

# Where Do I Find a “My Favorite Thing” In My Collection

By Stan Cronwall

About once every six months or so a cover, stamp or postcard bubbles up to the top of that mysterious pile or uneven stack of stuff on the table or desk where you work on your collection. Maybe the stack has become top-heavy and part of it spills off on the floor and this item appears, or there is something else you are frantically looking for and disturb “the order” of that stack of detritus and voila an old friend reveals itself.

There it is. It’s an item that doesn’t fit anywhere in your chosen album(s) and there really isn’t any place you can put it or create a spot because for you it truly is a “one-off”.

You liked it when you bought it whether by mail, from your favorite dealer, or at a show. Beit love or lust, you just had to have it whether it was affordable or a real budget buster.

Maybe it was a shot across the bow challenging you to get into new collecting area. Maybe it was just so darn intriguing or cute or colorful or interesting that whatever the cash outlay, you just had to have it.

That is exactly what a “My Favorite Thing” is.

Before it “disappears” again, put it to one side preferably in a prominent place so you won’t accidently bury it for another few months or years.

Now, make some notes trying to create for yourself and anyone viewing this curious item just how you went about acquiring it and if there is a back story as to why it has been relegated to being a “one-off” rather than a keystone to a promising collecting area, or centerpiece for an exhibit.

It could be as short as a sentence or two, or become a real story. Since nobody really knows but you, and maybe even you have forgotten, put on your best Ernest Hemingway hat and spin a yarn.

My guess is that having done just one, you’ll be spurred on to do more.

Just think, after having one under your belt, or sash of your robe, 15 more and you have the stuff for a one-frame exhibit all by yourself.

Be honest, there are more “My Favorite Things” in that stash of unsorted and unfiled treasures. Take a few minutes and I’m sure you will find another.

Whether your last move was two months ago or fifteen years, you probably were faced with what to do with some of that same pile back then. It probably went into a plastic bin or found refuge in a cardboard box that once housed 24 bottles of Old Fort Pitt, or Pearl, or Narragansett, or Lucky Lager or Rainier, or Hamm’s, or Grain Belt, or Blackened Voodoo, or whatever brewery was close by. Then, carefully you labeled it for the move with a ballpoint or Magic Marker, “WORK ON FIRST”.

But, that never happened. Instead it was shuffled into a closet, under the table or desk, or maybe into the bowels of some closet only to reappear months or even years later.

Then what happens. Back up on the stamp table/desk work area, and again largely ignored until now.

Before the new Show Chairman or the Exhibits Chair starts appealing to us to come up with some new material for the “My Favorite Things” exhibit frames, and urging some of the more reluctant people in the group to try doing an exhibit, why not beat them to the punch by starting now to search for that hidden gem you have secreted away, and unwind a tale about it that will make us all envious of your prize.

You can do it. Some of us have braved these waters and have the scars to show for it. And, it is fun. One example of a My Favorite Thing page is on the next page.

*Stan Cronwall is a member and his collecting interests include Germany: Third Reich 1933-45 and the areas it occupied (stamps covers & cards). He also collects U.S. World War II Patriotic Covers and Cards; Civil War Patriotic Covers (both U.S. and CSA).*

## A FEW OF MY FAVORITE THINGS

These covers were cancelled on the last day of service (June 11, 1938) in the now submerged Post Office in the town of Saint Thomas.

As the waters behind the new Boulder (now Hoover) Dam lapped at the steps, the Postmaster reportedly threw his cancelling device out into the waters.

If the long drought in Nevada persists, the device, the Post Office Building and perhaps what remains of the entire town, may rise ghost-like out of Lake Meade:

