

The McClintock Letter

The official quarterly newsletter of the South Jersey Postcard Club
Serving Postcard Collectors Since 1971 – John H. McClintock, Founder

April 2007

Vol. 7. No. 2



April Fool

The young fish found in French rivers and streams in early April are easy to fool with a hook and lure, therefore the French called them *poisson d'Avril* – April fish. The link between April foolery and spring born fish is a natural one; therefore the farcical holiday we call April Fool's Day should be enjoyed for just a "fin" or two. Please pardon the pun – it was intentional.

The French still use the term *Poisson d'Avril* to describe the unfortunate victims of April Fool's Day pranks and they celebrate this aging custom by giving chocolate fish to those they fool.

It all began in 1582 when the French became the first country to switch from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar. [The Gregorian calendar was established by the Council of Trent in 1563. Even though the new calendar was more accurate, it was not universally adopted. Interestingly, the British (and we the Colonies) didn't adopt the change until September 2, 1752.] The calendar change meant, among other things, that the beginning of the year was moved from near the end of March (the vernal equinox) to January 1st. Because the change was not readily accepted, those who failed to keep up with the changes and those who stubbornly clung to the old calendar system were soon the victims of jokesters and pranksters.

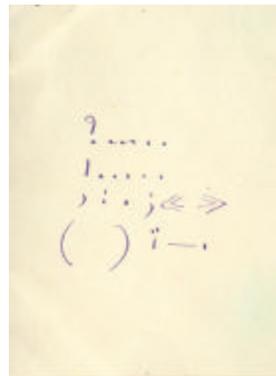
In the early years, paper fish, surreptitiously stuck to one's back were the most common gag, but bouquets of onions or cabbages and candy boxes filled with straw were favorites too. Throughout the centuries gifts of some very strange character have been given to the unsuspecting – a personal favorite is the melting diamond (made of ice) engagement ring. Naturally most all April Fool's Day gifts are given anonymously, and postcard makers who reinvented Paper fish as "fish on a postcard" made it possible to preserve one's anonymity. Lynn McKelvey, who has an astonishing collection of April Fool's Day cards, shares some of the 'signatures' she has found on her cards



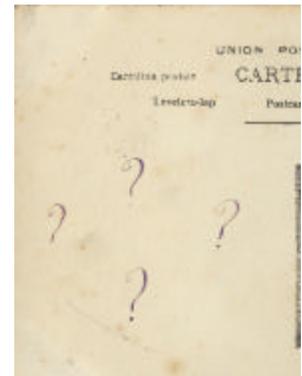
Qui (Who?)



Mystire (Mystery)



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In the golden age of postcards hundreds of varieties were prepared for sale each year.

President's Corner . . .

An addiction that's good for you. Don't keep it a secret!
 Postcard Collecting. OK, that's a subject dear to the hearts of everyone who is reading this newsletter, BUT, you must admit, how many times have you told someone you collect postcards and they look back at you with a chucking smile, as if to say what they are really thinking, "Are you crazy?" Well those of us who are addicted to postcard collecting know better. At least I think so.
 Years ago, BEFORE I collected postcards, I was given a family postcard album, compiled by my great-grandmother. A distant relative had it from a marriage connection to my family. He almost threw it out, but thought of me and fortunately passed it on to me. I cherish it to this day. It consists of several hundred cards, some dating back to the late 1800's. By reading the short notes on the postcards I have an insight into my family's history, their every day joys and concerns. What a treasured find, for me, that was almost lost forever.

I share my experience with you because it provides just one reason why collecting postcards can be so rewarding. The other reasons are too numerous to write about in this *Corner*, but speaking for myself, (and I hope you too) I can add ... the wealth of knowledge gained about people, places, and events; the fun of the hunt for that missing card; the friendships made with fellow collectors; and simply the joy of looking over your own collection. It allows your mind to take a journey, distant from some of our daily woes, and gets you lost in the "Neverland" of Postcard Collecting. (Better to buy postcards than to pay the doctor.)

