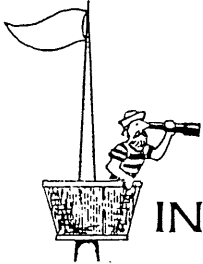


PHILATELIC SOCIETY OF LANCASTER COUNTY
POST OFFICE BOX 982
LANCASTER, PA 17603

MEETINGS - 2nd Wednesday of each month
STAUFFER MANSION at 7:30 P. M.
1241 Lititz Pike, Lancaster, PA 17601
Next Meeting - Wednesday, AUGUST 12, 1992

For information about our organization
call Marilyn Shirley at (717) 872-2479
or Michael Shirley at (717) 394-0186



IN SEARCH OF :

A Club Historian -- who will log in all references to the L.C.P.S. which appears in local newspapers; awards which the club has won; programs from all past LANCOPEX Shows; photos from Christmas parties, picnics, special events, guest speakers, etc. He/she can begin with the current material and gradually work backwards. We're sure that some of our long-time members have mementos of past activities that they would be willing to donate to our club history. Who out there is willing to give it a try? Search out a Newsletter staffer at the picnic or the September meeting if interested.



The APS critique of our Newsletter suggested that we have a distinctive masthead for our Newsletter. How about getting out the drawing board and coming up with a possible design or two to show the members at the September meeting? Please submit your designs on an 8-1/2 x 11 sheet of white paper.

A belated thanks to the two collectors who donated a sizable amount of stamps and covers to the club which enhanced our treasury by \$135.00 after the material was auctioned off at the June meeting.



PROGRAM

Our annual picnic will be held on the second Wednesday of the month August 12 at 6:00 p.m. in the Manor Twp. Community Park, Pavilion #2. See the attached map for directions. At the July meeting everyone in attendance signed up to bring a salad, dessert or casserole. If you plan to come, call Bob Allison at 529-2577 so he can get a "head count" necessary to order sufficient hot dogs, hamburgers, etc. Bob is our picnic chairman. Also tell him what you intend to bring. If you haven't attended one of the club's picnics before, you are in for a treat. Plenty of good food, games, prizes and fellowship. Bring the family. See you there!

CONFESSIONS OF A STAMP JUNKIE

Or, How I Managed to Sink into the Depths of Philatelic Addiction

When I was ten years old, I borrowed an old issue of Boy's Life from a friend, and came across an intriguing classified ad, which offered a packet of beautiful, colorful stamps from exotic countries of the world for 10 cents. The ad said "approval applicants only". I asked my father what "approval applicants" were, and he said he had no idea, and stated that if I wanted to pursue inane trivia, not to do so during Amos and Andy. Inasmuch as the magazine was already about two years old, I felt that further delay might jeopardize this great opportunity. I clipped the ad and sent in my dime and a polite request, dutifully appending to the note the statement, "I am an approval applicant". After posting the letter, I had severe qualms about the consequences, in the event that I was not, indeed, an "approval applicant", whatever that might be. I had visions of a uniformed police officer appearing at the door with an arrest warrant charging "impersonating an officer" or "making false statements prejudicial to the safety of the United States."

About ten days later, much to my relief, I got a nice note from the stamp dealer, stating that while the offer had long since expired, he personally had made up this premium, which was too breathtakingly beautiful for words. Accompanying this gem were several sheets of paper with ruled squares on them, each square filled with a foreign stamp, with the price of each one listed below. There was a statement to the effect that prosecution, hanging, or worse awaited the miscreant who failed to pay for these stamps. I spent a sleepless night, imagining what a life of imprisonment would be like, as I had not dared approach my father that evening with Amos and Andy, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, and Your Lucky Strike Hit Parade succeeding each other on the radio.

The next day I took the stamps to my father, studying his face anxiously as he read the letter and carefully studied the sheets with the stamps on them. He put the material on his desk and stared at me with a stern countenance. "What on earth made you order these stamps?" he queried. I blurted out a tearful confession, ending with "I don't want to go to jail!"

Father took off his glasses and roared with laughter. "You're not going to jail," he reassured me. "You don't have to pay for all these stamps. You just keep and pay for what you want, and send the rest back." Father, whose collecting habits consisted only of accumulating about ten scrapbooks full of matchbooks, looked over the stamps with much interest. "I suppose, now that you've made the commitment, we should keep a few," he said. Father and I went through the sheets and selected some prime specimens. Most were one and two cents each, but I remember one beautiful stamp from Nyassa with a giraffe on it which cost a nickel. With what I thought was a bold stroke of extravagance, father removed this stamp from the sheet. I was elated.

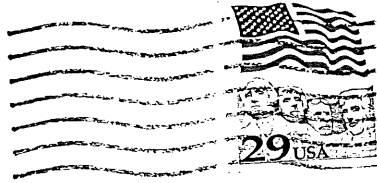
"Now that we're going to collect stamps, I suppose we should get an album. We'll go down to Gimbel's on Saturday and see what we can find."

