

The McClintock Letter

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

October 2007

Vol. 7. No. 4



SJPC Changes Selection Process for Card of the Year

Since 1995 when Ethel Stanton won the December Card Contest with a postcard from Steele's Fudge Shop in Atlantic City, the card of the year has been determined by the votes of those present at the December meeting.

Steve Madara's card of Lucy the Elephant in Margate City (left) will be the last card to find its way to the cover of our annual PoCax Program through the old system.

Card of the Year Honors for the Last Thirteen Years

How many do you remember?

- 1995 – Ethel Stanton. Steele's Fudge Shop of Atlantic City advertising postcard.
- 1996 – Bill Kille. View card, Carrousel House, Riverview Beach Park, Pennsville, N.J.
- 1997 – Emily DiVento. Lit Brothers' advertising card for Edison phonographs.
- 1998 – Emily DiVento. Real photo card of a dance marathon.
- 1999 – Bill Kille. View card of the Kaighn's Avenue Ferry Terminal in Camden, N.J.
- 2000 – Jay Miller. Street scene of Philadelphia's Ninth Street Market.
- 2001 – Alex Antal. Real photo of a shipwreck in Margate City, New Jersey.
- 2002 – Gary Dubnik. Real photo of the potato market in Elmer, New Jersey.
- 2003 – Don Pocher. Linen era card of the Postcard Depot in Sea Girt, N.J.
- 2004 – Steve Madara. Scene showing Washington Avenue trolley in Newtown, Pa.
- 2005 – Ray Hahn. Scene showing Ray's great grandfather's home in Millville, N.J.
- 2006 – Kevin McKelvey. Lucky Strike cigarette store in Atlantic City advertising card.
- 2007 – Steve Madara. Lucy the Elephant – above.

At a recent meeting it was suggested that the Card of the Year be chosen from the winners of the other monthly contests. Everyone agreed.

Here's how it will happen. A special ballot will be prepared for distribution to all members of the club. The ballot will show pictures of all the eligible cards. It will be mailed to you in early January 2008, most likely along with a usual monthly meeting notice. For those who are unable to attend meetings it will give you an opportunity to participate in a club activity, but it will be your choice to return the ballot. To vote your ballot you must circle the picture of the one card you want to become the Card of the Year. A definite deadline for the return of the ballot will be printed on the ballot.

Ballots will be tallied by the Executive Board and the winner will be announced in the newsletter. The card's owner will receive the annual Card of the Year Award and the card will appear on the next PoCax program.



Free Admission Coupon for Members only

South Jersey Postcard Club's PoCax 2007

Double Tree Suites Hotel

515 Fellowship Road, Mt. Laurel, NJ

October 20, 2007

9 AM to 4 PM

□ **President's Corner ...**

ARE POSTCARDS LIKE DINOSAURS...DYING OUT?

Well, I am hesitant to admit it, but for some years now, I believed, "Yes," postcards were dying out as a means to communicate and staying in touch with our loved ones. After all, we now have cell phones, email, text messaging, and even all kinds of unlimited telephone call packages by many home telephone service providers. Who needs postcards?

This past summer I was fortunate to spend two weeks in Europe visiting five countries. I was absolutely amazed at the fact that in every country and town I visited, I was faced with racks of local area postcards. At first I thought maybe this is a European thing, but then again I got to thinking, I haven't been visiting typical tourist cities or places of interest in the good ole USA lately. Maybe they are plentiful there too ... I hope so.

I'll have to admit there was still the hassle of trying to find the correct country's postage stamps for the cards, not to mention finding a place to mail them. Note: It wasn't 'til I returned to the US that I found out I could have purchased EURO postage stamps. That would have made mailing a lot easier.

Regardless, I was happy to find that postcards were not following the path of dinosaurs - even in 2007 with all our modern technological means of communicating.

LONG LIVE POSTCARDS.....Our Beloved Hobby.

Bob

□ **Your Editor's Niche ...**

I know this happens to everyone, but I don't know what to call it. It seems we all live our lives in perfect working order without knowing things, then a day comes along and you hear, or see, or read about something you have never known. That's fine. Lesson learned. Okay.

