

Rochester Numismatic Association

America's Oldest Continuously Operating Coin Club – ANA Branch #2 – Life Club #8
Member: American Numismatic Society – Empire State Numismatic Association
Canadian Numismatic Association – Token and Medal Society – Rochester Museum & Science Center
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Letter from the President

by David Gottfried

I hope everyone is having a relaxing summer! I'm happy to be back in Rochester, having just returned from the ANA's Summer Seminar in Colorado Springs. It was a wonderful experience, and I recommend it for all coin collectors. I will write a full account of my experiences for publication in the September issue of the RNA News. This issue includes some important information for all members to be aware of.

Most importantly is the change in meeting date. Due to financial difficulties at the Rochester Museum & Science Center (RMSC), the RNA was required to change its meeting times. Therefore, beginning in September, meetings will take place the first and third Thursdays of the month. These days presented the least amount of conflict for the vast majority of members and did not conflict with other groups meeting at RMSC.

Another change approved at the RNA's annual meeting was an increase of the dues for the 2003-04 program year from \$15 to \$20 annually. This increase will allow the RNA to break even for its operating costs and continue to provide the level of quality that the membership has come to expect.

In addition, I hope to undertake some important new initiatives for the RNA in 03-04. Foremost in my mind is a makeover of the John J. Pittman Memorial Library. We will replace the "ancient" cabinets that currently house this valuable resource with modern, safe, and organized cabinets to better serve our members. I think that we can all agree that one of the major objectives of the RNA is to advance

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Upcoming Meetings

Sunday 27 July

RNA Summer Picnic

See page three for info and directions!

30 July-3 August

ANA World's Fair of Money®

Baltimore, Maryland

It's the ANA's 112th anniversary convention! We hope to see as many of you as possible..especially at:

Friday 1 August – 2:30 PM

RNA Meeting in Baltimore

Room 316, Balt. Convention Center

Yes, a full-fledged RNA meeting, far outside the Monroe County limits. We especially look forward to greeting members from outside the Rochester area who'll be in Baltimore – and of course any guests are welcome, too! (Thanks to Dan White for arranging a meeting room for us at the Convention Center!)

2003-2004 Meeting Schedule

Thursday 4 September – 8 PM

Thursday 18 September – 8 PM

Thursday 2 October – 8 PM

Thursday 16 October – 8 PM

Thursday 6 November – 8 PM

Thursday 20 November – 8 PM

Thursday 4 December – 8 PM

Thursday 18 December – 8 PM

(yes, two in Dec. and no meeting on Jan. 1, 2004)

Thursday 15 January – 8 PM

Thursday 5 February – 8 PM

Thursday 19 February – 8 PM

Thursday 4 March – 8 PM

Thursday 18 March – 8 PM

Thursday 1 April – 8 PM

Thursday 15 April – 8 PM

Thursday 6 May – 8 PM

Thursday 20 May – 7:30 PM

Thursday 3 June – 8 PM

Thursday 17 June – 8 PM

Unless otherwise noted, all meetings are held in the lower level of the Eisenhart Auditorium, 657 East Avenue. Follow the signs from the Eisenhart or Gannett School entrances, as posted, downstairs to our lower-level meeting room.

RNA meetings to move to Thursdays

If you show up at the Rochester Museum and Science Center on the first Tuesday of September, you'll have to wait a while for the rest of the club to get there!

As a result of budget cutbacks at the RMSC, the RNA was forced to change its meeting nights from our longstanding second and fourth Tuesdays.

After several surveys of the membership (both by mail in the June newsletter and in person at the June 10 meeting), your board settled on the first and third Thursdays as offering the least conflict among potential meeting dates.

That means that our 2003-2004 program year will begin on Thursday, September 4 at 8PM in our usual downstairs meeting room at the Eisenhart Auditorium. See you then!

Dues increase approved

During the club's annual meeting June 10, members approved an increase in annual dues, from \$15 to \$20, effective with the 2003-2004 membership year.

When you make out your membership checks (due by the first October meeting to treasurer Tom Kraus), please remember to write them for \$20 if you will be picking up your Gottfried presidential medal in person, \$22 if you will have your Gottfried medal mailed to you.

July-August 2003

INSIDE: Newsletter gets a name...Members swarm the Buffalo Fed...Alec Ollies tries to spend his Sacagawea dollars...and more!

