

# San Francisco Bay Area Post Card Club

November 2008

Next Meeting: Saturday, November 22, 12 to 3 pm

Vol. XXIII, No. 10

Fort Mason Center, Room C-370

Laguna Street at Marina Boulevard, San Francisco

Meetings are usually held the fourth Saturday of every month except December.

Visitors and dealers are always welcome.

**IN** • END OF THE TRAIL  
**THIS** • LOIS JORDAN'S WHITE ANGEL JUNGLE  
**ISSUE** • 2008 PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN CARDS

**PROGRAM NOTES:** Club member Ken Reed is an advanced collector of Japanese postcards—a category little known and far less understood by postcard enthusiasts in the West. Ken will discuss and illustrate the fervor for postcard collecting that overcame the Japanese during the Russo-Japan War of 1904-05, and Japanese New Year postcards, then and now.

At least one member, who has never set up before, will bring cards for sale or trade. How about you, too?

**HOLIDAY POTLUCK:** Bring non goopy finger foods to share. Initial A-M, sweets; N-Z, savorys.

**SHOW & TELL:** Collector's choice—three item, two minute limit.

**PARKING:** Come early; park in pay lot, upper free lot on Bay Street or along Marina Green.



VIEW OF CROWDS AT POST OFFICE IN KANDA TOKYO, ON DAY OF SALE OF WAR COMMEMORATION POST CARDS

## COVER CARD



GLENN KOCH COLLECTION

These trophies may have been on national tour. They are shown loaded onto a 25-HP 1910 Buick truck, displayed by the San Francisco auto dealer, Charles Stewart Howard. Howard would have vanished into history save for the 1-HP animal that captured the hearts of Depression era Americans in the late 1930s. Howard was the owner of Seabiscuit. —FS

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**Newsletter Deadline: 5th of each month**



### MINUTES, October 25, 2008

A crystal clear day—a few whitecaps and plenty of white sails on the bay. On land: shirtsleeve weather.

Cards were brought for sale or trade by Sue Scott, Ed HERNY, Michael Reese II, Dave Parry, Ted and Arlene Miles for the Western RR Museum, Roman Manevich, Ken Prag; a box of bargain postcard books from Frank Sternad; a dozen empty postcard albums courtesy of Kathryn Ayres and Joseph Jaynes.

Michael Reese II was the first of our number to pay his 2009 dues in person!

Call to order by President Ed HERNY. Guest Nancy Redden introduced herself as a long time collector of amusement parks with rides, trams and, a new interest, views of tall buildings. She is a volunteer at Playland-not-at-the-Beach in El Cerrito. A moment was spent remembering old collector friends.

Announcements: Terry Toomey told of an estate sale she stopped at today on Hampshire off 18th and Potrero with lots of postcards.

Ken Prag brought show schedules for 2009.

Ed HERNY reminded us of the Concord shows on November 15 and 16, and he told us of his curating an exhibit for the Berkeley Historical Society—opening party November 2. Ed also announced that we will have our biennial elections at the November meeting. Please let one of the officers know, before or at the meeting, if you would like to be a candidate. Although the current officers anticipate running for

reelection, all members are encouraged to take an active role in the club and to run for office. We especially need a candidate for secretary, an easy going low impact job. The November meeting will be the traditional finger food potluck and, oddly enough, will not be on Thanksgiving weekend.

Drawing: 16 lots, three of which were Obama campaign cards.

Old Business: What's happening with the real photo maker survey project? Lew Baer told that work is very much in progress, especially by Jim Caddick and Frank Sternad who are researching masses of information on the 200 or so photographers whose names have already been submitted. Please go through your Northern California real photos, note the names of photographers and publishers and send the lists to the Editor for forwarding.

Show & Tell: Darlene Thorne told that Dan Cudworth sent, via her, an exhibit of current campaign cards that are set out on the front table; some copies were donated to the raffle. ... John Freeman showed two Grizzly Bear Dance cards; one, he learned from Mike Rasmussen, is part of a series of other animalesque popular dances. John would like to know about (and to acquire!) the other cards. The dance was debuted in San Francisco by a renegade from the East Coast, Sophie Tucker. He also showed an RP from the US Naval Station at Goat Island with a note on the back written in the 1910 equivalent of texting. ... George Epperson brought a vignette view of the Palace Hotel used in 1904 with a message about collecting; also

two pillow covers made of stitched together leather cards, once known as “burnt leather postal cards.”

Jack Hudson opened a huge bag, withdrew a portfolio and extracted a 1932 *Chronicle* front page with an article about the Great Depression and the White Angel of SF; it was a difficult year with farmers destitute, Pretty Boy Floyd doing his Robin Hood thing, the Lindbergh baby being found dead, and WW One veterans protesting their sorry state. Congress had approved help—scrip bonuses of \$1-\$1.25 per day for time on duty, payable in 1945! Not a bonus, but a tombstone award! Helpless and outraged veterans (17,00 to 40,000 of them) descended on Washington, DC and setup a series of 23 camps at one of which was the camper seen on last month’s cover. The camps were destroyed, the veterans driven away by armed forces, but it was the first step leading to the GI Bill of 1944. ... Ted Miles showed two colorful cards of local light rail cars used in France. ... Darlene Thorne told of a DVD on Neptune Beach with a segment on the Popsicle; she showed a wrapper given her by George Epperson with the original Epsicle name. ... Janet Baer read a poem she wrote to overcome the doggerel of the Black Bart verse in the current newsletter. ... George Epperson told his father’s story on the birth of the Popsicle.

