



HAROLD HISCOCK

**A Newfoundland Revenue expert
with a colorful background**

*E. Harold
Hiscock
No. 234*

Those at the St. John's convention were able to meet E. Harold Hiscock of Manuels, Newfoundland (overlooking lovely Conception Bay). He was born in nearby Topsail and was locally educated. He is married and has five children. Since retiring after 45 years as a travelling salesman for a manufacturer of grocery specialties, he finds time to do his gardening and to help young granddaughters with their beginning stamp collections. Incidentally, he was a Medical Orderly in the Royal Newfoundland Regiment in World War I.

Harold is an early BNAPSer as evident

by his low number. This is due to early correspondence with Dan Myerson concerning revenues and Conception Bay Pacquet Boats. Back in 1945, he published a comprehensive check list of Newfoundland Revenues, and now continues the revenue study by letters to and from Ed Richardson. Although a childhood collector, he early confined himself to the stamps of BNA which narrowed down to his Newfy Revenues—especially the locals.

He met Byrd and Connor at Harbour Grace prior to their takeoff in the *Columbia*. Both had a great love for "screech" (the raw Newfy rum of great note—especially to the '72 BNAPS group!). And, when the local supply ran out, Byrd offered his mint block of the *Columbia*—and with *NO* takers.

We wish him well in his retirement and hope that he doesn't lose his love for the revenues.

—Dr. R. V. C. Carr

...and some doodles by The Editor

A Parable for Postal People — continued: Upon discovering that their two model children were victims of a sinister plot by the post office, the model parents decided they needed help. The father sought advice from their neighbour, a chartered accountant.

"Great God," said the neighbour, "what's wrong? You look terrible. Is your wife having an affair?"

"Worse than that," said the distraught father. "It's the kids. They're collecting singles, blocks of four, FDCs and all four positions in plate blocks. They've been pawning their schoolbooks, selling their clothes and panhandling on weekends when the post offices are closed—all to keep up their cursed habit. And next year the government's dishing out 45 blasted stamps. It's called 'a new record'. But it's going to send us to the poorhouse. Take a look at this."

Whereupon the father showed the accountant a list of forthcoming stamps which had appeared in a shabby little magazine called *Topics*.

"This looks bad," said the accountant, who began punching the buttons on a pocket-sized calculator.

After a few moments he said, "If I read this correctly, the singles will run \$5.42 and the plain blocks \$8.32. I reckon the FDCs will cost \$14.41, and four-position inscription blocks will come to \$82.40. That's assuming that many blocks will carry two or four stamp designs. That comes to \$110.55," the accountant announced.

"Leapin' lizzards," said the father, cringing. "And I've got *two* kids!"

The same thing was happening all across the land, and a time of calamity was