41 Visit Buffalo Fed

by Edith B. Coe

41 RNA members and guests traveled to Buffalo June 5 for a rare look inside the Buffalo Branch of the Federal Reserve Bank.

After everyone passed through security, they spent some time looking at exhibits of old and new currency on display. Everyone was invited to take a souvenir packet of shredded currency and there were also many pamphlets and books giving the history of the Federal Reserve that were free. There were comic books for children that would teach them many things about currency, savings, interest, writing checks, and figuring interest.

Connie, our guide, told us the history of the Federal Reserve Bank. She also showed us the new \$20 bill that will be put into circulation later this year.

Since there were so many in attendance, we were split into three groups to do the tour. Everyone visited the area where the money is counted when it comes from the banks around the state; the vaults where the money is stored at the end of each day; the security area where all the videos are received from the surveillance cameras; the area where new money is brought from the printers (it is counted by weight); and the docks where the armored trucks take and bring money to and from the Bank.

There were two sets of doors to the dock. When a truck enters one door the other is closed and a large steel barrier is raised in front of the vehicle to prevent it from ramming the inside door. When the door is closed behind the truck, the barrier goes down and the second door opens. Security is very rigid and every door in the building needs two keys to be unlocked. There were carts on wheels full of currency; some holding at least a million dollars!

After we retrieved our purses and coats from the locked closet, where we were asked to leave them, we were all looking forward to lunch. Since we were such a large group it was decided it was not a good idea for everyone to go to the same restaurant, so it was up to the individual car pool driver to find a place for lunch.

Scott Fybush was our group's driver and he picked the Anchor Bar and Grill. There was also a stop for ice cream at Andersons before we left Buffalo.

The tour was very educational and some members thought it would be a great tour for the RJNA some time in the near future.

Chump Change

A (mostly) true story by Alec Ollies

Friday afternoon, on the way home from work, I had to stop by the bank to drop off a deposit before swinging by my son's school to pick him up after basketball.

The lines were moving rather slowly. They were apparently short-staffed. As I stand patiently in line, I recall how I have read several editorials recently about the merits of using the dollar coin versus the dollar bill. I have to agree – apart from the fact that I have been the unfortunate recipient of some particularly disgusting dollar bill specimens of late. After hearing how the U.S. Treasury saves significantly by the issuance of dollar coins over much shorter-lived one dollar bills, I felt it my patriotic duty to do my part and attempt to help place some dollar coins into circulation.

"Next please!" calls Karen, the bank teller, smiling as she waves me over to her window.

"How are you today?"

"Good...glad it's Friday, though."

"Just the deposit?"

"Yes please...oh, I would like some Sacs."

She looked at me rather suspiciously over the top of her glasses.

"Pardon me?"

"Yes, Sacs. I'd like a roll...25 dollars worth...Sacs...Sacagaweas."

"Oh!" She sighed, with a slight chuckle. *Those Sacs!* I'll have to have the manager get them out of the cabinet in back."

I stood fidgeting in front of the teller's window making small talk about the weather for what seemed like an eternity. I couldn't help feeling a little uncomfortable about the fact that I was holding up the entire line of real customers, which had now swelled to over a dozen people, and simply in order to fulfill some foolish whim to obtain some of the elusive "Golden Dollars."

When the manager finally emerged from the back with a roll of Sacagaweas in hand, breathless and with a distinct bead of sweat on her brow, she said, "I had to dig right to the bottom of the drawer to find

them. They aren't uncirculated, you know?"

"That's OK," I said. "I am just going to spend them!"

That evoked a look even more suspicious than the one I had received earlier from Karen over my desire to buy \$25 worth of... "sax."

The manager shrugged her shoulders and gave Karen the toll. I removed a \$10 and a \$20 from my wallet and pushed them across the counter. Karen reached in her drawer and produced a particularly ratty \$5 bill for my change.

"Eh...I noticed you have some Susan B. Anthony dollars in your rack. Could I have five of those instead?"

She plucked the entire stack of coins, which consisted of exactly seven Susan B's and one Sacagawea. Then, getting into the spirit of the hunt, she spread the coins out on the counter for us to examine and

began to sort through for the "nicest ones," as though she was shopping for melons at the grocery store.

