of September 1933, the illustrated cover with British stamps actually missed the takeoff at from Friedrichshafen and was sent by sea mail to Argentina.







Lastly, as shown in *figure 11*, a meter imprint used to pay postage is an almost definite example of a bonafide business use. At this time, businesses or governments were the generally the only ones using meter machines. At least one notable exception, however, was the dealer Hermann Siger, who provided metered envelopes of various denominations for flights in 1933.



Figure 11 illustrates commercial and philatelic meter mail carried on Graf Zeppelin flights.

In summary, the Zeppelins of the 1928-1939 period carried very large quantities of mail on their many flights around Europe and the world. There was great excitement and demand for souvenirs from these flights then, and it continues today. Even in the face of this great collector interest, there was mail carried that had a primary purpose of a personal or commercial nature. There is no one "thing" that instantly distinguishes this "real" mail from the more-commonly seen philatelic souvenir mail. Finding it is just a matter of researching the field, understanding what you see, and a little bit of luck.

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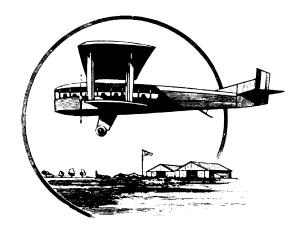
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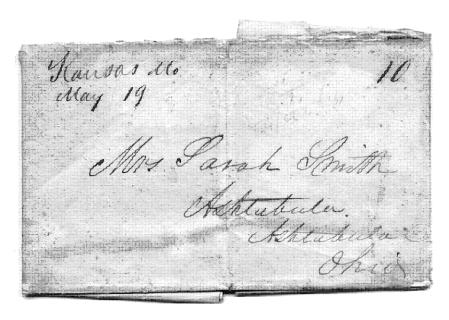
Yahoo Search Engine http://www.yahoo.com/



Reading Other People's Mail

By Bob Schultz

This stampless folded letter sheet is marked "Kansas Mo, May 19" and is rated "10" It is addressed to "Mrs. Sarah Smith, Ashtabula, Ashtabula Co., Ohio." Kansas was the original name give Kansas City in 1846. According to the *American Stampless Cover Catalog*, manuscript markings are known from "Kansas" from 1846 to 1850. After 1850, circular handstamp cancels are known. The name was changed to Kansas City in 1861.



The letter inside is headed "Kansas River, May 10, 1849, 100 miles from Independence." This area, 100 miles west of Independence on the Kansas River is near where Manhattan, KS is located today. At this time, Kansas was not officially opened for settlement, although certainly there were squatters. The Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854 created Kansas and Nebraska Territories, opened them to settlement, and repealed the Missouri Compromise of 1820, thereby allowing slavery in the Territory. The result of this was "Bleeding Kansas" where free-soil settlers battled pro-slavery forces with considerable bloodshed. It was a prelude to the Civil War. The writer is in a wagon train moving west, and, considering the date, it is tempting to assume that he was heading for California to seek his fortune – although there is no evidence for this. Now to the contents:

"Kansas River, May 10, 1849 100 miles from Independence.

Dear Mother,

I write in good health except a spraint [sprained] wrist which makes it almost impossible for me to write. You have, no doubt heard a good deal about the cholera in the train, there was considerable in Independence and for fifteen or twenty miles out when the emigrants had been in camp for two to six weeks, we passed several trains. Since then we have passed just one camp that any was sick. So I think it is safe to believe that that horrible disease will not be with us again. This country from Independence up is almost one continued prairie almost without wood and water though there are places we could get only a few fagots of willow to heat the tea kettle.

The country is beautiful beyond description, well worth the journey to see such vast and unbounded landscapes. We did not see any Indians until we had been out three or four days when we came up on [some] camped near the tents at night they came with their squaws and made us a visit, appeared to be very friendly but we could talk but very little English. They [are] rather a curiosity for us to look at in their wild state.

May 10, 1849

[I have had an] opportunity to send this back [so soon after it] was written but good luck will have it at home. I should not soon have another chance. Give my love to all Uncles and Aunts in general and Uncle and Aunt Strong in particular.

Written in great haste, from your affectionate son,

Thos.

In the letter, Thomas mentions the Cholera. Cholera had struck in St. Louis in the Spring of 1849 and by April it had begun to spread westward, probably carried on the steamboats from St. Louis and often by emigrants. From the <u>History of Jackson County Missouri</u> (Kansas City, MO. Union Historical Co., 1881; reprint ed. Cape Girardeau, MO. Ramfre Press. 1966):

"....on the 17th of April occurred the first case of genuine Asiatic Cholera in a vigorous and previously healthy negro man, the property of Jabez Smith. From this time forward occasional cases occurred, not however very malignant until the 6th of May on which day it broke out with great malignancy in various parts of Independence which was crowded to overflowing with California immigrants; the hotels were excessively crowded, and at the Independence House there occurred seven deaths in the first twenty-four hours; in four or five days afterward ten persons died at the Noland House in twenty-four hours. From this time the disease continued to prevail until sometime in July...."

From the Jackson County History, the supposition that young Thomas Smith was headed for California is strengthened but we will never know for sure.

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Figure 1 The Mail Boat docks on Oregon's lower Rogue River experience a moment of tranquility in the early morning light.

A Capsule History of the Rogue River Mail Boat

by Paul E. Petosky

This year marks the 110th Anniversary with the U.S. Post Office for the Rogue River Mail Boat Service. Since 1895, and after 10 years of persuasion, Elijah Price was finally able to convince the U.S. Postal Service that a rural river route was Figure 2 Agness postnecessary on the Rogue River. mark of 1900. (PMCC People immediately started Collection) hitching rides to and from

Agness, Oregon with the whitewater mailmen. This rural river route remains one of the few in existence in the United States.

Prior to the late 1960s the mail, supplies, medication, whatever was needed, went up by boat. Some folks were brought down river by boat during emergencies. The Mail Boats delivered equipment, even cars, upstream as well. These trips were made through all kinds of extremes, including the 1964 flood, which completely destroyed the newely completed road and bridges to Agness.



Today, from May-October the mail is delivered by boat, and the other six months of the year it is delivered by 4wheel drive. It is still easier to get upriver by boat. The community of Agness (the sign says "Population: Small") is only 32 miles from Gold Beach, but it takes over an hour by automobile. If the whitwater mailmen had their way, however, they would prefer to travel by river all year.

To have a job as a whitewater mailman, you have to be a "local". The whitewater mailmen, or boat pilots, have been on the river their entire lives. The boats have improved over the years to be more efficient and are de-

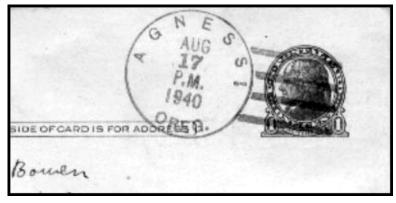


Figure 3 Agness four-bar of 1940. As late as the 1960s, all mail to and from Agness moved by river boat. (PMCC Collection)



Figure 4 The Rogue Queen is a locally built hydro-jet boat

signed for the Rogue River. Their current Mail Boats are hydro-jet boats built locally. The pilots narrate the excursions and share the history of the area: the settlers, the miners who came to "Gold" Beach, the Native American wars and sites along the river where the actual battles occurred. There are, of course, many funny stories and events to share as well. We cannot leave out the wildlife: bears, deer, elk, bald eagles, osprey, that can be seen on almost every trip. Their pilots are Coast Guard certified and highly skilled. All are very passionate about this river and the company's history, and love to share their stories. They are not shy, but modest. They take these powerful boats filled with 40-70 people up the river where in spots the water is only inches deep.

Truly a unique profession.

Their season starts May 1st every year. Besides the fact that the Mail Boats are the original boatline on the Rogue River, they also have a unique glass-enclosed hydo-jet boat, the Rogue Queen. It is climate controlled and has an observation deck, so you can be inside or out.

One of the first attractions along the Oregon Coast, the Mail Boat Trips is still one of the major attractions in the state. They have a reputation for excellent customer service and an impeccable safety record.

Come take a ride with them. From "mild" to "wild" the Mail Boat Trips deliver fun for the entire family!

For an adventure of a lifetime, make plans the next time in the area to contact Rogue River Mail Boat Hydro-Jet Trips in Gold Beach, OR. Phone toll free 1-800-458-3511. Check out their website www.mailboat.com

Sources

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Map of the lower Rogue River showing the trip route of the Mail Boats.





Figure 5 Rogue River Mail boats carry passengers beginning May 1st each summer.

Christmas, Giving, and Stephen Girard

by Tom Clarke

Who hasn't seen some of the picture postcards that make reference to Stephen Girard? Or the postal card of 1997 to honor his college edifice and architect (if not him)?

In the years leading to the War of 1812, he was becoming the richest man in America and during those war

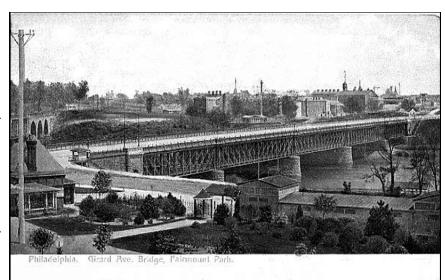


Figure 1 Philadelphia's normally busy Girard Avenue Bridge in a color lithographed post card cancelled in 1908.

years he in fact acquired the fame of (from a recent biography) 'America's First Tycoon'.

On his way by 19

Born in France on May 21,1750, he would live to the ripe age of 81. He was a tough-minded 'Franglish'-speaking businessman, banker, landowner, investor, and seaman, and thanks to all his success, a philanthropist.

After he lost his mother early, and been mistreated by his stepmother, he began his working career as a cabin boy at 14 and learned about cargo and trade as he sailed the Atlantic to the West Indies. Soon he captained a ship of which he had become part owner. (As an apostate Christian, he would later name many of his 18 ships after well known French free-thinkers such as the *Montesquieu*, the *Rousseau*, the *Voltaire*, etc.)

A NY persons who wish to become settlers in the rich and settle Province of Louissiana, where each person, on their arrival, will have 240 Acres of Land granted to them, gratis, free from taxes or rents, may have a passage to that Country about the 20th of October next. For particulars enquire of Messes. STEWART and NESBITT, No. 15, South Water street. Philadelphia, August 17. eots.

Figure 2 Louisiana would benefit from Girard's famed will; it is where Girard first set foot in America and he never forgot the tie.

From Santo Domingo (Haiti) he first set foot in America at the port of New Orleans, and soon after in 1777 arrived in revolutionary Philadelphia. By 19 he had purchased a grocery store there and during the war, in addition to benefiting from the proceeds of several of his trading ships, he made

out well by selling well appreciated liquor to American soldiers.

Along with his brother John, he increased his profits. The two Girards extended their riches to include a handful of city stores by 1782, and the lease of them brought healthy profit. While trader Stephen did business at sea, John attended to the Philadelphia enterprise. As stringent landlords, the brothers laid the basis for future fortune. However, compulsive Stephen decided that his decisions must carry, so in 1790 he severed ties with John.

