



San Jose Stamp Club Newsletter



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Visit our website at:
filatellicfiesta.org

Northern California Trivia

Q. Coaling Station A of the Southern Pacific Railroad led to what town's name?

A. Coalinga.

Q. What protects Crescent City from strong winds?

A. Point St. George.

From *Northern California Trivia*
by Ernie & Jill Couch

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Filatellic Fiesta Chair

Filatellic Fiesta appears to be on its way. We now have a venue that should be available to us far into the future, very competent bourse and exhibit chairmen in Wayne Menuz and Ed Laveroni, and our juries are pretty much assured with the efforts of Steve Schumann. And, there are others who are helping: Bill Dwyer and his creative mind is designing and producing souvenir sheets and post cards, and Akthem Al-Manaseer has the inside track on the banquet arrangements.

The weak link is myself. I'm tired of struggling with the show these past ten plus years. Now that most of the struggle seems to be under control I would like to step down. The show needs some new blood to manage it. I have no one in mind. What's needed is a person who wants to do it and will further improve the show with new and fresh ideas, and the best part is that he will have a group of people behind him that have many interesting and viable ideas to work on. The show chair should turn out to be a fun and rewarding position.

If you want to take on this position call or e-mail me and we can talk. I'm willing to help that person through the first year so they can ease into it. I really do need to be relieved of this position and want you to consider doing it.

I will continue with the club and the newsletter. I need the opportunity and time to build the club back into the viable and fun organization that it once was. And yes, I will need your help with that also. There's no reason, other than apathy, that we can't get this done. It's been suggested we consider auctions on fifth Wednesdays which occur four times a year. Your comments??? Second Wednesdays should be devoted to programs: films, slide shows, speakers, etcetera.

Also, we really need a couple more people to help with the youth table at the show and, perhaps, with any new or young collectors at the meetings. **It's called participating.**

San Jose Stamp Club

Since becoming president some ten plus years ago the club has vacillated between 3 - 5 members to over a dozen that attended meetings. Meeting attendance has been very inconsistent and this, of course, is a major problem. A plan to improve, not only, attendance but participation in club activities is necessary. I'm not talking about Filatellic Fiesta, but the club, our meetings, and the newsletter.

There has been much speculation recently regarding merging our group with the Sunnyvale Stamp Society. I don't necessarily believe this such a bad idea—in fact endorse it, but only under certain circumstances. SSS is at present dealing with major problems, not the least of which is operating as a suspended corporation. Legally they cannot do any sort of business—like a show or their auctions. Presently President Ken Entin is conferring with a CPA and an attorney. I'm anxious as to the outcome as we may be in the same boat. If so we must then take steps to rectify this problem.

This is a situation every group must attend to if they are incorporated, and there are a great many other groups in this situation—and unaware.

This is not life threatening, however, I feel we all have a certain obligation to help in any way they can that we may be able to continue as a club.

Your input and ideas are needed now more than ever and I fully expect everyone to contribute.

Club mergings and the like will just have to wait.

Memorial Day

Memorial Day is May 26th. First known as Decoration Day, an event dedicated to decorating Civil War veterans graves started in 1868. In 1971 Congress declared it Memorial Day to honor the memory of all who have fallen in battle preserving our freedom and way of life.

Unless you have family or friends that have been lost, you may not give it much heed, however, this year stop and offer a prayer to our fallen heros.

pot-pourrie

Wild Animals Loose In Manhattan

Imagine the panic, on Monday, November 9, 1874 when people in New York City read their morning edition of the New York Herald and saw the headlines:

AWFUL CALAMITY

The Wild Animals Broken Loose from Central Park

Terrible Scenes of Mutilation

Savage Brutes at Large

Awful Combatants Between the Beasts and Citizens

The first four columns of the five column front page related an eyewitness account of the dramatic escape of a giant rhinoceros that quickly went about freeing the other animals by breaking down the bars of their cages. Before long, the article continued, forty-nine people were dead and 200 injured. It went on to describe how a panther had pinned a zoo keeper and was gnawing at his head. In another case, a leopard had killed a small child and mutilated several women. An African lioness was saturated in the blood from eighteen victims, men, women, and children.

Police stations were flooded with people demanding protection. Newspaper editors as far away as Boston, flooded the New York Herald newspaper offices demanding more information. Many men took to the streets armed with revolvers and hunting rifles. Among them was Samuel Tilden and Chester A. Arthur; Both became presidential candidates in just a few years.

Few people took the time to read the entire article. The last column explained that there were not ANY animals



who had broken out of their cages in the Central Park Zoo. It went on to explain that the purpose was to bring public awareness to the shortcomings of the zoo. Cages were rickety, animals were underfed, and animal transfer methods were not secure. Unfortunately, it is not recorded if the zoo made the necessary changes.

