

The *Lambda Philatelic Journal* (ISSN 1541-101X) is published quarterly by the Gay and Lesbian History on Stamps Club (GLHSC). GLHSC is a study unit of the American Topical Association (ATA), Number 458; an affiliate of the American Philatelic Society (APS), Number 205; and a member of the American First Day Cover Society (AFDCS), Number 72.

The objectives of GLHSC are to promote an interest in the collection, study and dissemination of knowledge of worldwide philatelic material that depicts:

- Notable men and women and their contributions to society for whom historical evidence exists of homosexual or bisexual orientation,
- Mythology, historical events and ideas significant in the history of gay culture,
- Flora and fauna scientifically proven to having prominent homosexual behavior, and
- Even though emphasis is placed on the above aspects of stamp collecting, GLHSC strongly encourages other philatelic endeavors.

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President.....Angela Watson
 Vice President.....Brian Lanter
 Secretary.....Vacant
 Treasurer.....Judith Beckett
 Editor.....Joe Petronie



MEMBERSHIP:

Yearly dues in the United States, Canada and Mexico are \$10.00. For all other countries, the dues are \$15.00. All checks should be made payable to GLHSC.

Single issues \$3.

There are two levels of membership:

- 1) Supportive, your name will not be released to APS, ATA or AFDCS, and
- 2) Active, your name will be released to APS, ATA and AFDCS (as required).

Dues include four issues of the *Lambda Philatelic Journal* and a copy of the membership directory. (Names will be withheld from the directory upon request.)

New memberships received from January through September will receive all back issues and directory for that calendar year. (Their dues will be considered paid through the end of the year they join.) Memberships received October through December will be considered paid through the following year and will not receive back issues, unless they are requested.

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Members are entitled to free ads.
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Ads should be no larger than 1/4 page. Any ad submitted without artwork will be created by the editor and at the editor's discretion.

PUBLICATION SCHEDULE:

<u>Publication Months</u>	<u>Articles Needed by</u>
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June	May 15
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News From the Editor

If all goes according to plan, you should have a NTSS 2007 cancel on the envelope of this issue. Hope that you enjoy it!

I am in desperate need of articles for the next two issues of the journal. I have The Florida Forty Stamper column set, but not much else. You can send an article, of at least one page, on the philatelic subject of your choice. Email me a text file. If you include graphics, remember that I need a 300 dpi or better quality file. Jpeg or tif files work best. Bitmaps will work.



In memory
Barry Burros

Passed away on December 20, 2006.

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From the President

As you may not know, GLHSC's dues have been steady at \$10 since 2002. In that five years, postage rates have risen twice. With this last rate hike, the USPS will be charging us nearly double the rate as last year to mail the Lambda Journal to you. Last year, it cost us 63¢ or 87¢ to mail the journal. The Postal Service will now calculate rates based on size and weight. So, we will be paying 97¢ or \$1.14 for each Journal mailed domestically this year. (Compared to 58¢ or 75¢ if the new rates were based on weight only.)

Additionally, paper and copying costs have continued to climb. We have absorbed these costs with the current dues rate. However, we cannot continue to absorb these increases along with the postal increases.

We also would like to have the money to be able to send out press releases on occasion to the GLBT and philatelic media about what the club is doing. This is important to attract new members to the Club.

Effective with the next dues cycle (2008), annual membership will be \$15 regardless of location. Dues will continue to include quarterly issues of the journal and the membership directory.

Most other philatelic organizations that I belong to have dues far exceeding \$15. One is even \$30 per year! We are trying to keep the dues in line with other organizations, while still having the money to function effectively.

We appreciate your membership in GLHSC and hope you will continue your membership into the future.

