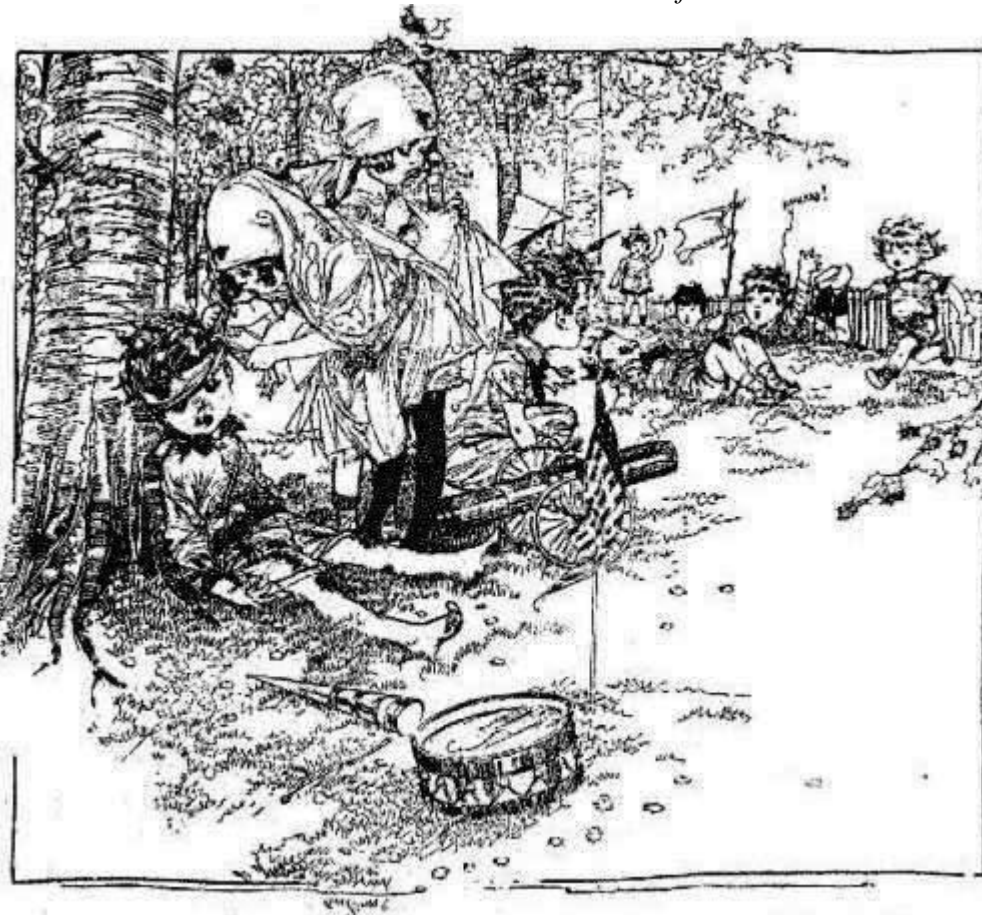


A Collector's Treasure ! A book club favorite !



NELL BRINKLEY - 1918

♥♥ "LOVE LETTERS" ♥♥

America's Prolific Romantic Writer

from the Ragtime and Jazz Ages

“Our World Famous Romantic Illustrator”

Broadway Show and Silent Movie Illustrator and Reviewer

Lois e. Collins - "Artist on the Green" with Tom j. Collins

Denver - Edgewater - Brooklyn - Manhattan – **all U.S.A.** - Europe - D.C. -
New Rochelle - Long Beach - Vermont - Quebec - Florida - New Jersey

