

The Philatelikid

The newsletter for Stamp Collecting Clubs for Kids (SCCFK)

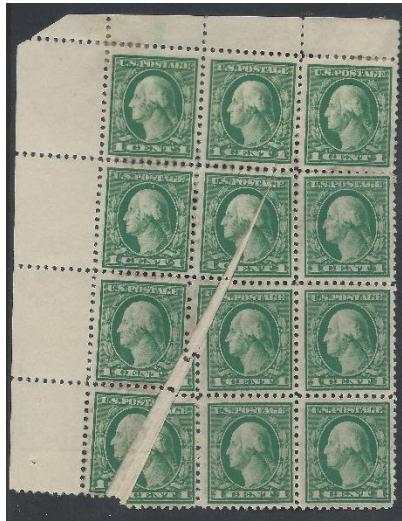
Collect Stamps (The Most Educational Hobby)

www.stampcollectingclubsforkids.org

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"There is nothing new under the sun."

This is a phrase adapted from the Book of Ecclesiastes; the author complains frequently in the book about the monotony of life. The entire passage reads, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and **there** is no **new** thing **under the sun.**"



As a youth I heard this phrase and thought it was so philosophically deep. As the years have passed, I realize the paradox in the concept, because every day is a new day. Thus, it can be said equally correctly that everything is new, every day. So, it could just as easily be true that only a totally unobservant person could look at life and see nothing new.

The fact is that virtually everything in our lives today did not exist just 60 years ago. I remember when the first commercial jet flights began. When every telephone was connected to the wall by a wire. When milk was delivered by the milkman, who used a horse-drawn cart, and the milk was kept cool using blocks of ice. Many middle-class families bought a new car every year, but seat belts and outside rear-view mirrors were an optional extra. "Perma-pressed" clothing was a dream of the future. Dick Tracy wore a futuristic two-way wrist radio. Space travel was science fiction. White piano keys were made of ivory.

I got my first television when I was in college. Mine had built-in "rabbit ears" - wow - and I did not need to put an antenna on my roof. (Reception was not as good, though.) My record collection had LPs (long-playing, 33 1/3 rpm) but stereo records were still *avant garde*. My Buster Browns were leather, of course, but I did have sneakers for casual wear. Women wore hats when they went out, and so did men. Men's hats were called fedoras, and no adult man I knew ever wore a baseball cap except when playing baseball. Women wore dresses and stockings, and men wore suits, starched white shirts, and neckties. Kids collected stamps, as did adults. The Sunday newspaper (costing 10 ¢ - double the daily rate of 5 ¢) had a page devoted to stamp collecting, along with advertisements from stamp dealers. Every town of

any size had a stamp dealer, or at least a place where a stamp collector could buy a stamp album, hinges, tongs, and packets of stamps.

We lived on a farm in rural Kansas. I could see only two other houses from where I lived. But I could see the world of India, China, Argentina and Australia from the pages of my stamp album, and I was eager to obtain the stamps to fill in those pages. Kings, queens, maharajas, emperors and presidents came to life in my small world, along with exotic places like Egypt (pyramids!) and exotic animals - giraffes, lions, and elephants. Foreign languages were fun to decipher, and currencies like pesos, shillings, rubles, francs, lira, cents, centavos, rupees, and yen were just as exciting as anybody could imagine.

In 1954 my parents took me to far-away New York City - a six hour flight from Kansas City. I already knew about the Statue of Liberty - I had a nice 15 cent stamp, (used of course) featuring that monument. It was fun to visit go inside it. I had heard of the Empire State Building - the tallest building in the world - and a trip to the observation deck was especially memorable when my mother bought me a small replica carved in ivory.

I did not know about Nassau Street. When my parents took me to that famous block-long area filled with stamp dealers, it was something beyond Jules Verne! Stamps were everywhere. In every store front window. In massive quantities. I bought (or rather my dad bought for me) a couple packets of stamps - that is what I really wanted. But my stamp collecting had not yet blossomed. That was still a few years in the future. They were colorful and fun to look at. I still have many of those stamps today. Some I traded with friends for stamps I found more interesting.

Nothing new under the sun? Well, things have changed. We now have self-adhesive stamps. Very popular to consumers, and, of course, the liner gets thrown out, thus doubling (or actually, more than doubling) the amount of paper used for just one stamp. That is new. I guess what is not new is **change**. In other words, what is not new is that new things are always happening. So guess what, after 60+ years of stamp collecting, I learned something new just this month. If you look at the November 2018 issue (Issue No. 47) of *The Philatelikid* page 3, you will see an article about a block of stamps with a paper fold. I purchased this block from a well-known knowledgeable stamp dealer who identified it as a paper **fold**. But I have learned a new term. It actually is a paper **crease**, which is different than a paper fold. Thank you John Hotchner for educating me! (I'm still very happy with the purchase.)

With stamp collecting is that there is always something new to learn!

Stamp Collecting Clubs for Kids is a 501(c)(3) organization. Donations are greatly appreciated and if \$10 or more you will be sent a written receipt. You also can donate via PayPal on our website - www.stampcollectingclubsforkids.org