Store,	By order of the Commissioners, JOHN JENNINGS, Clerk, Office, Racc-street, Aug. 11, 1791. 12,27,12.	the ir govern Sufque
fireet, Bunch	STEPHEN GIRARD,	Thi that he tors for
due,	No. 33, North Water street, D R A N D Y in butts and tierces	Son Mr. P
ize.	D Brimítone in barrels Sweet Oil in bafkets of 12 bottles each Frontignan wine in cafes of do:	to. One
Hioneer.	Oahum DRY VERDIGREASE.	the bil
iber	Alfo for S A L E; Green Coffee in bags and burrels Old Montagne Malaga Wine in tierces Resuch White Wine in do	to Me mas.

Figure 3 From a Sep 12, 1791 Philadelphia newspaper: brandy, sweet oil (?), verdigris, green coffee and Madeira wine was available at Girard's.

Like Dickens' Scrooge

Girard could have been the prototype for Dickens' materialistic 1843 character, Ebenezer Scrooge. Girard had lost an eye as a child and this doubtless added to a sour childhood and disposition. As an adult he reportedly lacked a sense of personal hospitality with employees and acquaintances, and on top of all this bore a frightening appearance. Throughout his life contemporaries say he was unapproachable to almost all people.

On the positive side, during the ill-famed yellow fever epidemic of 1793, when perhaps a third of the populace died, he gained fame when he helped organize a hospital and personally did the tedious work of nursing the sufferers. (Was this Christian charity and altruism or, as earlier writers have said, a business decision to increase his community goodwill and salvage potential clients?!) He toiled two months at the "Bush Hill hospital" and contributed sums of money to the families of the fever victims. In the succeeding 1797-8 epidemics he repeated his efforts.

Still, miserly he was, and during these goodhearted years he persisted in furthering his business advantage to advance himself by employing any legal technicality to avoid paying otherwise proper debts.



Figure 4 According to an 1857 biography: "For ordinary forms of suffering, [Girard, above] had no sympathy, but the epidemic was a thing to be met and dealt with; it was destroying the city, the population, the prosperity of the country". Would Ebenezer see it differently?

Enter the Banker

During the 1790's slave uprisings in Haiti against France, at one point several planters deposited their worldly treasure of some \$50,000 on two of his ships in the harbor for safe keeping. When they and their families were killed in the insurrection, Girard impounded the hoard—equivalent to several million today—and took it home to invest in shares of Alexander Hamilton's experimental Bank of the United States.



Figure 5 An 1820 bank note with Girard's signature, confirming the hands-on intimacy of the banking business in olden times: "I Promise to Pay 5 Dollars at my Banking House...".

In 1811, on the brink of another war, the 20-year federal banking experiment lapsed. He had no specific banking experience and little formal education, but the following year Stephen Girard nonetheless purchased the idle Bank. Though he had just gone partially deaf, he resurrected its operations under his own name as the Girard Bank. He kept the bank's officers and masterfully massaged its clientele so that his new banking business flourished.

During the war he himself became the chief benefactor of the Government. In 1814, when it could only raise \$20,000, he furnished the rest of the \$5,000,000 that was needed. And when the government indebtedness, which included much his own wealth, could not be satisfied, he wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury offering to postpone payment or to receive its value in treasury notes.

As a reward for his patriotic largess, in 1816 when the revised Second Bank of the United States bank was created, he was appointed a director.

No happy ending

As with Scrooge, Girard spent his much of his day involved with the most minor details of his banking business. To his employees he offered wages and little else, while demanding utter obedience and loyalty. It has been said that he never gave assistance anyone who

asked for it. For leisure, he spent it in working on his farm near Philadelphia, where he drove daily in a shabby carriage drawn by a single horse.

There was no happy ending for Stephen Girard—save the satisfaction of self-made achievement. He died of the flu at 81, the day after Christmas. The year before his death he had lost the use of his good eye in an accident. At death he was a widower. (He had married a 16 year old Philly girl when he was 27, but she "went insane" nine years later and lingered in a hospital for the next 25 years.) His only child had died in infancy, though several brothers survived him.

He died the richest man in America, his property having grown to about 5,000,000 contemporary dollars by 1825 and 8,000,000+ by 1831 (more than half a billion in today's money). Toward the end of his life he invested \$200,000 in the Danville & Pottsville Railroad (later the Reading & Philadelphia RR), and doted over his 280,000 acres in Louisiana and other real estate holdings in Pennsylvania and Kentucky.

A key decision for Stephen Girard was (despite existing family members) to bequeath the bulk of his wealth for civic use and charity. This choice would foment monumental legal wrangles over the next dozen years among his avaricious heirs and religious groups, in part led by Senator and Compromiser Daniel Webster himself.

A Visionary in Education

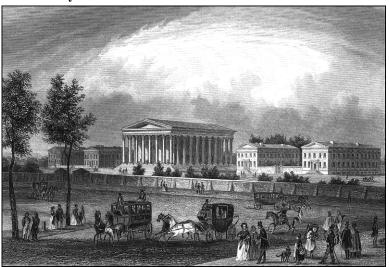


Figure 6 'View of Girard College in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania' by John Poppel/Joseph Meyer; well dressed citizens out for a Sunday stroll maybe, from "GIRARD-COLLEGE in PHILADELPHIA", from an issue of Gleason's Pictorial in 1851.

In an era when free elementary and secondary education was unknown in Pennsylvania and only private academies and area or itinerant schoolmasters or mistresses might provide the basics of the '3 R's' to lucky children, Girard had gone for the jugular. His will provided for a free vocationally-oriented education for (while male) orphans from five to 15.

His home state would entertain the concept of the Common School only in the late 1830s (and no doubt influenced in part by Girard actions) and be fully functioning only by the 1850s. Girard's foresight had begun in the 1820s, was set in motion in his 1831 will, and was fully operational by 1848.

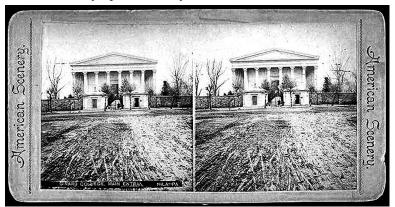


Figure 7 A stereo view of Founder's Hall ca 1870; people wanted to view and discuss the famous place in their parlours. The temple-style Hall was commemorated in 1998 with a postal card;, it's considered a magnificent specimen of Thomas Walter's work, who was later chosen as architect for the United States Capitol Building.

A Philatelic Compliment

A generation after Girard's death, in the mid 1850s, one of many local mail services was born. In a 1999 Siegel auction, two extremely scarce covers were offered and described as excerpted here:

a) #911 Chestnut Street Line, Philadelphia Pa., 1c Black on Pink Glazed (unlisted in Scott)...docketing "Daniel Murray, Recd. 10th June 1856", ... to Ivy Neck, West River, Maryland.... Very fine. One of three recorded examples of the Chestnut Street Line stamp of Philadelphia—two on pink and one on yellow paper. Only two Chestnut Street Line covers are known, one with the pink stamp (this cover) and one with the yellow (the following lot). A fascinating and striking local post stamp, first documented in 1863 and later authenticated by Sloane and Perry. This is the 1863 discovery cover.

b) #912 Chestnut Street Line, Philadelphia Pa., 1c Black on Yellow Glazed (unlisted in Scott). The unique example of the Chestnut Street Line stamp on yellow paper. Only two other stamps of this local post are known, and only two covers are recorded. One of the rarest items in philately.



Figure 8 The ca 1856 Chesnut Street Line horse car trolley collected letters for one cent and delivered them to the Post Office up the street where it crossed 9th. For their experiment in local postage stamps they felt that Stephen Girard was appropriate decor. Such stamped covers are extremely rare and were lately written up (1999) in a Siegel's auction catalog.

The Chestnut Street Line local stamp is believed to have been issued in 1856 for use on letters dropped into mail receptacles mounted on omnibuses on the Chestnut Street route, which included the location of the Philadelphia post office... Although no contemporary advertisements or records mention this particular post, there are records of other such trav-

eling mail-drop boxes on omnibuses serving areas such as

Southwark and Kensington (according to Perry). This service was more than a mere convenience to people living as much as two miles away from the main post office.

... Most of the stamp's design is devoted to a full-face portrait that almost certainly depicts Stephen Girard, . . . His close association with Chestnut Street and the similarity of this rendering to portraits of Girard are fairly overwhelming evidence supporting the contention that the stamp depicts Girard.

A Wonderful Eyewitness 2

The following transcribed letter of January 29, 1856, was penned by a Girard College intimate. He was an acquaintance of recently elected President Franklin Pierce and was sent to

Pierce's brother, George, a Syracuse NY lawyer. It properly expresses attitudes of the new breed of concerned, reform minded, Pre Civil War individuals.

In it the writer speaks in high regard and with tenderness

for Girard College kids as honored guests at Christmas. By contrast, recall Dickens' picture of the lost, youthful Ebenezer, alone in his room at the holidays, virtually an orphan due to his father's hostility for him.

A generation after Stephen Girard's death and legal assaults, his wealth was continuing to aid underprivileged boys. Well into the north-western countryside that surrounded 1850's Philadelphia, the College's Greek columns and large dormitory buildings —and the activity within the walls— could only amaze, impress and evoke pride in passers by.

It was written in the spirit of Charles Dickens' relentless offensive against the greedy, hardened, dog-eat-dog view of life. Times were changing and reform was in the air: Dorothy Dix's campaign for mental patient reform; the

Philadelphia Quaker-inspired renown new style penitentiary based on rehabilitation; newly established family and children centered holiday celebrations; the first steps in the womens' rights movement; and Harriet Beecher Stowe's sensational play and book, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

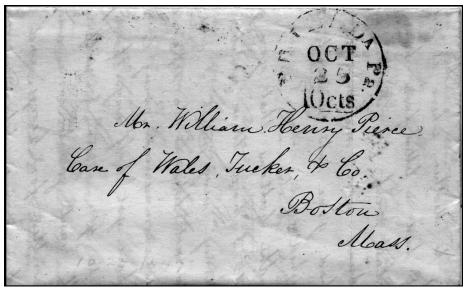


Figure 9 A letter sent in 1852 from Philadelphia to a Syracuse NY lawyer from the same correspondence as the following excerpt; from an acquaintance of recently elected President Frankin Pierce to Pierce's brother George, a lawyer.

"... Well, I will begin by giving you an account of the way in which the holidays were passed. Most of the Girard College orphans spent their Christmas with their mother or guardian about 300 boys leave the college walls on that day, there are a small number of them who have no parents house to go to & you can easily see that they would feel so badly by being left alone & spending their Christmas within the college walls. Mrs Allen, wife of the President of the college in conversation with my sister Mrs Gemmill, observed to her, that it was sad to see those who were left, on last Christmas a year ago. they wished to spend the day like their fellows but there was no mothers house to go to. so Mrs Allen took them over to her house & gave them a little entertainment which they enjoyed greatly. this occurred a year since, on the strength of this Mrs Gemmill invited them to spend last Christmas at her house. It rained all day I had just returned home from our Moyamensing [South Philadelphia] Sabbath School Feast & got to the door just as the omnibus drove up with President Allen his wife, son & 22 of the finest looking boys all dressed in a blue suit. it would take a stretch of the imagination to believe they were friendless orphans. they were ushered into the parlor & were soon seated in groups looking atengravings & whatever interested them At 2 oclock they sat down to a good dinner & it would have done you good to see how well they got through the performance. their behaviour was an example to rich mens sons, in the after noon they recd a book given them by the hostess. Dancing & games helped to pass the afternoon After tea, a very fine magic lantern was exhibited which they enjoyed exceedingly & at nine oclock they left in the omnibus, much pleased with their Christmas entertainment & as one of the largest boys remarked to Mrs Gemmill before leaving, he would remember that Christmas as long as he lived & I have no doubt they will. all the preparations & all the attention was given to them alone. they were the honored guests.... there were 2 very correct accounts of the affair in the daily papers without mentioning names.... When they were leaving we stood in the entry & bid them each good night. Mrs Allen says you would have enjoyed hearing those boys singing as they were riding home.... We have had very fine sleighing, Chestnut St is crammed with sleighs of all sorts. We are getting tired of winter as I suppose you are, altho you have room to ride without being run into. There was a very sad accident on the Delaware on Saturday a sleigh filled with ladies went down, two of the ladies were drown, it is supposed the Driver was drunk...."

The will

If personally he was an ill tempered old skinflint, in death Girard was honored as the mainstay of monetary morality. Did his true character show in the disposal of his wealth? To the City of Philadelphia he gave tens of thousands of dollars for public improvements, charities, and, oddly, Christian Churches. Detailed clauses directed dispersal to the Pennsylvania hospital of \$30,000 (today a quarter of a million); to the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, \$20,000: to the Orphan asylum of Philadelphia, \$10,000; to the Philadelphia public schools, \$10,000; to the City for the distribution of fuel to the



Figure 10 A late use of the PHILA_PA. cancel on a Girard House hotel courtesy envelope. His fame would be great in Philadelphia for years to come, as seen in the accompanying (1950s?) Girard Hotel match book cover (maybe the same building by different names).

poor every winter, \$10,000, and so on. To the City of New Orleans, where he first traded as a youthful man of affairs, he left a large expanse of real estate.

Controversy

OldeSampler Room

Stephen Girard

CHESTNUT ST.WEST OF TWENTIETH

CLOSE COVER BEFORE STRIKING MATCH

His principal bequest was \$2,000,000—today's \$150 million—for a plot of ground in Philadelphia for the erection and support of a *College for orphans*. Much more went to construction costs. A third of the will is taken up with the details of its construction and management, even to the thickness of the marble roof slabs.

However, the beneficiaries of the endowment were to be "as many *poor white male orphans* as the endowment can support", between the ages of six and ten years. It stressed the "core values of integrity, respect, compassion and self-discipline." The children were to be fed, clothed, and educated; between the ages of fourteen and eighteen they were to beapprenticed out to mechanical, agricultural, or commercial businesses.

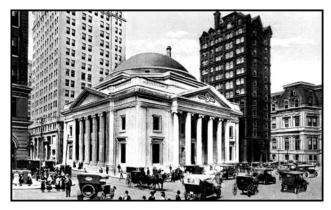


Figure 11 "Girard Trust Co., located on the NW corner of Broad and Chestnuts Streets." Stephen Girard would appreciate the fact that the dome of solid marble was built in 1905-08, it was the largest round dome in the western hemisphere. It later became part of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

The controversy in the man's world of 19th century was not the white, or the male portion of the will, but the provision which stated that no teacher could be a clergyman; that

I enjoin and require that no ecclesiastic, missionary, or minister of any sect whatsoever, shall ever hold or exercise any station or duty whatever in the said college; nor shall any such person ever be admitted for any purpose, or as a visitor, within the premises appropriated to the purposes of the said college.

Such heresy in a Christian, Bible-based age. Girard's self-styled object was

to keep the tender minds of the orphans who are to derive advantage from this bequest free from the excitement which clashing doctrines and sectarian controversy are so apt to produce,

leaving them free to choose on their entrance into active life "such religious tenets as their matured reason may enable them to prefer".



Figure 12 An American Bank Co. 1830's proof impression of a Girard Bank \$20 bill in circulation during the first fight over the Girard will. Note the two heads of Girard either side.

Supreme Court 1844

Thus the utter absence of religious influences over the schools young male charges whatsoever. Contesting a will is always fraught with tension and acrimony, and between 1831 and the school's opening in 1848, the bequeath was under intense public scrutiny and legal assault.

The 1830s and 40s was a time of religious mania and revival as old letter readers will attest. Mormonism and Adventism were born as American beliefs, though Catholic churches faced arson and riotous contempt. Predictions of the end of the world stirred many. Constant illnesses and deaths caused almost everyone to retire to seats at camp meetings and the pages of the Good Book for understanding and solace.

The Girard would-be heirs wanted the fruits of their uncle's and brother's genius and fought to have the will suppressed. They, not children, should benefit. Prominent religious leaders wanted to break the will in the name of religious freedom, particularly the Christian religion. The high Court was asked to void the clause that precluded all ecclesiastics from entering, much less teaching at, the college. For this to happen, family members argued the entire will should be thrown out.

The Court unanimously complied, in part. In Vidal v. Girard Executors, 1844, four years before the school was to open for business, they concurred that the will was indeed valid. However, to Stephen Girard's wishes, and in keeping with the strong sentiments of the times, they said Christianity would be taught at the College, but they declined to accept the view of the gifted Senator Daniel Webster, the groups' attorney, that Christian ministers alone were capable of teaching religion; others would be quite suitable. The will stood, with reli-

gion classes added.

Naturally, there were many who vehemently stated that no man's sacred final testament ought *ever* to be altered for any reason.

A distant war of words and picket lines 110 years later would be fought to settle remaining problems inherent in the Girard will.

Supreme Court 1957 and 1968

The wording in Girard's bequest was to foster "the prosperity of the City, and the health and comfort of its inhabitants." And despite the fact that it was a privately funded institution, the College was willed to be administrated by the Board of City Trusts. As a city

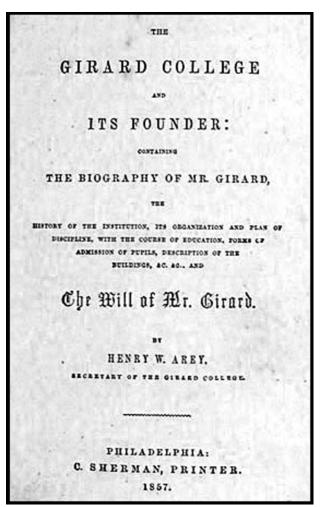


Figure 13 Books similar to this helped cement Stephen Girard and his College and his will in peoples' minds. Four years before the Civil War, a year prior to the Dred Scott decision and the Lincoln-Douglas Debates over slavery, prim, Quaker Philadelphia has a greatly respected model school for white boys only.

organ, opponents argued that the College had to abide by federal law, including desegregation and sexual equality.

Girard governing board members, on the other hand, maintained that Girard's will was grand fathered in. It superseded current law and practice, they said, because it had preceded both the 14th Amendment to the Constitution (1867; equal rights and opportunity regardless of nationality, race, sex, etc.) as well as the 1954 Brown desegregation decision.

In 1956, a year before the first modern Girard-related US Supreme Court case, the Pennsylvania Supreme Court ruled that Girard College was a private institution. Thus it accepted a lower Philadelphia court's decision *not* to change Stephen Girard's will, though fraught with racial and sex bias. After all, the judges wrote, "a man's prejudices are a part of his liberty".



Figure 14 A 19th century view of the college dormitories so hotly contested over in the 1950s and '60s: should African American and other non-white boys and girls be allowed to live in them?

The next year the U.S. Supreme Court ruled the opposite, based on the fact that the Philadelphia Board of Directors of City Trusts was a *public* body. As a result, the 1954 Brown v. the Board of Education case ending school segregation *did* apply so they returned the case to Philadelphia's ironically named Orphan's Court for the proper decision. However, Orphan's Court, in order to protect the sanctity of Girard's last wishes, created a *private* body to oversee the College, thus avoiding inevitable integration.

Incensed at the seeming subterfuge, many during the 1960's agitated and picketed at Girard. The ultimate argument was again taken to the Supreme Court. Equal racial access and women's and others' rights were the battle cry. Above all, Negro boys wanted in.

Their Philadelphia families and friends had come to surround the 43-acre College grounds in the 50 years since migrating from the south during World War I. And given the new paradigms of the Civil Rights Era, single parents, both male and female, of girls of every race demanded a modern definition of 'orphan' be applied. In Girard's man-centered day, orphan meant a *father*-less boy. Outside the 10-foot high Girard College wall, Martin Luther King, Jr. also called for the "wall to come down".

The High Court disregarded the Orphan's Court workaround, and declared Girard College a publicly administered entity and thus controlled by the Brown decision. The school's trustees were "permanently enjoined from denying admission of poor male orphans on the sole ground that they are not white, provided they are otherwise qualified for admission". The first African American student, Charles W. Hicks, entered Girard College in January 1969.



Figure 15 Picket lines and protest shouts filled the air around "the wall" at Girard College between the late '50's and '60's. Successful desegregation and eventual female acceptance came starting in 1969.

In 1977, adhering to a modern trend, sons of single parents were admitted. Further, in 1983 a suit to per- "Girard's first black grad returns to revisit history", Philamit girls was filed, the City authorities consented, and in 1984, 31 girls joined 600 boys when they registered (National Archives-School Desegregation) http:// for first through fourth grades.

By 2005, 82 percent of the school's 640 students are Siegel, Robert A. Auction Galleries, Inc. http:// black, and 54% the student population female.

Girard's reaction?

How would Stephen Girard view the modern day manipulations of his testament? Charles Hicks, one of the first blacks to enter Girard in January 1969, spoke at the 35th anniversary events in 2004. He had gone on to earn an engineering degree through a dual program at Morehouse College in Atlanta and the Georgia Institute of Technology.



Figure 16 A circa 1900 soap dish a la Girard College.

"Girard prepared me for the future," Hicks said. "There are a lot of people who don't get the education you are getting at Girard, so you should feel lucky ... this is absolutely an honor to be going to Girard College. It was an honor for me."

Crusty, pragmatic Girard would probably see utility and good value in the result.

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Figure 1 Rainbow Bridge is the largest natural bridge in the world. The U.S. Capitol Building would fit under its arch.

The Post Offices of Glen Canyon Utah

By Dennis H. Pack

map drawn by the US Army Corps of Topographical Engineers in 1857 showed the Colorado River canyons of southern Utah and northern Arizona as unexplored territory. The remoteness of the area and the difficulty of traveling in it meant that few people ventured there. Now, a great lake fills Glen Canyon, and recreational power boaters travel distances in a few hours that used to require days of difficult travel on foot or by boat.

Over the years, postal route maps of Utah have shown almost as big a void in the vicinity of Glen Canyon as the 1857 Army map. The 1899 postal map shows the Hite Post Office, but it is closed on the 1917 map. The 1944 map shows no post offices anywhere near Glen Canyon, but the 1970 map shows a post office at Fry Canyon and "route points" at Bullfrog and Hall's Crossing. To understand the paucity of post offices in Glen Canyon, it is helpful to know a little of the canyon's history.