Thanks,

Angela

Soakers and Scavengers

by Ian Young

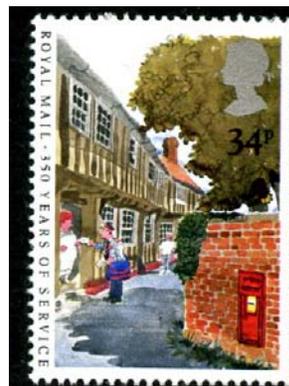
Soon after I moved to the Finsbury Park district of London in the early 1980's, I discovered Boris Mostoyenko's stamp shop, which also served as a convenient hangout for various local lads. The front part of Boris's store was usually taken up with used furniture, machines in various states of disrepair, and all manner of scavenged items that Boris and Sarge (who ran a military surplus outlet a couple of streets away) found, bought, sold, gave away and traded through a network of scrap dealers, old furniture merchants, rubbish tip managers, OXFAM shops and private garages. Much of the material had been discarded. An aisle through the middle of this dubious treasure trove led to a set of handsome glass-topped wooden counters in dark wood spanning the width of the shop - salvaged, Boris said, from an old hardware store. In front of them were several wooden stools.

Under the glass of the counter were displayed various stamp sets and packets, plus occasional odd items like cigarette cards, matchbook labels, beer coasters and stick-on political slogans (Boris favoured "Don't Vote - It Only Encourages Them!" and "No Matter Who You Vote For - the Government Always Gets In!") There was also a selection of political and religious pamphlets, most of them in foreign languages. Behind the serving area, tall, matching cabinets with brass-handled drawers held long boxes of foreign stamps. In the middle of the drawers an opening led to a large back room where a big round wooden table was surrounded by assorted, mismatched chairs. There was a couch, long enough for a tall lad to sleep on. This was Boris's kitchen. A back door led to a tiny, untended back lot and a small, run-down outbuilding.

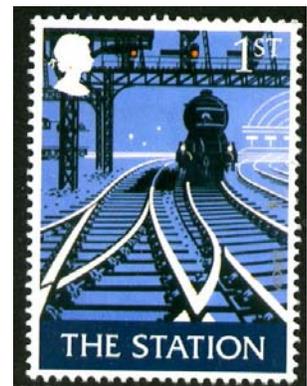
Here, Boris could be found from about mid-day until bed time. (He was a notoriously late riser and used to say he could deal with anything as long as he didn't have to get up in the morning.) Boris was a wiry, middle-aged bloke of medium height and military bearing, balding, with rimless spectacles, a wry manner and a quiet way of keeping the otherwise unruly in reasonably good order, like a good schoolteacher. He spoke good English with just a trace of an indefinable

accent. He was of mixed Russian, Belorussian, Ukrainian and Polish background - "a proud European mongrel. Not Mongol, mongrel!" He had fled Central Europe at the end of the War, coming to England via Vienna and Liechtenstein. When not looking after the shop, he could usually be found washing up at the sink, a hand-rolled cigarette dangling from his lip.

Stamp customers were welcome in the shop until six when the OPEN sign on the front door was turned to CLOSED. After that, entry was by invitation only. Boris's warm kitchen and big table provided a refuge from bad weather, boredom, and for some of us, the squalor of squatters' quarters. Regulars included Elliot and Lionel, a teenaged pair known as Triplets, who lived upstairs with Boris, several local lads including my skinhead friends Andy and Paul, and (on Saturdays) the philatelic supplies salesman Windom Price; tall, campy and very funny, who ran the perennially struggling *Hampstead and Highgate Shoppers News* with his elderly mother. Windom could be relied upon to bring us our weekly copy of *Gay News* which Boris and I both eagerly devoured and which always made the Triplets shriek with laughter. (A picture of Cliff Richard, taken from an early issue, had adorned Boris' notice board for years. The Triplets' love-hate attitude to Cliff Richard was among the most minor of their many eccentricities.)



Scott no. 1114



Scott no. 2148

From the beginning, I was made welcome at the shop. As a stamp collector since my Uncle Sid had given me a big cigar box full of duplicates many years before, I had learned something

about philately. This meant that I could *sort - without supervision!* - and like everyone else at Boris's, I was soon put to work, paying with casual labour for my free tea and cheap sandwiches. For, as I soon learned, Boris's place was not just a "leisure centre for layabouts" as the local tobacconist described it, but the hub of an extensive, cobbled-together philatelic system.

Foreign stamps - used ones, at any rate - seldom just appear on the dealer's doorstep. They have to be scavenged - from foreign mail and, in the case of revenues, from documents of various sorts. I soon found that acquiring these in large numbers was Boris's forte.