Then, within a day, a week or a month, you hear about the same person, place or thing again. What would you call that? It isn't déjà vu, but I guess it's close.

Whatever "it" is, it happened to me again recently when I learned about the *Galerie Chevalier* in Paris, France. My article on Page 6 offers more detail.

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A few weeks ago Bob Duerholz, Emily DiVento, Sal Fiorello, and I went to visit Alex Antal's widow, Lois. The reason for our visit was to gather together Alex's post cards for auction at our club meetings. It was nice to reminisce with Mrs. Antal, but we were surprised to discover that Alex had pretty much sold off his stock. We took a few boxes of cards to sort into lots for our auction, which will begin at this upcoming October meeting. All the proceeds will go to Mrs. Antal. In the mean time, I've set aside about a dozen of Alex's cards for articles in this newsletter. Two such items are in this issue; the first appears on Page 7 and the second is on Page 8. Enjoy.

&

An OBSERVATION ... On ATTENDANCE

With regard to attendance at the monthly meetings of SJPC, I would like to utter a special thank you to all the members who attend. Why? Quite frankly, I think postcard collectors are some of the smartest and most fun people I know, and it is simply fun to talk to them. Consider this: we all collect different and various topics. In a very extraordinary way, that makes each of us an authority in our chosen field - perhaps not in an academic sense, but certainly in a casual way - and we can discuss our topics in an intelligent and meaningful manner.

Because Bob had family business and Mimi was unable to attend the September meeting I found myself conducting the meeting for the first time since I was president in the late 90s. I'm just a trustee these days and of course the editor of this newsletter and I like it this way, but it was fun being there again. I did, however, wonder why so few members were present. My thoughts floundered immediately because I know the kinds of frenzied and frantic lives we live. Some of us are busy with family, church or community affairs, some need to be at work, others are busy with concerns that many of us would never understand.

So, all this is to say, when life is sometime less challenging than it often is, why not come out to a SJPC meeting and talk to some really smart and interesting people?

Ray

□ **Minutes from the September Meeting**

- Trustee Ray Hahn presided at the meeting with 11 members present.
- A report on the upcoming PoCax was given and two additional members consented to taking contracts for the show.



- Emily read the minutes and Sal gave the treasurer's report
- There was no old business and no new business.
- 50/50 winner was Jim McHugh.
- The Card of the Month contest topic was *Your Very Best New Purchase*. Ray Hahn won with a card he purchased at John McGrath's March postcard show in Belmar.

South Jersey Postcard Club

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**Contest Topics for the Next Three Meetings
 Sunday, October 14, 2007**

Contest Topic: Any card showing pumpkins.

Sunday, November 11, 2007

Contest Topic: Any card showing a turkey.

Sunday, December 9, 2007

Contest Topic: Your very best south Jersey card.

My Visit to Harry's House

By Donald T. Matter, Jr.

The card on top of the pile that night at Harry's house was the one below. It is a fairly standard real-photo card, in good condition, with the typical AZO stamp box. This particular card was unused.



There is no caption but the picture apparently is well known. It was taken on December 23, 1945, as the casket of General George S. Patton was taken from Christ Church in Heidelberg, Germany, to a special funeral train that would travel through the night to Luxembourg City. The General was buried the next day in the American Military Cemetery in Hamm.

As a 27 year old Captain attached to the U.S. 7th Army, Harry saw Patton often. I asked if he liked General Patton. "Not much! What was to like," was his reply. "George Patton was a son-of-a-bitch but almost everyone who ever met him or even saw him, loved him and wanted to brag about the fact that they had talked to or had seen Georgie Patton. Shaking hands with the General was a treat for everyone who ever did so," he said. "His hands were huge, and he had a gripe like a steel vise."

The General hated his nickname, Harry told me, but everyone called him "Georgie" behind his back. Another thing Harry told me was that every soldier he ever talked to about Patton mentioned the pearl handled pistols that the General carried as side-arms. Apparently the legend is true about Patton telling an *Army Times* reporter, "The pistol grips are ivory, not pearl. Only a New Orleans pimp would carry a pearl-handled gun." [Editor's note: one of Patton's Colt Frontier-model .45-caliber revolvers is on display at the Patton Museum in Kentucky.]