This article touches on the history and beauty of Glen Canyon, tells of the post offices found in the Utah portion of the canyon and shows a few of their postmarks. *Figure 1* shows Rainbow Bridge, the best-known scenic attraction in the canyon.

The canyon country wasn't always uninhabited. The earliest inhabitants were the Paleo-Indians, hunter-gatherers who arrived about 10,000 years ago when the climate was more moderate. The best-known early inhabitants were the Anasazi, who date back to about 1000 BC. They had a well-developed culture that relied on cultivating maize, and hunting small and medium-size game. 1 Evidence of their presence is plentiful in the form of ruins of dwellings and rock art. Their means of communication were simple yet effective. They left messages, some of which are visible today, but unfortunately, many of them have been covered by the waters of Lake Powell. Figure 2 shows petroglyphs pecked into the rock in a canyon that is tributary to the Colorado River. Some of the forms are recognizable, but others are more abstract.



Figure 2 Petrogyphs pecked into the rock in Grand Gulch.

The Anasazi migrated from the area by 1300 AD for reasons that are unclear. Some archaeologists believe that environmental changes, such as drought, motivated the change, while others surmise that the Anasazi left because of conflict with wandering nomads.² Whatever the reason, evidence of the presence of ancient inhabitants adds to the beauty and mystery of Glen Canyon.

The first Europeans who are known to have visited Glen Canyon were Spanish. In 1776, Father Silvestre Velez de Escalante and Father Francisco Atanasio Dominguez entered what is now Utah while searching for a direct route from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to Monterey, California. When travel became difficult and winter approached, they decided to return to Santa Fe. While searching for a place to cross the Colorado River, they found what is now known as the Crossing of the Fa-

thers.³ A trade route between New Mexico and California used the Crossing of the Fathers during the 1830s and 1840s. The Crossing of the Fathers and the approximate route the travelers followed are shown on *map 1*.

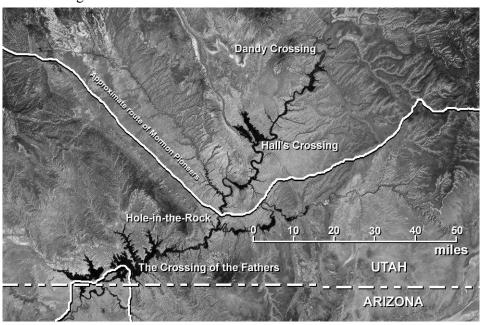
The next Europeans who visited Glen Canyon were probably fur trappers, some of whom floated down the river. The extent of their penetration into the canyon is not known, but one, Denis Julien, carved his name on several canyon walls north of Glen Canyon in 1836. *Figure 3* shows "D, Julein" and

the date "16 Mai 1836", carved upstream near Bow Knot Bend on the Green River.

In 1847, the first of a stream of LDS (Mormon) Pioneers reached the Salt Lake Valley. Almost immediately, LDS Church President Brigham Young sent settlers to colonize parts of Utah and surrounding states, and missionaries to convert the Indians. Jacob Hamblin used the Crossing of the Fathers in 1858 on his journey to perform missionary work among the Hopi Indians. A clash that developed between the Navajos and the Mormons resulted in sporadic violence until a peace treaty was signed in 1870.⁴



Figure 3 Fur trapper Denis Julien carved this name into the sandstone canyon walls. The visibility of the carving has been increased with chalk.



Map 1 Lake Powell Crossings. (Source: worldwind://goto/world=Earth&lat=37.39545&lon=-110.79436&alt=149320&dir=0.7)

between 1865 and 1886 in what became Kane County ported on the first expedition, but drew some informawere flooded out¹⁵, but none of them was located in Glen tion and wood block illustrations based on photographs Canyon, so they are not included in this study.

search southeastern Utah for a place to establish a colony. scribes the beauty of a new part of the canyon they had The scouts traveled a circuitous route from Cedar City just entered: that took them into Arizona before arriving in the intended area. They returned by a similar route, and preparations were made for 230 men, women and children to journey to their new home. In September 1879, 83 wagons set out on a more direct route than the scouting party had taken, traveling cross-country without roads or trails. When they reached Glen Canyon, the pioneers hacked and blasted a trail 1,000 feet down to the river at what is now called Hole-in-the-Rock. Some places the angle of the descent reached 45 degrees, and the wagons had to be held back by ropes to keep them from plunging into the canyon. The pioneers ferried the wagons across the river and found that travel on the other side of the river was not any easier. They arrived at what became Bluff, no farther. A trip that was supposed to take six weeks, took six months.6 The approximate trail and the location of the Hole-in-the-Rock crossing are shown on map one.

John Wesley Powell mounted two major expeditions to explore the Green and Colorado River canyons, the first in 1869 and the second in 1871. Powell, a determined, one-armed Civil War veteran, set out to discover, map and understand the blank spots on the 1857 map along the Green and Colorado Rivers. Both expeditions left from Green River, Wyoming. The first started with ten men in four boats. Two boats and six men emerged from Grand Canyon in desperate condition thirteen weeks later. Powell had expected to travel a canyon three hundred miles long. He found "a chain of canyons more than a thousand miles long, as uncrossable and almost as unrunnable as advertised, entrenched up to six thousand feet deep in an unknown desolation almost as big as Texas." Powell became an instant celebrity.

Powell's second expedition was better funded and equipped. Eleven men in three more suitable boats left Green River, Wyoming, reaching the mouth of the Paria River four and a half months later. A photographer accompanied the expedition.

Powell chronicled their adventures and discoveries in Scribner's Magazine and in the 1875 report Exploration of the Colorado River of the West, and its Tributar-

Several LDS settlements with post offices established ies, published by the Smithsonian Institution. He refrom the second.

In 1879, LDS Church leaders sent a scouting party to In the report, Powell's entry for August 2, 1869, de-

Other wonderful features are the many side canyons or gorges that we pass. Sometimes, we stop to explore there for a short distance. In some places their walls are much nearer each other above than below, so that they look somewhat like caves or chambers in the rocks. Usually, in going up such a gorge, we find beautiful vegetation; but our way is often cut off by deep basins, or pot-holes, as they are called.

On the walls, and back many miles into the country, numbers of monument shaped buttes are observed. So we have a curious ensemble of wonderful features—carved walls, royal arches, glens, alcove gulches, mounds and monuments. From which of these features shall we select a name? We decide to call it Glen Canyon.8

Glen Canyon reaches from the confluence of the Dirty Devil River and the Colorado River to the mouth of the Utah, in April 1880, and stopped because they could go Paria River in Arizona. An illustration from Powell's report captioned "Island Monument on Glen Canyon" is shown in figure 4.

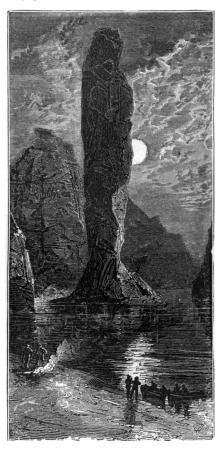


Figure 4 "Island Monument in Glen Canyon," a woodcut from Powell's original report.

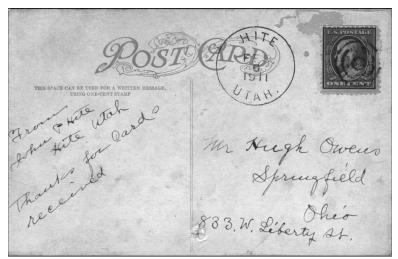


Figure 5 A post card postmarked Hite in 1911 from John Hite.

Rumors of gold and silver brought prospectors to Indians lands in southeastern Utah. In 1883 Cass Hite found gold in Glen Canyon after being told where to look by Navajo Chief Hoskininni. He also found a place where it was possible to cross the canyon, which he called Dandy Crossing. Dandy Crossing is marked on map one. The community of Hite grew up around it as news of the discovery of gold spread. Fine gold dust was found all along the river, but it was difficult to mine because of the challenge in bringing supplies and machinery into the canyon. The gold rush was over by 1912.9

The first post office in Glen Canyon was Hite. It was established June 28, 1889, with Homer J. Hite as post-master. It was discontinued September 30, 1915. Mail was first brought from Blake (now Green River) 120 miles to the north and later from Hanksville 54 miles northwest. *Figure 5* shows a post card postmarked at Hite sent by John P. Hite, who was Hite postmaster 1900-04 and 1913-15.



Figure 6 The John Atlantic Burr ferryboat ready for boarding at Hall's Crossing.

Charles Hall operated a ferry at Hole-in-the-Rock starting in 1880, but moved it upstream to Hall's Crossing in 1881 because it was too difficult for travelers to reach the ferry. The Hall's Crossing ferry, which was rowed across the river, ceased operation in 1884, but the spot continued to be used by prospectors and campers for many years. Hall's Crossing is marked on map one. *Figure 6* shows the John Atlantic Burr ferry ready to load at Hall's Crossing for Bullfrog on the other side of Lake Powell in 2002.

Prospectors searched Glen Canyon and the surrounding area for other minerals, including copper, oil and uranium. Oil seeps were

present in the canyon, but no major oil sources were discovered. The Happy Jack Mine, located in White Canyon, a tributary of Glen Canyon, produced copper, but the location "proved unprofitable to mine because of the deposits' small size, difficulties of access, and expense of processing."¹¹

In 1946, it became known that the Happy Jack Mine produced copper ore that was heavily contaminated with uranium. No one was interested in processing the ore until the US Atomic Energy Commission and Vanadium Corporation of America built an experimental uranium processing mill at the mouth of White Canyon in 1949. The mill was located across the river from Hite. The mine became very profitable with the owners receiving \$25 million from the uranium mined there.¹² The White Canyon uranium mill was dismantled in 1953 after processing more than 23 million tons of ore.¹³

A post office was established at White Canyon December 1, 1952. Myron J. Ferree was the first postmaster. It was discontinued June 3, 1966, with mail to Fry Canyon. The postmark on a cover cancelled at White Canyon on its first day of service is shown in *figure 7*.



Figure 7 A first day cancel from the White Canyon Post Office.

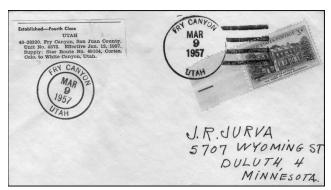


Figure 8 Fry Canyon Post Office postmarks on a philatelic cover.

An automobile ferry was operated at Hite by Arthur Chaffin from 1946 until 1964 until it was flooded out by the rising waters of Lake Powell. The ferry was heavily used during the 1950s uranium boom.¹⁴

Fry Canyon, a tributary of White Canyon, was named after Charlie Fry, an early prospector. The Fry Canyon store and gas station were very busy during and after the uranium boom. The Fry Canyon Post Office, which was located in the same building as the store, was established March 9, 1957. The first postmaster was Mabelle B. Ferree. It was discontinued June 30, 1973, with mail to Blanding. *Figure 8* shows a philatelic cover cancelled at Fry Canyon.

