



San Jose Stamp Club Newsletter



Whole number 203

March 2014



9 - 11—WE WILL NEVER FORGET

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Founded 1927, Club show since 1928
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 Driving instructions on the website.

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Adults/families \$12 ~ Youths \$6
With hardcopy of newsletter \$20

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Dateline: January 26, 2015: Do You Know About The Big Change In Postal Rates That Takes Effect Today?

—Gene Marks, Forbes

It's a new world for the U.S. Postal Service (USPS). A world where, despite the costs and bureaucracy and work rules of being a government agency, they are giving the shipping industry, particularly the big names like Fedex and UPS, a run for their money. Sure, they're still losing money in a world that sends more emails and less letters. But the postal service is quickly adapting to this new world.

In just the past year, the USPS has started delivering on Sundays. It has partnered with Amazon.com and it cut its rates for online stores. This is not a government agency that's rolling over and looking for a handout. This is an agency that is aggressively trying to reinvent itself, stay competitive and give the private a sector a competitive service without costing taxpayers more.

Starting today, the USPS takes another step in the right direction. And if your business relies on shipping parcels it affects you. That's because, effective today, your costs of shipping may be going up. But not if you're paying attention. According to the USPS if you want to continue to take advantage of commercial mailing rates, you must now be meeting all IMpb (Intelligent Mail Package Barcode) requirements. The transition period, which began a year ago, is now officially over.

What does this mean? It means that if you're in the business of shipping lots of products you need to be using IMpb. The intelligent barcode will offer three key benefits for your business: For starters, it provides an end to end tracking service where packages will be scanned up to eleven times, making it easier to get tracking information for both companies and customers and improving the USPS's customer service. The service will also offer free insurance without having to go to the post office to buy it. Most importantly, customers who use the service will have the ability save five to fifty percent on postage, as compared to typical commercial rates and depending on their packages' weight, class and distance. The only hitch: to

qualify, the USPS will require all parcels to include the new unique tracking IMpb barcode. And to access these IMpb-enabled services and qualify for the most favorable price structure for parcels, you'll need to use a computer or web-based shipping solution.

But there are solutions. One of them is from Pitney Bowes (Author Note: I have received no compensation from Pitney Bowes to write this piece). The global shipping company's offerings, such as their pbSmartPostage and SendSuite Live products, now has the capability to produce IMpb labels with the proper barcode and send all necessary shipping information to the USPS (Pitney Bowes also provides a great summary of the new IMpb rules here).

"Small and medium sized businesses should consider the U.S. Postal Service as part of their parcel carrier mix." says Patrick Brand, a senior Vice President with Pitney Bowes." The USPS has made a significant investment and commitment over the past several years to enhance its parcel shipping service offerings and implement new technologies to provide more competitive service options."

Yes, it's another headache. But then again change is never easy. And let's give credit where credit is due: at the very least, the USPS is one government agency that is working hard to not be like a government agency. I'm sure Fedex, UPS and other shippers will continue to do what they need to to compete. And all of that is good for the customer, particularly business owners.

Besides Forbes, Gene Marks writes daily for The Washington Post.

I for one certainly hope this scheme works for the USPS and for small business. I see a whole new field of postal rates to chart and understand in order to determine correct rates for postal history collectors, although, it may be that the rates will automatically be accurate when using IMpb-ed

Measure of a Man

He survived the savagery of the Holocaust, made it to America with barely a penny and became a world-famous tailor in Brooklyn, dressing celebrities and presidents. In his new memoir, "Measure of a Man," Martin Greenfield tells the story of his extraordinary life. In this excerpt, he explains how the concentration camps nearly stripped him of his humanity at age 16—and the day he got it back.

While at Buchenwald, the SS assigned me to work in the munitions factory. But early one morning after roll call, a soldier placed me on a 12-prisoner team to perform repairs outside the camp in nearby Weimar.



Martin Greenfield, an 86-year-old Holocaust survivor, owns and operates Martin Greenfield Clothiers in Brooklyn, NY.

Working in the city was a welcome distraction from camp life. Sometimes you got lucky and spotted a potato in a field or smuggled a trinket to trade for food. Either way, it was a chance to see the sky, escape the stench of rotting corpses, and confirm that there was still a world beyond the barbed wire.

We loaded our gear and marched the few miles to Weimar. The soldiers stopped us in front of a bombed-out mansion, home to the mayor of Weimar. A big black Mercedes sat out front. The soldiers commanded us to sift the rubble, clear the debris, and begin repairs on the mansion.