In the week following the wild animal hoax, Thomas Nast (at the time a staunch Republican) had one of his illustrations published in Harper's Weekly. It satirized both the hoax and the Herald's attempts to scare voters about Grant's intentions. The illustration showed the Democrats as a donkey, disguised in the skin of a lion tagged "Caesarism." The donkey was scaring zoo animals who were running frightened through the woods of Central Park. One of the animals was an elephant labeled "The Republican Vote." The cartoon was captioned "The Third-Term Panic." For some reason, these political symbols stuck in the people's minds and remains today as a legacy of the animal hoax.

Tarred and Feathered

Subjected to indignity and infamy. Not so long ago, and perhaps in some localities even yet, this was literal, a punishment or condemnation meted out upon someone adjudged to have merited such treatment. In its severest form the victim was stripped, sometimes shaved, and melted or even hot tar was poured or smeared over his head and body and he was then rolled in chicken feathers. The victim might then be ridden out of town on a rail or driven out by dogs. The punishment was first inflicted in England in 1189 by Richard I for one guilty of theft in the navy, but had been practiced in Europe in earlier years. In America a royal officer of the customs was tarred and feathered in Boston in 1774, and other Royalists, according to the report, received similar treatment by hot-headed rebellious mobs in that period. The Ku Klux Klan and various American mobs repeatedly resorted to such measures in more recent years in attempts to rid a community of persons deemed by them to be undesirable.

It's Only Right



"When I'm gone, son, I'd like you to take all these books back to the Western Philatelic Library."

War-opoly: How History's Most Popular Board Game Helped Defend the Free World

This article, written by Brian McMahon, appears in the November-December issue of *mental_floss*.

During World War II, the British secret service hatched a master plan to smuggle escape gear to captured Allied soldiers inside Germany. Their secret weapon? Monopoly boxes. The original notion was simple enough: Find a way to sneak useful items into prison camps in an unassuming form. But the idea to use Monopoly came from a series of happy coincidences, all of which started with maps.

Maps are harder to smuggle than you might think. They fall apart when wet, and they make a lot of noise when unfolded. Allied officials feared paper maps might draw the attention of German troops, so they turned to an unlikely source for help—silk. Not only would silk maps hold up in all kinds of weather, but they'd also come with the life-saving benefit of being whisper quiet.

To produce these silent maps, the Brits turned to John Waddington, Ltd., a company that had perfected a process of printing on silk and was manufacturing silk escape maps for British airmen to carry. And what else was Waddington known for? You guessed it—being the licensed manufacturer of Monopoly outside the United States.

Suddenly, the popular board game seemed like the perfect way to get supplies inside German-run POW camps. At the time, the Nazis were hard-pressed to get provisions to their own troops, much less to the Allied soldiers they'd captured. Wishing to hide this less-than-stellar upholding of the Geneva Convention, they were happy to welcome Red Cross aid packages for POWs. So throwing Monopoly games into the care kits along with food and clothing was met with little scrutiny. Monopoly was already a well-known game throughout Europe, and the German guards saw it as the perfect way for their detainees to remain occupied for hours.

In 1941, the British Secret Service (MI9) approached Waddington with its master plan, and soon, production of a "special edition" Monopoly set was underway. For the top-secret mission, the factory set aside a small, secure room—unknown to the rest of its employees—where skilled craftsmen sat and painstakingly carved small niches and openings into the games' cardboard boxes. Along with the standard thimble, car, and Scotty dog, the POW version included additional "playing" pieces, such as a metal file, a magnetic compass, and of course, a regional silk escape map, complete with marked safe-houses along the way—all neatly concealed in the game's box. Even better, some of the Monopoly money was real. Actual German, Italian, and French notes were placed underneath the play money for escapees to use for bribes. Also, because of its collaboration with the International Red Cross, Waddington could track which sets would be delivered to which camps, meaning escape maps specific to the area could be hidden in each game set.¹ Allied soldiers and pilots headed to the front lines were told to look for the special edition game if they were captured. The identifying mark to check for? A red dot in the corner of the Free Parking space.

By the end of the war, it's estimated that more than

35,000 Allied POWs had escaped from German prison camps. And while there's no way to set an exact figure on it, more than a few of those escapees certainly owe their breakout to the classic board game.

Despite the brave and noble part it played, Monopoly's heroic war deeds would go unrecognized for decades. Strict secrecy about the plan was maintained during the war, not only so that the British could continue using the game to help POWs, but also because Waddington feared a targeted reprisal by German bombers. After the war, all remaining sets were destroyed, and everyone involved in the plan, including the escaped prisoners, were told to keep quiet. In the event of another large-scale war, Allied officials wanted to make sure the seemingly innocent board game could go back into action.



Untitled photo from the *Mental Floss* website.