Today such remarks are far-outside the bounds of political correctness, but Harry says, he's 93 years old and not many people care about his politics, but he was very proud to tell me he voted for the veteran in the last election.

The first time Harry saw Patton was in Sicily in August 1943. The Allies wanted to invade Sicily hoping that it would cause Italy to abandon the war. That is exactly what they did with General Harold Alexander in charge of the invasions forces with Generals Patton, in command of the U.S. 7th Army, and [Bernard] Montgomery commanding the 8th Army of British Expeditionary Forces.

"The story gets pretty long, but the end result was that Patton and Montgomery had a pissing contest to see which army could slug its way to Messina first. Most everyone knows that five weeks after the first Allied troops landed in Sicily, Patton greeted Monty on the steps of the Messina Town Hall. It seemed to most everyone who was there that Montgomery did a lot of whining about not having enough supplies and men, while Patton, in his usual hell-bent way of doing things, just got the job done."



The first real-photo postcard Harry bought in 1978 was this one of General Patton talking to Colonial Lyle Bernard. He isn't sure anymore, but Harry thinks he watched this picture being taken by an Army Staff photographer.

"Patton had savvy and unusual ideas about how warfare and the men who involve themselves in it, by chance or by choice, should behave. In the movie *Patton*, two scenes that drew the world's attention to the General were well and accurately portrayed - the slapping of a GI in Sicily and the April 1944 speech Patton gave at a meeting of a British Army Auxiliary in the midlands of England. The General wasn't proud of either of those events, he was truly sorry about losing his temper in Sicily, but when he was accused of insulting our Soviet allies, he really didn't care. He thought we would be at war with them within a year of defeating the Nazis, but both times the happenings came to be benchmarks in his career that, he thought, made him a better soldier.

"Patton was an avid thinker, reader and military idealist. He believed firmly in reincarnation-of-life and that he had experienced at least two embodiments as a soldier - one ancient one, in the battles of the Punic Wars between the Romans and the Carthaginians, and another in the world conflicts of the 20th century. Patton was a very godly man; he just wasn't a religious one. In a much publicized remark he was reported to have said, 'The Almighty has put the whole world at war and I know He will allow me to fulfill my destiny.'"

Harry was very generous in saying that Patton needed to be forgiven for his behavior, the same way any typical school-boy is when he gets caught playing with the edges of the rulebook. He eventually proved himself to those who were most critical of him and the way he did his job.

In August 1944, Patton arrived in Europe, aboard a cargo plane, to take command of the Third Army. Harry arrived at the 3rd Army HQ one month later as a brand new Major in charge of mapping the army's progress and keeping the troops supplied with gasoline, bullets and food. The history books clearly outline the activities of that Army and their many accomplishments between summer 1944 and the spring of 1945. "But, the books miss the fact that Patton was more than the Third's commanding officer," says Harry, "he was our inspiration and conscience.

"Oh," said Harry, "one more thing. All that business about Old Blood and Guts. Forget it, no body in his command ever called General Patton that. To us, he was always, 'The Old Man.' After all, he was compared to most of us. He was sixty years old; we were all kids to him."

It would be a large library, if all the books that have been written about those several months of World War II

were to be found in one place, but one, *War As I knew It*, is a book that chronicles most of Patton's war-time exploits. It was pieced together by his wife from the General's letters and diaries.

Harry's last dealings with George Patton was when he, without being forewarned, started working for the General as the number three man on his staff. Even before the end of the war Harry had decided to stay-on in Europe. When it was clear that the German Reich had but a few days left, Harry requested and received permission to join the Fifteenth United States Army.

The 15th Army would be the occupation army. It would be their responsibility to identify the war-torn parts of Europe that would need redevelopment and to create the official record of the war. Harry's new assignment became operative on July 23, 1945, and came with a new rank. His first duty as a Lieutenant Colonel was to report to the commanding officer, General Leonard Gerow, who informed him that in about three weeks his first assignment would be to escort a top-priority package to Fort Knox. It was a prayer answered – a trip home in the middle of a tour-of-duty.