I walked alone to the back of the estate to assess the damage. Dusty piles of broken bricks lay scattered across the yard. Seeing the cellar door ajar, I slowly opened it. A shaft of sunlight filled the dank cellar. On one side of the space sat a wooden cage wrapped in chicken wire. I walked closer and noticed two quivering rabbits inside the cage.

"They're still alive!" I said to myself with surprise. Inside the cage were the remains of the rabbits' dinner. I unlatched the cage and pulled out a wilted leaf and carrot nub. The lettuce was browning and slimy, the carrot still moist from the rabbits' gnawing. Excited, I wolfed down the lettuce and tried to crack the chunk of carrot in half with my teeth. My luck was short-lived. "What are you doing?" a voice yelled.

I whipped my head around toward the door. A gorgeous, smartly dressed blond woman holding a baby stood silhouetted in the door frame. It was the mayor of Weimar's wife.

"I . . . I found your rabbits!" I stammered with a cheerful nervousness. "They're alive and safe!"

"Why in the hell are you stealing my rabbits' food?" barked the woman. "Animals!" I stood silent and stared at the floor. "I'm reporting this immediately!" she said, stomping away. My heart pounded in my emaciated chest. A few minutes later, an SS soldier ordered me to come out of the cellar. I knew what was coming, and the knowing made it all the worse.

"Down on the ground, you dog! Fast!" yelled the German. He gripped his baton and bludgeoned my back. I do not know whether the mayor's wife watched the beating. Given her cruelty, why

would she want to miss it? On the hike back to Buchenwald, I replayed the scene over and over in my mind.

How could a woman carrying her own child find a walking skeleton saving her pets and have him beaten for nibbling on rotten animal food?

In that moment, my numbness to death melted. In its place rose an alien blood lust, a hunger for vengeance unlike any I had ever known. The surge of adrenaline and rush of rage felt good inside my withered frame.

Then and there I made a vow to myself: If I survived Buchenwald, I would return and kill the mayor's wife.

On April 11, 1945, 3:15 p.m., the Allies liberated Buchenwald.

Physically, I was free. Emotionally, I was in chains. I'd made a promise to myself. And I intended to keep it. I located two Jewish boys who were well enough to make the walk to Weimar. I told them what the woman did and what I was prepared to do about it. We could rummage machine guns from the mountain of German weapons seized by the inmates and Americans that lay in piles on the Appelplatz.

The streets outside camp were electric with an ominous sense of disquiet. A smattering of prisoners in striped pajamas ambled in search of noncamp food. I kept my eyes open for SS. We gripped our guns and got to Weimar as quickly as possible.

My heartbeat quickened the closer we got to the mayor's house. Pent-up rage from all I had seen and experienced surged through me. Killing the mayor's wife could not repay the Nazis for the terror they had inflicted on us. But it was a start.

We walked a few miles before turning down the street the mayor's home was on. I pointed to a house several paces down the road: "I think that's it." The big black Mercedes was not out front.

It took me a moment to make sure I had the right house. "The car isn't here. Looks like the house is empty," I said. "The plan is we take our guns and go in through the side door. Then we hide and wait so I can kill the blonde bitch that had me beaten."

The boys nodded.

We crept up to the side door. I slowly turned the knob. It was unlocked. I entered the house quietly, with my gun drawn. The boys fell in behind me and eased the door shut. We stepped softly to mute the sounds of our wooden clogs on the floor.

"Hello?" a voice around a corner said. "Hello?"

"You had me beaten because of the rabbits. I'm here to shoot you!" I said [to the mayor's wife], sounding like an SS.

Just then the beautiful blond woman turned the corner and let out a screech. She had the baby in her arms again.

"Don't shoot!" she screamed. "Don't shoot!"

"Remember me?!" I yelled. "Do you?!"

Her blond tresses shook violently. She hid her face behind her upraised hand as if shielding herself from the sun.

"You had me beaten because of the rabbits. I'm here to shoot you!" I said, sounding like an SS.

"No! Please!" she quavered. "The baby, please!"

I aimed the machine gun at her chest. The baby wailed. My finger hovered above the trigger.

"Shoot her!" one of the boys said. "Shoot her!" The woman's outstretched hand trembled in the air. My heart pounded against my chest like a hammer.

"Shoot her!" the other boy yelled. "That's what we came here for! Do it!"

I froze. I couldn't do it. I could not pull the trigger. That was the moment I became human again. All the old teachings came rushing back. I had been raised to believe that life was a precious gift from God, that women and children must be protected.

Operation Frankton

The history of the original mission – code name OPERATION FRANKTON.

