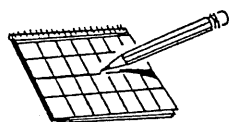


MEETING -- 2ND WEDNESDAY OF EACH MONTH  
STAUFFER MANSION -- 7:30 P.M.  
1241 Lititz Pike, Lancaster, PA 17601  
NEXT MEETING -- Wed. January 13, 1993

FOR INFORMATION ABOUT OUR ORGANIZATION  
CALL MARILYN SHIRLEY (717)872-2479 OR  
MIKE SHIRLEY(717)394-0186

VOL. 4, NO.1 NEWSLETTER FOUNDED SEPTEMBER 1990 JANUARY 1993



## From the President

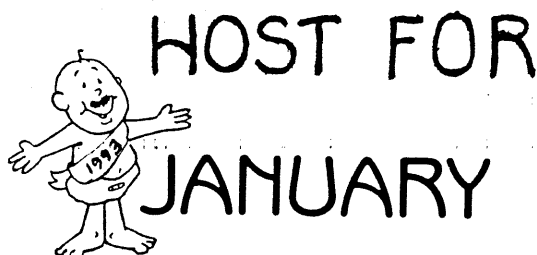
it! Remember, this is your club, come on out and enjoy an evening of stamp activities. See you at the meeting.

Dan Anspach

Happy New Year Everyone! Once again I would like to thank Lesley for a job well done. I will appreciate any advice anyone can give me in the coming year. I would also like to congratulate Bob Allison on his very capable fulfillment of his duties as Christmas Banquet Chairman. Well done!

I will admit to a little apprehension to being a president of a stamp club. But Marilyn Shirley assures me it's a piece of cake. So, don't go too far away, Marilyn! I might need your help.

The LCPS Annual Stamp Show is coming up, so let's see lots of volunteers this year to make it just as big a success as last year. I was very proud to be an L.C.P.S. member last year when I saw all those people show up to set up the exhibit frames. Wow! What a turnout! When everyone pitches in, it runs that much smoother. This is a wonderful group of people, so come to the meetings and don't be afraid of getting involved a little. You'll love



Our new president, Dan Anspach, will be doing the honors as our January host.

### JANUARY PROGRAM

START THE YEAR RIGHT BY CHECKING OVER SOME OF YOUR "EXTRAS" AND SUBMITTING THEM IN THE JANUARY AUCTION. NOW'S THE TIME, WITH ALL THAT CHRISTMAS GIFT MONEY FLOATING AROUND THERE SHOULD BE SOME 'BIG SPENDERS' IN THE CROWD!

# LCPS CHRISTMAS PARTY

## 1992

The major LCPS Social Event was again held in the Bernhardt Room of the Brunswick Hotel. We were very fortunate in having a clear, cold night for the party since the very next night, if you recall, we experienced the worst north-easterly storm this century.

Thirty-six tickets were sold and thirty-four members and guests arrived between 5:30 and 6:30 to sample the hot hors d'oeuvres and mill about exchanging greetings and getting better acquainted. The program began with out-going President Lesley Botte welcoming everyone, to be followed by Bob Allison, party chairman who offered a meaningful and heartfelt invocation.

The guests were equally divided between the London Broil and the Roast Turkey, although they were unanimous in praising the quality of the food. The turkeys had an edge though, as the portions were so large, many called for a doggie bag.

The award presentations moved along at a good pace, beginning with the award for stories on stamps. Jim Lyman, editor, "copped out" by bestowing a prize to each of the three entrants. LCPS member of the year award, presented by Lesley Botte, was a check for \$15.00 to Marilyn Shirley, in recognition of her dedication and long hours in producing a newsletter by the deadline each month. Dan Anspach, as newly elected president, formally thanked Lesley Botte, outgoing president, for her service to the LCPS in her term of office.

Bob Allison, who in addition to acting as party chairman, was a very effective, often funny Master of Ceremonies, gave away the door prizes, the foremost, a huge basket of fruit, donated by BOAS FRUIT MARKET and won by Mike Shirley.

Following the awards, we enjoyed a musical interlude provided by Bob Allison's wife, Jessie, at the piano who played with a professional flair. Reid Slick brought along his wooden puppets, with loose joints controlled by a stick, that danced on a board to music.