Harry completed the delivery and forty-six days later was back in Europe with all the appropriate paperwork which needed to be delivered to the 15th Army's Headquarters and filed.

While Harry was arranging for his "package" to remain in safe-keeping in Kentucky, General Gerow had moved to a new command and the new commanding officer was none other than George S. Patton.

Harry says the historical "know-it-all mind-readers" have it all wrong. General Eisenhower had excellent reasons for changing Patton's command assignment from the 3rd to the 15th Army. The primary reason was Patton's working knowledge of the art treasures stolen by the Nazis. Just before the end of the war, Patton had accompanied Ike and General Omar Bradley on a visit to the German salt mines where the Nazi High Command had stored the most precious art of our civilization.

In those salt mines and in hundreds of other places, the Army of the Occupation discovered tons of precious jewels, millions of paintings and decorative art pieces, precious metals, and hundreds of millions of items stockpiled for use by what the German propagandists would have the world believe was going to be the "currency" for their Thousand Year Reich. Interestingly some items that were looted from museums, private homes and public collections have been spread throughout the world, and even now, sixty-plus years after the war, much of it remains un-repatriated.

Harry worked for General Patton until the day Patton died. Patton's death, under very mysterious circumstances, became part of the mystique that surrounds men like Patton, who live such large lives. On a cold day in December 1945, Patton was injured in an automobile accident. No one else involved was hurt but the General died twelve days later from a blood-clot in his brain.

When the 15th Army was deactivated in 1946 Harry returned to his Washington State home. It was March 1947. "I resigned my commission; even though they made

me a full-bird for making that delivery," said Harry. [*Full-bird* is a reference to the insignia (an eagle with wings spread) that is used for the rank of a U. S. Army Colonel.] "I resigned because I knew there was no hope for a star in peace time." [A single star is the U. S. Army's insignia for a Brigadier General.]

"I opened my own business and never looked back, at least not until 1978 when I saw a TV news story about the return of a crown to the Hungarian Government that had been in storage at Fort Knox, Kentucky, since 1945. I recognized the box; hell, I ought to have, I used that box as a pillow for over two weeks," said Harry. "I was dumbfounded; I never knew what was in it. It's worth millions of dollars." That was the first time Harry learned about the contents of his priority-package. Harry thinks the best part of the story is that we returned St. Stephen's Crown in the same box that he used to take it to the fort 33 years before.

"You know," Harry told me, "I didn't carry that thing all the way to Kentucky to get it away from the Nazis; it was the Communists we were worried about. I carried other boxes to some strange places too, but I knew what was in most of them. I have often wondered if they all found their way home."

The first thing Harry did after seeing the news that day was to start finding more information about his other service assignments. "You wouldn't believe me if I told you how valuable some of the stuff was that I've had in my hands." Luckily he realized that some of the best history

is on postcards and he has been collecting ever since.

The night I went to Harry's house he showed me his collection of World War II real-photo postcards – including the three with these ramblings of mine about Harry.



The Crown of Saint Stephen



[Editor's note: I have no way to know if a picture of St. Stephen's crown has ever appeared on a postcard, but this picture from the on-line encyclopedia *Wikipedia* will serve us well as an illustration.]

The Magyar tribal leaders of central Europe declared that, "We will be ourselves, the sovereign and Christian Republic of Hungary beginning on the day of our Savior's birth, 1000 AD hence and forever more."

Those who know the slightest bit of Hungarian history know that this royal promise to the people in their land has seen a rocky path. This crown of St. Stephen has a colorful history that can be documented from many sources, but it is thanks to an Executive Order from President Jimmy Carter that the crown rests safely in the homeland of those who love it most. In ceremonies on March 18, 1998 at the Carter Library and Museum in Atlanta, a special reproduction of the Crown was presented to President Carter by His Excellency Árpád Göncz, the President of the Republic of Hungary.

Harry was not invited.



Generals Patton and Bradley with General Eisenhower inspecting stolen art in a German salt mine. April 12, 1945. Harry paid \$45.00 for this card in 2003.

The Red Kangaroo

By Emily DiVento



The Red Kangaroo (*Macropus rufus*) is a mammal in the order of *marsupial* (mammals with pouches), and is the largest of its species. The male grows to be about four to seven feet tall; the female about three to four feet. Their weight varies from between 50 to 200 pounds. When cornered, a Red Kangaroo has been known to tackle a human.

The Red Kangaroo is the most common large animal in the hot, dry plains of central Australia. Reds usually live in groups of six to twelve, often with an older male as their leader. They like arid areas (20 inches, or less, of rain); they eat the short, dry grasses and other desert vegetation. In the daytime Reds like to rest at the foot of rocks or trees, but goes out at night to look for food and water.

Even though the Reds are considered plains animals and have powerful hind legs to bound along at 30 miles per hour, their front legs are short. They can move forward in great leaps and when they jump the tail is used for balance. An adult Red can cover more than 30 feet in each bound.

A female Red can produce one baby at a time in any season. The newborn is hairless, not completely formed, weighs only a few ounces and is blind. However young Reds have front paws complete with claws that are used to crawl along the mother's fur to her pouch. The baby remains in the mother's pouch until its natal growth is complete – about eight months – by then weighing about nine pounds. However after leaving the pouch the young stay beside their mother for quite some time, nursing occasionally, even though another newborn may be in the pouch.

Some years ago Reds were hunted for their meat for use in canned dog or cat food, but they are now protected by law.

The kangaroo's closest relative is the wallaby.

The kangaroo is Australia's national animal therefore visitors to that country will be able to find an ample selection of modern postcards and postcards of the Red Kangaroo are found easily in most dealers' inventories.



Another Story of a Delayed Delivery

Information supplied by Bud Plumer

The *Picture Postcard Monthly* of April 2007 has reported another delayed delivery of a postcard; this time it was just a few weeks short of 89 years. In March of this year Alice Appleby of Wiltshire, England, received a postcard that was mailed on the 6th of June 1918 by her grandfather to her grandmother. Alice just happens to live in her grandparent's house.

The card is a Field Service Post Card - ones given to British servicemen to communicate with their families.



A spokesman for the Royal Mail suggested that the card must have fallen behind the pigeonhole sorting desk at the Chippenham Post Office, and only turned-up as the result of a recent refurbishment of the premises.

No apology was offered for the delay.



The Royal Mail sets fine example for USA

Information supplied by Bud Plumer

The July 2007 issue of *Picture Postcard Monthly* includes an article by John Cowell whose collection is basically any thing relevant to postal history, but his Royal Mail Coaches collection is his pride and joy.

Two fine examples from Mr. Cowell's article are seen below:



From the Tuck *Oilette* series No. 3271, the title is "The Start" which shows the harnessing of horses at the beginning of a journey to deliver the mail.

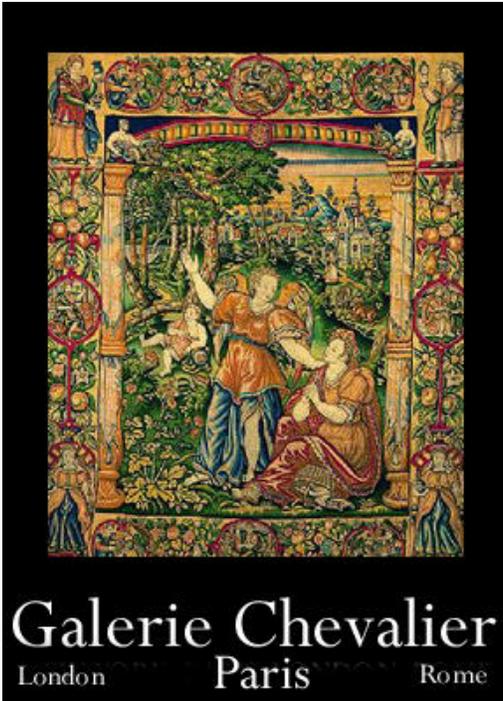
Much of the distance covered will be at night and the only means of illumination is a pair of whale-oil lamps.



And, from the Tuck *Oilette* series No. 3478 we learn that His Majesty's Mail has priority, by law, over all other traffic, and is exempt from the payment of tolls. Even still, at toll-gates, the gatekeeper had to be ready to fling open the gate regardless of what time of day or night the coach arrived.

It isn't déjà vu, but I guess it's close.

By Ray Hahn



Until early last month I had never heard, seen or read anything about the Chevalier Gallery in Paris.

Galerie Chevalier is a carpet store. Well maybe a bit more than a carpet store. Chevalier has been in business since the late 1700s. They proudly announce on their website that they sell and service both antique and modern tapestries, they repair and clean both oriental and European rugs, and they sell upholstery textiles with ethnic and historical provenances. *Galerie Chevalier* claims they sell with utmost discretion to the world's most famous museums, decorators, designers and collectors.

One absolutely fascinating business practice at Chevalier is that they save the dust that is vacuumed out of old rugs and tapestries. The collections are kept in labeled containers but no one remembers why it is done.

Early last month I read a book entitled *Wine and War*, a collection of stories compiled from interviews with the families of France who lived and earned their livelihoods in the wine business during the late 1930s and early 1940s. Authored by Don and Petie Kladstrup, the book tells how ordinary people had to deal with the mistakes of their politicians and the menace of an invading army.

When the Führer gave the Nazi High Command permission to confiscate French wine cellars and to transport the wine to secret caches in Germany, the French used any manner of foolery to prevent the thievery. Some built brick walls in their cellars to hide the old vintages and then purposefully exposed to general view only the least desirable wines. To make the lesser wines appear to be long-stored treasures the wine growers would send for dust from Chevalier and then sprinkle it generously over thousands of bottles of new wine. For the most part the trick worked. Those who were

interviewed told of the Germans drinking lots and lots of some of the worst vintage wines in the country.

Less than a week after reading *Wine and War* I was listening to National Public Radio's science correspondent Robert Krulwich. He told the story of how medical researchers are narrowing down the causes of allergies and infectious diseases. He said much of the work being carried on is done in Europe, and, since allergies are becoming a world-wide problem of nearly epidemic proportion, there is a team of scientists using particle analyzers at the Louis Pasteur Institute in France, that is attempting to determine what particulates are in the atmosphere today that were not there before modern contaminates such as hydro-carbons from burning fossil fuels. Those researchers are using dust from Chevalier to make many of their determinations.

And of course, as things always happen in threes ... at the Garden State Club show in Bridgewater, I happened across this postcard. It is a typical rack-card that advertises antique carpets and tapestries for sale at - you guessed it - *Galerie Chevalier*.

Now I have literally read about, heard about, and seen a Chevalier postcard. Perhaps I should plan a visit. Can any one think of better reasons for going to Paris? What's the adage, "ashes to ashes; dust to dust?"



William Henry Barribal Postcards

By Special Guest Contributor, Susan Lane



America

Born in England in 1873 Barribal painted until he was 83 years old. He specialized in beautiful women and travel advertisements. His work was used on playing cards, posters, and cigarette and greeting cards. Additionally two very distinctive sets of postcards were



Scotland



Ireland

created by the Valentine Company - the *Flags of the Nations* series and the *Spirit of Liberty* series.

The flag series was first published as a six card set in England in 1907, however the United States and Canadian offices published four additional cards; two



Spirit of Liberty

of which were different versions of the *America* card.

The *Spirit of Liberty* set was published only in the USA. The exact number in the set is unknown and the cards are very rare. If you have information about these cards, please contact your editor.

Page Seven Mystery Card



Your mystery challenge this month is to identify the card above by its location. What is or was its address?

This may be the most difficult mystery card I have ever put in this space.

The card has been in my collection for over ten years. I like the card, but it drives me nuts that I am unable to learn more about it.

The card is fairly common; I have seen it in several dealers' inventories. It was made by the Taylor

Arts Company. It is likely a white border era (1920-1937) card and has a divided back. The caption in the lower-left corner reads: THE ST. JAMES ANNEX, PHILADELPHIA, PA

Be warned! I have spent hours trying to find the answer to my question, but I have never been successful. If you know about this building send your answer by email to ray@rayhahn.com or USPS to the editor's address on Page 2.

The answer to the July mystery card question (Who was the author of the article in our October 2001 issue entitled, *Lightships: a Brief History?*) was supplied by Tom Kearney – he remembered that his wife Judi made that contribution. Congratulations, Tom.

Eastern Air Lines

By Ray Hahn



Card is part of the late Alex Antal's collection

When I found this card dozens of memories rushed into my head that hadn't been there for years. The reason: the airplane on this card is exactly like the first airplane I was on – sometime in the spring or summer of 1955. I was 11.

When my dad returned from military service in October 1946 there was a severe shortage of homes and apartments in our town. By June 1949, the Veterans Affairs Office completed remodeling the barracks at Millville Airport into apartments for use by veterans. The rent was \$1.00 per day. We were one of the first families to move to the airport and we stayed for nine years.

Through the 1920s to the 1960s, the largest farming community in the Delaware valley was in Seabrook, N. J. If you rode through that area in those years, you would see miles of tomato plants and corn stalks, string bean bushes, and pole limas. The Seabrook brothers hired seasonal workers from Puerto Rico and it was Eastern Airlines that Seabrook used to bring those men to southern Jersey.

The planes would land at the Millville Municipal Airport and we kids would show-up along the runway fence to watch the landing. It was quite a sight and sound show. Many of my friends had never been that close to a big airplane, and we certainly had never heard Spanish before. After the passengers disembarked, quite often the crew of the plane would invite us to come aboard for a look around. Sometimes we would be given a soda – in a bottle, of course – and sometimes a candy bar. The planes never left the ground while we were on board, but it sure was fun sitting in those high-back seats that reclined while we pretended to be flying off to some exotic place outside of Millville, New Jersey.

Naturally, after the aircraft was re-fueled, we kids returned to our spaces along the fence. We watched and held our hands over our ears as the plane taxied away. Those engines made the loudest noise we ever heard.

I don't know about you, but in 1956, a chair that reclined was unheard of in my house.



Hey, SJPC; meet Don Matter

[Editor's note: If you have been reading this newsletter regularly, you have noticed Don's name on articles from as far back as 2002. I have never met Don; but he is likely my best unacquainted internet friend. We met when he used one of my articles in his postcard club newsletter in Arizona. Don has finally consented to introducing himself to his south Jersey readers. I hope you enjoy his articles.]

Hello, South Jersey. I'm Donald Matter.

After a couple emails from your Editor, what's his name?, Ray, I think, who described you all as a group of wonderful people, I feel as if I already know my south Jersey readers. I say that because I think all New Jerseyans are wonderful people, since I was, at least for 23 years, one of you.

For professional reasons, every now and then, I find myself at the Woodland Park Zoo in Seattle, Washington. While there on business in 2000 – just after I retired and left Glen Cove, New York, where I served the good folk of that city as an eye surgeon, I met a new friend - Harry Everland. Harry and I talked over a business dinner and found we had a common interest – postcards.

Every time I go to Seattle, Harry and I get together to show off our newest cards. During a recent visit I called Harry to see if he was free for dinner and his answer was an unqualified yes. He also said he wanted me to see his new acquisitions and he called those recent purchases his "trump" cards, meaning that I should leave my bragging bits at the hotel.

After dinner Harry took me to his home in a small town, on Bainbridge Island, about thirty miles from Seattle. He is a widower, aged 93, and is very proud of the fact that he served his country in the Big War. My article in this issue is entitled, *My Visit to Harry's House*. It is part of what I remember from our conversation that night while looking at a pile of 52 real-photo postcards.

I hope you find my rambles readable, I sure would like to hear from you. I'm at dontmatterjr@hotmail.com.

If you don't, I'm sorry.

Thanks, Donald

Jane Herveaux
Fifth Licensed Woman Pilot in the World

Last in a series by Dave Lam

Jane Herveaux (sometimes spelled Jeanne Herveau) was another of the intrepid group of women who began to fly and became licensed pilots in 1910. Herveaux's ranking depends on the licensing date assigned to a Russian pilot of the era: Lydia Zvereva. There is much confusion, but generally, Jane is considered the fifth in line.