During the night of December 11, 1942, 10 Royal Marines set out in five cockleshells, their mission was to destroy German shipping running the blockade in and out of the French port of Bordeaux. Led by Major “Blondie” Hasler RM this was to be one of the most famous commando raids of all time.

After extensive training the team embarked on the submarine HMS Tuna and sailed south towards the French coast. When Hasler summoned his marines to the forward torpedo room of the submarine before the operation, they were told that their mission was to attack a fleet of armed German merchantmen, which was preparing to raid British shipping. An attack using six cockleshells, known as cockleshells, was the only alternative to bombing, which would have caused heavy civilian casualties. Hasler’s platoon spent five days in Tuna, escaping a U-boat attack en-route. They reached their launch point in the Bay of Biscay, 10 miles from the river Gironde, but had to remain bottomed for 24 hours because of poor weather.



A pair of cockleshells underway during their mission.

By the evening of December 7th, the sea was calmer and Hasler and Sparks launched their cockleshell, Catfish, followed by the rest, the last canoe was damaged on a hatch clip and was deemed beyond repair so was left behind much against pleas from the crew to be allowed to continue. Sergeant Wallace and Marine Ewart were soon captured, interrogated and shot. Corporal Sheard and Marine Moffatt were drowned after being capsized in fierce tidal races. Lieutenant Mackinnon and Marine Conway went missing, although thought to have been shot at by a German sentry in the dark, these intrepid marines actually continued on their own in an attempt to complete the mission. Hasler and Sparks pressed on with Corporal Laver and Marine Mills.

Although the Germans were now alerted, the two craft avoided sentry positions and patrol boats in the estuary. Sparks and Hasler were seen, but not compromised, by French civilians as they used the flood tide by night and lay in hiding by day.

Sparks remembered savoring every brew of tea and the frequent use of Bazedrine tablets to stave off sleepiness: he also shared his illicit bottle of rum with Hasler. On the third night, cold, wet and tired, the two boats lay up on the small Ile de Cazeau, which was home to a German anti-aircraft battery, but the marine’s field craft was so good that enemy patrols failed to detect them. Unknown to them, they had shared the island with Mackinnon and Conway, but these two after finding their craft damaged by a submerged hazard, and unable to continue were betrayed and executed. On the last night of their paddle, Hasler and Sparks along with Laver and Mills hid in tall reeds within easy reach of Bordeaux, where they could sleep, eat and prepare within yards of the bustling harbor.

As Hasler and Sparks proceeded to place their limpet mines on the sides of ships, they thought that they had been seen by a sentry, and were crushed between two ships moving together. They managed to escape silently on the ebb tide, and soon found Laver and Mills, who had also successfully placed their mines. When the explosions took place, four ships were severely damaged and a fifth sank. After completing their demolition the two remaining pairs of canoeists sank their boats and began a trek to Ruffec, 100 miles away. Sparks and Hasler spent the next two months in the hands of various agents, most notably Mary Lindell, a British agent who operated in the Lyons area.

Greater dangers were involved, though in one safe house Sparks felt more threatened by the overtures of the daughter of the family than by the Germans. Eventually Hasler and Sparks were led over the Pyrenees to Spain; but unfortunately Laver and Mills were captured and shot.

Out of the ten marines who started the mission eight of them were shot or drowned and two successfully made their way back to fight again. The captured marines were violently tortured before being murdered, and had anyone of them given up any information, the Germans would have been waiting for Hasler and the raid would have never succeeded.



From the internet.

**"Let it be told to the future world,
that in the depth of winter,
when nothing but hope and virtue could survive,
the city and the country,
alarmed at one common danger,
came forth to meet and to repulse it."**

—Thomas Paine, *The American Crisis*, No. 1, 1776

A Union Soldiers Thoughts About the Civil War

By Daniel W. Crofts October 17, 2014

Several years ago, a thick sheaf of Civil War letters was discovered in an old barn in upstate New York. Most were sent by a Union soldier, Charles Freeman Biddlecom, to his wife, the former Esther Lapham. Now edited and published by Katherine M. Aldridge, who owns the barn, they provide a remarkably candid window into the outlook of an ordinary infantryman. They also caution us against exaggerating the affinity of common soldiers for the great causes—the Union and emancipation—that we now hold in such high regard.

