

Phillip's Corner by Phillip Fettig

This month I have returned to Florida (more or less!) in my philatelic travels. The cover in Figure (1) is from the 1930 Festival of States in St. Petersburg. This long running event started as a celebration of Washington's birth day in 1896. The format was changed in 1913 and has been known as the Festival of States since 1921. It is a celebration of St. Petersburg's legacy and currently raises money to provide funds for scholarships and music/art programs in the Pinellas County School System.



**Figure
(1)**

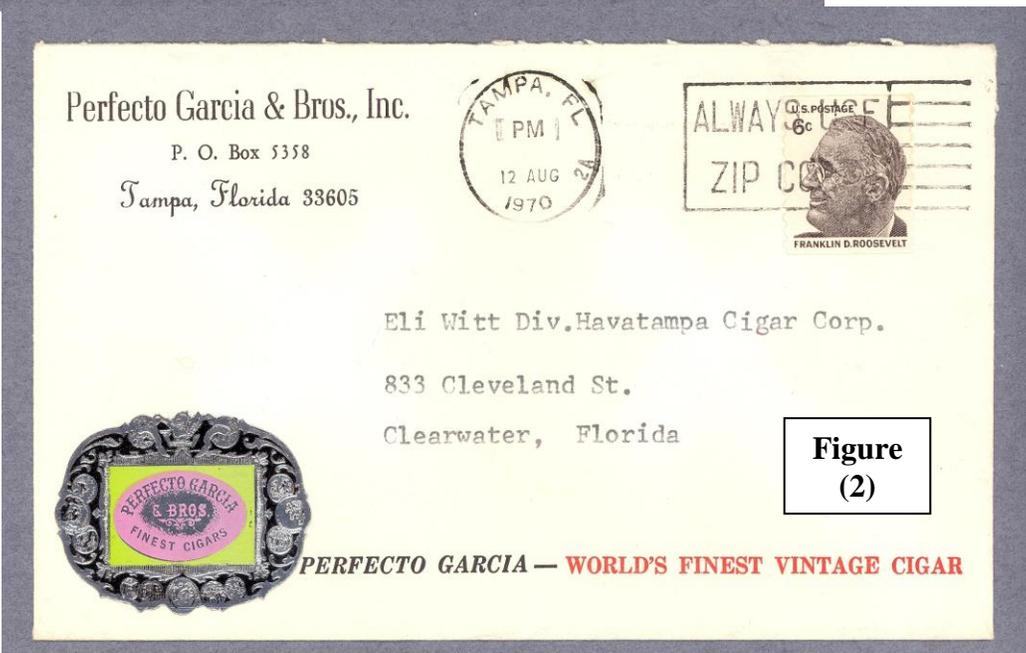
Figure (2) is a cover from a cigar maker in Tampa. Ybor City in Tampa has a long history of cigar making, primarily from a Cuban influence that started in the late 1800's.

My father worked for the

Eli Witt Division of Havatampa Cigar for many years. I can only dream of the advertising covers and related material that passed through his hands!

Ok, I know Mount Everest is not in the Mount Dora Range, but I still can dream of climbing it! Of course, I'd have to lose 30 years, a pound or two and get over my fear of height! Figure (3) is a label, produced in 1924 by Tibet. I won't call it rare, but still it is not seen often. Properly used on

Mount Everest related covers from the 1920-30's, it can then be a valuable and elusive item. Don't ask me why an old sailor, who does not like heights, dreams and reads about climbing Mount Everest!



**Figure
(2)**



**Figure
(3)**

Phil the Postage Stamp by Randall Priest

Chapter 9 — The Dog

My friends and I are spread out on the table. After some shuffling around some of us are placed back into the book. We are back in the rows on the pages; the book is closed and back on the shelf.

One afternoon I am shaken awake by the book being removed from the shelf and here we go again.

I can feel the air and it feels like we are outside. I am depending on my nose to give me a clue as to where we might be. My ears tell me that there is a lot of noise going on. When I think that I may be putting together all of the sounds and smells, it happens.

There is a sudden thud, and then the book opens up and we are all on the ground. The book has falling to the ground and some of my friends and I have fallen out of our places on the pages.

I see the hands and then the face of the young man who has been looking at my friends and me.

Well there is much excitement going on when I see why. My friends and I have fallen out of the book and are all over the ground. As the young man and some of his friends try to gather up all of the stamps on the ground, there is a slight wind that picks up some of us and moves us away from where we had fallen.

Looking around I see that three of us have been moved away from the rest. Now another gust of wind and I am taken even further from my friends. As the wind is taking me from place to place, sometime face up and sometime face down. When will it stop? The wind has stopped and I am facing up, but where?

As the sun goes down and it is getting cool, I still have no idea where I am.

The sun comes up and the warmth of the sun feels good on my face. Trying to look around and get some clue as to where I find myself, I see trees and bushes. I am lying on a large leaf, on the ground; I also discover why I am cold. I am damp, so as the sun shines on me my dampness is drying and I soon am feeling much better. However my nose tells me that there are many smells in the air. Listening to the sounds of my location, they are of no help, there are too many of them.

I do not know how long I was lying on that leaf, but there were many cold nights and I looked forward to the nice sun that warmed me up each day. The sounds had become a buzz in my ear and I was not longer really listening to them.

But this time the sound was much louder. As the sound got louder and louder, I held my breath so that I could hear even better. That's when it happened; the noise was right on top of me. I looked up to see a wet nose in my face; it appears to be a large dog. Well the worst is yet to come, I am stuck to his nose and here we go, then he takes his tongues and licks his nose and where do you think that I am going? Just then the dog sneezes and I am blown away from the dog, and back on the ground. This time I am face down.

I can hear the dog leaving and when I think he has gone, there is something pushing my over and now I am face up. As my vision become clear I can see the dog leaving the place where I am laying. He had stepped on me leaving, and turned me over.

Thanks rover.