London business relied in those days on a seemingly vast number of messengers to keep its communications and deliveries going. Smartly dressed couriers in blazers and rolled umbrellas, uniformed commissionaires, young blokes on bikes dashing through the winding, traffic-clogged streets at hair-raising pace, and a middle-sized army of inconspicuous foot messengers, many of whom were Middle-European men of a certain age, criss-crossed the city with packets, envelopes and documents about their persons. These men (there were apparently no women) all seemed to know Boris and constituted the front rank of his army of stamp scavengers.

Boris explained that several of the outfits employing these men were reliable old London firms of high reputation. Others, he said, seemed to be "run out of an old boot." Nonetheless, their various contacts in banks, offices, government agencies and missions gave their employees, Boris's confederates, access to numerous foreign stamps, all of which were duly scavenged, saved in plastic bags, and picked up by Boris's couriers (usually Elliot, Lionel, Andy, Paul or occasionally myself) and delivered to Boris every few days.

I soon got to know many of Boris's scavengers, and to hear bits of their often intriguing histories. It seemed almost standard practice for scavengers to represent (or claim to represent) various political organizations in exile, ethnic benevolent societies, quasi-military social clubs or obscure religious denominations. The Galician Social Centre, the Mace-

donian Independence League and (a favorite of Boris's) the Chapel of St. Sergius and St. Bacchus were only a few among the many. My own favorite title was held by the voluble, but always exhausted-looking Henry Wilson (originally Henryk Vishnitzkiy), Acting Secretary of the Workers Party of Western Ukraine (Menshevik Caucus). I never dared ask him how many members this organization had, but I can't imagine the meetings got very crowded.

Petru Cretzulescu, a voluble little man with a limp, was an officer (probably the only officer) of the Romanian Social Democratic Party in exile. Arne Minko, who ran the Cross-Channel Messenger Service, was a dapper, pleasant-looking man with a small Chancellor Dollfuss mustache, a vaguely naval get-up and an unidentifiable accent. He always brought high-value revenues, sometimes on discarded documents. Minko was himself a stamp collector, specializing in a number of out-of-the-way places like Lundy Island, Fiume and Central Lithuania.

Sandor Poganyi had avoided persecution by the Hungarian communists by the simple expedient of getting himself confined to a lunatic asylum, where he stayed until the brief revolution of 1956 allowed him to flee the country. Sandor, who had fiery red hair and protruding, goiterous eyes, wrote long poems in Hungarian and lamented the loss of his former boyfriend ("my great romance") whom he had first met by communicating through toilet pipes in the asylum (they were housed on different floors). Sandor was always trying to get someone to translate his poems, but as they were a) very long and b) written, I was told, in rather flowery, antiquated Hungarian, he had no luck.

For the most part, the scavengers came in one at a time, usually bustling through on the way to deliver an envelope or small parcel. Occasionally, one of them would linger and then, almost inevitably it seemed, another would quickly appear at the door. Within minutes, we would be in the middle of a lively discussion between a Jewish syndicalist from Swiss Cottage and a Polish monarchist from Highgate Hill over the difference between Ruthenia and the Carpatho-Ukraine, which apparently was a big deal in certain circles.



Scott no. 1528

Walter Lindauer was another regular, an Austrian expatriate whose unusual story he told me as we were devouring a couple of Boris's sandwiches (which were invariably of two varieties - corned beef and Branson pickle, cheese and beetroot). Lindauer was well into his sixties by the time I met him, and semi-retired from his job in a city bank. He still came in occasionally to drop off stamps. He had been a young man in Vienna when the German Anschluss came in '37.

"My family was not Jewish, thank God," he explained, "but my father was a socialist and we wanted to get out quickly. Father had become fairly well-off and had amassed a stamp collection that was unique, with many arcane and unusual items. Officially, it was owned by my father's company for tax reasons. Now something you may not know" - he looked over to Boris who nodded silently as Walter continued: "is that Ernst Kaltenbrunner, one of the top Nazi big-shots, a real monster, was an avid stamp collector! And my father's stamp collection turned out to be our ace in the hole. Kaltenbrunner knew about it as he knew about a lot of things, and he coveted it. I had banking powers for my father's company - not that there was much left of it - and access to the safe where the stamp collection was kept. Through an intermediary, I offered the collection to Kaltenbrunner, in return for safe passage out of Austria for my parents and my sister and myself. And, surprisingly easily, the deal was done. We were out & the bank turned over the collection as instructed.

