

Bulletin of The Society  
 for the care and preservation  
 of 35¢ coins of America  
 EST. 1974



VICE-CHAIRMAN: D. CHARLES PIPER  
 VICE-SECRETARY: D.C. PIPER  
 VICE-TREASURER: DAVID C. PIPER  
 RESIDENT DIRTY OLD MAN: DAVE PIPER

Dear Mr. Chamberlain:

(There is, as you will no doubt recall, a precedent for such an opening address but although my committee do have some harsh things to say to you in this letter we will not insist upon you waving this piece of paper wildly in the air whilst walking over the Brooklyn Bridge and chanting to all and sundry "Peace in our time." We cannot, also, condone your waving an article of manufactured rubber-goods above your head while traversing the Brooklyn Bridge and shouting "A piece in my time.")

It has been brought to the attention of our committee that you have been advocating the barter of 35¢ pieces for copies of your, no doubt, nefarious underground publication whose title, we understand, is FANGLE. In this day and age of numismatic enlightenment we find it simply unbelievable that even an uncouth lout from the colonies would perpetrate such a fraud on the unsuspecting public. It is common knowledge, yay— even in Wisconsin, that all 18,328 35¢ coins minted by the Kansas City Mint repose in splendid FOC condition in the specially designed vault constructed somewhere in the wilds of Nether Coping (Wilts). And we therefore feel it incumbent upon this society to inform you that unless you cease and desist this completely un-British-like practice PRESSURE will be brought to bear.

And should, by some quirk of fate, you enjoy such pressure we CAN JUST AS QUICKLY STOP SAME!

Our informant (R.D.O.M. Dave Piper) informed us of this information by Bald Headed Eagle Post this noon, informing us of the airmail arrival of the second issue of your magazine. It has been somewhat difficult to talk to him today due to his demented, contentious, incessant grinning and cries of "Yippee," "Whee," and "OhBoyohboy" and similar flabby-upper-lip exclamations. However, and notwithstanding, he has asked me to append hereunder some comments he wishes to make regarding your magazine and I will therefore close up my part of this letter and return to cataloguing and grading

our 18,828 35¢ coins. Rest assured, sir, that the eyes of the whole numismatic world are upon you this day—so I'd counsel extreme caution with regard to your further requests for the coin most dear to our, collective, hearts.

I remain, sir, your obt. svt.

*D. Charles Piper*  
ugh!!

Dear Ross,

Poor old D. Charles—he didn't really write the above, you know. He dictated to me and whilst signing it he happened to notice that there were in fact only 18,327 35¢ coins in the old tin box and the poor old sod expired with the shock. 'Do not put your faith in material things Dear Boy' I have often said to him. Unless it's copies of FANGLE. Hee Hee.

Please excuse this handwritten note but, y'see, Cath is the secretary of a 'Ladies' club or somesuch and she's doing her club-work tonight and there's only one typer in the house (MINE! Dammit!!) and she's using it. So I'm relegated to me Parker. I hope you can read it. The writing not the Parker.

I got Fangle 2 this morning—and thanks very much. Especially for the airmail delivery. I haven't read it all yet but as you announce that it'll be bi-monthly I thought I'd better, at least, acknowledge this issue quickly so as to ensure receipt of No. 3.

So please just accept this loadaballs as just an acknowledgment and a big thankyou and an even bigger Welcome Back and I shall (a threat, not a promise) inflict yet another letter on you ere nonce. Or something.

Very best,



Duly noted. No further requests for 35¢ pieces will be made. At least, not for sticky ones.

After a short time an aeogramme, dated 15 Aug '74, arrived with the letter which appears on the following page.