

# MY FIRST STAMP

By Randall Priest

It was a day like any other day, except today was cool. It was early winter and cold days were coming.

Waiting for the big yellow bus to come I noticed that the sky was a bright blue with no clouds in sight, the air was clean and fresh to my nose.

The bus arrived to pick up my sister and me for another day at school. As I passed the bus driver, he did not speak, which was not unusual. I walked to the back of the bus to my favorite seat almost to the rear.

I sat down and looked on the floor, and there it was. A small square of paper, white, with some strange edges all around it. I picked it up and turned it over, there was a picture of a man and the number '10' at the top, and at the bottom the word, 'DANMARK'. My first thought was this is not a state that I have heard of, maybe it is somewhere else.



When I arrived at my first class I ask the teacher what is 'DANMARK'? She told me that this was a country in Europe, and this was a postage stamp from that country. I found a map and looked up Denmark. When I found it I was amazed at how small it was compared with other countries.

For the next few months I kept looking on the bus for more small pieces of paper that might be postage stamps; however I never found any more on the bus.

I started to look at the mail that came to our house a little closer, well at least the stamps on the letters that my family received.

On a trip to town one day we went to McCroy's department store. There in the stationary isle was a display of stamp albums, some stamp supplies and there on the bottom rack was small bag of stamps, for 50 cents.

I did have 50 cents of my own money so I bought the bag of stamps.

That was 51 years ago in November of 1958. I do not remember what all was in that bag of stamps, but that bag of stamps wet my appetite to look for more and learn more about these small pieces of paper.

After high school I joined the Air Force, one of my tours was in Greenland. Well you see that stamp from Denmark was a message to tell me I would see more of what Denmark owned that I ever thought.

Well, I can tell you that, this little piece of paper I found on the school bus started a hobby that stayed with me. There are times that stamps were not what I spent my time with, however no matter where I am or what I am doing stamps are always in the back of my mind. Something that I can recall any time I need to.

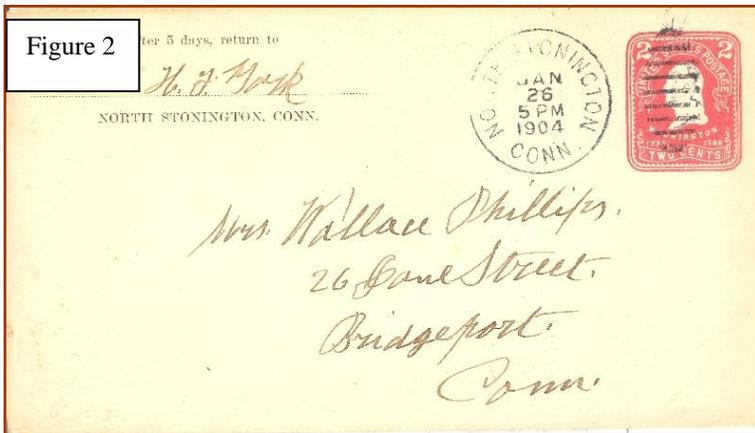
# Phillip's Corner

By Phillip Fettig

One of the really neat things about collecting is that you never know what the next handful of stamps or covers will bring! In the November club auction I bid, sight unseen, on a small handful of old covers. At the time I had nothing more in mind than to help the auction along and maybe get a few covers to throw in my \$1 box for shows. I found three covers that brought back personal memories and they are the basis for this article.

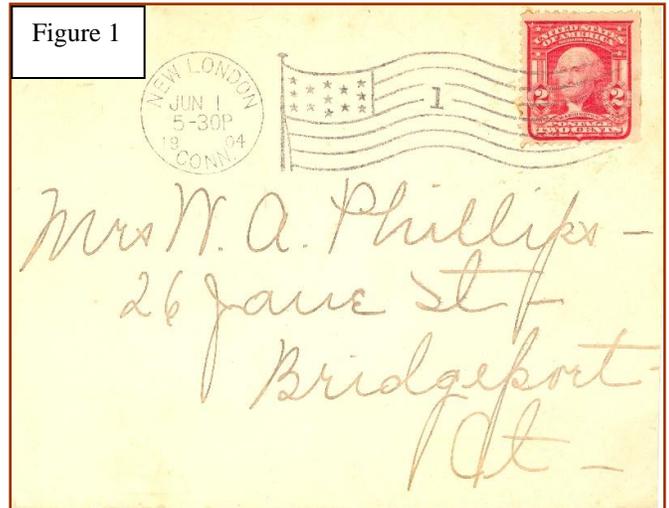
Figure (1) is a nice Flag Cancel from New London, Conn. dated June 1, 1904. On September 3, 1964, I stepped off the train in New London, a young sailor with a sea bag on my shoulder, and headed to the base across the river in Groton to report onboard my first submarine. It was the start of some exciting times that I will never forget. It was also a lonely time being away from family. In July 1965, Ann and I were married in Clearwater, FL, but after 10 days it was back in New London alone.

Figure (2) has a nice North Stonington, Conn. cancel on January 26, 1904. North Stonington is a small community



woods. Two days after getting Ann settled in, I left for two weeks. This was the first time she ever spent a night alone, and to make it worse, ours was the last trailer in the park, on the edge of the quarry. I think she slept with my old Shore Patrol nightstick!

Figure (3) is not quite as meaningful, a Mystic, Conn. cancel on June 26, 1902. Mystic is a historic Whaling Seaport and has a museum, exhibits and neat stores. We spent some interesting time there. So, there is the story – maybe not earthshaking, but what an interesting find when I was not looking for much!



north of New London, near the Massachusetts border. In April 1966, I was transferred to a sub involved in training duties with the Submarine School, and thus did not go out on long patrols. I came back to Florida and returned with Ann. In North Stonington I had found an old 40' single wide trailer for rent. It wasn't much but since it was our first home, that was all that mattered. The problem was that the trailer park was really outside of town and on the edge of a quarry in the