"My father could never decide whether to be happy I saved their lives or to be angry with me for losing his stamp collection: 'Those Sikkimese

revenues were among the finest forgeries ever printed,' he grumbled to me more than once. I don't suppose Kaltenbrunner ever knew his prize Sikkimese revenues were forgeries. He was hanged as you know and the collection - more of an accumulation really - was broken up and sold. I've seen items from it on the market, including a copy of the Bohemia and Moravia Heydrich Death Mask souvenir sheet in a sinister-looking black leather folder with Kaltenbrunner's signature scrawled across Heydrich's face. Twice I've even seen some of the Sikkimese revenues - both times offered as genuine."

"You didn't say anything?" I asked. "Believe me," he answered with a little smile, "it's not of the slightest consequence."

Walter and I had been chatting at Boris's table and Boris chimed in while consulting a catalogue.

"I met a soldier once, an American, we had quite a nice time together," he confided. "He had been a guard at Spandau for a while, after the War. So he had seen Kaltenbrunner close up. Not a pleasant sight, he told me. He was rather a freak, almost seven feet tall with a huge head, massive shoulders, and a glowering, deeply lined face disfigured by duelling scars. My friend said he had very long, hairy arms and small, womanish hands. Very creepy." And Boris headed into the shop to attend to a customer.

There were also people - friends, neighbours and others - who saved stamps from their own post and passed them on to Boris. Mrs. Singh, who ran the local laundrette, carefully saved the occasional interesting stamp from her husband's veterinary practice. Most of the stamps that regularly came into the shop



Scott no. 1634

in this way remained attached to their ragged envelope corners or cut-square pieces of document. Some, I noticed, stayed attached to their "covers," and these Boris especially prized. A fine envelope, beautifully printed, from some swanky bank with finely franked foreign stamps could send Boris into one of his small ecstasies; you could always tell because he would crack a crinkly little smile and look at the ceiling. If a cache was especially good, he would silently cross himself.

The next necessary step in the process was the soaking, and this Boris had organized with amiable efficiency. In houses and flats all over North-East London, Boris's soakers supplemented their incomes by floating stamps off bits of envelope and drying them between sheets of blotting paper. Here the ladies came into their own. The sisters Edna and Vera Williams, old friends of Boris who ran a wool and knitwear shop in Wanstead High Street, were among the regulars, as were several shut-ins and semi-invalids. By far the most prolific soaker was Aunt Doll, a plump, talkative old thing with a liking for bright turban-like headgear, amber pendants and big brooches, a dressmaker who ran a corner shop just outside Chipping Ongar. A small cellar room of her cottage was stacked with plastic trays for water and large sheets of blotting paper on shallow shelves - a veritable philatelic production line.

A bit of soaking even went on at Boris's, mostly as something for Orbit to do. Orbit was a good-natured but rather dim lad of about twenty with bright, multi-coloured hair, blubbery lips, blotchy skin and a lazy eye. He was an enthusiastic soaker, floating and drying with the best of them, his enthusiasm often accompanied by a slight side-to-side rocking motion and a series of low, rhythmic sounds rather like guttural humming.

The soakers having finished their work, the stamps, dried and free of adhesions, were bagged and returned to Boris, where they were added to other lots purchased in bulk and set before whoever happened to be sitting at the round table, ready for the essential next step - sorting. Whichever two or three of us happened to be warming

ourselves in Boris's kitchen, drinking his tea, would be pressed into service sorting mixed bags of stamps into country lots. Skinhead carpet-layers and squatters on the dole soon learned that Magyar Kir Posta meant Hungary and Squiperija meant Albania. The more dedicated prided themselves in being able to tell Kiauchau from Kouang-Cheou, Congo (Brazzaville) from Congo (Leopoldville), Somalia from Somaliland, and Inhambane from Quelimane. . .

