



STANLEY HOWLER  
28  
STAMP JOURNAL







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*The Stanley Howler*  
**STAMP  
JOURNAL**

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DISPLAYED USING LITTLE BITS OF LIGHT

27A

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Edited by: Mr Stanley Howler

Assisted by: Steve James and others



Greetings one and all. I write to you from the glory which is my shed. The story so far ....

### Prologue.

Sometime last summer ....

Having partaken of the old horizontal fluid at Uncle's and still puffing away on the blessed pipe I returned to the shop after a good lunch time session.

It was remarked upon by my partners in crime that the 'office' was like Scapa Floe on fleet day, littered with the inebriated and filled with smoke. They had, they said, had enough!

It was suggested that part of the old workshops be converted into a suitable space for the old sod (me) to work, create and generally 'do my stuff'. Well that resulted in a most splendid erection and a place I must say I have

not felt so at home in since my 'shed' in Suffolk.

It has all I need. A place for my books, a drawing board, work bench, pipe rack, &c; plus a view of the garden and by popular request a very efficient fan for extracting the smoke.

The dear souls, they even brought me a new chair to ease the old bottom, wonderful.

The result of this move has been a creative renaissance the like of which has not been seen since graffiti was brought into mainstream art in the 1630's.

One small item has captured a certain amount of attention and that was the piece I created for the 30th anniversary of Discworld. Well I know some of you have seen the '30 year sculpt' and some have even placed orders for the same, bless you. You make an old man proud he can still extract your hard earned cash by the skill of his hands.

This little oasis of personal indulgence is also now home – nay hub of my latest cunning plan.

So now read on ....

Hogswatch was without doubt the busiest we have ever had. Reb worked I don't know how many hours to get all the orders out aided and abetted by the Ian and of course Isobel.

That was all in spite of a huge amount of work going on for a new project for a well-known publisher that had to be finished in double quick time.

And to add to the burden Isobel had been diagnosed with angina a few weeks prior



so she, bless her, was not the 'cosmic granny' she normally is. I really can't say when such a huge workload had ever descended on us. Good mind you. I know that some of you reading this are also self-employed and if you don't get the work, you don't get paid – and that can be a right bum.

Christmas Eve came and there was Granny and I coming back from Taunton hospital with the best Christmas present ever – she could be put on a drug that would not necessitate any surgery, so bloody hooray and a jolly hurrah, even if we had to drive our old banger through some seriously deep water to get home.

Which sort of brings me to this year.

As most of you know we are working closely with Terry on various projects that will result in some rather splendid new books. Lots of new artwork, lots of research and lots and lots of fun. You will see some results hopefully later this year.

But in spite of all that we all here rate the stamps as being one of the main cornerstones of our business. More than that, its foundation.

I may not play the most active part in this anymore. It must be evident to all that the Ian has a real 'feel' for the designs and what is more the skill to go with it.

However my part is to be actually writing to you sods, keeping in touch, doing the rounds and telling you what might be going on. Note: well as much as I'm told anyway!

I'm also taking over the whole 'Green Cabbage Special Projects' "What!", you cry, reaching for a restoring drink of Wincarnis; or in Frank the Younger's case it will undoubtedly be meths!

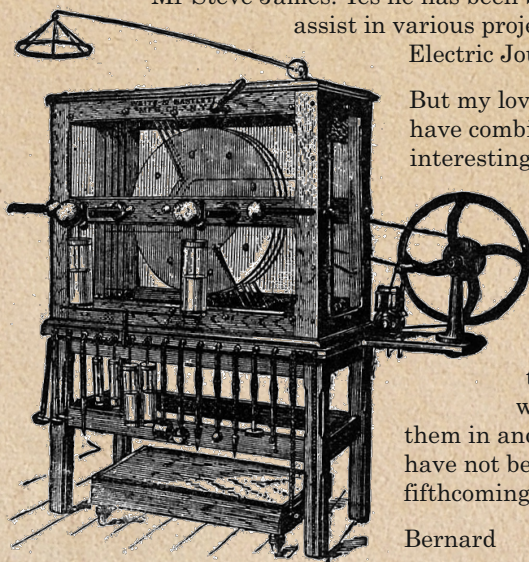
What! "That ramshackle old fart, he couldn't organise a piss up in a brewery.", I hear you say, but I am in cahoots with Isobel and Reb for the organising bits and our not so secret weapon, that captain of philately the man behind all manner of things sticky, Mr Steve James. Yes he has been blackmailed, cajoled and threatened to

assist in various projects – including this one, the All Electric Journal.