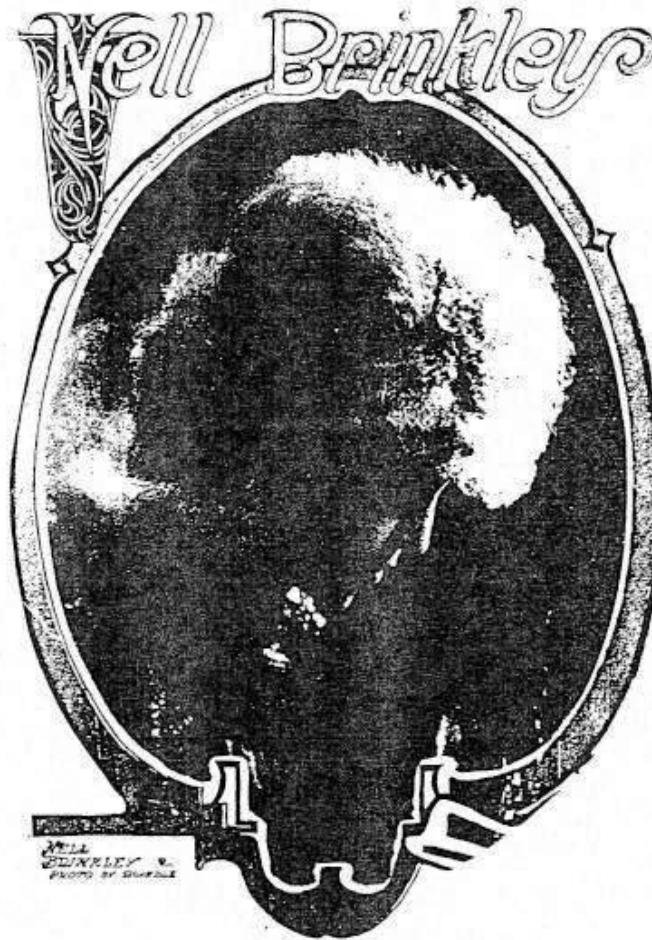
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“NELL BRINKLEY L♥VE”

from the H♥ME FR♥NT!

to our Service Men and Women



AMERICA'S WORLD-FAMOUS ROMANTIC-ILLUSTRATOR

N e l l B r i n k l e y

NELL BRINKLEY LOVE 1918

NELL'S DAILY WORK 1918

Girls Who Work for Uncle Sam

By NELL BRINKLEY



Girls Who Work for Uncle Sam

January 12, 1918

Here is Doris Noetzel – in Uncle Sam’s Post Office

WASHINGTON, D.C., Jan. 10 __ The first of a series of little girls who work for Uncle Sam, who keep his wheels going round, the little girls you never particularly think about, when you mail your letters and complain when they don’t get where you sent them without a correct address; when you write to Uncle Sam for seeds and farming information, when you get in trouble and want him to get you out in a hurry – this is the first. And I am going to make for *you*, one after another, the very prettiest out of his big white workshops in Washington!

They come from the South, where they grow with soft dark eyes; from the West, where so many eyes are blue like the West’s Italian sky; they come from New England and bring along their Priscilla demureness. Seeking to help Uncle Sam now that he is “short handed,” with his sons marching away in waves of a dusty color. When you mail your important letter and trust in Uncle Sam and his staff to pass it on for you in safety, and trot away with that off your mind, perhaps you will think of these pretty girls I show you, from the Post Office Department, “Washington,” D. C. Lucky me! Think you. I am seeing them – three a day! Watching their bright faces; seeing them laugh, hearing their hopes and dreams.

This little girl is Doris – a sugar-like name that fairly sings itself and matches her entirely --Doris Noetzel. ‘And, said she, with a shy turn of the head – “if you had got me a week later – that – that wouldn’t have been my *last name!*” In a week Doris is marrying her little self and going away to big New York on her honeymoon. She is in the Railway Adjustment Division – if you can think about such dry stuff when you look at her. She is a Washington girl – with the soft, dreamy dark eyes that we think of when we say “South.” She is twenty years old and looks sixteen – I hope she doesn’t care if I tell. Her hair is soft and brown, her mouth and cheeks like a red California rose – and they are the velvetiest scarlet in all the world.

She loves – I asked her what best – she loves the water and a canoe, and all the good things that a lovely rosy-cheeked girl does love who has youth in her heart and hopes. And if you think her *only* pretty, let me tell you that under her soft wavy brown hair and behind the beautiful brown eyes is a bright little person who is sober and ambitious and works at picture-making. And she *can* make pictures; I *know* that.

Aren’t your old letters more interesting now? And hasn’t Uncle Sam’s great Post Office more of a twinkle in all the windows for you?

Wait a little – comes another and another. ♥♥♥ – *NELL BRINKLEY*

An Appeal for Books for Our Wounded Heroes Here
The Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defence Will Send for Your Volumes and See That They Are Delivered to Cheer Our Boys in the Hospitals Over Easter

DRAWN BY
NELL BRINKLEY



An Appeal for Books for Our Wounded Heros Here
The Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defence
Will Send for Tour Volumes and See That They Are Delivered
to Cheer Our Boys in the Hospitals Over Easter
March 25, 1918

EVERY one in Greater New York has a heartful of sympathy as well as admiration for our brave boys in khaki who have been brought back from the battle fields of France to convalesce from wounds incurred in doing their bit in the great struggle to make the world safe for democracy.