Reid told us the proper name for these puppets but for the life of us, we can't remember the name. A sing-a-long of Christmas carols set the stage for Santa's visit. We were treated to a young Santa, clean shaven and sporting a mustache and bearing a striking likeness to our own Dan Anspach. Gifts were distributed by Santa and his helper, Bob Allison, to those guests who had remembered to bring a "his or her" present to the party.

The programs were made and the table favors were provided by the Christmas Party Committee and lastly, Bob Allison secured the table novelties from WHITE'S ENTERPRISE, Kirkwood, PA. The party ended about 8:00 p.m., everyone leaving with a non-alcoholic glow-on and a feeling of well-being in tune with the approaching holidays.

## **MEMBERS MISSED BUT NOT FORGOTTEN**

Both Paul Wescott, 89 this month, and his wife Florence 87, are convalescing from surgery at Oak Leaf Manor Retirement Home, 2101 Wabank Rd., Millersville, PA 17551. We're sure they would appreciate a "Get Well" card.

Bill Carroll, recuperating at home, would also appreciate hearing from old friends and club members. Bill's address is 10 East Petersburg Rd., Lancaster, PA 17601.

Both of these men are LIFE MEMBERS of our club.

# MRS. JABBERDINCK'S PREDICAMENT



BY HERB TINDELL

Ermentrude Jabberdinck was busy vacuuming the living room floor about 10:00 A.M. when the postman dropped the mail through the slot. She turned off the vacuum, kicked the cat out of the way, and bent over to pick up the mail, which, while it was all dropped through the same slot from the same height, seemed to scatter over an area of several square feet. As she held her aching back, Mrs. Jabberdinck mused about this phenomenon, being at a loss to explain its mechanics.

She sank into the well-worn, slightly distorted overstuffed chair which was strategically placed in front of the aging television set. She scanned the mail with a jaded countenance which is best described as being between indifference and anxiety. There was an invitation to send for a Gold Master Card for which she had been especially pre-approved because of her excellent credit history. She looked at the envelope again to see if perhaps it had been misaddressed. The invitation promised enticing benefits which could not be offered by any other credit card in the world. Mrs. J. set the material aside for further study. Then there was the electricity bill, with a polite notice that the balance was now sixty days overdue and reminding her gently of the advantages of living by electricity, and the depressing effects of living in a world of gloom, presumably occasioned by the electric company discontinuing the service. A flyer reminded her that chicken legs and thighs at the Acme were 32¢ a pound through Thursday, but only five pounds to a customer. What a pity, Mrs. J. thought. There were two missives addressed to "Occupant", one picturing a forlorn looking girl about 4 years old, with a caption reading, "Have you seen this child?" Mrs. J. didn't think so, but somehow she got the idea that if she ordered the gummed address labels advertised on the other side it might help in the search effort, but she couldn't quite fathom how. The other "Occupant" letter assured her that either she or Mrs. Bertha Jones of Kankakee, Illinois had absolutely won a brand new Cadillac Seville. Mrs. J. planned to call the 900 number later in the day to see if she were the lucky person, blithely unaware that Mrs. Jones had indeed won the Cadillac, some 4 years earlier.

Finally she came to a letter addressed to her in a familiar scrawl, which she immediately recognized as that of her ex-husband, an unmitigated scoundrel whom she had presumably married because he reminded her of her tyrannical alcoholic father. Their four year tenure together consisted mainly of a series of domestic disasters, usually ending in wrecked furniture and broken dishes, and occasionally actual bloodshed. When they parted company three children later, Mrs. J. heaved a well-deserved sigh of relief, only to come to the rude realization that she had three small children and no visible (or invisible, for that matter) means of support. Having been trained only in the most mundane of domestic chores, she was ill-equipped to cope with the task of bread-winning. The \$50 a month child support which the judge had awarded was largely a wisp of the imagination, and if it were not for the blessings of Public Assistance, Mrs. Jabberdinck's outlook would have declined from bleak to absolute zero.

From time to time Mrs. Jabberdinck would haul her ex-husband into court, when he could be found, and perhaps receive a pittance now and then from her begrudging ex-mate. In court he always accused her of spending the alimony money for drinks, other men, and lottery tickets, thus trying to justify his reluctance to pay. Twice he ended up briefly in jail for non-support, and was released on parole by swearing to make prompt and full payments in the future. It was in this context of this scenario that Mrs. J. stared for a full ten minutes at the small parcel in front of her, idly wondering if by any chance it could contain a letter bomb.