Today we often remember Union soldiers as principled, articulate and ready to sacrifice their lives for something larger. The historians James McPherson and Chandra Manning each have written influential recent volumes articulating soldiers' views: McPherson's Union soldiers were "intensely aware of the issues at stake and passionately concerned about them"; they knew that they were playing roles in a transcendently important struggle, on which the future of the American nation would pivot. Likewise, the "commitment to emancipation" among Manning's Union soldiers deepened and intensified as the war progressed. For them, "ideals like liberty, equality, and self-government" were not empty abstractions but core principles worth fighting to uphold.

The filmmaker Ken Burns spearheaded this heroic reassessment with his widely watched public television series on the Civil War in the early 1990s. Most memorably, Burns used the emotionally charged letter to "My very dear Sarah" from a Rhode Island infantryman, Sullivan Ballou, written in July 1861 just before the battle of Bull Run. Much as Ballou wanted to return to his loved ones unharmed and to see his sons grow to "honorable manhood," he gave ultimate priority to his country. He and his generation owed a great debt to "those who went before us through the blood and sufferings of the Revolution." He was "willing—perfectly willing—to lay down all my joys in this life, to help maintain this Government, and to pay that debt." Untold millions of television viewers, alerted that Ballou's iconic letter was his last, have listened intently to its dramatic rereading, complete with stringed instruments in the background, tugging at our heartstrings.

Ballou's noble and stoic valedictory makes for splendid theater, but the messy realities of war swept into the Army countless men whose commitment to big causes was far more muddled and erratic—men like Charles Biddlecom, who lived as a farmer in Macedon, N.Y., just east of Rochester.

On the face of it, Biddlecom might have been a promising candidate for Burns's honor roll. He was educated, he wrote vivid prose, he was older than the average (born in 1832) and he came from a region where slavery was deplored and enthusiasm for reform was widespread. So one might expect Biddlecom to have embraced the Union cause for all the right reasons. But in his letters, we find that he saw no purpose in the war and considered himself a helpless pawn in an enormous kill-or-be-killed chess match.

Biddlecom first enlisted in May 1861, as a volunteer in the 28th New York Infantry. Suspecting that the "fuss" soon would be over, he wanted to rout the "southern whelps." But his health deteriorated, and he was discharged before he saw combat.

Two years later, however, in the summer of 1863, Biddlecom was called back. The war had grown to proportions unimaginable in 1861. He and many other "poor forsaken conscripts" were assigned to rebuild the depleted ranks of the 147th New York,

which had been decimated on the first day at Gettysburg. The re-formed regiment was stationed in a dismal part of Northern Virginia, already scarred by three years of warfare.

As the army went into winter quarters, Biddlecom was sickened by dysentery, afflicted by lice and miserably lonesome and homesick. He and three other men lived in a "little dog kennel," about four feet high. In his darker moments he predicted cynically that the war would grind on inconclusively for 20 years, because "Lincoln and his miserable crew" could never bring it to a successful finish. Biddlecom also second-guessed the decision to go to war in the first place. Much as he hated slaveholders, he mused that it might have been "better in the end to have let the South go out peaceably and tried her hand at making a nation."

Biddlecom longed to go home to rejoin his family. Some men, he observed, had been discharged who were "not a bit more disabled than I am," and he vowed to follow their example. By spring, as the prospect of renewed fighting came closer, the trickle of deserters fleeing into the nearby mountains from the 147th increased. Most nights two or three men quietly absconded to join the euphemistic "Blue Ridge Corps," and Biddlecom predicted that the regiment stood to lose 150 men. In some ways he sympathized with the deserters—he agreed that no conscript should have to serve longer than nine months—but he could not see himself "sneaking off."

In early May 1864, Biddlecom and his regiment were thrown across the Rapidan River into the terrifying caldron of Ulysses S. Grant's Overland Campaign. Ten days of fighting in the Wilderness and at Spotsylvania left his division "terribly cut up," with half his own company killed or wounded, and others missing. By early June, barely 100 of the 550 men in his regiment who had started the campaign remained fit for duty.

Biddlecom initially hoped that Grant could bring the war to a prompt end, but six weeks of inconclusive bloodletting rekindled his cynicism. He dismissed as "bosh" all talk about "great Union victories." Reports about the "pluck and courage" of the Union Army were "the worst kind of exaggeration." The Army was "worn out, discouraged, [and] demoralized." He admonished his wife, Esther, to reject "newspaper hokum" that depicted ordinary soldiers as patriotic. Men would fight to preserve their reputations, but "as for men fighting from pure love of country, I think them as few as white blackbirds."