But my love of the unusual and things stampy have combined in the past with some rather interesting trifles that in their time touched the old collecting nerve. And now I have the time, and indeed the space, to create some amusing objet d' art.

So that's the plan. There is an obvious need for a whole new series of 'Green Cabbage' gifts, some of you I'm told are living with sacks of old stamps waiting for the opportunity to trade them in and we, for all sorts of very good reasons, have not been very forthcoming, or even fifthcoming come to that!

Bernard



## New Stamps

We are going to amaze and astound you all.

I have seen designs and drawings that quite take my breath away. Let me explain. There comes a time in a craftsman's life when experience and skill combine. I suppose it the evolution from being a master of your craft to having mastery of your craft. Being a master means you have the skills and knowledge to use all the tools at your disposal and a certain amount of experience to draw upon on any given project. This results in looking at a job, knowing how you want it to look like and hammering out with due diligence until it reaches an acceptable finish. There is though sometimes a gap between what you wanted and what you end up with. Sometimes this gap is only a fag papers width, sometimes it seems a mile wide. One never actually misses the mark, the job looks good but 'you' know what you saw in your head and sometimes it's not what you see in front of you, not quite. Now having mastery of your craft means if you can imagine it, you can make it. I had that skill as a potter, never quite as a designer in wax and as a man with a pencil I'm not even beyond entered apprentice!

I have witnessed my friend and colleague, the Ian of Mitchell, develop and grow as a graphic designer and artist.

We have all seen and even possess the fruits of those labours from the past six odd years and when you examine those stamps you really do see the developments wrought by time.

But all of these really do pale in comparison to what is being designed now. I can write 'hand on wallet' that I don't think we have ever had better. OK that is a subjective view and you might well choose to differ, but from where I sit I really do think that what is shortly to be unleashed upon you all is going to be the start of something very special in collecting Cinderellas.

So what are they then and when will they appear? Over now to Ian.

It's our tenth year and we have ever so much planned. We've been building up a repository of designs with which to delight and distress you. Herein you'll find a few subtle hints as to what you might expect over the coming months along with a sneak preview to help you work them out.

Putting you in the picture:

If you have a brittle nose you'd better look after **Said Glass Sinus** This fella should never be considered **As 'Deshabille'** This bunch would never **Divulge (a) Heist** It's a bit off the beaten track, it would be useless **As Call Centre** My museum of tiny spirals, or **Curly Dot Zone**, is very popular. Look out for **Dolly Merchants**, girls really like them.

...and that's all the stamps in the picture.





# Queen Victoria and the Uniform Penny Postage

## A scene at Windsor Castle

*Council Chamber in Windsor Castle - Her majesty is sitting at a large table, on which are lying the Report on Postage; Copies of the Post Circular; Annual Report of the French and American Post Offices - Her majesty is in deep study over "Post Office Reform," by Roland Hill - Lord Melbourne, at the Queen's right Hand, is watching her Majesty's countenance.*



The Queen (*exclaiming aloud*) - Mothers pawning their clothes to pay postage of a child's letter! Every subject studying to how to evade postage, without caring for the law! Even Messrs. Baring sending letters every week, to save postage; such things must not last. - (*To Lord Melbourne*) I trust, my Lord, you have commanded the attendance of the Postmaster-General and of Mr. Rowland Hill, as I directed, in order that I may hear the reasons of both about this Universal Penny Postage Plan, which appears to me likely to remove all these great evils. Moreover, I have made up my mind that the three hundred and twenty petitions presented to the House of Commons during the last session of Parliament, which pray for a fair trial of the plan, shall be attended to. (*a pause*) Are you, my Lord, yourself able to say anything about this postage plan, which all the country seems talking about.

Lord Melbourne - May it please your Majesty, I have heard something about it, but -

The Queen - Heard! So I suppose has every one, from Land's End to John O'Groat's house; I wish to learn what your Lordship thinks of it?