Sorted thus into countries, the stamps were looted quickly by Boris for his renowned packets (TEN TANNU TOUVA, TWENTY-FIVE TRIANGLES & DIAMONDS, TWENTY BOXING & FENCING). The remainder were stuffed into glassine envelopes, ready for the most tedious stage of the process - careful identification by number and catalogue value from the pages of Stanley Gibbons. Requiring a certain meticulousness, many stamps being similar to one another, perhaps differing only by shade or perforation variety, this stage allowed me to make what was undoubtedly my greatest contribution to Boris's shop - introducing him (over the phone - I don't believe they ever met) to my old school friend Laurie Andrews. Laurie's semi-reclusive nature and love of minutiae and routine made him ideally suited to the task of cataloguing, but by far his most valuable asset was his retentive, near-photographic memory. Once he had identified the catalogue number and value of a particular stamp, he never forgot it. He became an invaluable part of Boris's team. Every month I would visit Laurie on Friday with a box of glassines from Boris, and return on Monday with last month's numbered cards ready for pricing. Boris never ceased to be amazed and delighted at Laurie's uncanny talent.

Boris's shop, tucked away in a grimy, impoverished part of London, provided not only free tea and a warm, congenial place to hang out, but occupation, income, and something of an education in political geography for his diverse array of soakers, scavengers and sorters. His sandwiches, though predictable, were always fresh. The tea was free. I never found out whose aunt Aunt Doll was. Everybody's probably.

The Florida Forty Stamper: Mystery of Lincoln - Youth

by Francis Ferguson

A Kentucky native by birth, Abraham Lincoln came in to this world on February 12, 1809 in the rugged Hardin County area. Nancy Hanks Lincoln gave birth in a one-room log cabin set on 384 acres -- The Sinking Spring Farm can only be described as wild frontier land. Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks Lincoln, as uneducated farmers, worked hard for everything they achieved. As the middle child, Abe was bracketed by his older sister Sarah and a younger brother, Thomas junior, who died in infancy. Thomas Lincoln had purchased the Sinking Spring Farm in 1808 for \$200 in cash and the assumption of a debt. After a protracted series of court cases, the farm was lost and the family ended up living in a dugout on the side of a hill in Indiana. In 1816, the destitute Lincoln family moved to Perry County, Indiana and attempted to reset their life.



The designs on the left (A47) and middle (A90) were used for several issues. The design on the right (A119) was used for Scott no. 304.

The move in 1816 to Perry County, gives us the first inkling of the moral background of the Lincolns. This move while prompted by lingering economic difficulty was also “partly on the account of slavery”. Young Abe’s parents belonged to a Baptist congregation that had pulled away from a much larger church over the issue of slavery. Abraham never was a member of any church congregation, and in general seemed to ridicule religion.

Unfortunately, Nancy Hanks Lincoln died in October of 1818 at the age of 34 from “milk sickness” leaving the remaining family members in even more dire circumstances. [Also called tremetol poisoning,

it is characterized by trembling, vomiting, and severe intestinal pain that affects individuals who eat dairy products or meat from a cow that has fed on white snakeroot. This poisoning is very uncommon in modern times; however it often was a major problem for rural areas in the 1800s.]

Thomas Lincoln, now a widower and with two children of his own children and one additional (Dennis Hanks, who became an orphan when both his parent’s died) to care for, struggled to maintain some semblance of normality. Sarah now 12, was charged with all the household duties previously undertaken by Mother Nancy, while Thomas, Abe, and Dennis attempted to tend to meager crops and other duties of rural-frontier living. With the mature sensibility of Mother Nancy gone, the household was slowly sliding into decay and squalor.

Thomas realizing that something had to change quickly, left the children on their own in the fall of 1819 and returned to Kentucky to find a bride. In December of 1819, Thomas married Sarah Bush Johnston, with whom he had been acquainted many years before. The new Mrs. Lincoln became the savior of the Lincoln family as she melded her three children in with Abe, Sarah, and Dennis. Sarah Bush was, in simple words, the best thing that could have happened to the Lincolns. She jumped in with zeal and determination to correct all that had gone wrong, and succeeded with amazing results. Sarah Bush’s unbounded kindness and gentle patience seemed to leave an ever-lasting impression on the young Abe, as he forever remembered her in later years and visited when time and travel allowed.