What motivated Biddlecom to continue fighting? Certainly not the high ideals depicted by McPherson or Manning. It was in part personal. Convinced that he was the "black sheep" of his family and that most of his kinfolk "never gave me credit for being much of a man," he carried a chip on his shoulder. He wanted to make it clear that he was "not an absolute failure in all things." He was determined not to disgrace his parents or stigmatize his sons by "showing cowardice." But, he insisted, he was neither a "Union Saver" nor a "freedom shrieker." He rejected all high-flown rationalizations for the war effort—"to hell with the devilish twaddle about freedom."

As late as August 1864, Biddlecom believed that the men in the Army would vote "four to one" against Lincoln. He resolved to support the president's opponent, George B. McClellan, on grounds that wasting "more blood and treasure in this war will be productive of more evil to the white race than it will be of good to the black race." He was content to allow slavery to "die a peaceful death," even if it required 50 or 100 years.

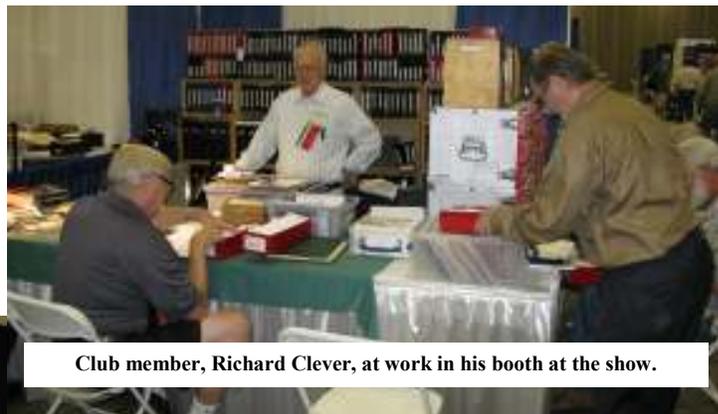
As Union prospects brightened and the election approached, however, Biddlecom reversed himself and spurned the "copperhead ticket." Suddenly, the soldier who was no "freedom shrieker" embraced the war "for freedom, [and] for equal rights."

AmeriStamp Expo

February 13 - 15, Riverside, California

The APS winter show was, by most accounts, very successful. Your editor was able to find a few covers and nearly everyone had a great time buying and selling.

A side trip to the City of Riverside Municipal Museum provided a chance to view the basket illustrated in the U.S. stamp issue of *Art of the American Indian*, Scott 3873j., which was on temporary loan. It is visually exquisite.



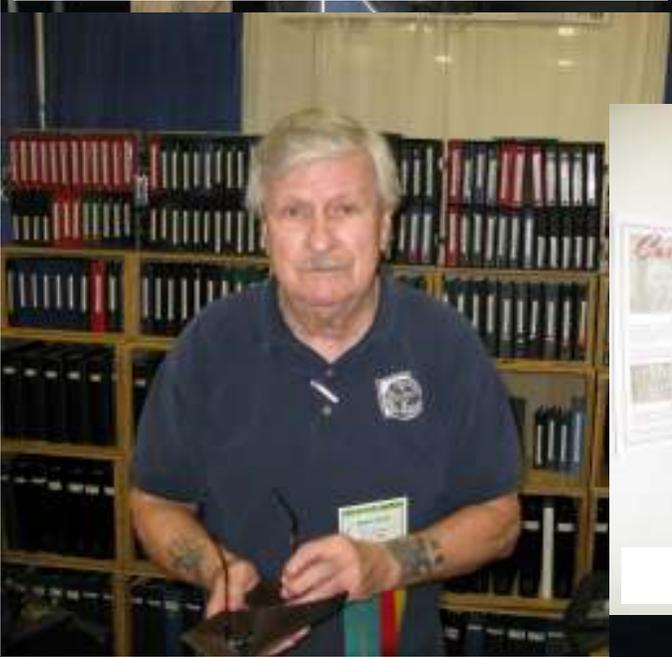
Club member, Richard Clever, at work in his booth at the show.



Gretchen Moody with Kristin Patterson and Phil Kumbler in the StampBuddy booth.



Cheryl Ganz hiding behind Harriet Klein and next to Kristin Patterson with Suzanne Ford and Jim Sauer shown on the right, off to the museum.