The Mayor's Committee of Women on National Defense, of which Mrs. William Randolph Hearst is chairman, and which has distinguished itself by its work in distributing coal to the poor during the recent shortage and by various other patriotic activities, appeals to the public to give books to our boys in khaki now in the hospitals here. These gifts will cheer the convalescents over Easter and keep them from spending many a lonely hour.

The Mayor's Committee will send for the books and see that they ...

-- *NELL BRINKLEY.*



Love the Mighty Necromancer

Beatrice Fairfax Pictures George Sand Made a Genius by Love in Youth and George Eliot Made a Genius by Love in Middle Age

George Sand, whose whole life was a continuous love story, with the famous men of the time as her ardent suitors.



George Eliot, who, until she was forty, lived a humdrum existence, then fell in love and wrote novels that made her famous.



(Drawn by Nell Brinkley from a photograph.)

These women, living in the same era, furnish historic examples of the power of love to bring into blossom the seeds of genius which might otherwise have lain dormant.



(Drawn by Nell Brinkley from a photograph.)

“Moral Suicide,” the Phenomenal Film Success, as Nell Brinkley Sees It
The Famous Artist Calls the Picture in Which John Mason and Anne Luther Are Co-Stars Strong, Enthralling and a Vivid Presentation of a Big Theme.



NEWS MAR. 29, 1918

OVER ONE MILLION WOMEN HAVE REPLACED MEN AT THEIR JOBS AS THE MEN GO OFF TO WAR.

NEWS MAR. 31, 1918

DAYLIGHT SAVINGS TIME, WHICH MOVES CLOCKS FORWARD FOR “EARLY BIRD SUNLIGHT,” IS APPROVED BY PRESIDENT WILSON.

World Without End

By NELL BRINKLEY

Republished by Special Arrangement with Puck, in Which It Is
One of Many Notable Features.



ONCE upon a Summer's night
Mused a mischief-making sprite,
Underneath the leafy hood
Of a fairy-haunted wood,
Here and there, in light and shade,
Ill-assorted couples strayed:
"Lord," said Puck, in elfish glee,
"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

NOW he sings the self-same tune
Underneath an older moon.
Life to him is, plain enough,
Still a game of blind man's buff.
If we listen we may hear
Puckish laughter always near,
And the elf's apostrophe,
"Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

The Face That Launched a Thousand Ships!

*Nell Brinkley Pictures Columbia as the Inspiration of Free Men to
Battle Against the Enemies of Civilization*



The Face That Launched a Thousand Ships!
Nell Brinkley Pictures Columbia as the Inspiration
of Free Men to Battle Against the Enemies of
Civilization

April 28, 1918

ONLY in this, Columbia, are you like Helen; that for the beauty and glory of your face men thrust aside every sweet ease and hope, and joy of being close to the sides of the women they love, the dream of peaceful fame and red gold, that for you a **THOUSAND SHIPS ARE LAUNCHED!**

In all else, you are as the round, fair sun that little children thrive under is to the black hole of a dragon's cave, beside ancient Helen. For she was false – and you are flawless. She plunged her country into war for the sake of a bitter-sweet toy – you raised your sword when the barbarian clutched your standard with already bloody, dishonored hands grimed with the wrecked fields and bodies of small peoples – on his way to yours!