Little would any one know that many years in the future, a very elderly Sarah Bush Lincoln would provide some of the most reliable and factual information about the younger years of Abraham. In 1865, Lincoln’s biographer William Herndon was startled to discover that Sarah, the beloved stepmother, was still alive at the advanced age of 77. From these interviews come many of the cherished details about the young Abraham Lincoln that otherwise would have been lost in the muddy waters of history. [Sarah Bush Johnston Lincoln, 1788-

(Continued on page 10)

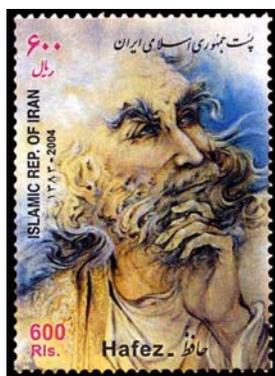
The Transcendental Thinker and his Persian Obsession

by Bobby Cloud

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) was an American poet, essayist, a bit of a philosopher, an ordained Unitarian minister and founder of the 19th century transcendentalist (free thinking) movement in literature. Emerson lived in an age when the writings of men had a way of cleverly disguising love between men and also hiding the homoerotic undertones of the written word.



Scott no. 861



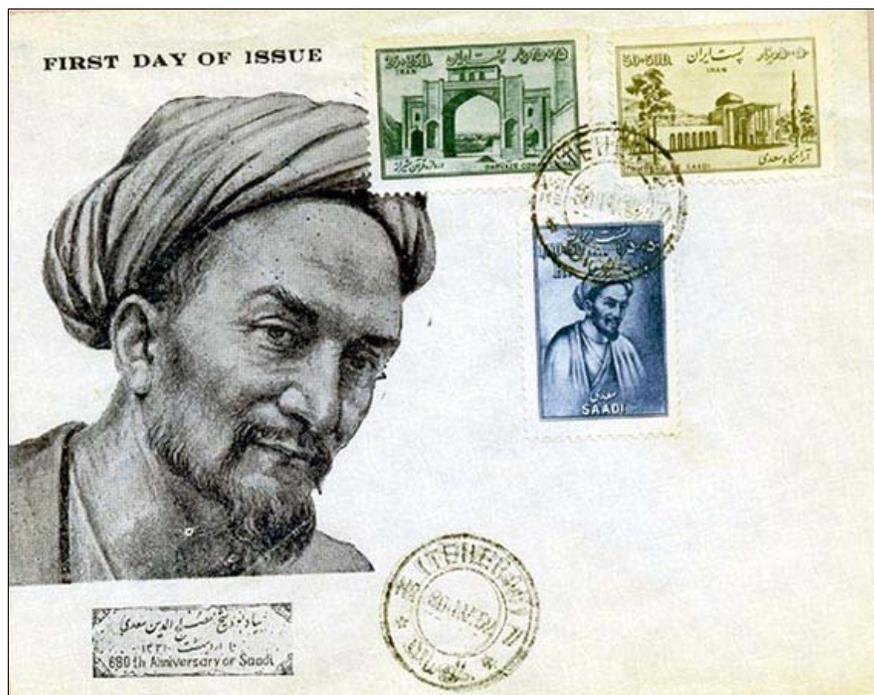
Scott no. 2894b

In his journals, Emerson wrote of the disturbing power of “glances” that he and his boyhood friend Martin Gay exchanged and how it was a strange and powerful attraction that he really never could grasp or understand why it aroused such a depth of emotions. Emerson found himself attracted to the works of the 14th century Persian poet, Hafiz (dubbed “Sugar Lips” for his sensuous lyrics) and translated those works into English; he also wrote poetry in tribute to the major medieval Persian poet, Saadi (known for his love and praise of young men.) Of Saadi, Emerson wrote a poem entitled “Saadi” of the same name – in one verse Emerson writes “Yet Saadi loved the race of men,—No churl immured in cave or den,—In bower and hall, He wants them all.” It is a

fact that both Hafiz and Saadi are known for their homoerotic poetry. Both were idolized and translated by Emerson.

Emerson was also a mentor to Henry David Thoreau, with whom he lived for a few years. In all his journals and writings, he shows a lack of interest for conventional romance and alludes to that attraction to other men. Emerson did marry, first to Ellen Tucker, who died of tuberculosis after an 18 month marriage, and second to Lydia Jackson with whom he had four children. However, he seems never to achieve what he really strived to achieve – as his biographer Stephen Whicher put it “his craving for friendship and love seldom found adequate satisfaction”.