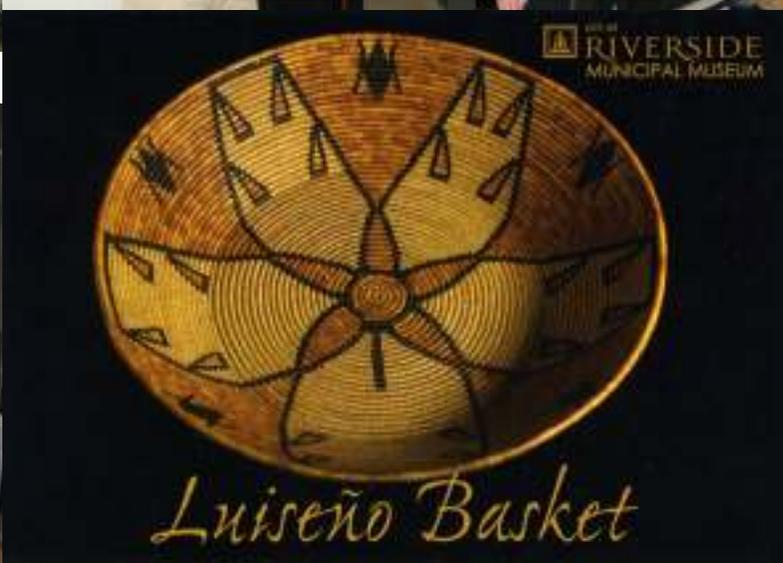
Jim Sauer filling in for Richard Clever on a coffee break.



Museum director speaking about the museum to Suzanne and Sheryl.



Display case for the Luiseño basket.



Post card illustrating the Luiseño basket.

Today's mighty oak is just yesterday's nut that held its ground.—David Icke

Aripex

Following StampShow, Kristin Patterson and your editor proceeded to Aripex in Mesa, Arizona. Kristin has relatives north of Phoenix and I have a daughter in Glendale. After short visits with our respective relatives we went together to the Mesa Stamp Club meeting in Mesa, Arizona, on the Wednesday evening prior to the show, where we were enthusiastically greeted by the members.

There was a silent auction and a great presentation on Canal Zone stamps. Refreshments were available.



Kristin chatting with a member at the auction table.



Club President Leland Sherlock presiding over the meeting.



Steve Adler presenting on Canal Zone Postage Stamps.

Moving on to Aripex where we both volunteered for various duties on Thursday's set-up. Aripex has a huge youth area with stamps and projects for every youngster that attends, where I spent considerable time acquainting myself with what had to be done. Unfortunately, with the exception of some 35 Boy Scouts, very few kids attended during the entire show.

The show theme was Native American Artists of the Southwest, and a great many Indian craftsmen and artists were in attendance featuring their beautiful work. Silver and turquoise jewelry were the main attraction followed by pottery, baskets, carvings, and paintings. There were also a couple booths outside with Navajo foods available—very tasty.

The show itself, notwithstanding the variety of quality stamp and postal history dealers in attendance, left a little to be desired. The lack of show goers for the stamp show, the American Indian participants and the youth area, was very disappointing. Any number of dealers have already indicated they would not attend next year's show—too bad. Much of the reasoning for the poor showing was because the show was held later than usual, by some two to four weeks. That may or may not be accurate—what I do know is that many shows across the country are experiencing similar problems. We need to redouble efforts to get youngsters involved.



SJSC member and stamp dealer Richard Clever at Aripex.

On a personal note, I came away from B.J.'s, StampShow and Aripex with numerous covers—more than at any other time. Even Washington 2006, which was ten days for me, did not yield as many as this most recent trip. For those that do not know B.J.'s (Barbara Johnson), she is a dealer that does Westpex and has a very large stamp & coin store in Glendale, Arizona (a suburb of Phoenix) at which several hours were spent gleaning covers from her store stock.

In many ways this trip was on a par with, or perhaps even better than, Pacific '97 and Washington 2006 where I spent ten days at each show and had a great time. Seeing one of my daughters and a grand daughter was very special, plus the fact that every day seemed to be different with something new to look forward to. The time went by with amazing speed and thus somewhat tiring, and arriving home was welcomed with many good memories.-ed.