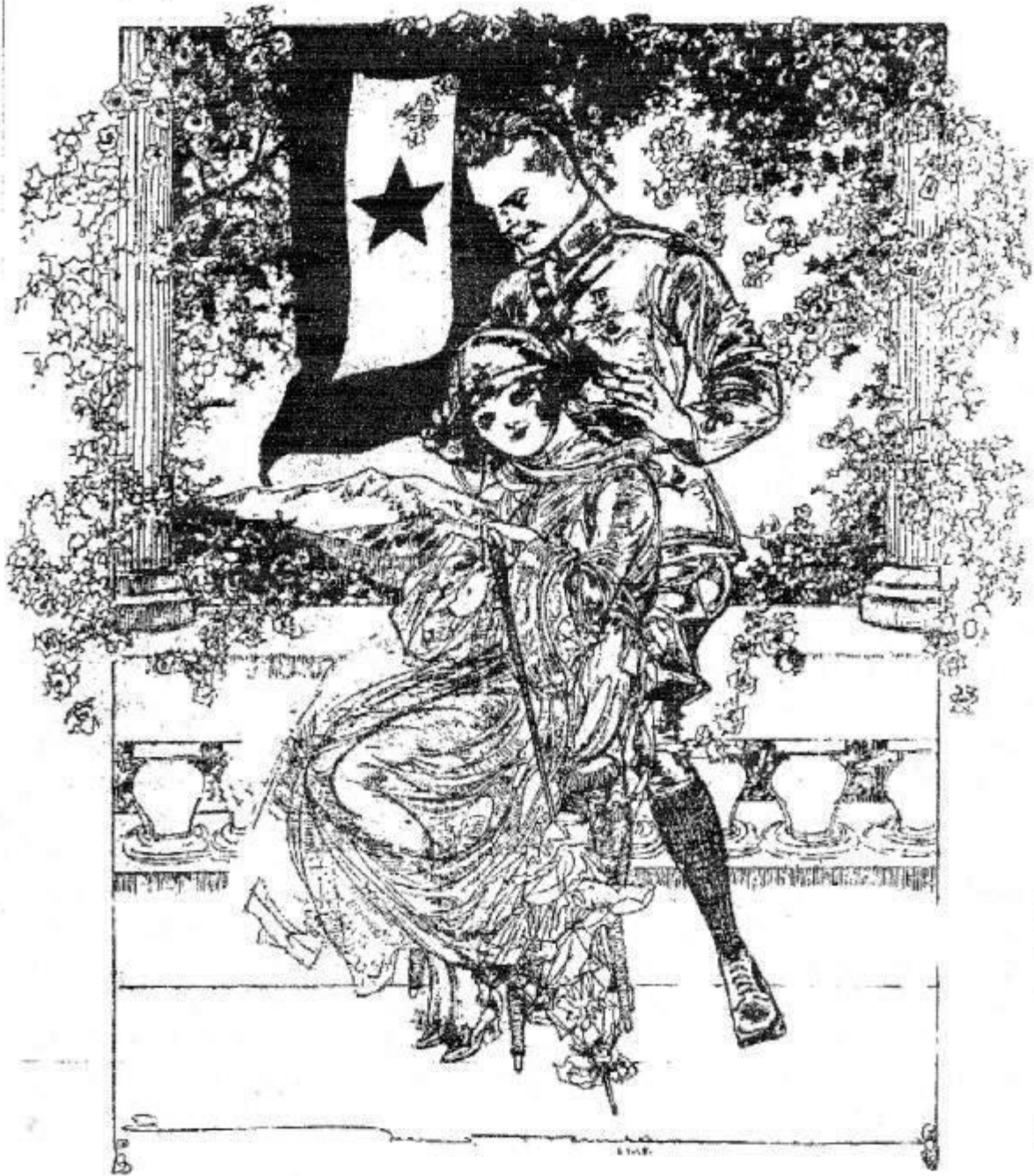
For you we launch a thousand ships. They rumble on the ways and take the sea on a glad breast, and may they be ten thousand times a thousand – to keep you in your high place where we hold you without reproach.

-- *NELL BRINKLEY.*



Second-Hand Glory"

By NELL BRINKLEY



"Second – Hand Glory"

July 24, 1918

Where's the girl when her sweetheart, home from France on leave, changed, finer, sharper of face-line, deeper of eye, soberer of bearing, yet with the American boy's careless fun

and lack of “swank” still covering him with loveliness and charm, fits his steel helmet down over her soft hair, to see how she “looks in it” – who does not thrill and grow still hushed with the weight of borrowed glory?

Once it was shining like a burnished silver dish. When it came to his hands it still was clean and smooth and neat, though its color had gone a horizon-blue – camouflaged. Now as she touches it reverently she can feel with questing fingers dents and ridges, where the steel gleams through, batters and scars and chips where his life at the front has reached out in menacing hand and mutilated!

Though rubbed smooth, and carefully, its trimness is that of a veteran, its dull shine is rich with experience; once it glittered and glared, noisy with speech. Now it is dark and dumbly eloquent. It speaks plainer, it and the medal on *his* breast, of certain heroic things than the “boy” himself can with his modest, stumbling tongue.

Under the weight of a battered “tin hat” from the front, on a soft-sheltered head, bright eyes may gleam and glow and red lips smile the same, but the heart below is *not* the same. FEELING holds it fast and tight, while the pained blood drums slow and heavy.

“When have you seen, scarred, painted, steel hat from the trenches in France?”