His friendships were always gendered male and in all his writings these allusions seemed to be superior to heterosexual love. Was he homosexual or what we would describe as bisexual? (Repressed maybe?) Hidden homoerotic desires were there without a doubt; he probably never acted physically upon those desires, but his writings and journals reflect those desires, and give his writings and translations (of the highly homoerotic poems of Hafiz and tributes to Saadi) a unique place in “gay literary” history. For instance, Emerson’s 1839 essay on friendship is troubled by the impossibility of realizing the ideal in “flesh and blood”, or acting



upon the charged emotion of his youthful crush on his fellow student Martin Gay. Perhaps one of those sad figures of literature who gave way to society's pressures and lived the conventional "straight" life with repressed homosexual feelings, never to act upon them but to hint at them by his associations and his open interests in others of his ways of "thinking".

Emerson was honored on the "Famous American Series" in 1940, with Scott # 861, Hafiz (or Hafez) was honored by both Iran and India in 2004 with a joint issue, Saadi has been honored by Iran in 1952 and recently in 1984.

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Scott no. 2169

(Continued from page 8)

1869.] This series of interviews collaborated many of the facts already known and established ground work for new areas of research.

In Indiana, where schools were attended chiefly in the winter when the outdoor work was less pressing, Lincoln attended terms of school when he was 11, 14, and 17 years old.

Opportunities for attending school were scarce on the frontier of the early 19th century, since few people were educated enough to teach. His formal education lasted no more than 18 months of schooling -- all from unofficial teachers. In effect he was self-educated, developing a deep love of reading and an insatiable need to learn.

Much evidence is found to indicate that Abraham matured early, and quickly developed into a tall, well muscled young man who was well known for his skill as a wrestler and axe handler. Lincoln was developing into an imposing physical presence, further enhanced by his eloquent and moving verbal skills.

Abraham Lincoln lived in Indiana for 14 years, from the age of 7 to the age of 21. During that time he grew physically and mentally. With his hands and his back, he helped carve a farm and home out of the wilderness. With his mind, he began to explore the world of books and knowledge. It was Lincoln's mind and thirst for more that led him to leave home in July of 1831, to start the next phase of his life as he established himself as a lawyer and attentively dipped his toe in the pool of politics.

Until next time, have a great time collecting, and I look forward to hearing from any readers with comments or suggestions.

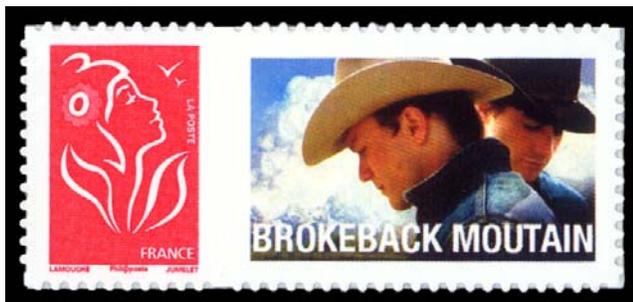
I can be reached at hampton@cfl.rr.com.

Gay & Lesbian Update

Some friends of our North Dakota member had their picture added to their stamps used at Christmas.



Check out www.letimbrepstepersonnalise.fr for some personalized French stamps. A scene from Brokeback Mountain was a recent offering.



Barbara Gittings

by Paul Hennefeld

I was saddened to hear of the death of Barbara Gittings, who passed away from breast cancer, February 18, 2007. I had always admired Barbara for her courage to fight for gay rights at a time when so many of us were forced to believe that we were mentally ill sinners and perverts.

Barbara Gittings was an early pioneer in the fight to have homosexuality removed from the medical profession as a mental illness, and for this achievement she is a hero of mine. Barbara had been invited to speak at many gay and lesbian events here in New Jersey, and it was at one of these programs that I told her about my stamp collection 'Out Of The Closet'. She was extremely interested in what I was doing, attempting to disseminate gay/lesbian history through philately, and soon after our meeting I received in the mail from her a sheet of stamps of the sportswoman, Babe Didrikson

Zaharias. From that time on we kept in touch on philatelic news.