—LEW BAER, REC. SEC’Y PRO TEM

*Program:*

**Low Baer on *End of the Trail***

The name and the image are widely familiar, but what is *End of the Trail*? A picture... a print... a photo...? It’s by a Western artist, obviously... Frederick Remington...? The answers are NONE OF THE ABOVE.

*End of the Trail* is a sculpture that received worldwide acclaim at the PPIE of 1915 and has filled

the hearts and artistic eye of Americans ever since. Its image has been reproduced endlessly as photos, prints, tchotchkes and public statues, and has been used in advertising and as commercial logos. But where did it come from... and why?

The sculpture is the work of James Earle Fraser (1876-1953),

an American artist whose name is little recognized—although it should be—for his creations, mammoth and minute, that have become American icons. Besides *End of the Trail*, which is twice life size, Fraser also designed the Buffalo nickel, more a medal than a coin.

Fraser conceived of the design idea at 17. As a boy he fiddled with clay and, with his father’s blessing, attended art school in Chicago. While there he was encouraged by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the Irish-born American sculptor who was art advisor to the 1893 Columbian Exposition. The first small model of *End of the Trail* was entered in the American Art Association exhibit of 1898, in Paris, where it garnered first prize and \$1000. Young Fraser returned to the US and in 1903 was given a commission, declined by Saint-Gaudens, to sculpt a bust of President Roosevelt. The resulting friendship opened many doors.

By 1911, Fraser was married and living and working on MacDougal Street in Greenwich Village, the same milieu as many other artists, including Jessie Tarbox Beals, the feminist photographer whose real photos are so prized today. His wife, Laura, had been Fraser’s student, and the two sculptors worked side by side for the rest of his life. In 1911, the Buffalo nickel was modeled for by three Indians from a wild west show and Black Diamond from the Bronx Zoo.

In 1913, Fraser accepted the commission for the PPIE and worked on it for almost a year, six months of that with his model, Seneca chief Johnny Big Tree from Coney Island.

At the fair, *End of the Trail* was placed at the entrance to the Court of Palms to one side of the Tower of Jewels, mirroring

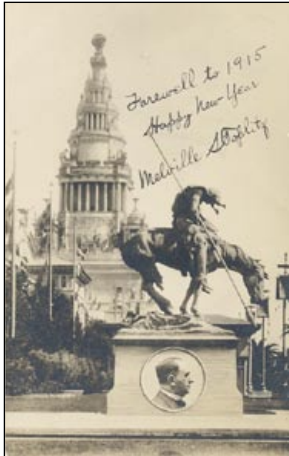
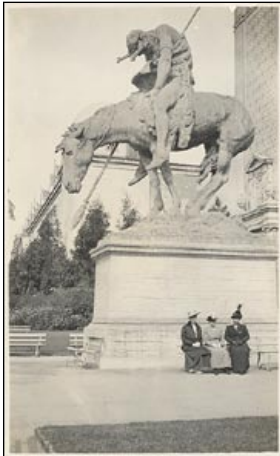




*Pioneer*, by Solon Borglum, brother of Gutzon, who transfigured Mt. Rushmore.

But where did it come from? Fraser had been born in Winona, Minnesota, then the Dakota Territory. In a 1953 letter he recounted, "From 1880 to 1888, I came in close contact with the Sioux Indians... played with their children... heard many stories. On one occasion a fine fuzzy-bearded old hunter remarked, with much bitterness in his voice, '[the Indians] will all be driven into the Pacific Ocean.' I could not forget the thought...it created a picture in my mind which became *End of the Trail*." And why was it so popular? The West was a dream that had become reality and was now disappearing. Native Americans had been "civilized" and pent up on reservations, giving them emotional impact. This was particularly true, I suggest, in the case of Ishi, the last of his tribe, who had been housed, studied, popularized and displayed at the University of California in San Francisco, where he would die in 1916.

Written on the back of an amateur real photo dated November 17, 1916: *There was two others statues of warriors grouped with this. The other too so full of life and pomp. I did NOT think much of this one until I heard a sermon preached. Preacher took for his text the End of the Trail. Represents 80 thousands Indians*



*at that time when Calif was taken in as a state [1850]. This year their 20 thousand left. It was a fine sermon, Nell, he made it plain to me also that I was coming to the end of the trail. Jennie.*

Dozens of commercial post-cards were issued and sold at the fair; a Ghirardelli chocolate bar card was also produced; unknown numbers of amateur photo cards were made.

The PPIE was the first and greatest cultural fair in the U.S. 1500 pieces of art were displayed—including much sculpture and the buildings themselves. A. Sterling Calder was the Chief of Sculpture; *End of the Trail* was awarded the gold medal.

When the fair closed, the large sculptures were offered free to cities and institutions that would guarantee freight costs and preservation. San Francisco wanted to keep its favorite, have it bronzed and erect it at Land's End overlooking the Golden Gate. But there were neither funds for the land nor metal for the casting because of the war effort. *End of the Trail* was dumped in a muddy graveyard of PPIE rubble where the fair had recently stood.

