

# The Cover Story

## Offers from the Past by A. Stephen Patrick

I don't collect matchbooks, but I have a matchbook collection. This is thanks to Phil Fettig who called me to the back of the room at the July 19 meeting and offered me a shoebox full for \$5.00. What a bargain!

As I spent two hours sorting through the mess, I found something philatelic. Remember those offerings you read in Boys Life, comic books, and other sources when you were a kid to get you started in stamps? I found several examples of this ephemera advertising on matchbook covers.

From the Williams Stamp Co. in New Brunswick, Canada [Figure 1] come an offer for 107 different stamps including the pictured Eisenhower, the QE II silver wedding, and giant Mongol horsemen. Just add 10 cents for mailing. And, oh yes, approvals to consider!

The Garcelon Co. of Calais, Maine, [Figure 2] offers 110 stamps from seven continents with Ramses II on a Ghana stamp for a lure. You set approvals and FREE bargain lists.

The Kenmore Stamp Co. of Milford, New Hampshire [Figure 3], uses a Bounty stamp from Pitcairn Island to show off its 110 stamp offer. Besides Antarctica to Zambia you will also get England's 42 kings and queens. A second Kenmore offer [Figure 4] has JFK pictured with an offer of 1000 stamps for only \$2.95 valued at over \$30. I got a package like that for Christmas of 1957 that got me started.

The Ben Franklin stamp is the teaser for H. E. Harris of Boston, MA [Figure 5], and offers two collections of U.S. stamps, a U. S. catalog, a collector's guide, and approvals (only 10 cents). I used the same catalogue to order enough Newfoundland stamps in 1960 to complete one page in my Modern Stamp album.

The Stanley Steamer auto is the attractive hook for Coinland Collector's Mall in Malabar, FL [Figure 6]. The inside cover does say that books, antiques, and stamps can be found there.

The pony express stamp on the red cover is for Tippett Stamps. Coins, and Supplies at Sarasota, FL [Figure 7]. Not shown are covers for Treasuregraphic Enterprises in Melbourne, FL, and Gold Coast Coin Co. of Palm Bay, FL. Both dealt in stamps too.

The last matchbook has a penny black on the cover and announces the presence of Stanley Gibbons in New York City [Figure 8]. The 5<sup>th</sup> Avenue address promises "Where the Rare borders on the Routine."

I doubt if this will become a prime collecting interest for me, but we old timers in the club can share many stories of how we were introduced to stamps, perhaps with a book of matches.

[Editor's Note: One of my earliest memories of "stamps" was looking at a matchbook cover that my father had discarded – and the offer for "free" stamps.]

# Phil the Postage Stamp by Randall Priest

## Chapter 14 -- THE FAIR

As the daylight fades into night, I was thinking about all the places that I had been. We had settled down for a good night's rest, but before we knew it, the daylight came shinning in. The room we are in was bright with light, and our eyes began adjusting to the light as we were removed from the box we were in, and placed on the shelf.

We were then poured onto the table and spread out. Each of us was turned facing up. And there came the steel jaws to lift us up and place us in separate piles. This took a while, I was busy looking around, and discovered that there were many different piles. Then we were picked up and placed into a see through envelope that was closed and taped shut. In my envelope there were about twenty-five of us, from all over the world. My new friend, Suzanne, from Switzerland, was with us, and some others that I had met before. There were also some new friends that I did not know.

We were placed into a plastic bag, along with many other envelopes. The envelope that I was in was facing out, so I could see what was going on through the window in the envelope. Then we were put back on the shelf and left in darkness.

Sometime later, when we least expected it, the bag was taken down and placed into a box with other bags of envelopes. This time I couldn't see anything, but I could tell that we were traveling. When the ride was over, all was quiet. Then the noise level began picking up, and we could hear sounds. The box we were in was opened, and our bag was taken out. Some of the envelopes were placed on the table. Looking around there was so much to see. It reminded me of the time I was at a stamp show, but different.

A young man and his mother came up to the table. They were asking questions about stamps, and looking around at the things on the table. The packet of stamps that I was in was given to the young man. He examined all of us very carefully and asked some more questions, and then he and his mother left the table. He put our packet in his pocket.

A little while later, he took the packet out of his pocket, put his finger under the flap and opens the envelope. He took some of us out, to get a second look, but as he did so, some of us were dropped on the ground. Sadly, he did not notice that he had dropped two of the stamps-- Suzanne and me.

We found ourselves lying on the ground, face up. We could see so many people walking around, and my nose was working overtime. There were so many smells -- that I had to take a deep breath to concentrate. Suzanne and I smelled cotton candy, funnel cakes, corn, onions, sausage, and many others. And not just smells! There were so many sounds around us.

Then, out of nowhere, a hand picked us up, and we could see a young girl's face looking down at us. There was a twinkle in her eyes and a smile on her lips. It was obvious that this young lady was excited about her find. Then she put us in her pocket.

So begins another adventure.