So don't keep postcard collecting a secret. And when and if people look at you kinda funny about collecting postcards, try to educate them a little. But, IF they don't listen, just smile to yourself, about how this great hobby of yours has so many rewards. What a terrific secret addiction.

Bob

PoCax '07 - October 20, 2007
Double Tree Suites Hotel
Mt. Laurel, New Jersey

Your Editor's Niche ...

"Good Morning World!" is how I greet most days, but lately it has been a struggle because of a few medical challenges that have kept me pretty-close to home. I have put most of the medical things behind me now and I hope to stay well.

I know that many of you appreciate the work and time that go into this newsletter and I am always glad to hear you express your approval. In this issue, much of the praise needs to go to those who have made contributions. The help and assistance of others is what makes this a very interesting issue.

Special thanks go to Lynn McKelvey for the research and illustrations of the April Fool article, and within the issue you will find contributions by John McClintock, Emily DiVento, Don Matter, Dave Lam, John Roberts, Sal Fiorello, and Bob Duerholz.

Please find the minutes for the March meeting on this page. Because of the inclusion of the Roster, I just couldn't find space in the envelope for another page.

Thanks,

Ray

South Jersey Postcard Club

President Bob Duerholz
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 Treasurer Sal Fiorello
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Please send club inquiries to:

The South Jersey Postcard Club
 c/o Emily DiVento, Secretary
 1746 Johnston Street, Philadelphia, PA 19145

Please send newsletter inquiries and articles to:

Ray Hahn, Editor
 908 Barbara Terrace, Millville, NJ 08332
 or email to ray@rayhahn.com

Next Meetings

Sunday, April 29, 2007

Special Combined April - May Meeting

Contest Topic: New Jersey Diners. This will be a blow -out contest. Each member will have the option to enter up to eight cards in the contest.

May - No Meeting

Sunday, June 10, 2007

Contest Topic: Good Time Beverages: Wine, Beer or Soda.
 One entry per member.

At the March Meeting

- President Bob Duerholz presided with 17 present.
- Emily read the minutes of the previous meeting.
- Sal gave the treasurer's report.
- The 50/50 was won by Sal Fiorello.
- The Card of the Month was won by Lynn McKelvey. The topic in March was apples. Lynne's winning card, showing five Christmas elves reveling about a perfect specimen of the fruit, was very unusual due to its size - only 4 7/8" x 2 3/4". The card is Swedish and carries a handwritten - in



ink, using what appears to be a steel nib pen - message addressed simply, Family of David Carlsson, USA.

CLUB ROSTER INCLUDED WITH THIS MAILING

With this issue you will find a copy of the club's mailing list. The roster is meant to help you communicate with other club members. If you have no need of the roster discard it, but please, do not share the list with anyone who is not a member of South Jersey Postcard Club. Thank you.

The Sparrow Jack House, Philly Landmark!



By Ray Hahn

When John Bardsley moved from England to Philadelphia in 1859 he took up residence at the corner of Washington Lane and Germantown Avenue. He fancied himself an ornithologist but earned his living as a house painter. No one in Germantown paid much attention to the man who built hundreds of bird houses in the back yard of the house seen in the postcard above, except to complain about the dirt and noise made by his feathered friends.

In 1868, fortunately for Bardsley, the complaining stopped. Here's why.

That spring Philadelphia was overrun by an extremely serious infestation of what many people in those days called measure worms. (Today we call the same little green critters inchworms.) Within weeks everyone in Philadelphia was concerned about how to stop the worms from eating the city's greenery. City Council went so far as to hire hundreds of "pickers" whose responsibility it was to remove the worms, by hand, from the trees in their neighborhoods. It was soon realized that the plan was flawed, and as things played out, there was only one man who knew what to do.

Confidently John Bardsley went to the City Council seeking permission and funds for travel to England to gather sparrows. He easily convinced the town fathers that even though local birds like the robins, jays and wrens would not eat the worms that sparrows would.

And that is just what happened, Bardsley made his trip to England and returned to Philadelphia with thousands of sparrows. They were set loose in Fairmount Park, around the "four" squares, and along the river.

The birds made short work of the worms and from that time on John Bardsley was known as Sparrow Jack.

