

FADED MEMORIES
by L. Steve Edmondson

I really can't remember when I joined the Nashville Philatelic Society. I think it was in 1959 or 1960, but it could have been a year or two later. My family moved to Nashville in 1958 because my father was going to graduate school at Vanderbilt. Eventually, he took a position with the School of Medicine and we remained in Nashville until I graduated from Vanderbilt myself and went into the Navy.

I was a collectore before I reached Nashville. You know, the matchbook cover approvals and all that. I started collecting (er, actually, saving would be a more accurate way to put it) when I was seven or eight years old, but never knew there was anything like a stamp club to join. I even decided to "specialize" before I joined any stamp club. I don't thing I knew what specialization meant back then (and to be brutally honest, I'm not sure I know now either). But in 1958, I knew that I only wanted to collect the stamp from Germany and Austria.
(continued on page 3)

The President's Corner

Welcome to the 36th issue our newsletter. For this issue again I shall also be the editor. If anyone else would like to give this a try, please let me know. Also, we always need articles. They don't need to be very long just a few hundred works or so. Just think of some stamp you like and write about it. It doesn't even need to be typed, just as long as it is legible.

In a few months our annual stamp show will be here. We will need people to help put up the show and take it down. I've found for some reason that's it faster to take it down than to put it up. I think it's just a law of nature.

Since it's a new year, then it's time to pay your dues. The stamp club has many benefits. One is this newsletter, but others are the two meetings each month. We get together to learn more about stamps and just have alot of fun! So come and join us to see what its all about. Remember auctions are now monthly! So bring in those lots and join us! See you next time.

Matt Benward, President NPS

INSIDE THIS ISSUE	
Faded Memories	1
The President's Corner	1
Nashville Stamp News	2
Club Info	2
Faded Memories cont'd	3
Faded Memories cont'd	4

* NASHVILLE STAMP NEWS *

NEW FRAMES

In the last officers meeting, we agreed to purchase the new exhibit frames. We will buy enough to hold 1000 8 1/2 x 11 pages. We now have enough money in the bank to buy them. They are much easier to put up than the old ones. You just unfold the legs, hook them together, and put the pages in. No more screws or splinters! We still have the old ones though. If you anyone who could use them, please let us know.

Nashville Stamp Show '96

On June 1 and 2, 1996 at the Day's Inn located on Briley Parkway, the club shall hold its annual stamp show. This year we shall commemorate Tennessee's Bicentennial. A special stamps shall be issued on May 31 for this occasion. The club shall have approximately 20 dealers in attendance. We will need members to help setup and take down. It will be much easier!

Monthly Auctions

The monthly action is back! Each second meeting of the month shall have food, drinks, stamp lots and a LOTS of fun. So come out and see for yourself! Bring something to eat or drink and a few lots to sell. Come and see the members bid for those choice stamps. Who knows you may even find something yourself! See you there !!!

The Volunteer State
Philatelic Gazette

Issue #36 Spring 1996

Matt Benward
Editor-in-Chief

Ed Saunders, Jr.
Associate Editor

Editorial Consultants:

Terry Chaney

Matt Benward	President
Ed Saunders	First Vice-President
Allan Poole	Second Vice-President
Colleen Lynam	Jr. Vice-President
Terry Chaney	Secretary
Bob Picirilli	Treasurer
Helen Bodiford	Delegate-at-Large

Meetings: Second and Fourth Mondays of each month. Buy and swap at 5:30 p.m., Business meeting a 6:45 p.m., and Program at 7:00 p.m.

Meetings are held at the Inglewood Branch Library, 4312 Gallatin Road, Nashville, Tennessee 37216.

Kids under 17 get a FREE stamp packet at their first attendance. Ages 6 and up are WELCOME!

THE Volunteer State PHILATELIC GAZETTE is an official Publication of the Nashville Philatelic Society which is published quarterly.

Opinions expressed in THE GAZETTE are those of the writers. These opinions do not necessarily reflect the views of the Nashville Philatelic Society or its members.

The Nashville Philatelic Society is a non-profit organization.

All my male relatives had been in the military during World War II and almost all of them had served in the European theater. Germany was on my mind!

When my family moved from Decherd to Nashville, I already had a bunch of German stamps and already decided that printed album pages were for the birds. I mounted all my stamps on clean white pages with typewritten headings (laboriously typed on my father's old portable Remington, hunt 'n peck style). Once in Nashville, however, what a discovery! An honest to goodness stamp store!! Right down town. One day there was a jewelry store (or was it a pawn shop?); the next day it was a stamp store! I don't remember the name of it or the owner's name. But he sold German stamps! And every Saturday, I'd go down there and pour over his stock and pester the devil out of him. I'm sure my piddling allowance was more of a bother to him than my business was worth - especially my weekly grilling about such novelties as catalogs (who'd have thought there were books about stamps!), hinges, magnifying glasses, and he actually counted those little holes along the side of the stamp!!! Amazing, absolutely amazing !! The approval companies never told me anything about that stuff.