By now I was feeling the tension growing behind me as the line of serious bank patrons continued to swell with people anxious to cash

their paychecks and get home for the weekend. I glanced up at the clock and realized that I would already be late picking up my son.

"That's OK. Any five will do. I'm only going to spend them."

I stuck the roll of dollars in my coat pocket and the five Susan B's in my change pocket and headed out of the bank – being careful to avoid eye contact with any of the other customers.

When I arrived at the school to pick up my son, I found him standing outside the door with three of his pals. They piled into the car and straightaway – "I'm hungry, how about McDonald's, Dad?"

A couple of minutes later, I pulled up behind the line of vehicles at the McDonalds drive-thru.

"Okay, who wants what?"



All four of them in unison started chiming in with their customized special orders.

"Hold it! Let's go inside."

I herded the four kids into the restaurant. After a short wait, the orders were placed and the young lady with the pixie smile behind the counter announced the total due.

"That'll be \$21.10."

I pulled a twenty from my wallet and was instinctively going to pull out a single also, when the spirit of Sacagawea increased my consciousness of the mass of rolled dollars pulling on my jacket pocket.

Feeling pretty smug, I reached into my jacket pocket and pulled out a fistful of change. I fished out a Susan B and a dime and handed them, along with the \$20, to the young lady with the pixie smile. I watched her facial expression and was, frankly, somewhat disappointed with the melancholy she exhibited as she tossed the change into the drawer.

She might have been unimpressed, but as I glanced back at my young dinner guests, I was greeted with four wide-eyed stares of utter amazement.

"What was that? You don't spend them!"

All four were staring at the remaining Susan B dollars in my palm.

"Can I see one of those, Dad?" asked my son with a knowing smile.

I handed one of the coins to him, then even more reluctantly held out my hand to the other three kids. Not only was I kissing goodbye even more money than the McDonald's treat was already costing me, but it was obvious by the way the kids were examining their newly-acquired treasures that the coins were not destined to make it into general circulation in the near future.

We finished McMunching our McBurgers, left the restaurant and I dutifully deposited the three neighbor kids at their respective houses on the way home.

As I took off my jacket in the house, I was reminded once again of the inordinately heavy roll of ones in my jacket pocket.

I decided to take a look at the contents of the Sacagawea roll on the off chance that there were any real jewels in there, just waiting to be discovered. As I emptied the roll onto the kitchen table, I was treated to exactly 23 average circulated golden Sacagawea dollars and two very

misplaced looking Canadian loonies!

At that very moment, my wife walked through the door.

"I understand you were holding up the lines at the bank again," she said. "I must have just missed you...I was talking to Karen."

I proceeded to tell her the story of my grand scheme to singlehandedly increase the circulation of the coins, and how it had cost me four dollars due to direct pilferage by the basketball team and another buck due to the unfavorable rate of exchange with our neighbors to the north.

She said, "It's funny you should mention that," and pulled out her pack of 50 singles which she gets every week to cover the kids' lunches and allowances. In the middle of the stack was a very used two dollar bill.

"Look what I just found! I got a bonus!"

Within one hour, I was down five dollars on coins and probably won't be able to show my face in the bank again for a month. My wife, on the other hand, is up a buck with paper.

I have to wonder if there is a moral here somewhere!

(Postscript: I stopped by the McDonalds drive-thru for coffee earlier this week. One of the quarters I got back in change was actually an SBA dollar. This might explain why the girl with the pixie smile was so unmoved by the dollar coin on my previous visit – she probably didn't realize what it was and simply tossed it in with the quarters!)

I wonder if this is my original coin back; surely there can't be many of these things in circulation!)