My research shows that through the years, there has only been one addition infestation of note by inchworms in Philadelphia – in 1953. That leaves only one question. What can Philadelphians do about all the pesky sparrows?



Who wants a sack of old foreign coins?

Over the years, on trips to many countries – near and far – I have accumulated three or four handfuls of coins that since the introduction of the euro have no value as money.

If for any reason you would like these coins please contact me at ray@rayhahn.com or 825-8202.

Who Was Fred Harvey?

When Fred Harvey convinced Charles Moore, President of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, that he should be allowed to serve meals and provide other passenger services in stations along the AT&SF lines, he became the inventor of the first American restaurant chain.



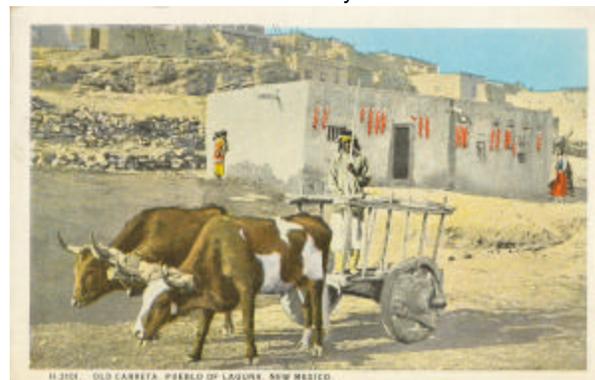
Frederick Henry Harvey arrived in America in 1858 at age 15. He was an audacious young man and within a very few years he knew the restaurant business as well as many seasoned veterans. Trying to find a good business opportunity after the Civil War he moved to Leavenworth, Kansas, where he met with Moore in 1876. They decided that

Harvey's first restaurant would open in the Topeka train station. It was an immediate success that led to other Harvey House Restaurants and later Harvey House Hotels along all the Santa Fe routes. As diner cars were added, *Meals by Fred Harvey* were featured on most AT&SF rails.

Harvey insisted on maintenance of standards, regardless of cost, which meant the food must be first rate, served promptly, in fashionable surroundings, at a reasonable cost. Within two dozen years his company operated nearly fifty restaurants in seven states, 15 hotels and a fleet of diner cars that were coupled to nearly every passenger train moving through the south-west.

Postcards with the Fred Harvey logo have been a favorite among collectors for many years – some dealers have special categories for the Harvey cards even though there is a rather eclectic mix of topics, views and scenes.

Two cards found recently ...



A tinted photo of the Pueblo at Laguna, New Mexico.



This card is one of the more than 300 Fred Harvey postcards manufactured by the Detroit Publishing Company. It is after a painting of the Petrified Forest by Thomas Moran.

If you're ever in Leavenworth, Kansas, there is a Fred Harvey Museum in the family mansion at 24 Olive Street.

Pieces of Our Member's Collections. . .

Kate Aylesford Mansion

Submitted by Steve Madara



The Kate Aylesford Mansion, Pleasant Mills, New Jersey

This home at Pleasant Mills, NJ, built in 1762 was later to be known as the Kate Aylesford house, after a fictional character in a best-selling Charles Peterson novel.

Kate Aylesford or the Heiress of Sweetwater by Charles J. Peterson, an historical novel, first appeared in series in a Philadelphia newspaper and then as a book published in 1855. (It was republished in 2001 by A1Books of Netcong, NJ.) The story depicts life in 18th century New Jersey in a most enjoyable and readable manner.

Kate is the daughter of an English gentleman who had built an estate, which he calls Sweetwater, in Pleasant Mills, New Jersey. The gentleman died leaving the estate and his fortune to Kate who was then being educated in England.

The story opens just prior to the Revolutionary War with a typical scene in the tavern at Tuckerton. The scene is interrupted by a shipwreck of the vessel on which Kate and her aunt are returning to the Colonies to live at Sweetwater. Kate and the aunt are rescued and the story continues with many thrilling events of the times, including encounters with refugees, a duel, and the Battle of Chestnut Neck. (The only battle of the American Revolution that took place on the south Jersey coastline.) Those familiar with south Jersey forest fires will appreciate the forest fire chapter.

It ends as all good novels should, by Kate marrying the Major commanding the nearby fort and living happily ever after. All the characters in the story are said to have been taken from real life and in real life Kate was Honoria Reed.



This Card Is a Mystery to Judi Kearney

"18th St. Bet. Summer & Vine," submitted by Judi Kearney



Does anyone reading this have any idea how many Summer streets there are in America? The answer is, lots.

When I consulted Microsoft Streets software, the only keywords I used were *Summer* and *Street*. The result of the search was more than two columns long – there could have been two-hundred or more – I didn't count.

"Forget it," I said. Then just for curiosity sake, I searched for 18th & Vine. The result of my second search was very short. There is only one place in America, where Summer Street and Vine Street run parallel and both have an 18th street that intersects – Philadelphia.

So the mystery is solved. Judi was hoping her card was a Philadelphia card, but if she goes to Summer Street today, she won't see anything that is in the picture on her card. The area is now the site of the Wyndham Hotel and the Sts. Peter and Paul Cathedral.



Auto Car in Mail Service, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Submitted by John Roberts



With help from the United States Postal Service Internet website (<http://www.usps.com>), people interested in the history of United States mail are able to learn as much as they care to know. On the page that lists important dates in postal history 1914 is cited as the year in which government-owned and -operated vehicle services were first used by mail carriers.



League Island Park Lookout

Submitted by Sal Fiorello



Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, Philadelphia, Pa.

This lookout in League Island Park (renamed for President Roosevelt in the 40s) was built by the Olmstead Brothers Landscape Design firm in 1914 as part of the original plan for the park. The red tile roof, buff masonry, and blue Guastavino tile dome contribute to its elegant appearance. The Olmstead Brothers also built Central Park in New York.

The Boston Flood

By John McClintock

Some time ago I came upon a couple postcards that showed tremendous wreckage from a flood. The cards were imprinted that the scene was in Boston, Massachusetts. I had never heard of a flood in Boston and took it for granted that the printer had made an error in the location of the flood. I discarded the cards.

In going through my file of old magazine, I found an article in the *True* magazine for August 1962 that tells about the flood in Boston and bears out the illustrations that were on the cards. The writer, Paul Benzaquin, solved the puzzle for me.

One of the strangest disasters ever to overtake an American city struck Boston on January 15, 1919. Do you remember the fly paper that was once used to catch flies? Well, just picture the city of Boston turning into one huge sheet of fly paper.

Picture a storage tank 90 feet wide located in the north end of the city. It holds 2.3 million gallons of molasses with a total weight of 1,392 tons, enough molasses to fill 232 tank cars.

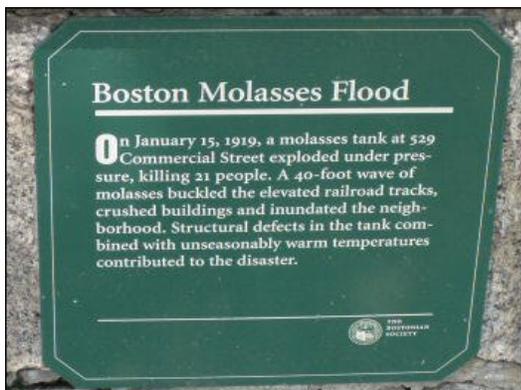
On that Wednesday afternoon at 12:31 p.m. the citizens of Boston heard a sound like the rapid fire of machine guns. The noise was caused by rivets being forced from the tank as the weight of the molasses became more than the tank could bear.

The first person to die in the flood of suddenly released molasses was a little girl who had been collecting wood for the family fire from around the base of the tank.

A fifteen-foot high flood of molasses took lives, destroyed houses, suffocated horses, and destroyed an elevated railroad structure. People were caught by the molasses like flies on the fly paper and were unable to move as the sticky fluid moved up their bodies.

Fourteen buildings went down from the force of the mess. Twenty-one people, twenty horses and one cat lost their lives and more than fifty others were badly injured.

The stunned and mournful city of Boston did have a flood in 1919, so if you ever see those cards that I discarded showing a flood in the streets and a wrecked over-head railroad, at least you will know what the pictures are all about. And, oh yeah, send me my cards back. Thanks.



[Editors note: Today, the molasses flood is a nearly forgotten event in Boston history. The only reminder that commemorates the disaster is this sign located at the entrance to Puopolo Park.]

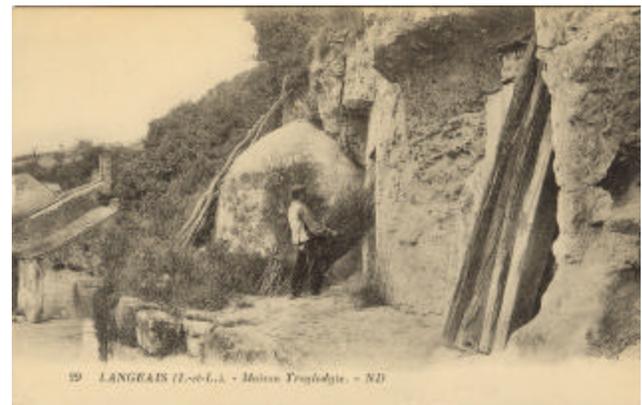


Fun to Say Words . . .

By Donald T. Matter, Jr.

Ask any 10 year old, "What is a fun word to say?" I know that the answer today would be much different than when I was a kid, but a word that I thought was fun to say was, "Troglodyte."

I learned what the word meant as soon as I heard it. A troglodyte is a person, mostly European, who lives in a cave. In years gone by the troglodytes were agrarian people – farmers, vintners, and herders. Today, in most cases troglodytes live normal lives; they drive cars, they go to work in as many different professions as people who live in houses, they attend sporting events and concerts, they eat in restaurants. The only thing different about them is that they live in caves. Yes, they use furniture and appliances. Their caves have electricity and most have plumbing.



Years ago I found this postcard and have treasured it only because it has my most favorite fun to say word – TROGLODYTE!



No Relation

In a recent correspondence, John McClintock sent me this Vinegar Valentine entitled:

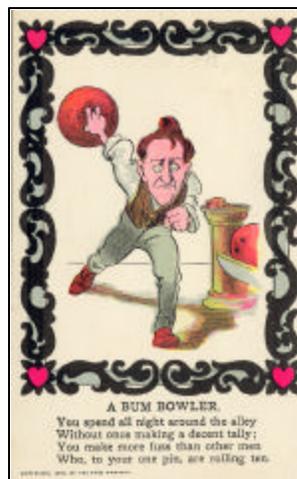
A Bum Bowler

**You spend all night around the alley
 Without once making a decent tally;
 You make more fuss than other men
 Who, to your one pin, are rolling ten.**

John asked if the addressee was any relative.

Surprisingly, my great-grandfather was named Frederick, but he died the same year the card was copyrighted (1907), so I guess the answer is, no.

I like the card.
 Thanks, John.



End of Earth?

Card submitted by Lynn McKelvey



Caption on Card: *Houghton may seem to be isolated in the middle of nowhere as emphasized by two Michigan Tech students when they constructed this sign and placed it four miles south of Houghton on U.S. 41.*

Message:

Daddy,

Thought you might get a chuckle out of this. Unfortunately the prissy highway department took the sign down so it won't be there next time you visit. The photo is great, tho, isn't it? With the mist it really does look like you are entering the end of the world!



Tower of London



The oldest known image of the Tower of London comes from a 15th century manuscript of poems by Charles, Duke of Orléans, a French nobleman that the British held as a prisoner of war for 25 years.

In October 1415 at the Battle of Agincourt, Charles was wounded and captured by the

English. Such imprisonments were not uncommon events in those times. His manuscript was published when he returned to France in 1440.

Charles's poems speak of his captors and the conditions of his life as a captive. There are references to a well and its *spirited* content that *may have spared a poor and woeful life so granted me by God on High.*

This postcard is part of Emily DiVento's collection. She asked me to research the card because she thought it may make a good story.

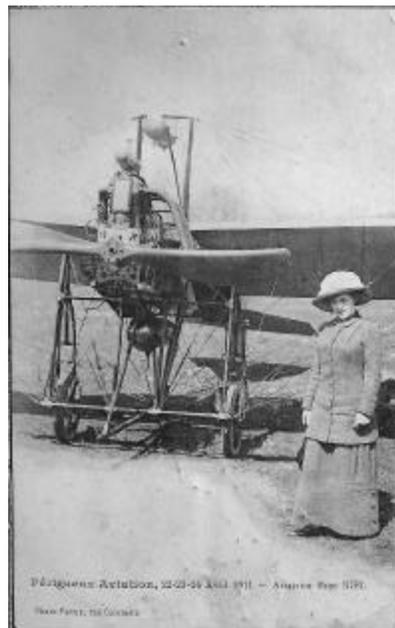
I think she was right!



Madame Marthe Niel – Second Lady in the World to Earn a Pilot's License

Third in a series by Dave Lam

The competition to become the first licensed female airplane pilot in the world was fast and furious, and although Baroness Raymonde de LaRoche became the first, several others in Europe were close behind. The second woman licensed was Marthe Niel, who received French license #226 on September 19, 1910.



Périgneux Aviation, 22-23-24 Avril 1911
Avitrica Mme Niel

Unfortunately, very little is known about Madame Niel for she appears to have flown for a very short time.

She apparently flew for enjoyment and is known to have flown in only a few exhibitions or competitions. Niel used a very unusual airplane, a Pivot-Kochelin, which in addition to the normal flight controls used a pilot-operated motion of the seat-back as a control. The mechanism must have been extremely difficult to use as it was never adopted by any other manufacturer. Since the Pivot was a monoplane, Neil has the distinction of being the first woman to earn her wings in a single wing aircraft.

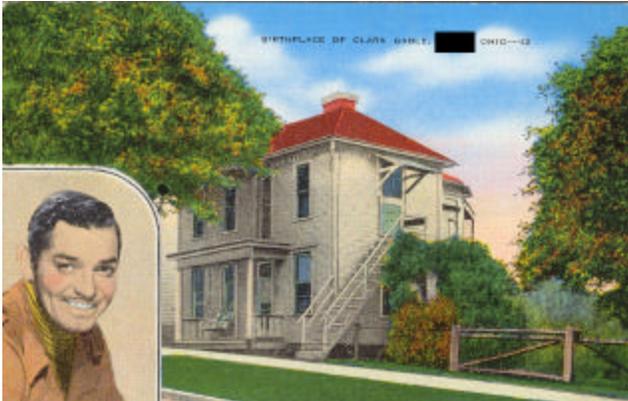
The Kochelin Company ran two flight schools, one at Mourmelon (near Chalôns-sur-Marne) and the other at Issy-les-Moulineux (near Paris). It is not certain at which school she took her lessons, though the captions on several postcards imply that she learned at Mourmelon.

We know that Neil was the only woman competitor in a field of seven, who participated in a September 22 through 25, 1910, aero meeting at Dijon, France. Most of the prize money from that competition was won by Marcel Hanriot, age 16, the youngest licensed pilot in Europe. Niel was however reported to have won some kind of a special prize, which I have not yet been able to identify.

From July 23rd to August 4th, 1910, Neil also participated in a meeting at Stokkel, Belgium, as the only woman competing against four men. Also, there is a card showing her at a meeting at Périgneux, France, in April 1911, and this appears to have been her last public appearance as a pilot.

Fortunately, her short career is well depicted on cards. I have found eight.

Page Seven Mystery Card



Caption on Card: CLARK GABLE was born in Ohio, February 1, 1901. His mother died when he was only seven months old. When Clark was about three years old, his father married again and then went to Hopedale, Ohio, to live. It was there Clark received most of his schooling.
* * *

Winning this issue's mystery card may require a trip to the library. You win this postcard if you are first to tell the editor where this house that was the birthplace of Clark Gable is. Good luck.

Send your answer to the "Letters to the Editor" address or email to ray@rayhahn.com.



Another card from Emily



A second card that Emily gave me to research for this issue is this gatehouse in West Smithfield, a part of London only a short walk north of St Paul's Church. Today the neighborhood is a large square and park, but in medieval London, West Smithfield was regularly filled with the roars of crowds, regal fanfares and rowdy games. The area was used for public gatherings including fairs, sporting occasions, and even executions. The three great institutions that dominate the area now - the meat market, St. Bartholomew's Church (to which this gate opens) and St. Bart's Hospital - were all established in Smithfield by the late 12th century.

With a sharp eye you may see that the Stationers Shop sells Three Nuns Pipe Tobacco which was made by the J. & F. Bell Company in Glasgow, Scotland. It is remembered by pipe smokers as being one of the best blends available, albeit it was, by industry standards, very expensive. The standard "Empire Blend" was a dark brazed and sun cured mix of tobaccos with a fine Brazilian Light that produced a unique flavor with a pleasant after-taste. The company advertised the blend as having a "curious cut."

I am sorry but your editor has failed you: I have no idea what a "curious cut" is, nor could I find a definition.

Marie Marvingt

The Fiancée of Danger

Fourth in a series by Dave Lam

Next comes my personal favorite.

Marie Marvingt was one of the most accomplished and fascinating ladies of her era. She has been called "The Fiancée of Danger" and "The most important woman in France since Joan of Arc." As you may expect from these accolades her life was long and her influence was great.

Born in 1875 in the Cantal region of France, Marvingt grew up in the province of Lorraine and was typical of girls whose fathers raised them to be a complete sportswomen. She was a classic tomboy. Her earliest sport was swimming, and she first won notice when being referred to in the press as "the red amphibian," because of her red swim suit. Marvingt became a multi-talented athlete and won prizes in swimming, canoeing, fencing, shooting, ski-jumping, skating, and bobsledding.

Marvingt dominated the 1908-1910 seasons at Chamonix, France, and the Balloon D'Alsace*, where she won more than 20 first place awards. Additionally, she was a World-class mountain climber. She was the first woman to climb most of the peaks in the French and Swiss Alps during the period 1903-1910 (including ascents of two major ones in a single day). The French Academy of Sports gave her a medal in March 1910 "for all sports," the only award they ever gave for more than one sport.

Marvingt, also became well-known for her long-distance cycling exploits when she once rode from Nancy, France, to Naples, Italy, to see an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. Women have never been allowed to participate in the Tour de France bicycle race, but in 1908 Marvingt rode the course after the race, and completed it – a feat that only a few more than 30 of the starters had done.

In 1901 Marvingt took her first flight in an untethered hot-air balloon. After participating in training with some of the best balloon pilots, and after several competitions as passenger-co-pilot, on July 19, 1907, she took her first balloon flight as a pilot. In September 1909, she did her first solo flight in a balloon, and from 1909-1910 she won several ballooning prizes. On October 26, 1909, she became the first female pilot to fly a balloon across the North Sea and the English Channel from Europe to England (an unplanned flight due to a major storm, but one during which she demonstrated unequalled piloting skills). When balloon pilot licenses became available, she took the test and in June 1910 she earned a license from the Aero Club of France. I know other women piloted balloons before her, although I am still trying to document if she may be the first French woman to obtain a license.

In September 1909, while working as a newspaper reporter, she attended an aviation exhibition at which Roger Sommer was flying. When she commented that piloting didn't look so hard, he asked if she would like to take a flight, to which she responded by dropping her notebook and coat on the ground and climbing into the airplane. It was during this "baptism of the air," that she found the true love of her life—aviation.

Having decided to learn to fly, Marvingt chose to learn from one of the best pilots in the world, Hubert Latham. He flew and instructed in the Antoinette air-
(Continued on page 8.)

*An early 20th century skiing competition.

plane, which though difficult to fly was (in my opinion) the most beautiful and graceful of the aircraft of that period. At least one journal credited Marvingt with being the first woman to solo a monoplane, though this claim is debatable.

On November 8, 1910, Marvingt became the third woman licensed as a pilot, and the only one ever licensed in the Antoinette. In December 1910 while competing for the *Coupe Femina*^{*}, she set the first official woman's world flight record for duration and distance, though H el ene Dutrieu later bettered her to win the prize.

In the pre-war years Marvingt won numerous other prizes at exhibitions and competitions.

As early as 1910, Marie Marvingt proposed the development of airplane ambulances to the French Government. Though they were uninterested it was a campaign to develop such ambulances that she would devote much of her life. In 1912, following a collection of public donations, she actually ordered an airplane ambulance from the Deperdussin Company. (It was never delivered, due to failure of the company after the owner embezzled all the money.)

In 1914, the famed French artist Friant painted Marvingt in a picture showing her air ambulance being used in combat (since the airplane had not yet been built, this was obviously not, as has been reported, a documentation of actual use of the airplane as an ambulance). The Friant painting was copied onto postcards and lithographs that were sold to help her meet her objective. Throughout the rest of her life, she devoted herself to promulgating the gospel of airplane ambulances, and unlike many prophets, she lived long enough to see the success of her efforts.

At the outbreak of the Great War, Marvingt volunteered to serve as a combat pilot, as did several others of the early female aviators, and was as expected, refused. She served as a Red Cross nurse until she saw a chance to participate more directly in the war effort. In 1914 with the assistance of a young lieutenant, Marvingt joined a French Army infantry battalion and served on the front lines as a male infantryman until she was discovered and sent home.

Later, she participated in mountain combat operations of the 3rd Alpine Regiment of Chasseurs at the direct request of Marshal Foch. Some biographers believe she was involved in espionage on the Italian front intermittently during the remainder of the war, but this cannot be documented. In 1915, apparently again without formal permission, she served as a volunteer pilot flying bomber missions over German-held Lorraine (this is documented in a citation from the Legion of Honor), making her one of the first, if not the first, women to fly in combat.

During the 1920s, Marvingt worked as a war correspondent with French Forces in North Africa, where

she saw the first use of aero medical evacuation. It carried over 7,000 patients. In 1929, being a co-founder of the French organization Les Amies de l'Aviation Sanitaire (Friends of Medical Aviation), Marvingt was a leader at the first successful International Congress on Medical Aviation. In the years to follow, she gave more than 6000 conferences and seminars on the subject in cities on four continents.

Marvingt also found time to be a film director, author, actor, and producer of two films (1934-5) on the history, development, and use of airplane ambulances. At the request of the French government, Marvingt established civil air ambulance services in Morocco, and for her effort was awarded the Moroccan Medal de la Paix.

On January 30, 1955, she received an award from the Federation National d'Aeronautique at the Sorbonne, for her work in aviation medicine and air ambulances.

At the age 80, she flew in a US fighter jet that reportedly broke the sound barrier, and also, at age 80, she learned to fly a jet helicopter.

Marvingt died on December 14, 1963, with more than 34 medals and decorations. She was the most decorated woman in French history. Overshadowed in the public eye by other women aviators of the 1920s and 1930s, she is nearly forgotten, but fortunately there are many postcards covering all aspects of her life. In fact, her accomplishments have been increasingly recognized in recent years and the French government recently honored her with a postage stamp.

In the summer of 2004, in conjunction with the issuance of the stamp, came the most recent edition of a postcard in her honor. Obtaining an accurate count of the postcards of Marvingt is difficult, since many were re-issued either as exact copies, or with different captions at various times throughout her life. I have been able to identify at least 35 distinct photos, with nearly 60 if variations are counted. Suffice it to say that her contributions have been adequately documented on cards.

She was a great woman who deserves to be remembered.



Mademoiselle Marie MARVINGT... au Centre d'aviation de B etheny

^{*}*Coupe Femina* was an award of 2000 francs established in 1910 by the French Woman's magazine *Femina* to honor female pilots.



In the next issue, I will introduce H el ene Dutrieu, "The Human Arrow." H el ene was Marie Marvingt's greatest rival and the fourth woman to earn a pilot's license. If any readers have more information on female pilots, or would like to trade U.S. women pilot cards for European ones, I would greatly appreciate being contacted.