I'm sure that he told me about the Nashville stamp club to get me out of his hair. I well remember the look of relief on his face when I left his store each Saturday afternoon. But he never treated me unkindly or failed to answer my questions. He was a great guy! Everytime I visit Nashville, I always went by his shop - until he moved away to Atlanta, someone said. Now, I understand he has passed away.

I think that was the first time I met Art Tribke. Anyway, Art saw me pouring over the Germany stock and struck up a conversation with me. You know, just between us, Art collected Germany too. Art twisted my arm and I finally worked up the nerve to go to a stamp club meeting. It wasn't the first elevator I'd ridden in my life, but it was the tallest building in Nashville, the L&C Tower! The meeting was in the fanciest room I'd ever been in; the table was loooooong and made of the shiniest, best looking walnut (or was it mahogany?) I'd ever seen. And those chairs was actually cushioned and looked as though they might be comfortable to sit in - not at all like the wooden desks at school. Since I was in High School at the time (West End High School, now no more), I tried desperately not to let the surroundings intimidate me. But honestly, I must have looked like the hick from the sticks with my flat top, side wall hairdo, and although I wore one of my dad's sport coats (which fit!), even I thought my white socks looked a bit tacky. When I walked into the room, a bunch of OLD people stared at me like I just stepped off Sputnik. I didn't know a soul. OK, I was intimidated, scarred stiff! I turned around and fled for the men's room. When I came out, I headed right for the elevator - I was outa there! But the doors opened and Art walked right into me. He looked at me, we both mouthed something about looking where we were going and then he gave me one of his patented grins, Just like he'd known me all his life - he always made me feel that way. So, i had to go back into that room. I got to talk about what I collected and if it wasn't for that meeting, it was the next one that I ponied up my membership (junior variety) dues. I stayed a member until I was out of college and maybe a year or so after that. But finally, the Navy, my wife and son, and the simple fact that I no longer lived in Nashville led me to drop my membership.

But I still remember Art, and Mr. Hinson who always shared his most recent printed things. All those special pictorial postmarks on the meeting notices, a different one every month - golly I was I had saved those. I don't remember any-one else by name. But there was a neat lady who only smiled, and who collected only postmarks. How ridiculous that seemed to me at the time. Now, of course, I'd give anything to look at her collection of Tennessee postmarks, because that

(continued on page 4)

is a special interest of mine. [And that experience has taught me never again to be condescending about what people collect - it might be my next interest]. And there was the preacher (at least I thought he was a preacher) who collected all over advertising covers. What a collection - especially the Confederate turned cover. And the couple who collect Great Britian, or were they in the Norfolk Virginia club? I don't remember there ever being very many people at a meeting; a dozen or so, maybe that many.

At these meeting of the Nashville stamp club, I go to know the people who taught me difference between a collector and accumulator. That philately was an amateur avocation, not just a hobby, and that amateur meant doing something because you loved it, not in some cheap, tawdy way. Most important of all, they taught me that it was OK to be a collector, that forming a collection wasn't some childish throwing thing together, but was a way to get an education. And, perhaps, equally important, they taught me that grown-ups could be interesting, that they could say interesting things and were willing to hold a conversation with a kid like me, not just issue orders or lecture me.

I also learned about organized philately. I learned that the SPA was for us sotherners; and that the APS was for yankees, although Art said the APS was a better run - so I joined the APS. I learned about auctions and dealers - and boy did I learn about all the approval dealers I'd done business with as a kid! I learned about that special condition call "New York fine". While I did not put in an exhibit, I went to my first stamp show in the old Andrew Jackson Hotel sponsored, of course, by the Nashville Philatelic Society. Art, also of course, won the best of show award and got a gold medal. He showed Bavarian(?) revenues, of all things - they weren't even postage stamps, they were revenues, little more than tax receipts!! And you know in what distain a country boy from Tennessee held revenues. Anyway, I had a blast. I learned a lot about an endeavor that has become a life long adventure for me. I no longer collect Germany and Austria (although I've still got the collection, including that pair of common empire stamps that Art brought back for me from MEMPHEX in 1962, or was it 1963). Now, I collect Tennessee postal history. I guess it's my excuse for feeling proud about being a Tennessean.

So enough with the maudlin meandering. Now I live in the sate of Washington - and out here it's DC that is the "other" Washington! If you ever get out this way, give a holler and we can talk stamps. I'm Secretary of the Olympia Philatelic Society (also editor of our new letter) and we meet the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month (except December). Next time you're in the area, drop by and set a spell whydontchya!

FROM:

NASHVILLE PHILATELIC SOCIETY
MATT BENWARD, EDITOR
P. O. BOX 60531
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE 37206

TO: