

Phil the Postage Stamp by Randall Priest

Chapter 13 Five Rings (Suzanne's Story)

Well after Frank's story about his trip, we all had a lot to talk about. Suzanne was very quiet for a long time. I could tell that she was doing a lot of thinking. Finally she spoke up to share a story with us.

One very cold afternoon a group of us were taken out side and placed into a case with a glass window in it. As we looked around to take in our surroundings, the view was unbelievable. To our left I could see down the street, and at the far end was a mountain covered with snow, from top to bottom. In front of us was another mountain also covered with snow, however this one is very close to us. To our right there were many different kinds of buildings, with people coming and going. Where was everybody going?

After watching the crowds of people coming and going, it was soon very clear, most of them were going skiing. After talking with my friends some more -- the answer was in plain sight -- on each one of us. It was those five rings. We were on display, for people to see, and to call attention to some upcoming games.

A few days later we were getting better at deciding who was here to ski and who was here to watch. Then one day it all changed. First the number of people went from a few to so many that we could hardly see the buildings to our right. The tops of the mountains were all we could see. Then it got worse, there on the street were trucks with large plates on top of them. They pointed the plates to the sky. Soon there were too many to count -- so much for a clear view of what was going on. The noise level just kept going up and up.

Well we could at least see part of the mountain in front of us, it had trails that looked like someone had drawn some lines down the mountain and removed all the trees in the trail. The trail was not straight down the mountain, it was much like a snake had made them.

Late one afternoon the crowds were larger than we had seen before. Coming down the street was a group of people all dressed the same and they were the center of attention. They all had something around their necks, and were waving the metal disc at the end of the ribbon that was around their necks.

The next day someone opened the case we were in and removed all of us and took us inside. We were placed in a box along with many others who were also covered with those rings and also other sporting events. I was carefully picked up and looked over. Then along with some of my friends we were placed into a see-through envelope and then into a case. The lid closed again and we were in the dark.

I am happy to say that I have been traveling a lot and have seen many things, but what I like most is listing to my old friends and meeting new ones along the way.

Suzanne thanked us for listing to her story.

I told her that its stories like hers -- that have each one of us, just waiting for our next adventure.

Revisiting the Challenge 2010

By the Editor

A recent trip May of 2012, to upstate New York to visit the area that I spent the first years of my life -- showed that very little changed. For those that want to compare Picture 1 & 2 taken May of 2012 to two images that appeared on the front cover of the October 2010 newsletter, you will see there has been little change – other than a general sense of decay. The site still remains pretty much as it has since the plant was closed in the late 1940s.



Figure 1

Harrison Plush Co., with a clearly struck circular date cancel from Clark Mills, Feb 16, 1933 at 6pm. This item is in rather bad condition with evidence of many “accordion” like folds that seriously break the paper of the envelope.

It is funny how things turn up --- a recent attempt to tame my philatelic holdings unearthed two items that had been misplaced years ago. The first [Figure 1] is a partial corner from a cut down windowed envelope from the Hind &

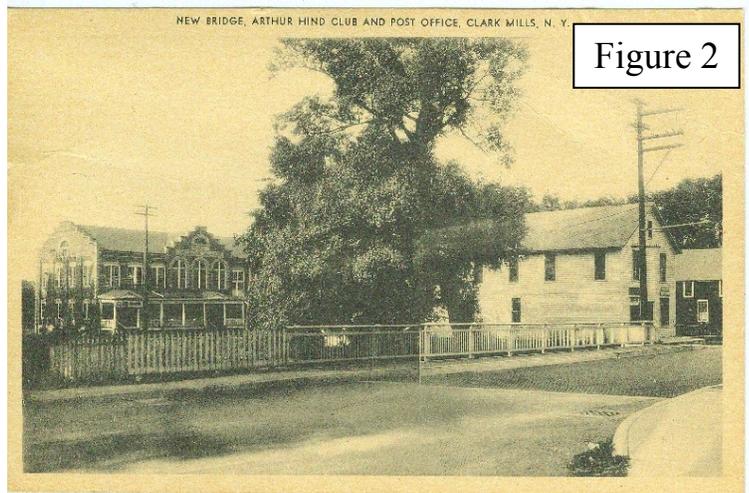
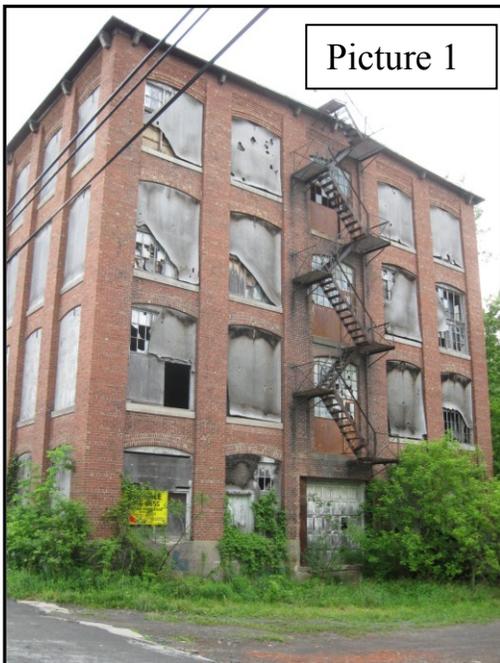


Figure 2

The second item [Figure 2] is a post card showing the Arthur Hind Club on the left and the Post Office which was located in the white building to the right. The Hind & Harrison Plush building shown in Picture 1 & 2 is located directly across the street from the white building.

The post card rate of 1 cent was in force from 1928 to 1951 and the publisher of the card was in business from 1908 to the 1930s. I suspect the card shows a scene from sometime in the early to mid 1930s time frame. Efforts to determine the exact year have been unproductive. I do know that both of these items have been in my holding for at least 40 years, but I have no recollection as to how I obtained either piece.



Picture 1

Time
marches on
—
everywhere
else —

except in

Clark Mills
New York.



Picture 2