Believe it or not, it wasn't long before Monopoly found itself in the middle of yet another international conflict—this time defending itself from Communist leaders in Russia.

Being that Monopoly is essentially a game in which one player gets rich at the expense of others becoming poor, Soviet officials had long seen the board game as an overt symbol of capitalistic frivolity and greed. So, as its popularity soared, Communists took more and more efforts to curb the enthusiasm. Cuba, the U.S.S.R., and other Eastern Bloc countries outlawed the game for fear it would corrupt the public with positive notions about a free-market economy. Soviet leaders even tried coming up with their own Marxist-themed spin-off games designed to highlight the virtues of frugality. The title of one such knockoff from Communist-era Hungary loosely translated to "Save," while another in Russia had a name that roughly meant "Manage."

But all these bans and spin-offs couldn't hold down the individualistic drive of the human spirit. Monopoly became an underground success, secretly coveted and played behind the Iron Curtain as a way of escaping the drudgery of Soviet life. It wasn't until 1987, four years before the collapse of the Soviet Union, that Monopoly was allowed to be legally sold there.

Today, Monopoly is licensed in more than 80 countries, and no fewer than 200 spin-off versions exist. And, of course, playing it in the cozy confines of your living room, it's easy to take for granted that there was a time when, to many, Monopoly was a lot more than just a game.

¹ There's a great deal of skepticism regarding the Red Cross' role in this scheme. There's a lot of interesting comment on the *Mental Floss* website, some don't believe it—or that the earth is round and that we made it to the moon!—oh well-ed.

Thomas Paine

THOMAS PAINE (1737-1809) who grew up in abject poverty in England and came to America at the urging of Benjamin Franklin, was the author of *Common Sense*, the most influential pamphlet of the American Revolution and perhaps the most revolutionary English-language pamphlet ever written. It was not just another spirited call for the redress of colonial grievances; it called for "...the rights of mankind and of a free and independent states of America." Perhaps his most memorable words are those from *The American Crises*, a series of pamphlets written to inspire the colonists throughout their bitter struggle for independence.

"From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms!
Through the land let the sound of it flee;
Let the far and the near all unite, with a cheer,
In defense of our Liberty Tree."

The Liberty Tree (July 1775)



Thomas Paine

Issued January 29, 1968 (Scott 1292) in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, it was designed by Robert Geissmann based on a portrait by John Wesley Jarvis which hangs in the National Portrait Gallery.

"O! ye that love mankind! Ye that dare not oppose not only the tyranny but the tyrant, stand forth! Every spot of the Old World is overrun with oppression. Freedom hath been hunted around the globe. Asia and Africa have long expelled her. Europe regards her as a stranger and England hath given her warning to depart. O! receive the fugitive and prepare in time an asylum for mankind."

Common Sense (1776)

"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly; 'tis dearness only that gives everything its value. Heaven knows how to put a proper price upon its goods; and it would be strange indeed, if so celestial an article as *Freedom* should not be highly rated."

The American Crises, no. 1 (December 23, 1776)

"I believe in one God and no more, and I hope for happiness beyond this life. I believe in the equality of man; and I believe that religious duties consist in doing justice, loving mercy, and endeavoring to make our fellow creatures happy."

The Age of Reason (1793)

Thomas Paine

John B. Moore

JOHN B. MOORE (1860-1947) jurist and diplomat, devoted half a century to international law—as a university professor, government advisor on international commissions and inter-American conferences, member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at the Hague, and judge of the Permanent Court of International Justice (the World Court).

"We couple justice and forbearance, because, taking into account the infirmities of human nature, it is hardly possible without forbearance to be just. Justice consists in giving to every man his due. It is for this that laws are made, and courts established."



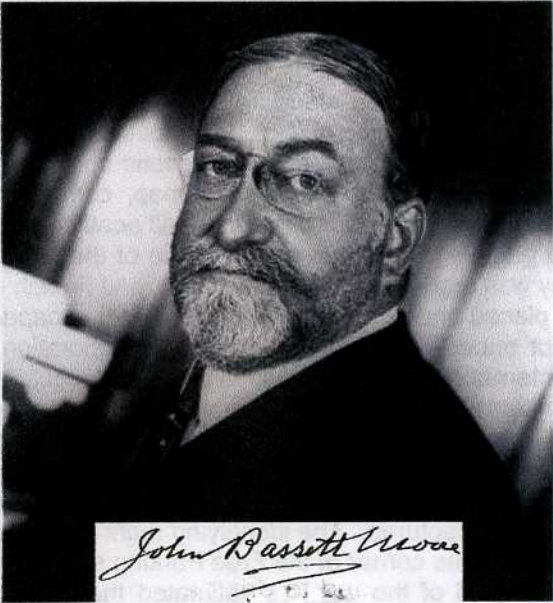
John Bassett Moore

Issued December 3, 1966 in Smyrna, Delaware (Scott 1295), it was designed by Thomas Laufer based on a photograph in the September 1966 issue of the *American Bar Association Journal*.