Borglum's *Pioneer* had been given to Tulare County and was on display in Mooney Grove Park in Visalia. A soldier from Visalia, the story goes, saw *End of the Trail* in the rubble and alerted his home town. Two years later, The two sculptures were restored, painted and together again.

In 1949, San Francisco made a move to recapture



its artistic treasure. No dice. Then, in 1960, the Western Heritage Museum in Oklahoma City was planning a Fraser Hall for its new museum. The belief was that *End of the Trail* had been destroyed.... But word

came that it had been seen in Central California. This would be the key piece for the Fraser collection, and they must acquire it. Tulare County was reluctant. Bobby Kennedy on a campaign tour declared the statue must stay in Visalia. Negotiations continued, and a deal was struck. The plaster statue, now sagging and weathered, was cut in two



and trucked to Oklahoma where it was faithfully restored using Fraser's notes and his original scaffold. When complete, a mold was made which was shipped to Italy, and a bronze casting was made. It now stands in Mooney Grove Park.

The restored plaster original was a crowd pleaser from the moment it arrived in Oklahoma City. 150,000 saw it in its first three months on view; millions more have viewed it since then.

## TREASURER/HALL MANAGER REPORT

As of November 2, 2008..... \$3400.67

In 2009, we are booked to meet in room C-260 at Fort Mason Center on the 4th Saturday of January through July. May's date will change due to the Vintage Paper Fair in Golden Gate Park. August through October we'll meet at Star of the Sea School, on 8th Avenue near Clement. (Bravo to John Freeman for arranging this!) In November we'll be back at FMC.

—ED CLAUSEN, TREASURER/HALL MANAGER

## DUES RENEWALS

It's that time again, folks, for you to express your monetary appreciation of the club and its exceptional programs, web site and (ahem) newsletter. Please check the expiration date on the address label. If it is 12/08, your dues are due. Please remit today by mail-

A "mystery card" appeared toward the end of my research—a real photo of *End of the Trail* at the Legion of Honor in San Francisco. Huh? A few hours at the library in those pre Google days revealed that



it was part of a sculpture exhibit of 1300 works by 300 artists, described in the *New York Times* as "Gorgeous spectacle, effect of numbers is quite appalling."

But where did the plaster model come from? By this time, online resources were adequate and showed that it was made for a bronze casting, one-and-a-half times life size for the city of

Waupun, Wisconsin, commissioned by a townsman who had visited the original every day on his winter holiday to the PPIE. Fraser had gone to Waupun to choose the site, and Johnny Big Tree, age 98, came and posed for a real photo postcard.

In 1953 Fraser died, his works admired and loved, but he, himself, unrecognized by the public.

—LB

ing a check to SFBAPCC, PO Box 621, Penngrove CA 94951 or by paying via the PayPal link at [www.postcard.org](http://www.postcard.org). Dues within the US are \$15, outside the US: \$25. Please pay promptly; your support is needed and appreciated. Some of you have asked about offering extra financial help. Please feel free to do so; costs for all of our activities are increasing. Please also send in your contributions for the newsletter. Letters, comments, interesting cards, full scale articles on any and all postcard subjects are always needed.

## WELCOME TO OUR NEW MEMBERS

Gail and Ron Unzelman, collectors of postcards on California wine.

## POSTCARD CALENDAR

**Nov. 15-16, Sat-Sun, Concord, Vintage Paper Fair, Concord Centre, 5298 Clayton Rd., 10am-6 and 4pm, Sun. (Free)\*+**

Dec. 13-14, Sat-Sun, **San Rafael**, Antique & Collectors' Fair, Civic Center, 10am-5pm\*

**Jan. 9-11, Fri-Sun, Glendale, Vintage Paper Fair, 1401 N. Verdugo Road, Glendale, Fri. 1-7pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun (FREE entry)10am-4pm+ Early bird 11am Friday.**

**Jan. 17-18, Sat-Sun, Sacramento. California Capital Postcard & Paper Show, 6151 H St., Sat. 10am-5pm, Sun. 10am-4pm\*+**

**Jan. 31-Feb. 1, Sat-Sun, San Francisco, Vintage Paper Fair, Hall of Flowers, Golden Gate Park, 9th Ave. & Lincoln, FREE admission both days! Sat. 10am-6pm, Sun. 10-4\*+**

Feb. 13-15, Fri-Sun, **San Mateo**, Hillsborough Antique Show, Expo Fairgrounds, Fri. 11am-8pm, Sat. 11am-6pm, Sun. 10am-5pm\*

Mar. 14-15, Sat-Sun, **San Rafael**, Antique & Collectors' Fair Civic Center, 10am-6 and 5pm\*

**Apr. 4-5, Sat-Sun, Santa Cruz, Central Coast Postcard Show, UCSC Inn, 611 Ocean, 10am-5 and 4 pm\*+**

Apr. 24-26, **San Mateo**, Hillsborough Antique Show; see Feb. 13

May 8-9, **Grass Valley**, Old West Antiques Show, Fairgrounds. Fri. 10am-5pm, Sat. 9am-4pm\*