Despite her unfortunate predicament, Mrs. J. was a loving and caring soul who took good care of her children, and currently had acquired a new gentleman friend who was the antithesis of her ex-spouse. Calhoun was quiet, sober, steady, studious and perceptive. His perception had allowed him to see the fine qualities shining through Mrs. J.'s somewhat tattered and rough exterior, and he felt a deep compassion for her from the first moment he had come around the corner at the supermarket and crashed headlong into her cart, spilling the contents and creating somewhat of a miserable mess in the aisle.

"Don't worry, little lady," he reassured her. "No real harm done. Let's wipe those tears off that sweet little face, and get this shopping tour back on track."

Calhoun shepherded her through the rest of the store, and accompanied her home with the groceries. She thought that she had never been treated with such respect and solicitation in her whole life. When she got home, she just sat down and cried. Calhoun's good deed and sincere caring started a friendship which was to blossom, in its own quiet way, over the next few months. Such was the situation when the packet from Mr. J. arrived. Mrs. Jabberdinck had never met a person quite like Calhoun. Though he

was very gentle and kind to Mrs. J. she stood in awe of him and hesitated to ask too many questions. She finally found out that he worked downtown in something that had to do with stamps, but she wasn't clear as to whether he worked for the post office or for a postage stamp dealer or what, and she was reluctant or afraid to probe further into his background and life. Being quiet and shy, Calhoun didn't offer too many details on his own. In this ambience of mutual care and understanding, a discerning person might perceive the tiny early blossoming of what might be described as love, an emotion which this same discerning person might presume was foreign to both parties involved.

It was natural, then, that Mrs. J. would call Calhoun and tell him about the arrival of the mysterious package. "Just hold tight, Ermentrude. I'll stop by on my way home and we'll have a look. Please don't worry." Mrs. J. heaved a sigh of relief. A look of contentment crossed her face, and she relaxed in the overstuffed monster and closed her eyes as the shadows lengthened across the room.

Calhoun arrived promptly, and they put the package on the dining room table, turned on the still-functioning lamp, and drew up a pair of chairs. They sat there for a few minutes staring at the packet. "Do you want a cup of tea?" she asked. "That would be nice," said Calhoun. As he sipped the steaming brew, he asked, "Any idea what he might be sending you?" She shook her head in denial. "Well," he said. "there's only one way to find out, isn't there?"

"Yes, I suppose so. Do you think we should call the bomb squad?" Calhoun laughed a quiet little laugh.

"No, I don't think so. I don't think it's a bomb. Get me a knife, will you, please?"

Calhoun gently and carefully opened the packet at the seams. There was a crudely fashioned letter on a piece of blue-ruled notebook paper. Mrs. J. asked Calhoun to read the note aloud.

"Dear Ermintrude," he read. "I am sick and tired of sending you money to spend on booze and gambling and entertaining that dirty sleezeball I seen you with a couple of times. I am sending you some stamps and a book to paste them in which you can use to pay on those insurance policies for the kids that you threw my good money away on. You can't run out and blow the money right away so I hope you do the right thing. With any luck I won't have to send you any more money. Goodbye. Kirk."

Calhoun took off his glasses and put them on the table.

"Does Kirk work?" he asked.

"Yes, when he feels like it. He works for some company that makes things out of metal, like special parts for doors or ornaments

and things like that."

"Oh, a Metallurgist."

"Whatever."

Calhoun unwrapped the packet. Inside was a bunch of folded stamps and a booklet labelled "Old American Insurance Company. Coin Stamp Booklet." Inside the booklet were individual spaces for the stamps to be pasted.

Calhoun unfolded the stamps and looked at them. He separated the sheets and looked them over front and back, several times. The stamps had a picture of a lady in a fancy headdress, and the words "COIN STAMP - OLD AMERICAN INSURANCE COMPANY" in a horseshoe formation around the picture. Fancy little floral doodads filled out the upper corners and the sides of the stamp, and in the left-hand lower corner were the words "10 CENTS" and in the right lower corner, "30 DAYS". Calhoun stared at them intently.

"Do you have a magnifying glass?" he asked.

"Yes. I'll get it. What are these things for? Sending letters?"

Calhoun took the glass and studied the stamps intently for several minutes.

"No." he said. "These are sort of a savings stamps, like postal savings stamps that you buy at the post office. The insurance company sells them to you, and uses your money to invest; then after a while, you take the full book back to the insurance company and they give you your money."

"Sort of like a Christmas Club?"

"Something like that. That's the general idea."

