



The National Association of Watch and Clock Collectors, Inc.

Philadelphia Chapter One

Chartered November 1, 1943

JULY 30, 2016

Summer Picnic

at

MERRITT'S ANTIQUES

1860 Weavertown Rd.

Douglassville, Pa. 19518

9:00 AM to 3:00 PM

**All the traditional Fare: Hot Dogs, Hamburgers, Brats,
Cut Cuts, Garden Salad, Potato Salads, Cole Slaw, Baked
Beans, Corn on the Cob, Watermelon, Ice Cream**

Iced Tea, Lemonade, Sodas

This is our third Summer Picnic.

Come and enjoy: Good Food Great Friends

Lots and Lots and Lots and Lots of Clocks and Watches

Admission is Free YES FREE!!!

Picnic Lunches are \$10.00 per person

Mart Tables are \$25.00

All tables are indoors All tables are 8 Foot

Rain or Shine Bring the whole family Guests are welcome

In order to get Lunch or Mart Tables you must register.

The Next Events for Chapter One are

**September 17th 2016 “One Day Class” “Horological Metallurgy”,
Williamsons**

September 18th 2016 General Meeting, Williamsons

September 24th, 2016 “Cloktoberfest”, NAWCC Museum, Columbia, Pa.

**Ward Francillon Symposium October 6th to 8th 2016 Winterthur Museum,
Wilmington, Del.**

November 5th & 6th 2016 Mid-Eastern Regional York Expo Center

December 3rd 2016 “One Day Class” Williamsons

December 4th 2016 General Meeting, Williamsons

Summer Picnic Registration Form July 30, 2016

I / We will be attending the Summer Picnic:

Name: _____

Name: _____

Name: _____

Name: _____

I / We would be requiring _____ Mart Tables at \$25.00 each; __\$ _____

I / We will be joining the Chapter for Lunch at \$10.00 each; \$ _____

Total Remittance: __\$ _____

Dead line for Registering for Lunch or tables is Friday

July 22, 2016

Send your Registration forms and remittances to the Treasurer:

David Gorrell

1179 Dicus Mill Rd.

Millersville, Md. 21108

Email: djgclocks@aol.com

410 987 5915 or 443 694 4972

The REAL IMPORTANCE of TIME A young man often learns what is most important in life from the guy next door. It had been some time since Jack had seen the old man. College, girls, career, and life itself got in the way. In fact, Jack moved clear across the country in pursuit of his dreams. There, in the rush of his busy life, Jack had little time to think about the past and often no time to spend with his wife and son. He was working on his future, and nothing could stop him. Over the phone, his mother told him, 'Mr. Belser died last night. The funeral is Wednesday.' Memories flashed through his mind like an old newsreel as he sat quietly remembering his childhood days. 'Jack, did you hear me?' 'Oh sorry, Mom. Yes, I heard you. It's been so long since I thought of him. I'm sorry, but I honestly thought he died years ago,' Jack said. 'Well, he didn't forget you. Every time I saw him he'd ask how you were doing. He'd reminisce about the many days you spent over 'his side of the fence' as he put it,' Mom told him. 'I loved that old house he lived in,' Jack said. 'You know, Jack, after your father died, Mr. Belser stepped in to make sure you had a man's influence in your life,' she said. 'He's the one who taught me carpentry,' he said. 'I wouldn't be in this business if it weren't for him. He spent a lot of time teaching me things he thought were important...Mom, I'll be there for the funeral,' Jack said. As busy as he was, he kept his word. Jack caught the next flight to his hometown. Mr. Belser's funeral was small and uneventful. He had no children of his own, and most of his relatives had passed away. The night before he had to return home, Jack and his Mom stopped by to see the old house next door one more time. Standing in the doorway, Jack paused for a moment. It was like crossing over into another dimension, a leap through space and time. The house was exactly as he remembered. Every step held memories. Every picture, every piece of furniture....Jack stopped suddenly. 'What's wrong, Jack?' his Mom asked 'The box is gone,' he said. 'What box?' Mom asked. 'There was a small gold box that he kept locked on top of his desk. I must have asked him a thousand times what was inside. All he'd ever tell me was 'the thing I value most,' Jack said. It was gone. Everything about the house was exactly how Jack remembered it, except for the box. He figured someone from the Belser family had taken it. 'Now I'll never know what was so valuable to him, Jack said. 'I better get some sleep. I have an early flight home, Mom.' It had been about two weeks since Mr. Belser died. Returning home from work one day Jack discovered a note in his mailbox. 'Signature required on a package. No one at home. Please stop by the main post office within the next three days,' the note read. Early the next day Jack retrieved the package. The small box was old and looked like it had been mailed a hundred years ago. The handwriting was difficult to read, but the return address caught his attention. 'Mr. Harold Belser' it read. Jack took the box out to his car and ripped open the package there inside was the gold box and an envelope. Jack's hands shook as he read the note inside. 'Upon my death, please forward this box and its contents to Jack Bennett. It's the thing I valued most in my life.' A small key was taped to the letter. His heart racing, as tears filling his eyes, Jack carefully unlocked the box. There inside he found a beautiful gold pocket watch. Running his fingers slowly over the finely etched casing, he unlatched the cover. Inside he found these words engraved: 'Jack, Thanks for your time! -Harold Belser.' 'The thing he valued most...was...my time.' Jack held the watch for a few minutes, then called his office and cleared his appointments for the next two days. 'Why?' Janet his assistant asked. 'I need some time to spend with my son,' he said. 'Oh, by the way, Janet...thanks for your time!'

Give this some thought and we hope to see you at the Summer Picnic.