**May 23-24, Sat-Sun, San Francisco, Vintage Paper Fair; see Jan 31**

**May 29-31, Fri-Sun, Glendale, Vintage Paper Fair; see Jan 11**

**Aug. 8-9, Sat-Sun, SAN FRANCISCO, Vintage Paper Fair; see Jan 31**

**Aug. 22-23, Sat-Sun, SACRAMENTO, Capitol Postcard Show; see Jan 17**

**Sept. 18-20, Fri-Sun, GLENDALE., Vintage Paper Fair; see Jan 9**

**Bolded entries** produced by SFBAPCC members.

\* Ken Prag will be there; let him know what to bring:

415 586-9386, kprag(at)planetaria.net

+ R&N will have cards and supplies

See cards on sale at SF Antique and Design Mall, 701 Bayshore Blvd.; 415 656-3531.

## POSTCARD PHOTOGRAPHERS

### of NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

#### OUR CLUB PROJECT

As Editor, I accept responsibility for suggesting this project and for encouraging the pursuit thereof. I also accept the embarrassing burden of urging others to catalogue and identify names of people and businesses, most long disappeared, found on real photo and printed postcards. The goal, as I saw it, was to publish an encyclopedic survey of photographers whose work appears on postcards of Northern California. And... it was to be a group effort. It IS a super idea, and we are pursuing it, but thus far not as a group effort. Only a very few people have had the gumption and curiosity to list the names on hundreds of century old cards, to unearth who they were and to find out when and where they did their work.

Frank Sternad and Jim Caddick are both masters at research in all venues, with Jim mainly at San Francisco libraries, and Frank mostly on the Internet using the advanced search programs at his fingertips. About 200 Northern California postcard photographers have been identified, and their life and business stories are being filled in. There are still untold numbers of photographers who have not been listed, because their names have not been noticed... yet.

Now, it's time for all of us to get to work. The researchers are eager; they need names to follow. We should all feel obligated to help with the project. We will start by going through our cards—all of them—and setting aside those cards identified in some way as being from Northern California. The next step is to make a legible list of the names and locales of photographers, publishers and printers shown. Some will be only initials. Note dates and card styles, as well. Forward the list to the Editor, and keep track of the cards until you receive a reply asking about specific names or cards.

If you want to be in on more of the fun, do the research yourself and keep accurate notes.

Where exactly is Northern California? For our purposes we are drawing the line at the Tehachapies, to include Bakersfield and its neighboring towns.

Many fascinating things have already been discov-



ered, for instance, a series of Penngrove real photos, thought to have been made by a Petaluma woman in 1910, were by a man from another part of the state; the only known photo not by Pillsbury on a Pillsbury back, was made by a young lady; several amateur photographers made prodigious numbers of cards

for mail exchange clubs; and much more that will enhance our appreciation and enjoyment of locally made postcards.

To illustrate a few of the interesting facets of real photos, here are three cards and their variants.

—ED.

To the right is a printed postcard made from a photograph by A. W. Ericson. The original photo was used to illustrate a book by the noted real photo collector and expert, Peter Palmquist.

Below are two postcards made from the same photo of Eureka by the Freeman Art Company. On the left is the real photo, on the right a sepia colored printed version.

At the bottom of the page are a postcard, on the left, and the original 5 by 7 inch image made from a Zan negative of Petaluma's Main Street. Notice how about 25% of the image was cropped to fit the smaller postcard size format. The finely detailed postcard is a contact print made with paper and negative in contact with each other without the use of an enlarger.



## LOIS JORDAN, THE SHADOWY WHITE ANGEL

by JOHN FREEMAN

When I picked up the San Francisco *Chronicle* on Monday, October 20, 2008, in the midst of weeks of news of economic crises and soaring unemployment figures, it wasn't surprising to see Dorothea Lange's iconic photo from the Great Depression, "The White Angel Breadline," on the newspaper's front page. The image of the unshaven man, hunched over the railing with a tin cup, his back turned to others, waiting for a handout, was the first attempt Lange had made to document the major social issues of the time.

The Dorothea Lange photo of the White Angel Jungle in San Francisco encouraged me to learn more about the soup kitchen and its founder, Lois Jordan. I knew there were other images, because James K. Piggott of San Francisco published printed images of the waterfront "jungle" on at least three postcards that had long intrigued me, and a more close-up real photo has surfaced.

Initially, looking up Lois Jordan, I read that she was a wealthy widow who started a soup kitchen to feed the needy during the early years of the Depression. It didn't take long to learn that Lois was neither wealthy nor a widow. That discovery immediately piqued my curiosity. But the more I dug into newspaper articles about the "Angel" and compared them with the public record, the more shadowy this white angel became. She even self-published a small book about her mission entitled, *The Work of the White Angel Jungle of San Francisco Waterfront*. The book appeared in 1935, two years after the jungle closed; so one would think this would be the definitive story on her background, motivation and accomplishments. But, no—the book did little to clear up the murky documentation, and the public image and private life of Lois Jordan are full of contradictions.