I was hooked. Sixty-seven years later I'm still hooked. I'm not sure I have the moral fibre to kick this horrid addiction, so I've just given up. May the Lord have mercy on my soul.

---Herb Tindall



Well Done, Herb!



A VISIT TO THE LANCASTER POST OFFICE, HARRISBURG PIKE FACILITY

On a delightful June evening, twenty-six club members and guests assembled at the main Post Office on Harrisburg Pike. Promptly at 7:30 p.m. we were met by a P.O. representative, Ms. Joy Kennedy, a very attractive woman with a personality to match. It was evident early on in the tour that Joy was a dedicated employee of the Post Office and extremely proud of the reputation the Lancaster operation had within the system.

As you drive by the P.O. you can see that it is a large building, but once inside, it seems immense. Posters dominate the bulletin boards and banners hang from the ceiling exhorting postal workers to strive for a high degree of quality assurance and productivity in their work. The Distribution Center services the mail for three counties, Lancaster, York and Adams. The operation sorts, cancels and files an incredible one million pieces of mail in a 24-hour period, mostly by high tech automated machinery.

It was necessary for us to cluster about our guide in order to hear her explanation of the workings of the various stations we visited, the noise level being that high. Many of the employees compensated for it by wearing "walkman" headsets. The postal workers were constantly on the move changing trays as they quickly filled; others moved the large canvas wheeled containers in place to feed the insatiable machines; trucks arrived filled with canvas sacks of unsorted mail from outlying post offices which were quickly unloaded by still other workers.

Joy pointed out that the P.O. must stand on its own in raising revenues to support its vast operations, since the government does not give it appropriations of tax payers' money. It was certainly a no-frills work area. High gray walls with an enclosed

catwalk painted industrial yellow, rimmed the perimeter and hung some twenty-five feet above the machinery. Small windows like one sees on armored cars, gazed down on the bustling movement on the floor below. At any time, day or night, postal inspectors might watch the activities of the workers from their concealment. Our legs quickly tired walking on the concrete floor and one wondered how it might feel to be on one's feet for an eight-hour shift.

As best I can recall, incoming mail is first divided into categories of metered, pre-sorted, typed addresses and hand written mail. Large flat envelopes are sorted separately. A machine turns the letters upside down so that the stamp is on the bottom as are the stamps on all the letters regardless of the size of the envelopes. The letters pass through the canceler at an astounding rate. A sensor picks up on the fluorescence on the stamp. If the machine finds no stamp it kicks the letter out. As the canceled letters pass through, the zip code is read, the letters drop off into special compartments when the compartment is near full the operator removes the contents and places them on a tray. Handwritten letters are sent to a section where about a dozen workers sit at their consoles, all in a single row along the wall. The letters are automatically placed before them at the rate of sixty per minute. The operator must instantly read the zip and key in the last three digits of the zip. This work is hard on the nerves, eyes, memory and reflexes of the operators so that they stay at the machines usually for half an hour and then rotate to another task the second half four. These people are the highest paid of the workers on the floor.

The carrier who receives the end product of all this activity usually spent four hours sorting the mail for his route by street and house number, and picking up his packages, etc. With the automatic equipment he now needs to spend only two hours in the P.O. He/she then is given a larger delivery route effectively reducing the number of carriers required. New equipment is expected that will sort the carrier's mail even further thus the carrier will spend more time on his/her ever expanding route, I presume.

We were surprised to learn how frequently postmen are bitten by dogs. Even though the medical treatment is billed to the animal's owner, the postman must suffer the pain of treatment and the discomfort of recovery. A number of female carriers have been physically assaulted, the more serious resulting in court appearances.

The carrier is the last line of defense for the P.O. He/she scans your mail for insufficient postage and delivers those bothersome little brown envelopes informing you that you owe .23¢. The carrier might also pen cancel the stamps on your letter if they escaped the automated canceler. Have you even been annoyed because the latest commemorative stamp on your letter has been ripped or scraped? Don't blame the P.O. People enclose motel keys, coins, various bulky objects which jam the P.O. equipment. Your letter might have closely followed one such envelope and been caught in the ensuing pile-up before the operator could react and stop the line.

Finally, our thanks to Post Master Pat Donohoe for allowing the L.C.P.S. to tour the facility and to its representative, Joy Kennedy, for sharing with us her knowledge of the U.S. Postal System and, in particular, the operations of the Lancaster Mail Distribution Center. She displayed charm in answering all our questions. Bidding each of us goodbye as we exited the building, we left with a warm feeling for the Post Office and its hard working employees. If you wonder what has happened to the work ethic in this country, it's alive and prospering in the Lancaster Post Office.

-- Jim Lyman



The September Program will be a presentation by Victor Krevans, whose services were secured by our club president, Lesley Botte. The host/hostess for the September meeting will be announced in the next newsletter.

