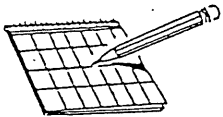


MEETINGS - 2ND WEDNESDAY OF EACH MONTH  
STAUFFER MANSION - 7:30 P.M.  
1241 Lititz Pike, Lancaster, PA 17601  
Next Meeting - Wed. SEPT. 13, 1995

FOR INFORMATION ABOUT OUR CLUB  
CALL MARILYN SHIRLEY (717)872-2479  
OR MICHAEL SHIRLEY (717)394-0186.

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## From the President

SEPTEMBER HOST

As the dog days of summer are winding down, central Pennsylvania is gearing up for a philatelic "mega-event"! I am referring to the Milton Hershey Commemorative Stamp First Day Ceremony held September 13. The festivities begin 10:30 AM at the Hershey Park Arena, with special appearances by the Postmaster General Marvin Runyon, and Postal Service Governor LeGree S. Daniels. After the ceremony, parts of Hershey Park will be open to the public free of charge. If this will not be enough excitement for you, then come to our meeting later on that night!

If you cannot make the ceremony and you still want a first day cover, then send \$2.00 (plus \$1.50 S&H) to:

Stamp Committee  
MHSAA  
Founders Hall  
Box 830  
Hershey PA 17033

See you there!

Mike

LUCY EYSTER is the "lucky member" that gets to tickle our tastebuds with some of her delicious delectables for the September meeting. Thanks LUCY!

### SEPTEMBER PROGRAM

Our September Program will consist of a "MEMBERS' BOURSE". One dollar payable to the Treasurer will get you table space to display your wares for sale to other members and guests. You will not be limited to stamps, but can bring anything collectible, such as coins, baseball cards, postcards, old pens, etc. So dig out your surplus stamps and anything collectible that has been laying about collecting dust and dispose of it, possibly spending the proceeds at the next member's display.

# THE SUMMER PICNIC

IF A MAN WERE TO RUMMAGE IN HIS PAST,  
HE'D FIND MATERIAL IN IT FOR A WHOLE  
DIFFERENT SET OF LIVES.

By Karel Capek

(Editor's Note: This short story appeared in "Tales From Two Pickets," published by George Allen & Unwin Ltd., London, in 1932. The translation from the Czech was by Paul Selver. Karel Capek is perhaps best known for coining the word "robot," in his 1920 play "Rossum's Universal Robots." He was a prolific author.)

"There's no getting away from it," said old Mr. Karas. "If a man were to rummage in his past, he'd find material in it for a whole different set of lives. One day, either by mistake, or because he felt inclined to, he chose just one of them and went on with it to the end; but the worst of it is, that those other lives, the ones he might have lived, are not entirely dead. And sometimes it happens that you feel a pain in the leg like a leg that has been cut off.

"When I was a boy of about ten, I began to collect stamps; my father didn't altogether approve of it; he thought it'd make me neglect my lessons, but I had a chum, Lojzik Cepelka, and we used to share our passion for foreign stamps. Lojzik's father used to play a barrell-organ, and he was an untidy lad with freckles, a regular ragamuffin, but I was fond of him, in the way that schoolboys are fond of their chums. You know, I'm an old man; I've had a wife and children, but I must say that none of our feelings are finer than friendship. But you're only capable of it when you're young; later on, you get sort of crusty and selfish. A friendship of the sort I mean springs simply and solely from enthusiasm and admiration, from excess of vitality, from abundance and overflow of emotion; you've got so much of it, that you simply have to give it away to somebody. My father was a lawyer, the chief man among the local bigwigs, a most dignified and

We held our annual picnic on a hot, humid night which has to be expected since we schedule it for the middle of August. In addition to the hamburgers and franks cooked to perfection by DICK SHAEFER, some of the highlights were a cream cheese on cookie crust pizza, chicken salad, a three-bean salad, an unusual salad containing chili, a delicious chocolate layer cake and a sumptuous pineapple upside-down cake. I probably left out a few dishes, but my ability to recall is not as acute as it used to be.

HERB TINDALL and MIKE SHIRLEY were in charge of games. The first, which we have played in the past and always enjoyed, involved some twenty of the twenty-eight attendees, divided into two teams. Holding two or three cards bearing a letter of the alphabet, the game director would announce a word such as "GHOSTLY" and everyone holding the required letters would run to a prearranged spot and attempt to form themselves to spell out the word. Invariably, confusion would result and one team never would get the word spelled right. The winning team was rewarded with little gifts.

The second game was STAMP BINGO. Instead of numbers, each square contained a picture of a stamp from a different country. Sometimes the stamps did not reproduce well and as twilight set in, it became difficult to locate a particular country on the sheet. Guests brought many philatelic and other type gifts. It was a fun game and occupied guests for almost an hour. The evening was a pleasant night out for all in attendance.

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severe person, and I had chummed up with Lojzik, whose father was a drunken organ grinder and his mother a downtrodden laundress, and yet I venerated and idolized Lojzik, because he was smarter than myself, because he could shift for himself and was as plucky as they make them, because he had freckles on his nose and could throw stones left-handed -- in fact, I can't remember all of the things that made me so attached to him; but it was certainly the closest attachment I have ever had.