"...I necessarily assume that international relations, unless they are in future to be wholly anarchic and hostile, will be more or less regulated by law. It is as foolish to associate international peace with the absence of law as it would be to contemplate a peaceful but lawless political and social order at home."

"I have often remarked that international wars will cease when civil wars end . . . If we would keep men and nations at peace, we must remove the causes of their discontent, elevate their moral sentiments, inculcate a spirit of justice and toleration, and compose and settle their differences."

"What we now most need to do is again soberly face the realities of life; to get back to law, to reason and to experience; in a word, to return to fundamental principles."



John Bassett Moore

LIFE IN THE 1500'S

The next time you are washing your hands and complain because the water temperature isn't just how you like it, think about how things used to be. Here are some facts about the 1500s:

Most people got married in June because they took their yearly bath in May, and still smelled pretty good by June. However, they were starting to smell, so brides carried a bouquet of flowers to hide the body odor. Hence the custom today of carrying a bouquet when getting married.

Baths consisted of a big tub filled with hot water. The man of the house had the privilege of the nice clean water, then all the other sons and men, then the women and finally the children. Last of all the babies. By then the water was so dirty you could actually lose someone in it. Hence the saying: "Don't throw the baby out with the bath water."

Houses had thatched roofs—thick straw—piled high, with no wood underneath. It was the only place for animals to get warm, so all the cats and other small animals (mice, bugs) lived in the roof. When it rained it became slippery and sometimes the animals would slip and fall off the roof. Hence the saying: It's raining cats and dogs.

There was nothing to stop things from falling into the house. This posed a real problem in the bedroom where bugs and other droppings could mess up your nice clean bed. Hence, a bed with big posts and a sheet hung over the top afforded some protection. That's how canopy beds came into existence.

The floor was dirt. Only the wealthy had something other than dirt. Hence the saying: "Dirt poor." The wealthy had slate floors that would get slippery in the winter when wet, so they spread thresh (straw) on the floor to help keep their footing. As the winter wore on, they added more thresh until, when you opened the door, it would all start slipping outside. A piece of wood was placed in the entrance way. Hence the term thresh hold.

In those old days, they cooked in the kitchen with a big kettle that always hung over the fire. Every day they lit the fire and added things to the pot. They ate mostly vegetables and did not get much meat. They would eat the stew for dinner, leaving leftovers in the pot to get cold overnight and then start over the next day. Sometimes stew had food in it that had been there for quite a while. Hence the rhyme, *Peas porridge hot, peas porridge cold, peas porridge in the pot nine days old.*

Those with money had plates made of pewter. Food with high acid content caused some of the lead to leach onto the food, causing lead poisoning death. This happened most often with tomatoes, so for the next 400 years or so, tomatoes were considered poisonous.

Lead cups were used to drink ale or whisky. The

combination would sometimes knock the imbibers out for a couple of days. Someone walking along the road would take them for dead and prepare them for burial. They were laid out on the kitchen table for a couple of days and the family would gather around and eat and drink and wait and see if they would wake up. Hence the custom of holding a *wake*.

Sometimes they could obtain pork, which made them feel quite special. When visitors came over, they would hang up their bacon to show off. It was a sign of wealth that a man could "bring home the bacon." They would cut off a little to share with guests and would all sit around and "chew the fat."

Bread was divided according to status. Workers got the burnt bottom of the loaf, the family got the middle, and guests got the top, or the "upper crust."

England is old and small and the local folks started running out of places to bury people. So they would dig up coffins and would take the bones to a bone-house, and reuse the grave. When reopening these coffins, 1 out of 25 coffins were found to have scratch marks on the inside and they realized they had been burying people alive. So they would tie a string on the wrist of the corpse, lead it through the coffin and up through the ground and tie it to a bell. Someone would have to sit out in the graveyard all night (the graveyard shift) to listen for the bell; thus, someone could be, "saved by the bell" or was considered a ... "dead ringer."

And that's the truth...Whoever said History was boring!

All Quiet on the Potomac

Peaceful; undisturbed; a time of quiet enjoyment or ease: from the frequent repetition of the phrase in bulletins issued during the War Between the States, 1861-1865. The original expression has been ascribed to General George B. McClellan (1826-1885), who was in command of the Army of the Potomac in 1861 and 1862, but who received much criticism in Washington because of alleged dilatory policies and lack of aggressiveness. The phrase sometimes appears as "all quiet *along* the Potomac," from the poem, "The Picket Guard" (1861), by Ethyl Lynn Beers, the sixth stanza of which is—

All quiet along the Potomac tonight,
No sound save the rush of the river,
White soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever.



