

Two Miscut Postal Cards

Bill Johnston

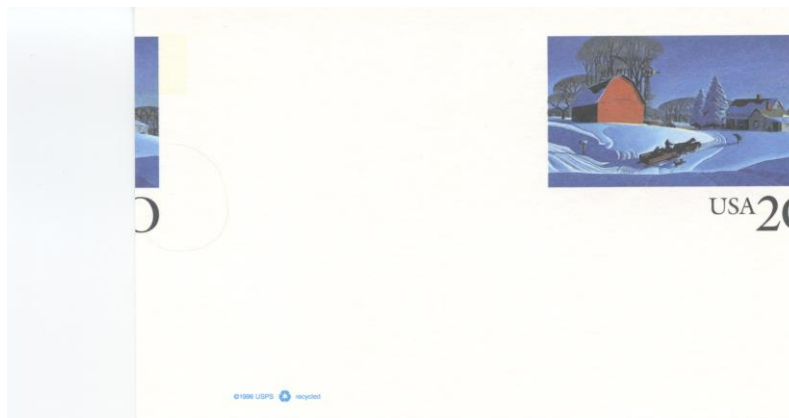
Miscut postal cards, not postcards, for a normal size card are the result of a sheet of cards being cut such that the design is shifted significantly vertically or horizontally. Today, the United Postal Stationery Society's catalog, United States Postal Catalog, 2015, does not consider miscut cards as errors or sub-varieties.

One class of miscut cards was produced from uncut government sheets of cards. These sheets could be purchased by the public. Some purchasers would deliberately cut the sheets so that the individual cards would have an exotic appearance or a manufactured error. Not all postal cards were available for purchase by the public. A second class of miscut cards is the result of faulty production at the printing facilities.

Below is an example of a miscut postal card from a sheet of uncut cards. The card is non-philatelic, and it was mailed closed to the first day of issue of January 4, 1968. The message of the card references a business meeting. The card was sold in panes of 40 (4X10). Notice the horizontal shift.



The next example is a card with a horizontal shift. The first day of issue was February 23, 1996. This card was not sold in sheets, and the shift was probably due to a mishap at the printer.



Reference a catalog to check for high priced manufacture errors. The United States Postal Card Catalog, 2015, was referenced for this article.

Reminiscing

by Michael Rogers

In the late 1980's, Winter Park's pre-eminent stamp dealer John W. McDaniel passed away. Though John had been ill for years, apparently, he had given little or no instructions on how to dispose of his mammoth inventory. Thus, some of the more apparent buyers were not included in the bidding process.

I was employed by John during the years 1973-1976, becoming his right-hand man. Over time, I found myself chomping at the bit wanting to try merchandising strategies John couldn't see, but it was his company. But I learned a lot.

I went on my way in mid-1976 with very little money, saving enough for Winter Park Stamp Shop in 1978. My stamp shop was down the street from John; so easy to pop in time to time.

He had had a couple of bruising shocks to his business within two or three years of his passing. I'm sure the stress wore down his health. I worried so. When he passed, I assumed his inventory would go to auction for it was large and valuable. Then I heard large dealers were making bids. Though I would have wanted to be included in the process, instinctively I knew I couldn't afford it.

I figured I would have an opportunity to make a bid, if only because of my prior relationship. And that's exactly what happened. I got the call, because Mrs. McDaniel reminded the Executor that I would be interested.

Problem was, when I got the call, two days before the estate needed to be closed, I was in bed with the flu and a 102-degree temperature. Hey, if I leaned over, I was going to puke! I was told, either come now or forget it. No choice about it.

Everything had been moved to a rented office -- six-blocks away. Sick as a dog, I wanted to do nothing more than a walk around, give a bid, and leave. I knew I wasn't going to get it. First off, I didn't have the money to bid what it was worth. Then I assumed I would be bidding against guys who knew how to figure large lots. And I didn't have the mental ability to do the work because all I wanted at the moment was more Pepto and bed rest.

After five minutes, I thought to myself, \$36,000 for what I see plus \$25,000 for what I didn't = \$61,000. So, I wrote that on the back of my business card. In the car on the way back to my house, the Executor told me my bid was the highest. I now had a week to fund a cashier's check for \$61,000.

Gulp! I didn't have it. So, I went to my personal banker at Com Bank and got a signature loan for six weeks. Then I paid the money to the estate.

Out of the blue, I received a phone call from one of the under bidders, Stephen Osborne of merry old England, a leading stamp dealer there. He wanted to know what I paid so I told him. He wanted to buy the McDaniel estate from me. As we talked, I looked up at heaven, thanking God, for this would be my salvation.

Stephen asked me what I wanted but I wouldn't give him a price, so he made an incredible offer: \$100,000 and I could remove anything I wanted. He guaranteed me he would still buy the lot for the 100k. I didn't like the offer because "anything" was left to interpretation and negotiation.

I countered. "Let's do it this way. If you get here in the next week, I will credit you \$2,000 for travel expenses. All that I will remove will be the US face value postage and anything Chinese for my China business."

Stephen flew in five days later. As part of the inspection process, he went to a corner of the room and pulled out a stack of US 1847 5-cent and 10-cent first issue folded letters. Satisfied that I hadn't scooped material beyond my promise, he paid the money and I was one happy camper.

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