Lois Jordan was born in Australia, as Lois Bryan,

on September 13, 1883. She told a reporter she was born in Sydney. In 1905, when she was 22, she gave birth to a son she named Sydney. In 1907, she immigrated to the United States, leaving her son with unidentified caretakers. In 1915, Sydney, then 10 years old, joined his mother in the United States. According to the 1920 United States census records, mother and son became U.S. citizens in 1917, when Lois was living with her husband, Percival Howard Jordan, on Hyde Street, on the north side of Russian Hill in San Francisco. Yet there are curious anomalies in these January 1920 census records. This was apparently the only time Lois was listed in a U.S. census, and she was enumerated twice that year, by two different census workers. Each reported



DOROTHEA LANGE, *WHITE ANGEL BREADLINE*, 1933, REPRODUCTION RACK CARD

the same address, but listed that address under different assembly districts and precinct numbers. She gave her age as 34 instead of 36, which may have been vanity or deception—her husband was 30 at the time. Sydney was listed as being born in Australia on one document, but that is crossed out and an illegible note is written above it on the other. His father's birthplace appears as Australia on one roll and California on the altered document. The boy took Percival's surname, but Percival is listed as though he were the biological father, and not the stepfather. It is not unheard of for a 21-year-old female to have borne a child fathered by a 14-year-old male, but I would suspect that Lois had her son in Australia and married Percival to "give her boy a name." This suspicion is confirmed by 1917 draft board documents, where Percival listed himself as "single." I found no other record of this happy family in San Francisco, but Percival's mother lived here from 1923 to 1930, and Percival lived at her same address in 1927.



Percival's and Sydney's occupations complicate the discovery of documentation on Lois. They were both marine engineers, tending the gauges on the boilers of ships. Percival was steadily employed with a firm that ran steamships between Seattle, Portland and San Francisco. This meant he would be out at sea for periods of time, rather than having permanent lodgings. Sydney followed the same occupation, but usually took longer voyages across the Pacific. Lois told a reporter she spent 17 years at sea, and if that's true, the only kind of job women could fill in the maritime industry in those days would be as ship's cook.

Finding any reliable facts on Lois Jordan has been a challenge. In her autobiographical 50-page booklet, she says her "story" began in 1928, when she operated a café in "a town up north." The description of this community sounds like Seattle, but she never specifies. She says she was a widow; working long hours in the café, but she made a strict promise to herself that she would never turn away a hungry man who couldn't afford a meal. The restaurant work broke her health; she sold the café and was hospitalized. Prior to undergoing an operation, she pledged that she would "serve humanity the rest of my life" if God spared her. After 11 days of recovery, she claimed to have visions of Christ on two successive nights, and she interpreted these visions as a sign that she should head for San Francisco. En route she stopped in Portland to see her son, whom she calls "Deep Sea Syd," distinguishing him from his "father" who shipped out on coastal vessels. Barely settled in San Francisco, she received a telegram reporting that Syd had mangled both his hands in a marine industrial accident. She drove immediately back to Portland and brought her son to the Marine Hospital in San Francisco for treatment. Records confirm that they lived on Bay Street, just south of the Ghirardelli Chocolate factory, from 1930 to 1933.

Lois describes her quest to fulfill her promise to God, saying she began regularly attending church services, something she hadn't done since childhood. Strongly impressed by the pastor of the church, she asked to study to become a missionary. The pastor inquired about her educational background for un-

dertaking theological study. She said that she told him, "I graduated from the University of Adversity and Hard Knocks." When the pastor rejected her, she reports, "Syd made me a promise that he would build me a boat and take me to far away places to do missionary work." Thus a theme in Lois Jordan's life emerges: her poor writing reinforces her claim of a "Hard Knocks" education; she distrusted educated, well-established people and strongly identified with the poor and transient population.

Lois Jordan said she "came to San Francisco as if an unseen hand were guiding me." At first, she provided starving sailors on the waterfront with food prepared at home. She marked the founding of the White Angel Jungle as January 12, 1931, but may have operated out of her auto before then. Her venue was a vacant, debris-strewn lot opposite Pier 23, which Mrs. Jordan proudly said belonged to Abe Ruef, who "gave us use of the land as long as we wanted to use it for...caring for the poor and needy." The booklet includes a poem called "Abe Ruef" that starts, "This great big town, There's a man around, Whose goodness need no proof. He's been a friend, Right to the end, I'm referring to Abe Ruef" and ends, "God bless you Mr. Ruef." Abe Ruef, the only person who served prison time after the notorious graft trials following the 1906 earthquake and fire, was vilified and roundly condemned, so it seems consistent for Lois Jordan, champion of the underdog, to lavish high praise on her benefactor.

The jungle started modestly on Ruef's vacant lot. Water was carried by her "boys" in 5-gallon milk cans. A discarded anchor served as "a place to stand our dishes" to dry. Out-of-work men came for the food, but "Mother Jordan" also provided clothing and shoes. The "mother" had found her calling, saying "I knew the missionary work on the waterfront in San Francisco was far better than the educated missionaries could do thousands of miles across the great ocean. I cooked food and brought clothes and distributed them." Established charities, she claimed, were more worried about praying and bureaucratic paperwork. Lois Jordan managed to elude notice by official record keepers. She was peeved that donors to other charities wanted to have their generosity recog-

nized publicly. The White Angel graciously accepted donations, but made it clear that the donor would get only the satisfaction that their gifts would be used with immediacy for truly needy people.