Glen Canyon became recognized for its scenic beauty, especially after Rainbow Bridge was visited by a government exploring party led by John Wetherill in 1909. But the attractions were not easily accessible. Visitors had to travel on foot or horseback, or in boats or rafts to enjoy the canyon's scenic grandeur. Travel was both strenuous and dangerous. *Figure 9* shows a party on horseback on their way to Rainbow Bridge in the 1920s.

Water is a valuable resource, especially where it is scarce. In 1922, seven states signed the Colorado River Compact, which divided the water among the states that it flowed through or that had it as a border. A system of large reservoirs to control the flow of water was proposed. The building of the Hoover Dam in the Lower Colorado Basin was authorized in 1928. In 1952, the US Bureau of Reclamation created a master plan for the development of the Upper Colorado Basin, which included Utah. The Colorado River Storage Project was signed into law in April 1956, and in August construction began on the Glen Canyon Dam, which was located just over the border in Arizona. The town of Page, Arizona, sprang up to house those involved in the dam's construction.



Figure 10 The Glen Canyon City Post Office, photographed in June 1979.

Another town—Glen Canyon City—grew on the Utah side of the river to provide housing for workers and space for government offices involved in the project.

The Glen Canyon Independent Rural Postal Station was established July 1, 1960, with Kanab as its parent post office. It is listed in post office directories as a rural branch starting in 1966 and a Community Post Office (CPO) after 1977. Figure 10 shows the Glen Canyon CPO as it appeared in 1979. The Glen Canyon CPO was renamed the Big Water CPO January 25, 1984. Postmarks from Glen Canyon and Big Water are shown in figure 11.



Figure 9 Horseback party on the way to Rainbow Bridge in the 1920s. The woman on the left is the author's grandmother.

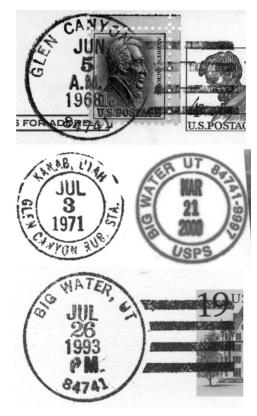


Figure 11 Postmarks from Glen Canyon City and Big Water.

The Glen Canyon Dam was completed in 1963 and dedicated in 1966. Lake Powell started to rise behind the dam, but it took 17 years to fill the 186 miles of the lake the first time. *Figure 12* shows Lake Powell having risen to the confluence of the Colorado and Dirty Devil Rivers at the north end of Lake Powell in 1976. Many scenic attractions, pre-historic and historic sites were buried beneath the rising waters. On the other hand, the rising waters also made remote places accessible by boat. *Figure 13* shows the author at a windy kayak camp near the rising waters of Lake Powell in 1968.



Figure 12 The confluence of the Colorado River and the Dirty Devil River at the north end of Lake Powell in 1976.



Figure 13 A campsite on Lake Powell used by the author during a 1968 kayak trip. The small tent is to shield the stove from the wind.

The Glen Canyon Recreation Area was created by Congress in 1972 to administer Lake Powell and 1.2 millions acres of land surrounding it in Utah and northern Arizona. Fish were planted in Lake Powell, and water recreation grew exponentially. Marinas were built at Wahweap, Bullfrog, Dangling Rope, Bullfrog, Hall's Crossing, Hite and Antelope Point. Dangling Rope Marina, which is not accessible by land, is basically a fuel stop for boaters traveling up and down the lake.

The development of the Glen Canyon Recreation Area also led to the establishment of several post offices (*map 2*). The first post office was not on the lake, but at Ticaboo, 15 miles from Bullfrog. Ticaboo is a planned community built to provide service to tourists and homes for families of workers at the uranium processing mill. The mill and community have experienced difficult times, but the community continues to grow and develop.¹⁵



Figure 14 The Ticaboo Community Post Office was located in the Ticaboo Lodge when this picture was taken in 1985.

The Ticaboo Community Post Office was established July 1, 1982, in the Ticaboo Lodge. Hanksville was its parent post office. It was discontinued July 10, 1986. *Figure 14* shows the entrance to the Ticaboo CPO in 1985. *Figure 15* shows one of the Ticaboo CPO's postmarks.

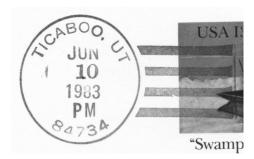


Figure 15 A postmark from the Ticaboo CPO.

A contract retail postal unit was opened in Ticaboo at the convenience store shown in *figure 16*. It closed in 2003. No cancel was available during a 2002 visit.



Figure 16 Ticaboo convenience store that housed a retail sales postal outlet in 2002.

Several of the communities that grew up around the marinas have their own community post offices, and had the same Zip Code, 84533, after 1987.

Details about their establishment are sketchy and confusing. *Table 1* contains the USPS *Zip Code Directory* listings for the CPOs that operated at Lake Powell.

The *Postal Bulletin* contains no listings of the establishment of any of these CPOs. As each *Zip Code Directory* was published, the author would write for postmarks from each unit. No postmark was received for a Lake Powell CPO, but one was received for the Lake Powell Yacht Club. The author has been unable to exactly place the Yacht Club CPO. One source suggested that it was at Wahweap, the largest marina on the lake, but Lloyd Shaw writes, "Actual site inspection in July of 1997 indicated that 'Yacht Club' CPO did not exist as a postal unit, however, records from the Postal Services Retail Services Office indicate that the official name of the office is 'Ticaboo PS' or Public Service Unit and the site location is 'Yacht Club'." *Figure 17* shows the Lake Powell Yacht Club postmark.



Figure 17 Lake Powell Yacht Club CPO postmark dated 1983.

Bullfrog is the second largest marina on the lake and has a visitor center operated by the National Park Service, a campground and other facilities. Bullfrog is about 95 miles from the Glen Canyon Dam, and 70 miles from Hanksville. The Bullfrog CPO is shown in *figure 18. Figure 19* contains postmarks used at Bullfrog.

Directory Date	CPO Name	Parent PO		
1987	Bullfrog	Hanksville		
1988	Bullfrog Halls Crossing Hite	Blanding		
1988-1991	Bullfrog Halls Crossing Hite Lake Powell	Blanding		
1992-2005	Bullfrog Halls Crossing Hite	Lake Powell		





Figure 18 The Bullfrog CPO, photographed in 2002.

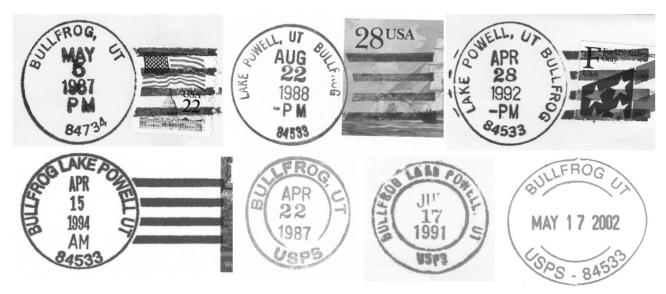


Figure 19 Postmarks from the Bullfrog CPO.

Hall's Crossing is just across the lake from Bullfrog and is connected by ferry service as mentioned before. A metal building labeled Hall's Crossing CPO is shown in *figure 20*. It appears to contain mostly post office boxes. The author was directed to a nearby building to obtain a postmark. Postmarks used at Hall's Crossing are shown in *figure 21*.



Figure 20 The Halls Crossing CPO, photographed in 2002.

A drought in southeastern Utah that lasted from 1999-2004 led to a draw down of the water in Lake Powell. During the drought, the average yearly inflow of water into Lake Powell was 49% of normal. A result was that many places previously submerged became accessible. But, this is changing. The inflow in 2005 has been enough to raise the water 31 feet above the 2004 level.¹⁷



Figure 22 The Hite CPO was located in the Hite Marina Store when photographed in 2002.



Figure 21 Postmarks from the Hall's Crossing CPO.



Figure 23 Hite CPO postmarks



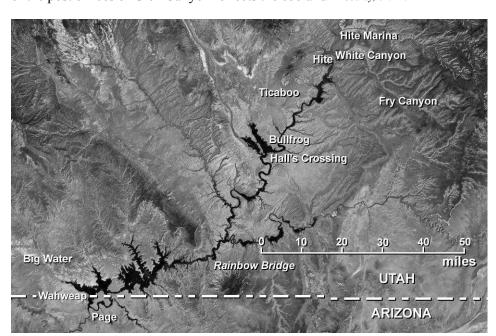
The Hite marina is at the north end of the lake. Operations have been greatly curtailed there because of low water. The Hite Marina CPO was located in the marina store, shown in *figure 22. Postal Bulletin* 22165 dated October 13, 2005, announced that the Hite CPO was discontinued January 3, 2005. Early postmarks read "Hite Marina," more recent postmarks read "Hite," as shown in *figure 23*.

A tally of the important features of Glen Canyon probably would not include the post offices located there (map 2). The canyon's natural beauty, visible traces of history, lure of possible mineral wealth and opportunities for recreation would all rate higher. Yet, the history of the post offices of Glen Canyon reflects the ebb and

flow of those who labored to wrest a livelihood from the canyon and to make a home there. The post offices are part of an expansion of civilization that sometimes has retreated when circumstances reminded us that Glen Canyon can be a challenging and sometimes unforgiving place. Time will tell whether man's intervention into the canyon will continue to expand and at what pace.

END NOTES

- 1 Mc Pherson, A History of San Juan County, chapter 2, about p. 30.
- 2 McPherson, chapter 2.
- 3 Writers Program. Utah, p. 47.
- 4 Crampton, Ghosts of Glen Canyon, pp. 11-12.
- 5 Lynn A. Rosenvall, "Defunct Mormon Settlements 1830-1930" in *The Mormon Role in the Settlement of the West*, p. 62.
- 6 See Crampton, p.12, 56 and Writers Program, pp.435-438.
- 7 Powell, The Exploration of the Colorado River and its Canyons, p. ix.
- 8 Smithsonian Institution, Exploration of the Colorado River of the West, and its Tributaries, p. 72.
- 9 Crampton, p. 13
- 10 "Utah's Most Treacherous Stretch of Road," *The History Blazer,* Dec. 1996.
- 11 McPherson, ch. 11.
- 12 "Utah's Uranium Boom", Beehive History 15, p.25
- 13 US Energy Administration website http://www.eia.doe.gov/cneaf/nuclear/page/umtra/whitecanyon_title1.html
- 14 "Arthur L. Chaffin," Beehive History. No. 17 (1991), p. 7.
- 15 Linda King Newell and Vivian Linford Talbot, A History of Garfield County, ch. 12.