Like Hélène Dutrieu, Herveaux was an exhibition driver and racer of automobiles and motorcycles before taking up flying. Her exploits in "looping the loop" in an auto were in direct competition with and compared to those of Dutrieu.

After a chance meeting with Louis Blériot in 1909, Herveaux decided to enroll in the Blériot School at Mourmelon. She was a good student and passed the French licensing test on December 7, 1910 - just before her 25th birthday. She was awarded license #318.

Most often flying a Blériot but at other times a Hanriot, Herveaux signed a contract in early 1911 to perform during May and June at Lyon, France. She did so with great expertise and later began a circuit of exhibitions and competitions, including one for the *Coupe Femina*.*

On December 22, 1911, Herveaux opened a flying school, exclusively for women, at Corbeaulieu. The idea was to enroll women students to be taught by women instructors. Regrettably there were not enough students to make the school a paying business; the idea failed.

After only two years, Herveaux left her aviation career forever; she married and settled in America where she ran a fashion business.

Although her career in aviation was very short, Herveaux engendered interest everywhere she flew. If her fame may be measured by the number of postcards depicting her, she was very popular.

I have 14 different photos .

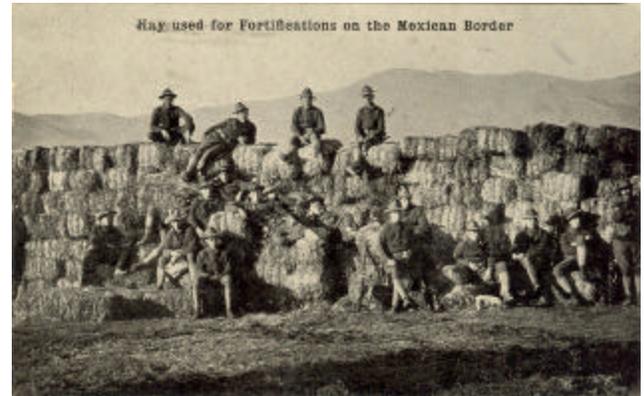
**Coupe Femina* was an award of 2000 francs established in 1910 by the French Woman's magazine *Femina* to honor female pilots.



This concludes my series. Thank you for being faithful readers. If you have additional information on female pilots or would like to trade U.S. women pilot cards for European ones, I would greatly appreciate being contacted.

From the "There is Nothing New Department"

Part of the late Alex Antal's collection



Hay used for Fortifications on the Mexican Border

While checking with the *U.S.A. Today Archives* website to be sure this is accurate information, this is what was found.

On May 8, 2006, the *U.S.A. Today* newspaper reported that the United States Senate voted to build a fence in areas "most often used by smugglers and illegal aliens." Senator Jeff Sessions, (R-Ala.), estimated the cost at roughly \$3.2 million per mile or more than \$900 million for the estimated 300 miles of fence needed to secure a safe border with Mexico.

The postcard above was mailed in El Paso, Texas, on September 16, 1916. The picture clearly shows 18 soldiers dressed in uniforms of the era – knee britches, long-sleeve shirts, and campaign hats. For what appears to be a group picture the soldiers have arranged themselves on bails of hay that we learn from the caption are fortifications along the Texas state border with Mexico.

With the help of some real smart people, it has been calculated that if our Senate's recent vote was to build the same kind of fence; they could build one three thousand miles long instead of 300 miles. This is all based, of course, on the little-known fact that hay costs \$35 per bail.

Which fence do you think would do a better job of keeping the smugglers and illegal aliens away from the border?

A *Certificate of Bragging Rights* will be awarded to the first person to see the dog in the picture.



Remember the Plymouth



WAIT A FEW DAYS . . . the first car that dares to break the Time Barrier . . . COMING October 30.

This Plymouth advertiser tells a great deal about the new Plymouth that you could buy on October 30, but there is no mention of the model year. Who knows the answer?

Antique car enthusiasts will tell you it is a 1958 Fury.