"And so Lojzik was my trusty comrade when I began to collect stamps. I suppose that the craze for collecting things must be a survival of an instinct dating back to the times when every male collected the heads of his enemies, the spoils of war, bear skins, stags' antlers, and, in fact, anything that he could capture as booty. But a stamp collection possesses one quality which makes it a perpetual adventure; it somehow excites you to touch a bit of some distant country, such as Bhutan, Bolivia or the Cape of Good Hope; it brings you into a sort of personal and intimate touch with these foreign countries. So there is something about stamp collecting which suggests travel by land and sea, and deeds of derring-do, in general. It's very much the same as the crusades.

"As I was saying, my father didn't exactly approve of it; as a rule, fathers don't approve of it, if their sons do something different from what they themselves have done: as a matter of fact, I'm just the same with my own sons. This business of being a father is a sort of mixed feeling, there's also a certain prejudice, mistrust, hostility or whatever you may choose to call it; the more affection you have for your children, the more there is of this other feeling. Anyway, I had to hide my stamp collection in the attic, so that my father couldn't catch me with it; in the attic there was an old chest, a sort of flour-bin, and we used to crawl into it like a couple of mice to have a look at each other's stamps. Look here, this is a Netherlands, this is an Egyptian, this is Sverige or Sweden. And because we

had to hide our treasures like that, there was something deliciously sinful about it. The way I got hold of those stamps was also an adventurous business; I used to go around to families I knew and those I didn't, and beg and pray to them to let me soak the stamps off their old letters. Now and then I came across people who'd got drawers crammed full of old papers stored away, in an attic or a writing-table; those were my most delightful hours when, sitting on the floor I sorted out those dusty piles of litter to try and find stamps I hadn't already got -- you see, I was silly enough not to collect duplicates, and when I happened to come across an old Lombardy or one of those tiny German states or free cities, why, the thrill I had was perfectly agonizing -- every vast happiness has a sweet pang about it. And in the meantime Lojzik was waiting for me outside, and when at last I crept out, I whispered right in the doorway, 'Lojzik, Lojzik, I found a Hanover there! -- 'Have you got it?' -- 'Yes.' And away we ran with our booty, home to our treasure-chest.

"In our town there were factories which turned out all sorts of trash, jute, calico, cotton, and shoddy wool -- the rubbish that we produce specially for the coloured races all over the world. They used to let me ransack their wastepaper baskets, and that was my happiest hunting-ground; there I came across stamps from Siam and South Africa, China, Liberia, Afghanistan, Borneo, Brazil, New Zealand, India, the Congo -- I wonder whether the mere sound of the names gives you the same sense of mystery and glamour as it does me. Good heavens, what joy, what frantic joy I felt when I found a stamp from, say, the Straits Settlements, or Korea or Nepal or New Guinea or Sierra Leone or Madagascar! I tell you, that particular rapture can be realized only by a hunter or a treasure-seeker or an archaeologist who's doing excavations. To seek and to find -- that's the greatest thrill and satisfaction which a man can get out of life. Everybody ought to seek something: if not stamps, then truth or golden ferns or, at least, stone arrowheads and ashtrays.

(over)

"Well, those were the happiest years of my life, my friendship with Lojzik and stamp-collecting. Then I had scarlet fever and they wouldn't let Lojzik come to see me, but he used to stand in the passage and whistle so that I could hear him. One day they must have taken their eyes off me or something; at all events, I got out of bed and slipped upstairs to the attic to have a look at my stamps. I was so feeble that I could hardly lift the lid of the trunk. But the trunk was empty; the box containing the stamps was GONE!

(TO BE CONTINUED IN OCTOBER)

## **NEWSLETTER STAFF FILLS VACANT POSITION**

TRUYDE AND BILL GREINER have agreed to be our Special Reporters and conduct interviews with selected members to be published in future issues of the Newsletter. Welcome aboard!

## **LCPS OFFICERS**

Mike Shirley, President  
Peter Billis, Vice-President  
Miriam Armerding, Secretary  
Dick Shaefer, Treasurer

## **GIVE US YOUR VIEWPOINT**

If everyone were in agreement on every point, stamp collecting would be pretty dull and we'd all soon lose interest. Conversely, if we all disagreed on every issue, every method and objective, pandemonium would reign and we'd give up in disgust.

Between these extremes, somewhere, there is a temperate zone where we can all thrive in relative harmony. Each of you, our club members, must have strong opinions on some facet of our hobby. In this column, "GIVE US YOUR VIEWPOINT" you will have a forum for the expression of a variety of opinions.

A point of view that will attract comments from our other readers will be considered as having been worthwhile to be published.

All you have to do is put your thought on paper in a form we can read. If necessary, we will correct the spelling and punctuate (stop laughing, we're serious.) We will even polish your style without destroying or distorting your theme.

So can we expect your viewpoint in time for our October issue? Please give your "viewpoint" to JIM LYMAN at the September meeting or mail to MARILYN SHIRLEY by October 1, 1995.

## **NEWSLETTER STAFF**

Jim Lyman, Editor  
Marilyn Shirley, Data Processor  
Mike Shirley, Graphic Arts/Layout

*September 1995*