In the first three weeks of operation, Mother Jordan estimated she served 700 out of work men. The need was great, but the Hoover Administration would not provide charity to able-bodied men. The burden fell on charities and cash-strapped state and local governments. By 1932, the jobless rate approached 25% or close to 15 million. The White Angel Jungle was in operation almost four months before it got its first notice in the press, a paragraph about a produce merchant who short-weighted his sacks of potatoes. His “fine” was a donation of 100 sacks of potatoes to the White Angel kitchen.

The press downplayed the severity of the unemployment problem in the spring of 1931. By summer, though, Mother Jordan was being heralded as the “White Angel”

of the waterfront, and by August there was full coverage on the “boat-like structure” her boys had built out of salvaged lumber. A publicity corner had been turned; now stories appeared regularly about “Mother Jordan and her boys.” Articles

mentioned unemployed dockworkers with barber skills giving haircuts, carpenters building outbuildings and pipe fitters installing showers. Wealthy matrons emptied closets or bought food to donate to the White Angel. Newspapers covered the holiday feasts on the waterfront jungle under the watchful eye of this angel in white.



As suddenly as she had appeared on the scene, she announced her closing, and was gone by February 19, 1933. “Sick and worn out,” she claimed, but in

her autobiographical booklet, written well after the barrage of FDR’s New Deal work stimulus projects, she says “when the noble people of America decided to elect our dear President Roosevelt...there was no more need for the White Angel soup line.” On February 21, 1933, a

*Chronicle* editorial praised Mother Jordan for what she had done in 25 months. “There really never was any organization behind the ‘jungle’ other than the voluntary contributions of hundreds of good people who were drawn to support Mrs. Jordan by what they had learned of her work. Money came to her, but most of all provisions, in plenty from commission houses and dealers in food products. Her ‘jungle’ became a depot for discarded shoes and clothing and early in the camp’s history the unemployed were taught to help each other by the exchange of service.”

The editorial concluded, “The public will have reason to remember that one of the most interesting experiments in battling the depression was that made by the White Angel along the waterfront.”

Lois Jordan closed her jungle, but she would not fade away.

She retired to 25 acres along the Santa Rita Road, east of Dublin, in Alameda County, and brought a few of her “boys” to tend the farm. Her new charitable project would be growing garden crops and raising chickens, pigs and a couple of cows. She would use the farm’s bounty to maintain bread boxes along the highways from Alameda County to the Canadian

border for the weary wanderers of the road. Probably nothing came of it, but she did have a box and sign along the Tracy Highway, directing travelers to her farm where they could get a meal, a shower and a cot in the bunkhouse.

Weeks before the demise of the White Angel Jungle, the newspapers carried a touching story about how her loyal “boys” had completed a 36-foot ketch at the Evans Avenue boat yard near Hunters Point in San Francisco, in appreciation for all Jordan had done for them. In June 1933, Lois, Sydney



and a crew of three sailed out the Golden Gate in the *Kama* (named for the Hindu god of love) to fulfill her fantasy of sailing to the South Seas. Occasional newspaper accounts appeared of the ketch being lost (inaccurate) or Lois fashioning a new bearing by melting down her hairpin trays (preposterous).

When they reached Tahiti, a cablegram told that all was not right back at the farm near Pleasanton. Lois boarded a steamer, leaving Sydney and crew, and returned to her farm. There she found that the foreman had “borrowed” her car, loaded with most of her furniture, sold the cows and pigs, and that fire had partially destroyed the farmhouse. “I still can’t lose faith in humanity,” she said, and proceeded to rebuild what the press called the White Angel Ranchero.

In November 1933, Lois fell and fractured both legs. Sydney returned; Mother recovered and resumed her charitable work. In August 1934, the papers reported she called the sheriff to arrest one of her eight jobless residents who had been chasing her with a sharpened bayonet; his only grievance seemed to be that she didn’t know a thing about ranching. The *Oakland Tribune* described the events as a two day “revolution” by the recipients of Mother Jordan’s bounty.

By 1936, Lois and Sydney were living back near their maritime roots, at the end of Galvez Street

across from Hunters Point shipyard. Lois got one last snippet of notice when she volunteered to help in any way to win the war, despite her poor health. Sydney served in the merchant marine, while Lois lived in the wartime activity of Hunters Point Naval Base.

In 1946 she moved, alone, to Bacon Street in the Portero District and died of congestive heart failure at San Francisco General Hospital on April 28, 1949. No mention was made in the newspapers of the impact she had on the darkest days of the Depression; she rated only a two-line death

notice, stating that there had been a private service the day before and that her ashes were interred at Woodlawn Memorial Park in Colma.

Lois Jordan exited from life with no public acknowledgment of the deeds she had done, and few in 1949 saw her death notice. For a brief time, during the depths of the Depression, she worked to bring comfort, compassion and hope to many men put out of work in the downward economic spiral. If it weren’t for what Dorothea Lange called her “first street image,” the photograph of the “White Angel Breadline,” this poignant episode on the San Francisco waterfront might have been completely overlooked.