-- NELL BRINKLEY. ♥♥♥

NEWS JUL. 26, 1918

RATIONING BY HERBERT HOOVER CALLS FOR ONE MEATLESS DAY PER WEEK, AND TWO PORKLESS, TWO WHEATLESS DAYS PER WEEK. SUGAR RATIONING WILL LIMIT HOUSEHOLDS TO TWO POUNDS PER MONTH.

As the Boys Come Home

By NELL BRINKLEY



As the Boys Come Home!

December 28, 1918

Now that the troopships come in on the tide again! ‘Crowded with our brown boys – brown face, brown hands, brown garments of the cloth that covers our victorious army! Now that the boys are coming home, you’re goin’ to hear the rustle of her new Silk dress around the world! She’s dressed-to drab these war-years. She’s worn a somber, cheerful face, but rather a long one; she saved her gown money for bonds and the W. S. S’s – and anyhow what was the use to try to look gay when the many lovers of her heart were across the water where they couldn’t see?

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Words by
HARRY B. SMITH.

THE NELL BRINKLEY GIRL.

Music by
MAURICE LEVI.

Moderato.

Slowly.

Have you seen the new - est girl — with her hair all in a
Should I ev - er be so rash — as to mar - ry just for

whirl As if the breez - es gave her a kiss — With her
cash, Some nice old man with gold — ga - lore — In my

pret - ty tilt - ed nose, — And her mouth just like a rose? — There's a
car - riage I might ride — My old hus - band by my side, — But my

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OBITUARIES PUBLISHED in the 1940'S

The New York Times, Sunday, October 22, 1944

NELL BRINKLEY, 56, ARTIST, SUCCUMBS

Creator of Widely Syndicated
Boy-and-Girl Drawings
Leader in Her Field

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., Oct.21

Nell Brinkley, widely known as a creator of a distinctive type of elaborately sketched boy and girl drawings formerly syndicated throughout the United States, died tonight at New Rochelle Hospital. She was 56 years old.

Miss Brinkley, who in private life was Mrs. Bruce MacRae Jr., a widow, had retired from newspaper work several years ago, turning her pen only to sketches and book illustrations. Her late husband was a former New York newspaper man and son of Bruce MacRae, actor. They had one son. Since her retirement she has lived at 56 Pryor Terrace, in the fashionable Beechmont neighborhood of New Rochelle.

The daughter of Robert Brinkley, lumber operator who died in 1930 at Orlando, Fla., Miss Brinkley showed talent for drawing as a child. By the time she was 15 years old she had decided that she was skillful enough to make her own living. With her portfolio under her arm she went to the offices of The Denver (Col.) Post and demanded to see the managing editor.

He was sufficiently impressed to give her desk space and the title of cartoonist at a salary of \$7 a week, she recalled later. She later shifted to The Denver Times at a higher salary. Some of her work there drew the attention of the late Arthur Brisbane, Hearst editor, who brought her to New York and with whom she worked in close association for many years.

As an artist Miss Brinkley was largely self-taught. Her individualistic pen-and-ink technique, developed by long hours of practice as a child, caused her to be regarded as one of the hardest working artists in the Hearst Organization, since she required much time to develop her sketches with their multitude of fine strokes.

Funeral arrangements are to be announced later.

The New York Times, March 21, 1945

Nell Brinkley, creator of the Brinkley Girl, left a gross estate of \$56,305 and a net of \$54,407. She named her mother, Mrs. May Brinkley of New Rochelle, sole beneficiary.

'American Gothic' ?



Team: Tom and Lois -- 'American Romanesque' Photo by Peter Royle

Denver Tom and Brooklyn Lois

Lois was born in Brooklyn. Imagine that!
She schooled in *The Bronx* and MANHATTAN, too!

She studied piano at Carnegie Hall studios, went to The Traphagen School of Design, The New School University, Paterson State University, Farleigh-Dickenson University, County College of Morris in Morris County, NJ - and she has been a member of the Morris County Art Association.

Tom and Lois went through the Sorbonne and Oxford, too – do you believe that?

Tom was born in Denver, Colorado and enjoyed a *Huck Finn* beginning in Westminster, Colorado. His schools were: Alcott, Holy Family, St. Elizabeth and Regis in Denver, then Carbondale Union High school near Aspen, Colorado - then back to Denver to St. Joseph High and briefly Denver University before joining the US Navy *aviation* from 1950-1954. He was stationed in French Morocco. He flew from Italy with rescue operations aiding earthquake victims from the Greek Isles. Later, from the light aircraft carrier USS Monterey, he flew with a rescue operation in Honduras after tropical storm Gilda.