Map 2 Post offices and CPOs in the vicinity of Glen Canyon. Wahweap and Rainbow Bridge are included as reference points. (Source: worldwind://goto/world=Earth&lat=37.39545&lon=-110.79436&alt=149320&dir=0.7)

- 16 Lloyd Shaw, *Utah Post Offices*, p. 2
- 17 Bureau of Reclamation website http://www.usbr.gov/uc/water/crsp/cs/gcd.html

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The Post Offices of Jackson County, Kentucky

Part 1

By Robert Rennick

Jackson County's 346 square miles are located in the western end of the East Kentucky Coal Field. McKee, its centrally located seat, is on US 421, twenty nine road miles north of Manchester, and sixty road miles south-southeast of downtown Lexington. Like most of the counties in its region and described in this volume, its terrain is hilly with "deeply entrenched streams and cliff-lined valleys." Over half its area lies within the Daniel Boone National Forest.

The county is drained by several branches of two of Kentucky's main rivers, the Kentucky and the Rockcastle (itself a branch of the Cumberland River.) Figuring prominently as reference points for settlements and post offices in the southern and western sections of the county are the Rockcastle River streams: Horse Lick and Clover Bottom Creeks, the Middle Fork (with its head forks—Laurel Fork and Indian Creek), and the South Fork (with its Moores, Pond, and Terrell Creeks). The eastern and northern areas of the county are watered by the Kentucky River's Station Camp Creek (and its two head forks—South Fork and War Fork), and by the Kentucky's Sturgeon and Sextons Creek tributaries.

Jackson became Kentucky's 105th county when it was organized on February 2, 1858 from parts of Clay, Estill, Laurel, Madison, Owsley, and Rockcastle Counties and named for the late president Andrew Jackson. It probably assumed its present boundaries in 1882.

For most of the nineteenth century Jackson's economy was based on farming, timbering, and some coal mining, with products shipped to Bluegrass and more distant markets by the Kentucky and Rockcastle Rivers. Two early twentieth century lumber companies, the West Virginia-based Turkey Foot and the locally-based Bond-Foley, were the county's leading businesses. (Turkey Foot supplied timber for its mills at Heidelberg and Cressmont in Lee County, while Bond-Foley operated one of the country's largest doubleband sawmills at Bond in Jackson County.) The county's only two railroads were the Bond-Foley's Rockcastle River Railway, which operated between 1915 and 1930, and the Kentucky Rockcastle and Cumberland

Railroad which shipped timber along Wild Dog Creek to mills in the Kentucky River valley. Oil was drilled at Sand Springs during the First World War.

The depletion of the county's timber by the early 1930s and the decline in mining after World War Two led to a population exodus, and by the middle 1980s Jackson had become one of the state's least prominent counties, and certainly its poorest in terms of per capita income. Few job opportunities in the county forced educated people to move elsewhere. From a peak of 16,000+ in 1940, Jackson's population had declined to 10,000 by 1970. By the 1990s agriculture was still the county's main economic support with some lumbering, iron, gas, and coal (by stripping) exploitation, and several industries like Kentucky Woodcrafts (in Gray Hawk), Mid South Electronics (in Annville), and McKee Manufacturing Company. Jackson's population is now on the rise with 12,000 in 1980 and 1990 and 13,000 counted in the 2000 Census. By developing and promoting local crafts and modernizing US 421 (that crosses the county northwest-southeast), and the creation of the county as an empowerment zone, the county is now luring tourism as its key support.



Map 1 Jackson County, Kentucky (Source: DeLorme Mapping)

For our consideration of Jackson's sixty three operating post offices, the county has been divided into several areas centering on the principal roads and stream valleys. The offices will be located by road miles from the court house in McKee or from other offices in their respective areas.

POST OFFICES ESTABLISHED IN THE MOTHER COUTIES BEFORE THE ORGANIZATION OF JACKSON

Two of the county's three earliest post offices—Gray Hawk and Maulden—were established in Owsley County, while Middle Fork was first a Laurel County office.

Gray Hawk, near the head of the McCammon Branch of Laurel Fork, was established on October 18, 1853 with John L. Hamilton, postmaster, and is said by some to have been named for the many gray hawks found in that area. Others, however, believe that it was named for Messrs. Gray and Hawk, local landowners. While no record has ever been found of such ownership, Gray families are known to have lived in that and other areas of the county in the nineteenth century, and a Mrs. Nancy Hawk was the local postmaster from January 1892 to June 1893. The Gray Hawk post office still serves a village extending for a mile along US 421, six miles southeast of McKee.



Neither the source of the *Maulden* post office name nor its first Owsley County location are known. No families of this name are found in the nineteenth century Owsley County censuses. There may, though, be something to the suggestion that it was named for a War of 1812 "battleground". The post office was established as *Mauldin* on June 28, 1857 with John Farmer, its first postmaster. It closed in December 1867, and was reestablished as *Maulden* on April 24, 1884 with Levi B. Holcombe, postmaster. The earliest known Jackson County location of this office (in 1895) was one fourth of a mile west of Sturgeon Creek and 2 ¼ miles east of Tyner where it served one or two stores owned by the Holcombs. In 1904 it moved to Sturgeon Creek. Over the next forty years it moved at least half a dozen more

times up and down Sturgeon, including a stay at the mouth of the two mile long Maulden Branch, across from Herd Branch and the Mount Gilead Church. When it closed for good in 1986 it was on Rt. 1709, 1.3 miles east of the mouth of

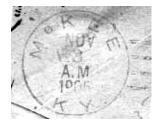


Maulden and 0.7 miles up the Double Lick (Branch) of Sturgeon, 13 ½ miles southeast of McKee.

The *Middle Fork* post office was established in Laurel County on June 24, 1856. Since its first postmaster Isaac J. Faubus, who was to become Jackson's first county judge, is known to have lived at the mouth of Renfro Branch of Middle Fork, we assume this was its original site. While 1890-91 maps also show this office at the mouth of Renfro, 54 miles up Middle Fork from its South Fork confluence (see below), ca. 1880s postal maps show it just below the confluence, on the main Rockcastle River. In any event, in 1895 the Post Office Department's name simplification policy reduced the office name to one word. After several more moves on the Middle Fork, it ended up just below Renfro, at the junction of the present Ky 89 and 2002, eleven miles southwest of McKee, where it closed in 1939.

Post Offices on Modern Highways: US 421

The mostly two lane US 421 begins at Michigan City, Indiana (on the southern end of Lake Michigan), extends south through Indiana, crosses the Ohio River to Kentucky at Milton, proceeds through Frankfort, Lexington, and Richmond, Kentucky to the Virginia line, southeast of Harlan, and then continues through Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina to the Atlantic Ocean at Wilmington. Eight Jackson County post offices have been on this road. Four of them, including McKee, are still active.⁴



The fifth class city of *McKee*, with a 2000 population of 878,⁵ centers at the junction of US 421 and Ky 89. It was founded as the county's seat on the farm of Solomon Stevens on the Pigeon Roost

Branch of Indian Creek, and was named for either George R. McKee, a county judge and state representative from that area, or John McKee, an early settler who helped get the county organized. The *McKee* post

office was established on October 25, 1858 with Harris Freeman, postmaster, and the town was incorporated on April 1, 1882.

Between the head of Clover Bottom Creek and the South Fork of Station Camp Creek were the several sites of the Clover Bottom post office. It was established on July 11, 1862 with Green V. Holland, postmaster, who named it for the Horse Lick Creek branch



that flows through a rich limestone bottom with a heavy growth of clover. By the turn of the twentieth century the community it served, with stores, mills, and tanyards, had a population of some 450, and was the largest in the county (for McKee then had only one hundred residents). When it closed in 1981 the office was at the junction of US 421 and Ky 1955, eleven miles northwest of McKee.

One of several Kentucky post offices that had occupied sites in three counties was *Morrill* [mawr/uhl]. It was established in Jackson County on January 25, 1867 with Robert Braughton, its first postmaster, three miles northwest of the Clover Bottom post office and sixteen miles northwest of McKee. Though Morrill, in several spellings, is a family name in Kentucky, no such families are known to have lived in this area. It's possible that the name was a corruption of marl, denoting a soil



composed of clay and calcium carbonate that creates a loam used as a fertilizer. In the winter of 1902-03 Jacob C. Simpson had the office

moved one mile southwest into Rockcastle County where it closed in mid November 1915. It was re-established on April 4, 1929 with Robert Taylor Abner, postmaster, on the Madison County side of the Rockcastle-Jackson-Madison Counties convergence, but had been moved by the spring of 1931 half a mile south into Jackson County where on US 421, it was suspended on December 29, 1989.

On June 10, 1886 William A. Hurst established a post office on Clover Bottom (then Big Clover) Creek. Instead of his first preference *Hurst Shop*, he called it

Collinsworth for one or more related area families. By the mid 1890s the name was spelled *Collingsworth* for by then some members of the family were spelling their name that way.

By 1900 there was a small crossroads settlement 12 miles east of Collingsworth called *Sand Gap* for a slight but very sandy depression in the ridge that forms the dividing line between the Rockcastle and Kentucky

River watersheds. To this site storekeeper Abel P. Gabbard moved the *Collingsworth* post office which, on February 15, 1902, took the *Sand Gap* name. The exploitation of the area's sand deposits to make pavements and building foundations



and, in the 1930s, the development of the area's coal resources led to the settlement's considerable growth (some say to a population of nearly 3,000). The post office still serves the village centered at the junction of US 421 and Ky 2004, 9.2 miles northwest of McKee.

The extant post office of *Waneta* [wuh/neht/uh was established by James Marion Gilbert, a school teacher, on January 12, 1900. It was then, as now, on Birch Lick Creek, one of the head forks of Indian Creek, nearly two miles below the earlier *Birch Lick* post office (see below) and roughly midway between McKee and Sand Gap. According to Gilbert's Site Location Report, it was to have been called *Slemp*⁷ but was named *Waneta* instead, allegedly for an old Indian acquaintance of Mr. Gilbert or, possibly, in allusion to some old Indian word

or name of w h i c h nothing is known. In 1909 the office was moved 12 miles up Birch Lick



where it closed in late October 1911. It was re-established on June 18, 1925 by Maggie Morris at or near its previous site to serve the *Birch Lick* neighborhood, and with a few short distance moves, remains on Birch Lick and US 421 (which parallels the stream), four miles north-northwest of McKee.

A family of *Bradshaws*, perhaps that of Robert N. (ne ca. 1866), gave its name to a post office established on May 5, 1906 by the Baileys (Mary C., Ida, and James M. Bailey were postmasters, in order) at the head of

Pigeon Roost, some four miles east of McKee. ⁸ After several local moves it closed in 1938 at the junction of US 421 and (old) Ky 89, 2 ¹/₄ miles east of McKee.

Just after the Civil War, Francis Clark's 40,000 acre holdings at the upper end of Pond Creek were acquired by several families. One of these, Samuel Amyx's, soon arrived from Hawkins County, Tennessee. Feeling very homesick and likening their new Kentucky



home to the "exile" of the Biblical Hebrews in the land of the pharaohs, they called it *Egypt*. On November 9, 1876 Adam Rader opened the *Egypt* post office which closed in June 1887, and was re-established on November 24, 1893 by Dr. David S. Smith to serve his store and several mills. In 1920 the office was moved half a mile west to the mouth of Woods Branch of Pond, on (the present) US 421, 12 ½ miles southeast of McKee, and here it was suspended on September 23, 1992.