In April of 1996 I exhibited my stamp collection at the 'Delaware Philatelic Expo' in Wilmington, Delaware. Barbara and her spouse, Kay Lahunen, visited this show. 'Out Of The Closet' was voted as 'Best In Show' by viewers of the exhibits.

In June of 1996 when I discovered that Philadelphia, Pennsylvania was having its first 'Diversity of Pride' postmark, I called Barbara and received permission from her and photographer Nancy Tucker to use a photo of Gittings and others picketing for homosexual rights in front of Independence Hall. To our surprise Barbara met my spouse, Blair O'Dell, and me in Philadelphia at the 'Diversity of Pride' celebration, where she stayed and autographed the cacheted covers I had printed. It was a beautiful sunny day, and we had a wonderful time together.

My last correspondence from Barbara was April 8, 2006 when she sent me an article from the Philadelphia Gay News about the 'Festival of Pride' special 'Philly Pride' personal postage.

I am proud to have known Barbara Gittings through my philatelic endeavors; she will be remembered as a champion for all who strive for a loving, peaceful society.



Paul and Barbara
Barbara signing cover
(See LPJ cover)



gračké listy
Martin Foretník
(Brno)

Uměním proti AIDS

Galerie Na dvorku
České Budějovice, Hroznova ulice
Známky, obálky a razítka
s GLBT tematikou
PhDr. Vojtěch Čelko
(Praha) gay
lesbická
bisex
transgender

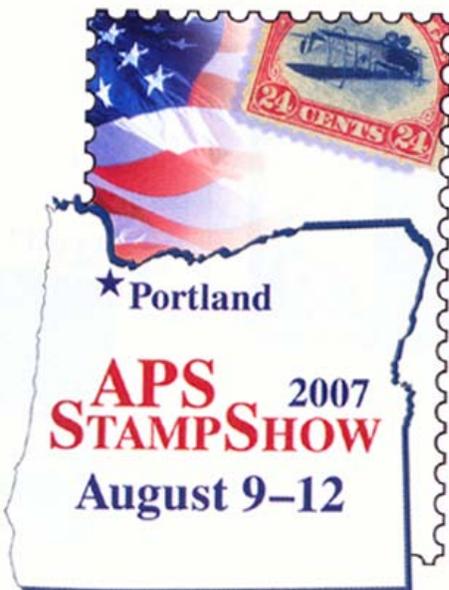
vernisáž 1.5. 14:00
otevřeno úterý až pátek
10–17h do 20.5
telefon 736 173 325
vstup volný

GLHSC

Diskusní večer na téma „Jišebezpečný sex aneb AIDS a my“. Nás se to opravdu netýká?
Místo konání: studentský klub SUD, Galerie Na Dvorku, Hroznová ulice.
Hosté: odborníci na AIDS a drogovou problematiku, zástupci médií, školství atd.
Zahájení besedy ve 20:00, od 21:00 promítání filmu v improvizovaném letním kině

PROJEKTY SPOLUFINANCOVÁNY STÁTNÍM ROZPOČTEM ČESKÉ REPUBLIKY A FONDY EU

Poster for the first known exhibit of gay and lesbian history related philatelic material in the Czech Republic. AIDS material was included. The exhibit was held on May 1, 2007 in Ceske Budejovice. Thanks to our Czech member for sharing.



Helpful Addresses

American Philatelic Society (APS & APRL)
100 Match Factory Place
Bellefonte PA 16823
814-933-3803
www.stamps.org
www.stamplibary.org



American Topical Association (ATA)
PO Box 57
Arlington TX 76004-0057
817-274-1181
www.americantopicalassn.org



American First Day Cover Society (AFDCS)
PO Box 16277
Tucson AZ 85732-6277
520-321-0880
www.afdcs.org



Wineburgh Philatelic Research Library
PO Box 830643
Richardson TX 75083-0643
www.utdallas.edu/library/special/wprl.html

International Gay & Lesbian Archives
One Institute
909 West Adams Blvd.
West Hollywood CA 90007-2406
213-741-0094
www.oneinstitute.org



Homodok (Gay Archives)
Oudezijds Achterburgwal 185
NL—1012 DK Amsterdam
The Netherlands
www.ihlia.nl



National Postal Museum
MRC 570
Smithsonian Institution
Washington DC 20560-0001
www.postalmuseum.si.edu