THE JULY PROGRAM

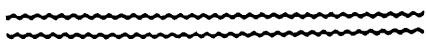
The program for July was a "Washline Exhibit". The ground rules stipulated that all entries were to be mounted on 14 x 22 tagboard, no limitation on topics, with each entrant required to describe his/her display. After everyone had an opportunity to inspect each offering close-up, a secret ballot was taken to choose a best-of-show. Ben Heller, the unanimous selection as the only honest, check that, as the most honest man present, counted the votes and named a winner.

There were eight entries with as diverse a number of themes as anyone could imagine. Incidentally, the treasury was enriched by eight dollars as eight members went along with the rules of the contest which called for either an exhibit or a fine of \$1.00 from each member at the meeting. The boards proved to be both pleasing to the eye, educational and entertaining.

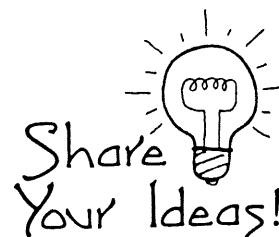
Richard Botte displayed U.S. No. 1 and No.2 on cover. He explained that most such covers originated in New York or Boston. A dealer was asking \$6,000. for a cover that had a Minnesota Territory postmark. Lesley Botte's contribution was an album of Calf of Man stamps. These come under the category of cinderellas. Most collectors have never seen examples of these "stamps". The stamps of the British Indian Ocean Territory, B.I.O.T., was Jim Lyman's submission. He explained that B.I.O.T. was composed of four small islands populated by a few scientific research stations. All its issues were geared to the topical collectors comprising stamps depicting birds, butterflies, fish, maps, etc. A colorful poster dominated by an American Flag and tooting the Club's August Picnic mounted on a music stand was the creation of Bob Allison who saw an opportunity to kill the proverbial two birds with one stone, since he is also the picnic's chairman. Marilyn Shirley's entry from a distance looked

like a patchwork quilt design. But a closer look revealed a montage of stamps and promotional literature touting Canada Day. An added feature was an example of what happens when you are out of the room and your little grandchild is loose amongst your collections and uses your album as a coloring book. An unusual entry by Herb Tindall consisted of two covers from Angola and an accompanying letter from a Brother Hyacinth which described in great detail the obstacles he had to overcome in order to get the covers cancelled. The most unusual panel, that of a 19th Century U.S. cover with the stamp glued to the folded letter and a geometric design cut-out in the envelope allowing the stamp to show through so that when cancelled, the postmark would appear on both the envelope and the letter itself, guaranteeing to the recipient that the letter had gone through the postal system. A copy of a Linn's Article treating on this subject was also included in the exhibit. Need I mention whose display this was? Naturally, Jim Boyles. Finally, Ben Heller displayed a copy book filled with page after page of the same canceled Swedish stamp all neatly arranged. He told us that the book had been part of an auction lot he bid on at Conestoga Auction. He rightly named his entry, "How Not To Do It", but one wonders if the "busy work" may have relieved the hours of boredom he may have endured or was there another need he satisfied. To each his own might summarize what the eight exhibits meant to those who submitted them.

The award, a LANCOPEX Mug, was won by Jim Lyman.



Marilyn, Sarah and Jim Lyman will make contact with the Lebanon Veterans' Hospital to explore the feasibility of having a Program on stamps with the veterans. They will report their findings at the September meeting.



Richard Botte recommended using Acetone to remove grease, oil, tropic stain or possibly butter and jelly stains if you make a practice of working on your stamps while eating breakfast. Experiment on some duplicates or minimum catalogue value stamps before cleaning the expensive ones.



Clarence M. Shenk
2199 Old Philadelphia Pike
Lancaster, PA 17601
Telephone 397-0430
Collecting Interests:
U.S. Plate Blocks, Coils and Singles,
Some Worldwide.

Larry Spece
758 Hershey Ave.
Lancaster, PA 17603

Collecting Interests: Germany and Ryukus Islands

Paul E. Obetz
1914 Larchmount Lane
Lancaster, PA 17601

Collecting Interests: Swiss, France, Canada and United States.

UP-COMING STAMP SHOWS

Delaware Valley Stamp Show
Days Hotel, Fort Washington, PA
(Route 309 and PA Tnpk-Exit 26
Saturday, August 1, 1992
9:30 a.m. - 4:30 p.m.



Hagerstown Stamp Show
Howard Johnson Hotel
Hagterstown, MD
Halfway Blvd. and I-81 at Underpass Way
Saturday, August 8, 1992
10:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.

LCPS OFFICERS

Lesley Botte, President
Dan Anspach, Vice-President
Jim Lyman, Secretary
Ben Heller, Treasurer

Joypex 1992
Days Inn
Keller Ave.
Lancaster, PA 17601
Saturday - Sunday
August 15-16, 1992
10:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.

NEWSLETTER STAFF

Jim Lyman, Editor
Sarah Brown, Researcher, Reporter
Mike Shirley, Design Layout
Marilyn Shirley, Typist

The Computer is down. This issue is being hand typed. Hopefully, the situation will be remedied in time for the September issue. Because of the July Newsletter vacation, this publication is a bit lengthy,