The post office still serving the village of *Tyner* (centered at the junction of 421 and Ky 30, ten miles southeast of

McKee), was established on February 10, 1880 by Robert D. Gibson. According to tradition, none of the names Gibson submitted to the Post Office Department were acceptable so a postal inspector suggested naming it for the Indiana lawyer and ex-Congressman James Noble Tyner (1826-1904) who had been (1876-77) the U.S. Postmaster-General and was, then, the First Assistant Postmaster General (1877-1881).

Post Offices on Ky 30

The two lane Ky 30 extends between US 460 at Salyersville and 1-75, four miles north of London (via Magoffin, Breathitt, Owsley, Jackson, and Laurel Counties). Nine Jackson post offices were, at one time or other, on this route.

The earliest of these offices was *Chinkapin Roof* [chihn/kuh/pihn], probably intended as *Rough*, which referred to the numerous dwarf chestnut trees then found on the banks of Pond Creek. ¹⁰ From May 16, 1870 through

August 1873 Roger Cornett operated this office one mile north of Pond Creek and seven miles south of McKee

As the more appropriate *Chinquapin Rough*, this office was re-established on September 2, 1878 on the north bank of Pond, four miles below (west of) Egypt. Storekeeper Franklin R. Riley was its first postmaster. In 1886 the post office and local community were renamed

Annville for Nancy Ann, the wife of another storekeeper Edward W. "Ned" Johnson, who was to serve as postmaster from 1889 to 1902. From 1909 till 1978 this community was home to the Annville Institute, a boarding school founded by the Reformed Church in



America. Its buildings now house the Jackson County Ministries. The village still served by the *Annville* post office extends for a mile along Ky 30, four miles west of its junction with US 421 at Tyner, and nine miles south of McKee (via Ky 290). In 1988, to attract industry, it was chartered as a sixth class city and has a 2000 population of 589. One firm, Mid South Electronics, makes parts for table-top appliances.



On April 13, 1881 the *Peoples* post office was established on the Laurel County side of the Rockcastle River's South Fork, across from

the mouth of Pond Creek. Postmaster William A.J. *Silence's* first name choice, his own, was disallowed probably owing to there being a Spencer post office in Montgomery County. A local tradition has it that Spencer then named it for one William Peoples, a Harlan County man, who had married a local girl named Ball. On July 9, 1888 Abel Pennington moved the office to the Jackson County side where at several vicinity sites it served the *Mouth of Pond Creek* locality till, at the junction of Ky 30 and 2002, 132 miles south-southwest of McKee, it was suspended on January 29, 1999.

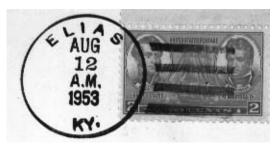
Andrew *Isaacs* gave his family's name to a post office he established on May 5, 1899 on Pond Creek, four miles above Peoples.¹¹ In 1914 Ninian U. Bond (ne ca. 1867 in Pennsylvania), doing business as the Bond-Foley Lumber Company, opened a double-band saw-mill in this vicinity around which he established a com-



pany town and, on August 5, 1914, had the local post office renamed *Bond*. By this time the company had built

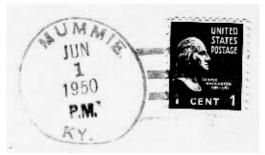
its Rockcastle River Railway with spur lines to ship logs for the mill and thence lumber to the Railway's junction with the L&N at East Bernstadt (in Laurel County). In May 1930, with the depletion of the area's timber supply, the mill closed and the rail line was abandoned. The town became a trade center on Ky 30 for the Pond Creek valley. When the post office closed in January 1990 it was at the mouth of Big Bottom Branch, 52 miles west of Tyner, and 92 miles south of McKee.

A mile west of the Bond post office was the rail station and post office of *Cornelious*, established by William Cunagin on January 10, 1925 (with Mr. Ollie W. Medlock, its first postmaster) and named for local families who spelled their names Cornelius. It closed in 1934.



Between US 421 and the Owsley County line, Ky 30 crosses the Sturgeon Creek watershed. The first of its three Jackson County post offices in this watershed, *Elias*, was established on July 21, 1915 with Laura Wilson its first postmaster. Though the first name proposed for it was *Laurel Ford* it was named for Elias Botner Flannery (1869-1947), a London based U.S. Marshal serving this part of Kentucky. From its original site on Sturgeon, just below the mouth of Wilfreds Branch, it was moved in 1920 one mile down the creek, and by the mid twenties was on the present Ky 30, half a mile up Wolf Branch of Sturgeon, half an air mile from Owsley County, and twelve miles east-southeast of McKee.

Just east of where Ky 30 crosses Blackwater Creek, a branch of Sturgeon, someone once discovered a mummified human body. Here, on November 8, 1915 the *Mummie* post office was established with Hiram Green Montgomery, its first postmaster. In 1921 it was moved



half a mile west to then postmaster Nellie Montgomery's store on Blackwater, 2.8 miles west of Elias and 94 miles southeast of McKee, and closed in 1975.

A local family of Herds (whose name may also have been spelled Heard and Hurd) lived one mile southeast of Blackwater Creek. On March 18, 1916 Ben H. Farmer established the *Herd* post office, with Robert H. Farmer, its first postmaster. After a short move in 1935, until it closed in September 1992, the office was three fourths of a mile up Herd Branch (which joins Sturgeon at old Maulden), just a few yards east of Ky 30.

NOTE: All postmark illustrations courtesy of Postmark Collectors Club, Margie Pfund Memorial Postmark Museum & Research Center, Willett Thompson Collection.

TO BE CONTINUED:

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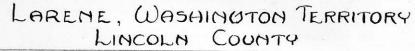
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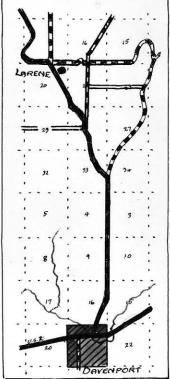
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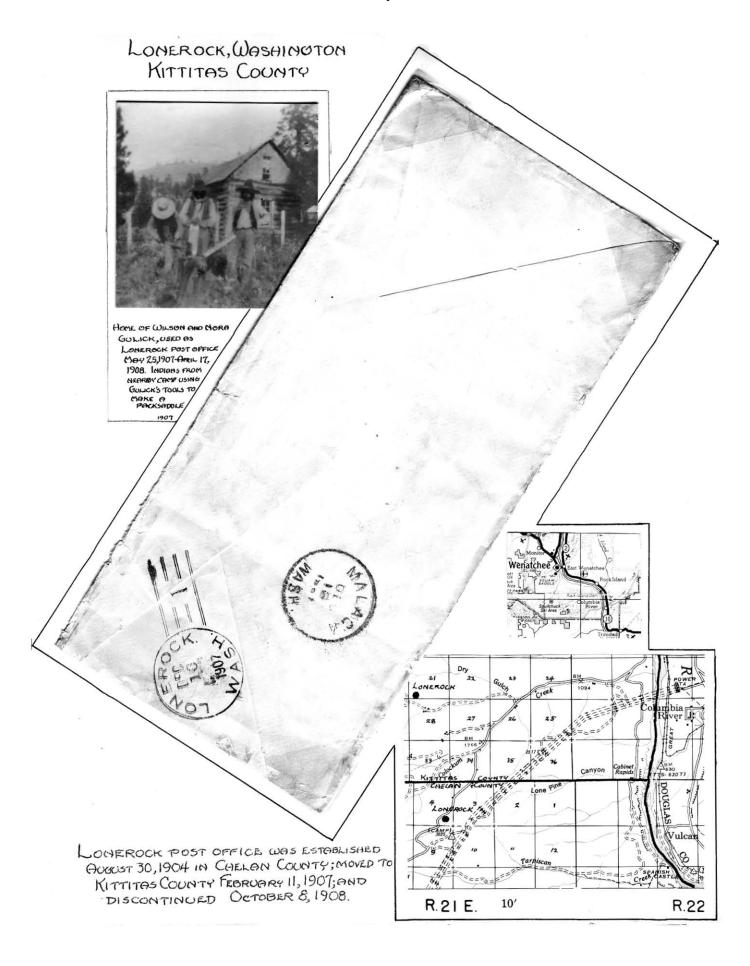


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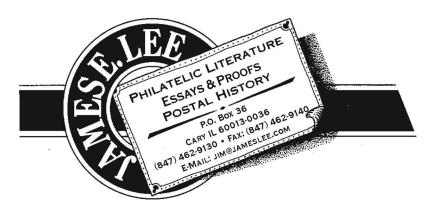
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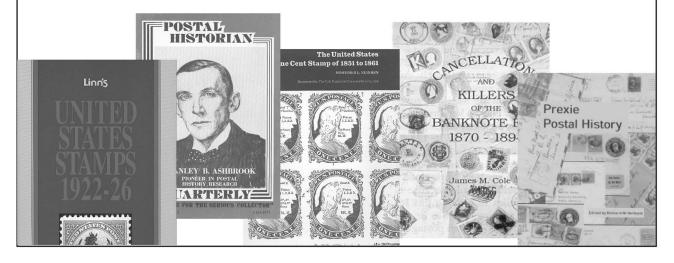
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WWI Spruce Camp Mail Wanted

I am seeking information, covers, postcards, or photos of the Spruce Production Division—a U.S. Army unit that logged spruce trees in Washington & Oregon for airplane construction during WW I.



The camps were based in coastal counties, and may be addressed "Camp 4", or "S.T. Camp 2/48th Sqd. S.P.D." or similar.

Will buy, or would appreciate copies or jpegs.

Rod Crossley, Box 729, Montrose, CA 91021. rcrossley@worldnet.att.net

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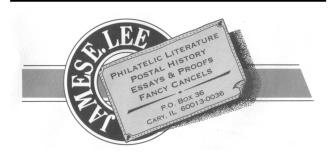
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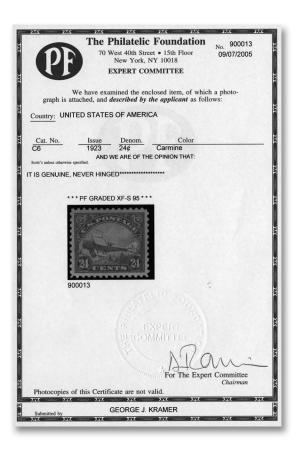
Trade discounts are available on *United States Post Offices, Volumes 1 - 6*, as well as other La Posta Publications.

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Backnumbers of *La Posta* may be purchased from Sherry Straley, 2214 Arden Way #199, Sacramento, CA 95825. An index of all backnumbers through Volume 28 has been completed by Daniel Y. Meschter and is available on the *La Posta* website at *www.la-posta.com*.

To order backnumbers call Sherry at 916-359-1898, fax 916-359-1963 or send her an E-mail at *collectibles@4agent.org*.