Lord Melbourne (*aside*; I really think nothing, because I know nothing.) - May it please your Majesty, the Postmaster-General tells me the plan will not do, and that, to confess the truth, is all I know about the matter.

*Enter Groom of the Chamber*

Groom - The Postmaster-General and Mr. Roland Hill await your Majesty's pleasure.

The Queen - Give them entrance.

*Enter Lord Lichfield and Mr Rowland Hill, bowing*

The Queen - I am happy to see my noble Postmaster-General, and the ingenious author of the Universal Penny Post Plan. Gentlemen, be seated. My Lord Melbourne has told you why I wished for your presence on this occasion. I have been reading carefully, and with great interest, the late discussions and evidence on the postage question, and I now wish to hear what is my Postmaster-General's opinion on the plan, which I therefore beg you, Mr. Rowland Hill, to describe in a few words.

Rowland Hill - With your Majesty's leave I will say nothing of the dearness and hardship of the present Post-Office rates, or of the Post-Office management itself, but confine myself, according to your Majesty's commands, to the plan you have honoured me by noticing. My plan is, that all letters not weighing more than half an ounce should be charged one penny; and heavier letters one penny for each additional half ounce, whatever the distance may be the distance they are carried. This postage to be paid when the letter is sent, and not when received as at present.

Lord Lichfield - Of all the wild and visionary schemes which I have ever heard or read of, it is the most extravagant.

The Queen - You seem, my Lord, to adhere both to your opinions and your very words; for the very same expressions were used a year and a half ago. Pray abstain from calling names, and use argument.

Lord Lichfield - Since I made those observations I have given the subject considerable attention, and I remain, even still more firmly, of the same opinion.

The Queen - I must again beg of you, my Lord, to state reasons.

Lord Lichfield - I have no objection to some reduction of postage, and I believe all previous Postmasters-General agree that some reduction is necessary.

The Queen - Why, then, have the reductions been delayed so long? Proceed, Mr. Hill, to say why you fix so low a sum as one penny.

R. Hill - Your Majesty will see that the cheaper the postage the easier it will be for the poor, who are nearly debarred from the use of the post at the present, and all classes, to use the post. Though a penny seems low, I beg to say that the Post-Office would get at least a halfpenny profit on each letter after paying all expenses. It does not cost the Post-Office a quarter of a farthing to carry a letter from London to Edinburgh, which is 400 miles.

The Queen - I see, Mr. Hill, the Post-Office admit you are correct in that estimate.

Lord Lichfield - It would be unjust to charge a letter going 100 miles a penny, and a letter going 400 miles only a penny. And, may it please your Majesty to remember that, though according to Mr. Hill's mode of reckoning it does not cost us a farthing to carry letters to Edinburgh, 400 miles, it does cost us nearly a halfpenny to carry a letter from London to Louth, which is only 140 miles.

The Queen - Indeed! - How much, then, is the postage to Edinburgh and to Louth?

Lord Lichfield - To Edinburgh, 1s. 2d. To Louth, 11d.

The Queen - It appears, therefore, you think it just to charge my people the highest price for the cheapest business. If an Edinburgh letter cost you a farthing to carry, and a Louth letter a halfpenny, I think in justice the Louth letter should be the dearest and not the cheapest, because all the other expenses on both letters are the same. My agreeable Prime Minister will have this looked into.

Lord Melbourne (*aside* My dear Lichfield, I am afraid the Queen has found you in a scrape.)

The Queen - It is quite clear, from these instances alone, that postage cannot be justly charged according to distance; and I must say, that as the cost of the carriage is so trifling in both cases, and the differences so small, whether a letter goes one mile or 500 miles. I think it would be fairer not to consider it at all, and then the rate on all letters would be uniform. Every letter, as you know, my Lord Lichfield, must be put into a Post-Office - must be stamped - must be sorted - must be carried where directed to - and must be delivered. Postage is made of the expenses of doing all this, and tax beside. All the labour, except that of carriage, is the same. The carriage being so cheap now a days is hardly worth regarding. Any one can send 1,000 letters, packed in a parcel or bag, as they are in the Post-Office, from London to Edinburgh for 2s. 6d. by steam-boat, which travels as fast as the mail. The tax should be equal on all letters, and not, as present, the heaviest on the letters going the greatest distance. The people who live in York, or at Exeter, or London, pay the taxes equally, and so they should the postage tax. Mr. Hill, I agree with you that there should be a uniform rate; but before I assent to a penny charge, I am bound not to neglect the public

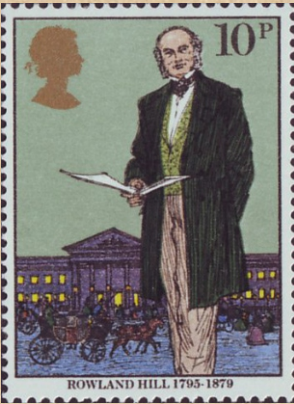


revenue. I am afraid that at a penny a great loss will follow. It is true the Post-Office revenue is a very bad at present, because it has not increased for these twenty years, though the number of my people, their knowledge, and their commerce, have.

Rowland Hill - I trust your Majesty will read the evidence taken by the House of Commons respecting the revenue. Every witness says he should rejoice to engage to pay as much postage at a penny rate as he does at the present charges. I reckon that a sixfold increase of letters would yield the present amount of revenue. Many witnesses say the increase would be fifteen-fold; some twenty-fold; and some even a hundred-fold. The high rates cause at least three times as many letters to be sent illegally as are sent by the post. No one thinks it sinful to defraud the Post-Office. There are numerous smugglers in almost every town, who carry letters, and charge only a penny for each letter; and if a private person can carry letters for a penny, with a profit, I think a public body could do so. Moreover, there are above 1,900 penny posts all over the kingdom, which carry letters sometimes as much as thirty-eight miles, and deliver them for a penny; and these penny posts altogether yield nearly 50 per cent, or a halfpenny profit on each letter.

The Queen - That certainly proves, Mr. Hill, that all letters, taking one with another, could be carried for a penny, with large gain. I wish to learn, however, if this great increase of letters take place, what would be its effect on the expenses of the Post-Office management.

Lord Lichfield - Effect indeed! as you Majesty observes; the mails will have to carry twelve times as much in weight, and therefore the charge of transmission, instead of £100,000 as now, must be twelve times that amount. The walls of the Post-Office would burst, and the whole area in which the building stands would not be large enough to receive the clerks and the letters.



The Queen - Then it would appear, my Lord, that the mails are full every night?

Lord Lichfield - Not quite, your Majesty.

The Queen - How much weight will the mails carry, according to their contract?

Lord Lichfield - From eight to fifteen hundred weight.

Rowland Hill - His Lordship has given some accounts of the weights carried on several nights.

The Queen - I find, in the Appendix to the Report of the Select Committee, that the Leeds mail on the 20th April weighed only 158 pounds, of which the letters weighed only 38 pounds, the rest being newspaper and letter bags; so that this mail might then

have carried twenty-four times the weight of the letters, without the overloading mail. On the 5th of April the letters of the Stroud mail weighed less than ten pounds; so that they might be increased fifty-fold. I find that the average weight of the letters and newspapers of all the mails leaving London nightly is not three hundred weight, and that the average weight of all letters is only 74 pounds; so that it is proved letters might be increased twelve-fold without increasing the expenses, instead of requiring twelve times the present number of mails, as you thought.

Lord Lichfield - Please your Majesty, I feel very uneasy.

The Queen - Support his Lordship, my Lord Melbourne.

Lord Lichfield - With your Majesty's leave I will retire.

*Exit Lord Lichfield*

The Queen (to Lord Melbourne) - It is clear to me that his Lordship had better retire from the Post-Office.

Lord Melbourne - Certainly, your Majesty; we all thought him the best man to be Postmaster-General, but he has not realised the fond hopes we cherished of him.

The Queen - It appears to me, my Lord, that the loss of Colonel Maherly would be another great gain to the public. What I have read, and this interview, have convinced me that a uniform penny post is most advisable. I am sure it would confer a great boon to the poorer classes of my subjects, and would be the greatest benefit to religion, to morale, to general knowledge, and to trade - that uniformity and payment in advance would greatly increase the Post-Office, and get rid of their troublesome accounts - that is would effectually put down the smuggling postman, and lead my people to obey and not disobey the law - (*The Queen rises, and in a most emphatic tone*) - My Lord Melbourne, you will please to bear in mind that the Queen agrees with her faithful Commons in recommending an uniform penny post. If your Lordship has any difficulty in finding a minister among your party able to carry the measure into effect, I shall apply to my Lord Ashburton or my Lord Lowther, as circumstances may require. Mr. Hill, the nation will owe you a large debt of gratitude, which I am sure it will not be unwilling to repay. I wish you good morning, gentlemen.

*Exit the Queen* - Lord Melbourne and Rowland Hill bowing

**Westmorland Gazette - Saturday 29 December 1838**

I have assumed this article is a form of satire for the time

**Discworld Anagrams  
Places**



|  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. A repeat enigma                       |  |
| 2. Tenth egocentric unit now             |  |
| 3. One bare jailbird gang                |  |
| 4. Red with colds                        |  |
| 5. So Arabs or hugh fish                 |  |
| 6. Peer in hole, show us enchanted set   |  |
| 7. No scant sky as fire chasing surround |  |
| 8. Yes I even ruin nuts                  |  |
| 9. Barrel wood way                       |  |
| 10. Artist firing fence counters         |  |



Conventions attended in 2013

Well it seems a lifetime ago that the gang and I were in sunny Baltimore. Not a lifetime just over six months ago, but my, doesn't time fly when you're having merriment. Anyway it was a good bash, fiendishly hot weather, lovely people, lots of booze and we sold a bundle of stuff. As far as stamps are concerned every time we actually show them to people they do seem to attract new collectors. I think that this is because no matter how good a website is it's never as good as fondling the thing itself. And of course there is the old 'recovered memory' thing, most of us either collected stamps as children or were fascinated by the whole idea of them. I have a granddaughter who is really into collecting stamps, she is nine – going on 15, who loves the idea that something as small as a stamp can be as she told me “as beautiful as a butterfly” dear reader at that point she had not seen some of my offerings, still far too young for Saint Chlamydia amongst others! But I digress, the US convention was really super and we did attract a lot of attention, especially Reb.....

Then there was the Irish convention. Totally different, not so much organised as thrown together, and all the better for it I must say. Very small in numbers and held in a rather remote hotel outside Limerick, but really charming and again huge fun. This was attended by Isobel and myself and although we tried not to, we did sink rather a serious amount of Guinness. We took some stamps but really this was not the sort of venue to collect collectors. To be truthful, it was a bit of a holiday.

This year is the UK Con (sorry 'International Discworld Convention) in August. It should be good, it's certainly well attended and this year it's going to be held in Manchester. So it's another city that I, along with other pariahs, will hang around on some seedy corner to partake of the glorious weed.

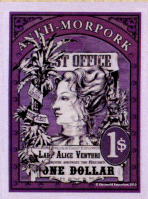
It really is just so sad. Braving the elements is bad enough, but the stares of disdain from passers-by as they shield themselves, their children and pets from the noxious and deadly fumes from the old pipe is matched only by the disgust as they observe someone as obviously overweight as me.

Personally I now strew the pavement with small ball bearings, watch the buggers go arse over tit – great fun and by timing the arrival of ambulance and paramedic I can gauge the efficiency of the local emergency services, useful to know when you get to a certain age.

It's becoming a funny old world, with one half of the planet desperate not to get fat and the poor half just hoping to get enough to eat so as not to die We are assailed by bloody health fascists peddling diets, yoghurt with livestock and any number of quaintly named laxatives. Nothing changes. Making money by making people shit was ever the nostrum of choice of the charlatan and quack.

Keep to stamps I say. Indoors, no heavy lifting and something you can lick safe in the knowledge it will do no harm nor raise a calorie.

So here is my tip for this edition of 'from the shed'  
Never drink on an empty stomach. Always line the walls with a soothing stout.  
There you have it. Till next time  
**Bernard the stout, artificer and man of parts.**



Trypophobia

Do you suffer from trypophobia? As a Flatalist is may well be a major problem. The word is a combination of Trypo, the Greek for punching, drilling, and/or boring holes, and Phobia; the irrational fear of holes, of those little perforations.