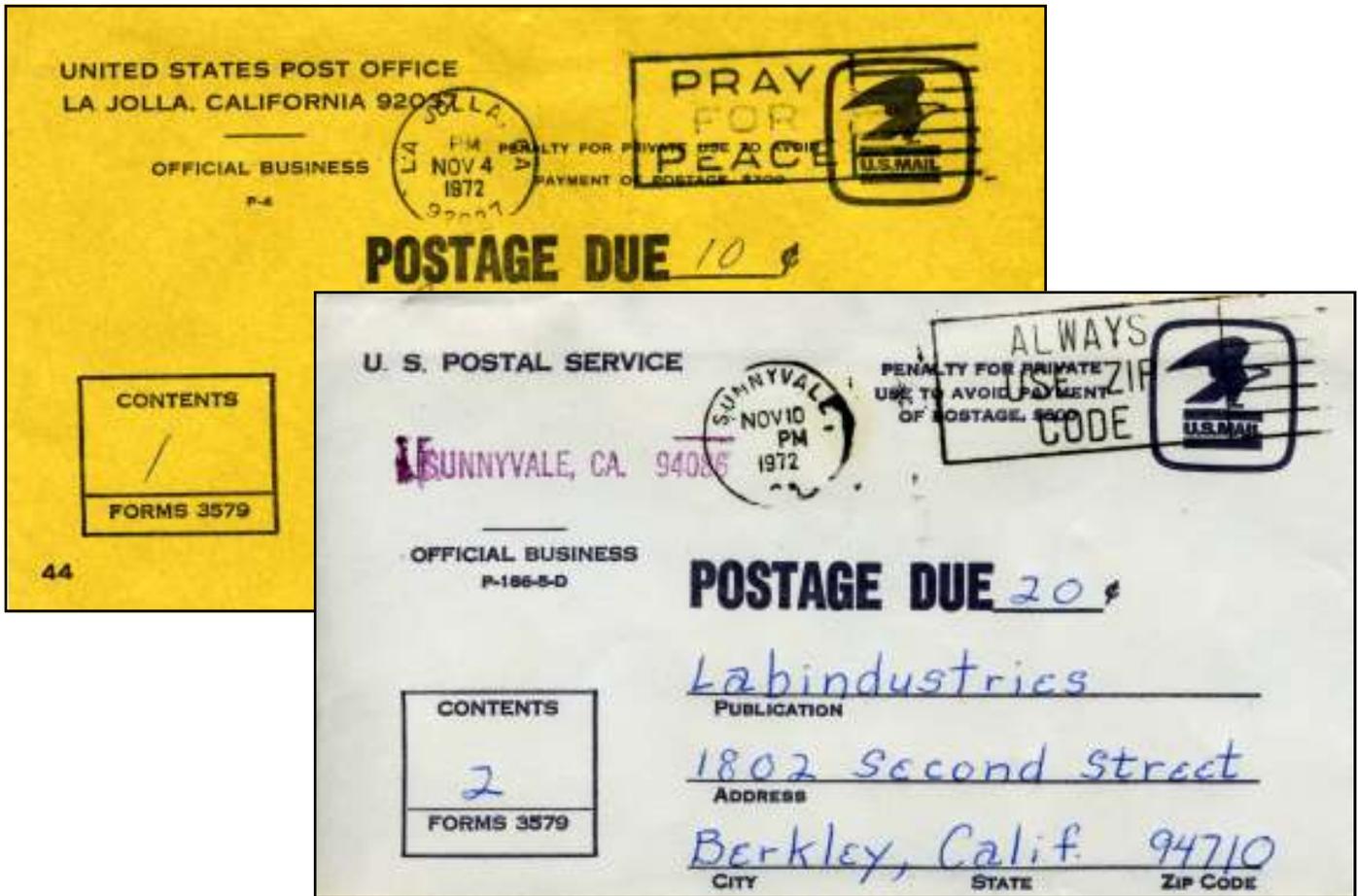
"Knowledge will forever govern ignorance: And a people who mean to be their own Governors, must arm themselves with the power which knowledge gives."

—James Madison, letter to W.T. Barry, 1822

Covers, Cards, Stamps, etc.

Why the Post Office Loses Money

This month's offering are a pair of USPS official envelopes being sent to a business for postage due. Both are addressed to a Labindustries, which begs the question: Does this company have many letters delivered with postage due? If it does not, then why can't the postman collect upon delivery? If they have numerous letters delivered with postage due then why not collect them on a monthly basis. Either way the delivery postman can leave due bills and collect monies. Instead the USPS chose to send two letters (of God only knows how many) to collect a total of 30¢ on, presumably, three letters (10¢ due on each). The cost of printed envelopes, the forms included in them, the cost for time and labor to produce them, and prepare (write by hand) them is very likely a great deal more the amount collected—the grand total of 30¢! Granted they are from different post offices, which emphasizes the need for a less expensive and more efficient way to collect these postage due fees.



If you're going through hell, keep going.—Winston Churchill

Form 3579 is used for undeliverable mail and the postage due is required for their return to sender, however, I still maintain the delivery postperson should deliver the notice and collect the money. One can hope Labindustries waits until there a number of them before issuing a check, thereby saving some time/labor.-ed.