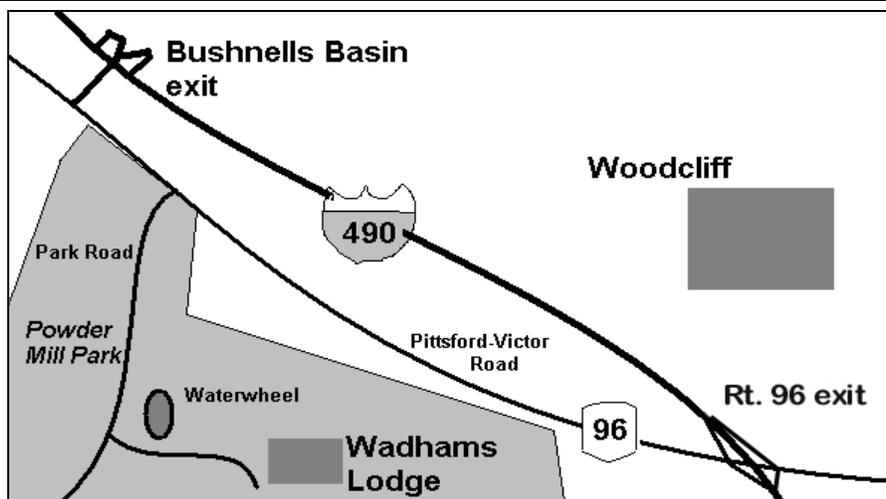
President's Letter

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numismatic education, and updating the library is an important step we must undertake this year.

I am sure we will also have another informative year through the presentations given by our members. If you are interested in speaking, be sure to contact RNA Vice President Edie Coe. Other opportunities for members will include another road trip – location to be determined – as our trip to the Buffalo branch of the Federal Reserve Bank was such a huge success.

Again, I hope you have an excellent summer, and are able to join us at the annual picnic scheduled for July 27th at Powder Mill Park, Wadham's Lodge.



It's RNA Picnic Time!

- **WHEN:** Sunday, July 27, 2003, 12 noon - ???
- **WHERE:** Wadhams Lodge, Powder Mills Park, Perinton
- **HOW TO GET THERE:** Take I-490 to the Bushnell's Basin or Rt. 96 exits. Turn into the park on Park Road (the entrance closest to Bushnell's Basin), and follow the signs past the waterwheel to Wadhams Lodge.
- **WHAT'S COOKING?** A delicious catered meal – for just \$10!
- **THEN WHAT?** Bring a "white elephant" for our annual White Elephant Auction!
- **RSVP:** David Gottfried, 585-263-3658 or davidg@rballiance.com

And don't forget – there will be an RNA Board of Directors meeting at Wadhams Lodge about 11:30 AM, preceding the picnic. All are welcome and encouraged to attend!

2003-2004 Officers

President: David Gottfried
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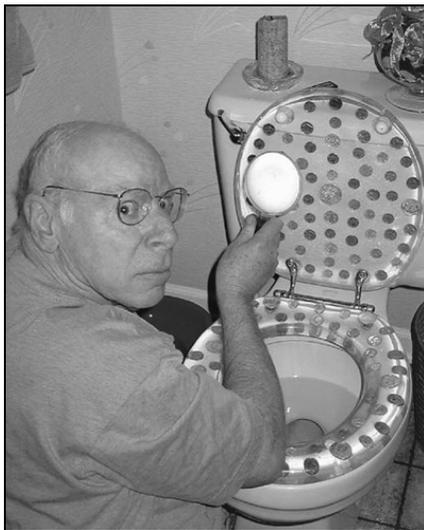
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Secretary: Steve Lanzafame
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Curator: John Zabel
Librarian: John Tokoli

Board Members: Darlene Corio,
Douglas Musinger (through 6/2006),
Bill Coe, Scott Fybush (through
6/2005), Jim Sanders, Dan White
(through 6/2004)



It's the *RNA News* Caption Contest!

In honor of our new name, effective with the September issue – and recognizing, as Bill Coe pointed out last month, the dignified nature of our club's history – we offer you this stunning photo of former president Ira Stein carefully

examining his latest eBay find.

Those of you who were at the June 10 issue already heard the *real* story behind this picture – how Ira couldn't resist this novelty Lucite toilet seat, complete with embedded coins – and how Mrs. Stein reacted when she found it in place in the powder room.

Funny story? You bet. But what was Ira really doing with that magnifying glass? Is that an 1856 Flying Eagle cent in the lid?

Put your creativity to the test and come up with a good caption for Ira's excellent plumbing adventure – and send your submission to your editor, either by e-mail (irastoilet@fybush.com) or snail-mail (PO Box 10056, Rochester NY 14610).

Submissions are due here no later than August 15. The best captions will be published in September's *RNA News* – and the winner will get one heck of a prize! (no, *not* a toilet seat with embedded coins!)

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