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31-35	\$1.75	\$4.35	\$8.28
36-40	\$2.00	\$4.98	\$9.48
41-45	\$2.25	\$5.61	\$10.68
46-50	\$2.50	\$6.24	\$11.88
51-55	\$2.75	\$6.84	\$13.02
56-60	\$3.00	\$7.47	\$14.22
61-65	\$3.25	\$8.10	\$15.42
66-70	\$3.50	\$8.73	\$16.62
71-75	\$3.75	\$9.33	\$17.76
76-80	\$4.00	\$9.96	\$18.96
81-85	\$4.25	\$10.59	\$20.16
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POSTAL HISTORY featured in our mail bid PANAMA CALIFORNIA Expo Advertising sales. Free catalogs. Juno Stamps, 2180 Hartford Ave., St. Paul, MN 55116-1010. junostamps@aol.com [37-4]

DO YOU COLLECT State Postal History, 1] Doane Cancels, or cancels of any kind? Now with 36 states on line plus Dakota Territory and more coming. Over 8400 covers online with over 1400 of them pictured. Gary Anderson, P.O. Box 600039, St. Paul, MN 55106. [36-6]

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ILLINOIS POSTAL HISTORY collector selling cover collection representing 2,700 dif- [36-6] ferent towns. Willing to sell by county or citytown lots. Conrtact: Seymour B. Stiss, 436 N. Park Drive, Arllington, VA 22203-2344, email: sbstiss@msn.com, phone: 703-525-9193 [37-1]

cancels. Columbia SD 16-07, Long Beach \$30. SD 16-09 Riverside, \$25. SD 16-10 San Bernardino, \$160. All good cancels on cover. RLG, 2218 Burns, St. Louis, MO 63114 [37-

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ALL STATES and categories wanted! Better consignment material always needed for my bi-monthly Mail Bid Sales. Write/ call for consignment details. Jim Mehrer, 2405-30th Street, Rock Island, IL 61201. Phone: (309) 786-6539. Email: <u>mehrer@postal-</u> history.com. Internet web site: http:// www.postal-history.com. [36-6]

CALIFORNIA - KERN & IMPERIAL County covers and cards. Especially interested in Bakersfield corner cards. Send description or photocopies and prices to John Williams, 887 Litchfield Ave., Sebastopol, CA 95472

CALIFORNIA: MONTEREY COUNTY covers, cards and any related material. Please send xerox copies to: Mike Brown, P.O. Box 5372, Carmel, CA 93921 or phone: 831-625-2299 [37-1]

TOWNS: WANTED

COLORADO: LAKE CITY covers from Abbott correspondence and GEORGETOWN Barton House Corner Card and advertising covers. Other small Colorado towns also wanted. Steve Morehead, PO Box 1350, Green Valley, AZ 85622. Email: steveasc@ix.netcom.com [36-6]

ILLINOIS, SNOWFLAKE (Franklin County) (1886-1907) wanted, manuscripts or postmarks. Send photocopies & prices to: Kenneth Bieda, PO Box 72248, Roselle, IL 60172-0248 [36-6]

WASHINGTON, DC COVERS wanted, Nonmachine 1900-1915. No 3rd class. Carl Stieg, 260 Merrydale Rd., Apt 15, San Rafael, CA 94903. carl_phil@webtv.net [36-6]

IDAHO PANHANDLE: Benewah, Bonner, Boundary, Clearwater, Idaho, Kootenai, Latah, Lewis, Nez Perce, and Shoshone Counties. Interested in all postmarks and other postal history items. Send photocopies or priced on approval. Write or e-mail for post office lists. I will pay all copying or mailing costs. Peter Larson, 5301 Robinson Park Rd., Moscow, ID 83843, Tel 208-883-8297, e-mail plarson@wsu.edu. [36-6]

ILLINOIS: MEACHAM (DuPage County) (1874-1924); SNOWFLAKE (Franklin County) (1886-1907). Wanted: manuscripts or postmarks. Send photocopies & prices to: Kenneth A. Bieda, P.O. Box 72248, Roselle, IL 60172-0246 [36-6]

MISSOURI CARDS and covers in these counties: St. Francois, Ste. Genevieve, Washington, Jefferson, Iron, Madison and Perry — territorial to 1945. Description and/ or copies with price first letter. Especially desire Ste. Genevieve Internment Branch covers and PPC of the Camp as well as paper ephemera of above counties. Bob Schmidt, 5984 Highway Y, French Village, MO 63036 [36-6]

NOTE:

EXPIRATION DATE SHOWN AT END OF EACH AD, i.e., [36-4], MEANS AD WILL **EXPIRE WITH THIS ISSUE.**

AD DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE:

Jan. 20, 2006

E-MAIL US IF YOU INTEND TO RENEW YOUR AD & TIME IS SHORT FOR RENEWAL

TOWNS: WANTED

NEBRASKA TERRITORIAL covers (before Mar 1, 1867) wanted for my personal collection. Write or send copies. Ken Stach, 15 N. Morning Cloud Circle, The Woodlands, TX 77381 [36-5]

URGENTLY NEEDED! Philadelphia, PA. advertising covers with illustrations of buildings. Also Phila. cameos, classics, all-overs. Postal history of Philadelphia in the Civil War, anything paper from the Centennial of 1876 or Phila. National Export Exposition of 1899. Autographs of former Mayors of Philadelphia. All replies answered. Member APS. Gus Spector, 750 South Main Street, Suite 203. Phoenixville, PA 19460. GSpec56@aol.com [36-6]

NORTH DAKOTA: all postal history wanted from territorial to modern. Send photocopies or on approval. Gary Anderson, P.O. Box 600039, St. Paul, MN 55106 [36-6]

OHIO-ATHENS County. Postmarks on cards, letters, or other post office identification for the following Athens County post offices: Allans Store; Bessemer; Big Hocking; Brettland; Denmans Salt Works; Derthick; Doanville; Englishtown; Federal; Fisher; Grosvenor; Hamlet Run; Hartleyville; Hawkeye; Hocking City; Horton; Hull; Jacksonville; Judson; Kimberley; Kings; Lewis Hill; Lick Ridge; Linscotts; Lowry; Luhrig; Lyda; Lysander; Marchmount; Medill; New Burlington; New Marshfield; Oakdale; Poston; Rawndale; Selby (mail to Joy); Sharps Fork; The Plains; Torch; Welch. Also, from OHIO-Vinton County; for Moonville and Rue. Send information to: Gary Schwindler, 4 Cook Drive, Athens OH 45701-2101, Phone (1-740-594-9005). [36-6]

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SUB-STATION POSTAL **MARKINGS: WANTED**

SUB-STATION postal markings from any US city wanted. Especially interested in legible duplex and MOB markings. Send photocopies with firm price to Dennis Pack, 1915 Gilmore Ave., Winona, MN 55987 [36-6]

RFD CANCELS: WANTED

COLORADO RFD postal markings wanted. Especially interested in "Richow" Type 1 and Type 2 examples. Send scans or photocopies with prices to: Roger Rydberg, 354 So. Nile St., Aurora, CO 80012. E-mail: rydberg5@comcast.net [36-6]

MILITARY: WANTED

teresting Pan American (Scott 294-299) issues on cover and Pittsburgh/Allegheny County covers from 1851-1861. Send Xeroxes or scans and pricing to Bob McKain, 2337 Giant Oaks Drive, Pittsburgh, PA 15241 (57-vette@adelphia.net) [36-6]

ROYAL NAVY warship covers (names on backflaps) sent from/to North American port (19th Century). Priced photocopies to D. Mario, Box 342, Saskatoon, Sask. S7K 3L3 Canada [37-3]

DOANE CANCELS: **WANTED**

Buy, sell and trade Doane Cancels of all states. Send photocopies or on approval. Gary Anderson, P.O. Box 600039, St. Paul, MN 55106 [36-6]

LITERATURE: FOR SALE

THE AWARD-WINNING 240-page book of Wisconsin postal history - Going For the Mail, A History of Door County Post Offices -- is now at a special price: \$13.00 postpaid from the author. Jim Hale, 5401 Raymond Road, Madison, WI 53711. [36-6]

United States Post Offices on CD-ROM. The most complete lists currently available*. Contains: Combined alphabetical list of active and discontinued Offices from all states (including years of operation and counties); 50 individual state lists, plus DC and Indian Territory; combined list of all Counties; and statehood, territorial and Confederate secession dates. The ultimate reference for identifying manuscript postmarks, postcards, letters, etc. (*NOTE: Alabama and Georgia have not been fully researched, but this CD includes thousands of offices previously unpublished from those states.) PC or MAC. \$99.00 postpaid, worldwide. (Illinois residents: \$105.93.) Jim Mehrer, 2405- 30th Street, Rock Island, IL 61201 [36-6]

www.pacificpioneers.com - Check out this 700 page Book on Pan Am's flight covers in the Pacific - 1935 to 1946. I sell, trade or exchange information on new cover finds. Also want to purchase similar material. Jon E. Krupnick, 700 Southeast 3rd Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33316 [36-6]

LITERATURE: FOR SALE

ALASKA & WESTERN CANADA APOs, in- WOW: An invitation for lunch to Danial Burnham from Theodore Roosevelt is one of 480 illustrations and a superb text of Chicago's Great White City: A Postal History Panorama of the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition. Richard Graham writes Harvey M. Karlen, Philatelic "Hall of Fame" author "has created a detailed history of the fair...with a lot more than just the special post office markings." PRICE: \$83 plus \$4 s/h. To La POSTA readers, \$73 complete. ORDERS to BERK-HILL PUBLISH-ERS, P.O. Box, 833, Oak Park, IL 60303 [36-5]

WANTED: MISCELANY

RODEO/"WILD WEST" illustrated advertising covers; early law enforcement corner cards: Newfoundland/Western Canada Postmarks/viewcards. Priced photocopies: Mario, Box 342, Saskatoon, SASK., S7K 3L3, CANADA [36-6]

9¢ ALAMO US #1043: plate varities; commercial covers (interesting destinations and postal markings); unusual FDCs especially postmarked other than San Antonio; Alamo memorabilia. Jane Fohn, 10325 Little Sugar Creek, Converse, TX 78109-2409; janekfohn@sbcglobal.net [36-6]

BUYING?SELLING -- US mint and used postal cards, reply cards, covers and machine cancels. Dick Borkowski, P.O. Box 118, Edgemont, PA 19028. [36-6]

FOREIGN: WANTED

COMMERCIAL AIR air covers, 1945 or earlier, any intercontinental mail, i.e. Europe to Asia, North America to Africa, Australia to Europe, etc. Send scans or photocopies for my offer, or on approval to Richard Helbock, PO Box 100, Chatsworth Island, NSW 2469, Australia or helbock@la-posta.com

PORTUGUESE AFRICA provisional airmails (Companhia de Moçambique/ Moçambique/Angola/Guiné; (1932-1937) * Angola emergency airmails (1945); on cover or mint/used; for an exhibit. Send copy/scan/ price to: aerophil59@yahoo.com: John Bloor, 8727 E. Kettle Pl., Englewood, CO 80112-2710; Voice mail (720)-529-5942; Voice/fax (303) 771-7554 [36-6]



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1-page	\$100.00	\$230.00	\$420.00

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^{*}We normally ask that back cover and inside cover ads be taken out for a minimum of two issues due to our advance printing schedule for covers.

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E-mail your ad to Cath Clark at: laposta_cclark@hotmail.com

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