AUTHOR’S NOTES: *Special thanks to SFBAPCC members Frank Sternad, for excellent online census and voter registration research and confirmation that Lois Jordan had eluded common data sources, and to Jack Hudson, who searched local libraries and historical records to fill in Ranchero details.*

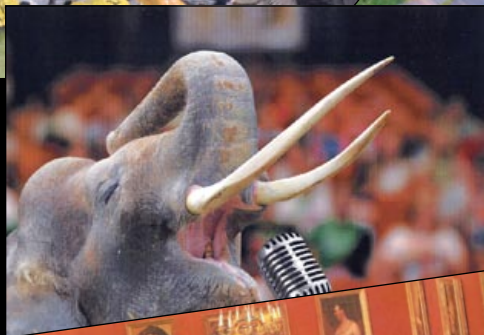
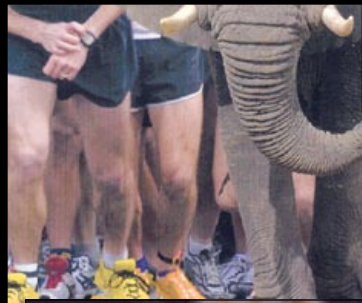
*Today, a historical marker at 1160 Battery Street, near Levi’s Plaza Park, marks the site of the Jungle.*

*Since the Jungle was demolished in February 1933, I suspect that Dorothea Lange took the photo earlier, in 1931 or 1932, but did not publish it until 1933. In her biography she claims she kept it hanging on her studio door for awhile.*



# 2008 PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN POSTCARDS

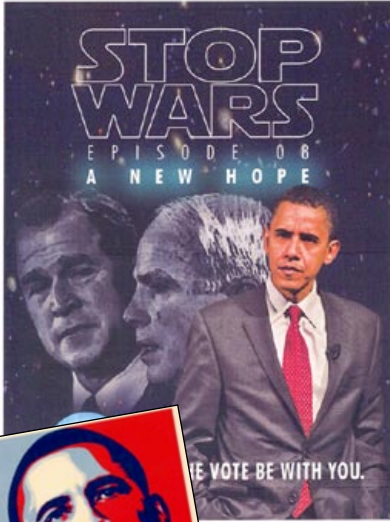
This year's campaigns and results were thrilling politically and quite satisfying postcard wise. The campaigns of the 1908 candidates, a century ago at the height of the postcard craze, have filled many album pages for many collectors. The presidential campaigns for the two earlier 21st century elections produced few cards, but 2008 collectors have not had to go empty sleeved, and there are at least two exceptional sets for them to chase. The cards shown here are courtesy of Hal Ottaway, Henry Michalski and Dan Cudworth, all political postcard activists.







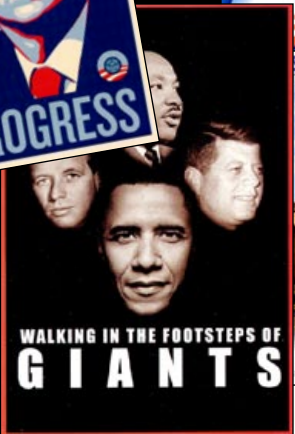
America Needs Change



biggest difference in the lives of the American people when we led, not by polls, but by principle; not by calculation, but by conviction; when we summoned the entire nation to a common purpose; a high...



Women For Obama



"Let's go change the world."  
- Barack Obama



story... in the making!

**Who?**



WE CAN BELIEVE IN

**Who?**



## Reunited... and it feels so good!\*

by SUZANNE DUMONT



Technically not a postcard (the back is completely blank) this unsigned Raphael Kirchner has been mine for 37 years. In 1971, as a college student, I began frequenting local thrift shops to furnish my apartment. One of my finds was this card, which I admired for the Art Nouveau graphics. I remember having her on my bulletin board then, carefully hung so I didn't puncture it with push pins.

In 1975, I went to France to study for a year; this red hair woman and I have been separated since then. When I started seriously collecting postcards about 15 years ago, and saw the prices Kirchner cards were getting, I madly searched my belongings, hoping to discover my 10 cent 1971 find (yep, I remember paying 10 cents for it!). After a few weeks of digging, I gave up feeling pretty certain I'd lost her during one of several moves.

Fast forward to yesterday.... while going through an old box of love letters, there she was! Finally! Not in perfect shape, as there are creases on the upper right corner, but I am reunited again with this red beflowered hair and long necked beauty, mesmerized by a flying butter and dragon, in the sun.

Something I never noticed before is the small brown heart in her hair above her eye. It was only when I scanned it to send to Lew for identification, that I could see the heart. This image is one of a set "Woman in the Sun" published in 1901... there's a current set up for auction at <http://www.liveauctioneers.com/item/3537708> ([mirror copy](#)) with an estimate of \$300-500 (and there's a heart in the hair on that one too).

Moral to this story... never give up hope? Read love letters more often? Never underestimate the staying power of a redhead? Scans reveal more than we can imagine? Reader's choice.

\*Thanks to "Peaches and Herb" for inspiring the corny title.

## New Friends - Old Cards

by LEW BAER

Several of Janet's and my newer friends are getting used to our postcard interests. They have not honed in on specifics yet, but they do know that cards should not be tossed—other than our way. "If you don't want it, throw it out," was the comment that came with this 1910ish real photo. "Want it?" I answered. "It's a winner! Thanks!" I wasn't just being polite. It's a really neat kids 'n' pets portrait. The dog and kitten are attentive; the children are alert and cheerful looking. The detailing on the pressed wood chairs shows up nicely, and the lattice skirting of the home is an interesting background.