Continued from page 4

On Election Day in November he sounded entirely unlike his old self, as he pontificated that the contest would decide “the future of American civilization.” It pitted “Lincoln and the universal rights of man” against “McClellan and another compromise with the Devil.” He heralded the outcome for affirming that “freedom shall extend over the whole nation.” The “greatest nation of Earth” would not bow down to “traitors in arms.”

So Biddlecom's pithy letters convey a mixed message. Until the autumn of 1864, he disdained all ideological rationalizations for the Union war effort. But he also was a team player, and his team appears to have broken strongly toward Lincoln.

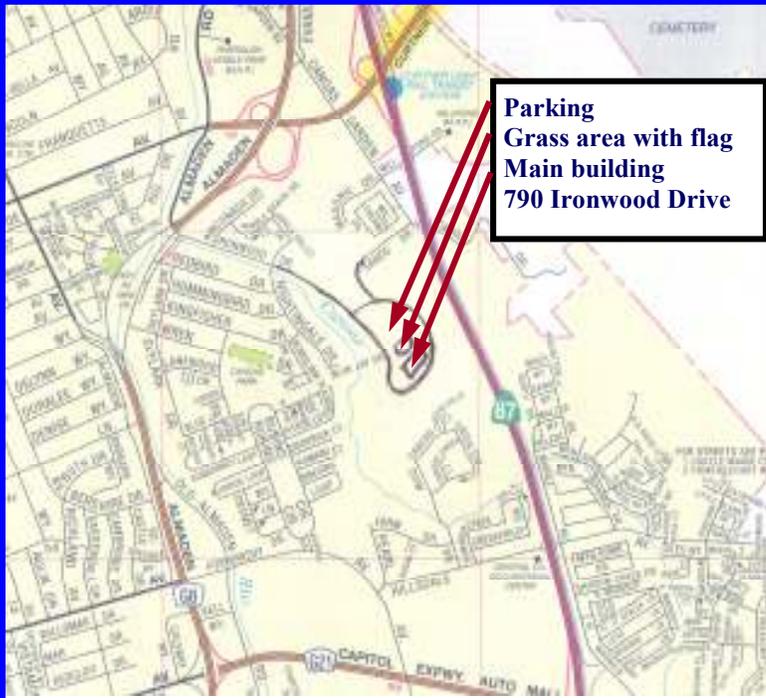
The army, he decided, was “a very good school for hot heads such as I was.” Home influences may also have played a role in his change of heart—after all, the men in his regiment came from one of the most intensely Republican regions in the country.

The patriotic prose that Charles Biddlecom penned in November 1864 would have delighted Ken Burns. But we dare not forget the long and circuitous journey that finally landed him among the charmed circle of those Union soldiers whose ideas square with modern sensibilities.

Mr. Crofts sounds a little disappointed that Biddlecom finally overcame his typical *soldier's bitching* to settle down to what's really important in regard to the conflict he was caught up in—no different than many others.-ed.

MARCH MEETINGS ARE ON THE 4TH & 18TH

APRIL MEETINGS ARE ON THE 4TH & 18TH



Show Calendar

March 7 - 8

Sunnyvale 3-Dealer Show
Sheraton Hotel, 1100 N Matilda Avenue, Sunnyvale
Sat 10 - 6, Sun 10 - 4
Free Parking - Free Admission

March 14 - 15

Frespex
Veterans Memorial Building, 453 Hughes Ave, Redding
Sat 10 - 6, Sun 10 - 4
Free Admission - Free Parking

March 15

Vintage Paper Fair
Elks Lodge, 1475 Creekside Drive, Walnut Creek
Sun 10 - 5

April 24 - 26

WESTPEX

San Francisco Airport Marriott Hotel
1800 Old Bayshore Highway, Burlingame
Fri, Sat 10 - 6, Sun 10 - 4

The San Jose Post Card Club meets on the 2nd Wednesday of each month (excepting July & August) in the Hilltop Manor dining room at 7 pm.

Visit the SJSC website at: filateliefiesta.org

Advertisements

Members may place an ad here to run for three months unless sold. Three at a time or as space allows. No politically incorrect, risqué, illegal or offensive material accepted. Editor will edit.

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United States Coil Issues 1906-38 Armstrong 10.00

The Shirley Letters Gently read 5.00

South Pacific Coast R.R. History of narrow gauge railroad Alameda to Santa Cruz by Bruce A Mac Gregor 1968 30.00

Australia 170 perf 13½ X 14 MLH Cat 40.00 - 25.00

British Guiana 29 perf 12½ MLH Cat 72.50 - 50.00

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