### The Associated History Of the Florida Philatelic Scene by the Editor

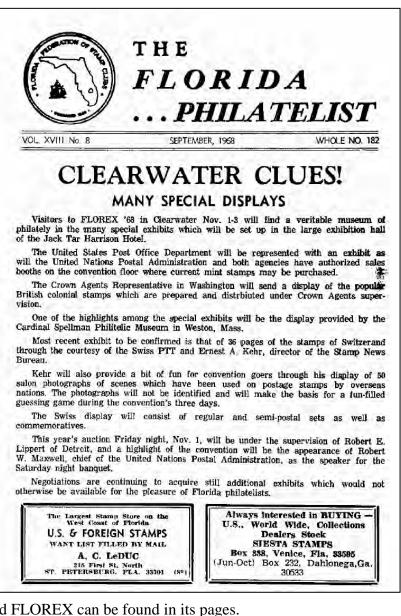
History is being written every day that we experience. Sadly much of the history of the CFSC has been lost to the ages simply because it was not saved for future generations. Efforts have been on-going to fill in pieces of the history of the CFSC, but it has been a slow process. We have come to expect that things will pop up at unexpected times and places. Can you help? Look through your philatelic holdings and see if something is

squirreled away in a dark corner. The material will be scanned and returned promptly.

Efforts in the past have focused on filling in pieces of history of the Florida Stamp Dealers Association and FLOREX. Once again, like the situation encountered with the CFSC, large chunks of early history are simply missing.

The World Wide Web has become a repository of historical information for all three of the organizations. This is a good allows scholarly thing as it for research/access and it keeps the information alive for future generations. The CFSC website has been online since February of 2004, the FSDA since December of 1999, and FLOREX since January of 2005. The aim of all these sites has been to collect and preserve historical information.

To this end, the website of the CFSC is adding an Associated History section that will include copies of The Florida Philatelist, pictures and write-ups concerning philatelic related history of Florida. It should be noted that during the long history of The Florida Philatelist, that began in 1950, two members of the CFSC have served as Editors, Wade H. Beery and A. Stephen Patrick. This publication covered all the clubs in the state



of Florida, but frequent references to the CFSC and FLOREX can be found in its pages.

The process of scanning about 80 copies of The Florida Philatelist will be start shortly and that information will be added to the CFSC website as it becomes available.

If you should have any piece of Florida philatelic history -- please consider a brief loan to the Editor so that it can be scanned or photographed and saved for future generations.

## Reminiscences

### **By Michael Rogers**

# The Day I Almost Purchased the Declaration of Independence!



id 1973 brought a big change in my life. After knocking around for a year after college graduation, I found myself in Winter Park, Florida, working for John McDaniel in his second floor office overlooking trendy Park Avenue. John had a three room suite: a bright and orderly showroom beyond which customers could not pass, John's private office and another room for the clerical staff who processed orders and the mail sales.

Wooden cabinets snaked their way through the showroom, separating customers from staff. On top were huge displays under glass, of such width that if I were to stretch my string bean arm toward a customer sitting across from me and his arm outstretched towards mine, we might not touch. That's saying a lot because I'm a six footer!

Customers were impressed seeing staff beyond the counters filling orders or working on stock. At the same time, staff sitting at a desk kept an eye on what was going on at the counter, in case anyone needed help.

John had his private office, venturing into the showroom as needed or when friends arrived. My desk was in the showroom, at the rear left. Bob Womack toiled at a rear right desk. I relished my position as the first staff member to greet customers, taking the view that everyone who entered was a friend.

One morning a scruffy looking guy came in with some paper goods for sale. Sitting at the counter, I looked them over, noting since none were stamps or stamp related—what he had was out of my knowledge range. John was on an appointment so I couldn't ask him. The guy left disappointed, so I figured that was that. Winter Park Police Department detectives. The story now was that I'd pocketed the Declaration of Independence from the guy who had been in earlier when he was showing me what he had for sale.

I denied it of course, saying there was a witness to this. John's employee Bob Womack had seen everything and we discussed it in passing afterwards. Furthermore, if you look at the width of the counter, it was impossible for the document to pass unseen from him to me. Why didn't the guy see me take it if this was his prize possession?

So where did this scruffy guy get such an important U.S. document? An inheritance, perhaps? Nope! He purchased a picture frame from K-Mart and the Declaration of Independence was stuffed in between the portrait and the backing!

Well, the detectives wanted me to come down to the Police Station for a lie detector test. Yup, I know it wasn't admissible. But those detectives sure were intimidating. I was raised to respect law enforcement. Uncle Sam Welgus was career NYPD and I could hear my mom...

So I went and took the test. After all, I'd done nothing wrong. Then one of the detectives told me in front of ten or twelve officers that the test showed I was lying. Now how was that possible? I started to swirl and faint with emotion. Then everyone started laughing and I was told it was a joke! They had nothing to do that afternoon. I became the patsy in a long line of stupid. Bob grabbed my arm back to hustle me out of the building before I could say or do something I'd regret.

When John returned to the office, he was dismayed. The next day, he paid a visit to his friend the Chief of Police. Thinking of that conversation brings a smile to my



face after all these years. Back then, there was also a sigh of relief.  $\boxtimes$ 

### Kids & Beginners! They're Our Hobby's Future:

Fellow Collectors: The Midwest Philatelic Society of Kansas City, Chapter #10 in the American Philatelic Society, is soliciting donations for its youth and beginners outreach program. Any donations would be greatly appreciated everything from stamps, albums & yearly supplements, to tongs, hinges and old stamp magazines you no longer need or want. If you have any questions, call

#### John Harmon at 816-931-3138.

Thank you so very much for your donations. They can be mailed to: MPS c/o L.L.M.S. 5827 Riggs Mission, KS 66202

Perhaps 90 minutes later, in came two