The back is a plus, too. Pencilled on it is "Uncle Oscar Brundage's family, Sylvester, Veda, Ann, Josephine." I turned the names and date over to Frank Sternad (genealogical researcher extraordinaire) with a five minute time limit. He went overboard and exceeded his authority by two minutes: Oscar G. Brundage: Born Calif circa 1877, died Aug 24, 1963 Tulare Co. In 1880 living in Kaweah, Tulare Co. with father Thomas J. 39, mother Rosa 30, brother Robert K. In 1910 living in Farmersville, Tulare Co. with wife Dorthia J. 33, dau Anna E. 6, dau Veda L. 9, dau Josephine V. 4, and son Thomas S. 8." So, Thomas prefers his middle name... or could Sylvester be the cat in Josephine's lap?



*P.S.* READERS WRITE: New member Gary Parks, Ptahhotep1(at)earthlink.net, is asking for our help with his current project. Your support will aid Gary and will broaden the club's objectives. "I was referred to the SFBAPCC by Carol Jensen, with whom I've been having a nice dialog regarding Bay Area buildings designed by Reid Bros., particularly theatres. It was through her that I learned of Arcadia Publishing, and have just gotten approval for my book, THEATRES OF SAN JOSE. I will be using several wonderful sources, but naturally postcards are something I would love to rely on if others exist that I could use in the book. There are a number of postcard views of San Jose streets in which theatres happen to be in the scene. I have seen many of these, and indeed will be using a few, but I am still in need of more. Priority would be postcards that have the theatres very prominent. (I do not need the postcard with the famous view of Grauman's Unique, collapsed after the earthquake.)

"The book will also be covering theatres in Santa Clara, Sunnyvale, Campbell, Los Gatos and Saratoga. The "era" cutoff for the book is the Sixties, so that classic drive-ins can be included along with movie palaces, neighborhood theatres, playhouses, and small town cinemas.

"Any loans of images and help you can offer will be greatly appreciated and appropriately acknowledged in the book. Thank you, Gary."

DEMARIS ELROD SWINT has taken on the challenge of gathering and displaying National Post Card Week cards: "I have now uploaded all the NPCW postcards I have to the website—somewhere over 1700. Anyone interested in seeing them can go to [www.npcw.multiply.com](http://www.npcw.multiply.com). They are in order by year, then first names. Each time I rearrange them by surnames it reverts to first names. Who knows why?!" [*NPCW is our hobby's ongoing celebration of the fun of making and sending our own postcards. It is "officially" celebrated the first full week of May each year, but cards trickle on through the summer, and are always welcomed by their recipients.* -Ed.]

OK... OK... Let's call this the Frank Sternad issue. Goodness knows, he deserves to add that honor to the

others he is accruing. Among the most newsworthy is the Gold Medal in the 2008 APS Literature Exhibition that he shares with co-author and co-member, Don Scott for their (Frank published) Special Study book, REVENUE STAMPED PAPER OF MEXICO 1821-1876. Congratz to both for garnering top honors in a field of 39 entries!

But, let's be frank, when he's got a real puzzle, who does Frank turn to? Us! So let's see if we can help him figure out what's going on in this yellowed real photo of a Washington, D.C. parade. It has an AZO four triangles up stamp box which dates the paper to



1908-1914. What's going on? Why are men, dressed in business suits and carrying full shopping baskets and briefcases, marching along a downtown street already strewn with litter from paraders already passed? If you can offer a hint, an idea, or the answer, please email Frank at fasternad(at)aol.com.

WITH SPEAKERS AND PROGRAMS lined up for our club meetings through May, Vice President Kathryn Ayres has reason to relax. We'll begin 2009 looking at and learning about sports events at UC Berkeley (Go Oski!). Next will be millinery and fashions of yesteryear, followed by our annual March PPIE celebration. April will bring PanAm Clippers, the planes that flew West from San Francisco and later crisscrossed the Atlantic and Caribbean, and by May we'll be back home in San Francisco's Chinatown. Sure Kathryn can relax, but I'll bet she won't and will continue bringing us interesting speakers with informative presentations. But, just like Frank, she needs our help. If you know of a potential speaker, email Kathryn at piscopunch(at)hotmail.com. She's a gentle, and effective, arm twister. —ED.

**SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA POST CARD CLUB**  
**APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP**

New  Renewal  Individual/Family \$15  Supporting \$25 or more  Out of USA \$25/35

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Family members: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

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Collector  Dealer  Approvals welcome: Yes  No

Collecting interests: \_\_\_\_\_

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11/08

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THIS SIDE IS FOR THE ADDRESS



**2009 MEETINGS**

- January 24
- February 28
- March 28
- April 25
- May TBA
- June 27
- July 25
- August 29\*
- September 26\*
- October 24\*
- November 28

\*12/08 on label = time to renew

\*Aug., Sept., and Oct. at  
Star of the Sea School

**NEWSLETTERS DATING FROM MARCH 2003 ARE ARCHIVED IN COLOR AT [WWW.POSTCARD.ORG](http://www.postcard.org)**