Discworld Anagrams  
Books

|                        |  |
|------------------------|--|
| 1. Got choice formula  |  |
| 2. Stronger mouse mint |  |
| 3. Rouse cry           |  |
| 4. Channels it to tent |  |
| 5. VIPs courting me    |  |
| 6. Meet hot Fifi       |  |
| 7. Dry as imp          |  |
| 8. Hot leathers        |  |
| 9. A queer list        |  |
| 10. Smart name         |  |

People

|                                 |  |
|---------------------------------|--|
| 1. I do need a sadist           |  |
| 2. No barbaric heathen          |  |
| 3. Am evil's muse               |  |
| 4. Risky, mainly bald           |  |
| 5. Erotic TV bungled            |  |
| 6. To hear civil knave          |  |
| 7. Undid bolts on shop. Joy!    |  |
| 8. Elect to motherly bit.       |  |
| 9. Cold, bitter? No! buy warmth |  |
| 10. Or for equal mind           |  |

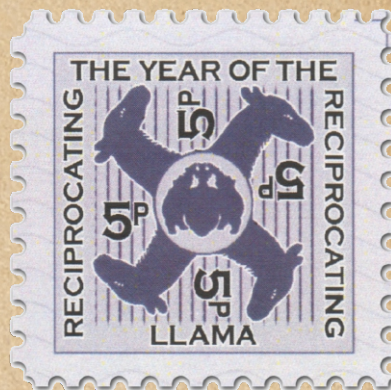


# Journal Offer

## The year of the Reciprocating Llama Vp sheet

Everyone with a valid subscription will receive a full sheet of these beautiful stamps, designed by Bernard Pearson. The stamp celebrates the Year of the Reciprocating Llama. Each sheet contains 16 stamp, there is no known sport.

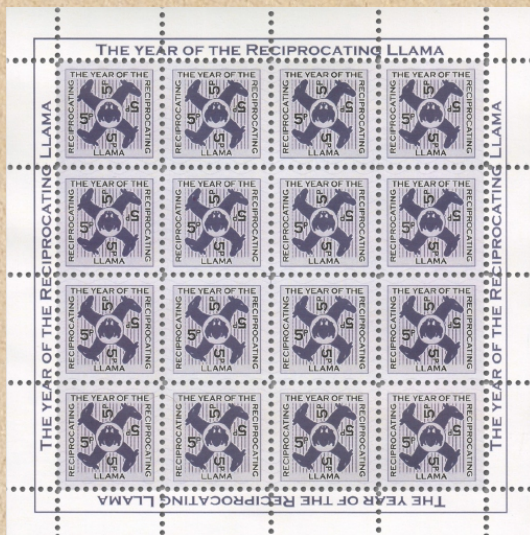
Subscriptions are now closed, as we are slowly transforming the journal into something free for all to enjoy. Fear not, however, this sheet will be available to all and sundry via the 'Stamps' section of the website under the subsection 'The Stanley Howler Stamp Journal



NEW  
FOR



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# Competition!

After the Discworld Emporium travelled to a land down under, we asked you to come up with 'Postcards home from Fourecks' and you answered, with aplomb.

We've selected 4 winners who will each receive an exclusive prize produced by our own Bernard Pearson.

The lucky winners are:

Julian Fagandini (top), Taly Shpits, Shelia 'Steeljam' James, and Larry 'bless him, he tried' Hart (bottom).

TO BE IN WITH A CHANCE TO WIN THIS EDITION'S COMPETITION:

Following the release of the 'Igor thtampth' last year, we'd like you to make your own. But 'what is an Igor Thtampth?' I hear you cry - simply take existing Discworld Stamps, cut them up, lick them, and stick them down to make a new design.

Points awarded for artistic endeavour, design and of course, most stickiest fingers. If you can't face cutting up your stamps, we will gladly accept an artists impression (scribbled design) or a digital construct for those of you versed in the ways of Photoshop.

Please send all entries to:  
reb@discworldemporium.com  
or

Reb Voyce, Discworld Emporium  
41 High Street,  
Wincanton, Somerset  
BA9 9JU

You can see more examples of the Igor Thtampth [here in the stamp catalogue.](#)



There will be a fabulous prize, the likes of which money cannot buy. All entries must be received before August!