Shall we paste them in the book, then?"

"No, little lady. I wouldn't do that. You are in imminent danger of being poisoned. I suggest we call the police!"

\* \* \* \* TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH \* \* \* \*

# LETTERS

The LCPS Newsletter staff exchanges our newsletters for other clubs' publications. This letter was sent to us by the editor of the SOS SIGNAL, a Lansing, Michigan Club and is printed for our members' consideration. The next meeting will be for business and auction so let's discuss the pros and cons of their method of auctioning.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Can an outsider throw in his two cents worth?

The December issue of "Phil-a-telling Around" had quite a write-up on your club auctions. I enjoyed reading it. Let me tell you how we do it at the Central Michigan Philatelic Society. I am NOT trying to tell you how to run your auctions. I am merely telling you how we do ours. Perhaps you can adapt some of it for your club.

Our auctions are held once each quarter. We have two tables - table number one and table number two. In reality there may be more than two tables but they are divided into number one and number two for a specific reason. The seller is not permitted to place his own lot on table number one. This table is reserved for bidders only.

We provide the seller with an identification sheet to list the seller's name, a good description of the lot including catalog value (if applicable) and minimum bid. The seller places his lot on table number two. If anyone is interested in the lot, he moves the lot to table number one. If an item appears on table number one, it means we have a bidder on that lot. In cases where minimum bids are listed, the bidder who moves the lot to table number one must be willing to bid at least the minimum bid specified. Since the lots are moved over to table number one, we know that each lot on that table will have at least one bid.

At about ten minutes before the bidding begins, the auctioneer announces that the bidding will begin in ten minutes. This gives the seller an opportunity to reduce his minimum bid if he so desires. It also allows the bidders to move over any lots that still remain on table number two. Remember though that you must be able to bid on any lot you move over.

The lots remaining on table number two are never offered up for bids. Only the lots on table number one are offered. Under our rules, there is a sure bid on these items. Some go for the minimum bid. Others are bid up quite high.

At the last auction, I spotted two items that were placed on table number two late. Just before the auction, I moved them to table number one. I was willing to pay four dollars each for them. They were listed as no minimum so I had hopes of doing better. I got one lot for only two dollars - the other cost me five dollars.

At our club auctions, the no minimum bid items usually go best - sometimes at very high prices. However, there are always some items you can not put up without a minimum. Would you let a \$35.00 item go for five bucks because you listed it at no minimum?

Why not discuss the two table system? It works for us. It might work for you."

signed "Bob" (Graves)

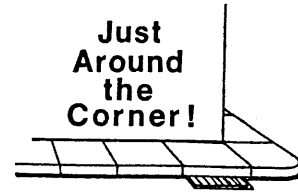


DON'T  
FIDDLE AROUND

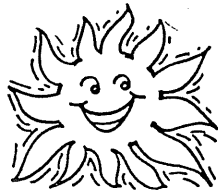
Club Dues are payable by 1st. of the year. The best \$5.00 value in Lancaster County. See our new treasurer, Chuck Kilgore, at the January meeting.

PROGRESS SLOW IN "LET'S TRADE"  
DEPARTMENT

We decided not to print the membership #'s and interest codes received to date since there were less than 10 interest codes turned in. Therefore, we will print the interest codes in the February Newsletter if the response is greater. Refer to your November Newsletter for codes. Bring your listing to the January Meeting or if not planning on attending, mail yours to Marilyn Shirley, 19 Circle Rd., Millersville, PA 17551.



The LANCOPEX '93 Stamp Show committees must be formed. Plan to volunteer your services either for the planning stage (programs, exhibiting, awards, etc.) or actual participation at the show (e.g., manning tables, setting up and tearing down, security). There is a job for each of us.



*LCPS OFFICERS*

*Dan Anspach, President*  
*Bill Greiner, Vice-President*  
*Ben Heller, Secretary*  
*Chuck Kilgore, Treasurer*

CLUB MEMBERS IN FLORIDA FOR WINTER

Mrs. Sarah Brown, Plant City  
Mr. James Lyman, North Ft. Myers  
Dr. Herb Tindell, Florida Keys

*NEWSLETTER STAFF*

*Jim Lyman, Editor*  
*Sarah Brown, Researcher, Reporter*  
*Marilyn Shirley, Data Processor*  
*Mike Shirley, Graphic Arts/Layout*

If you know of any other members who spend time away in the winter, please call Marilyn Shirley.

