I was born in Albany, New York. Here's a beautiful photo of me in my younger days. Look how cute I am! This shiny brass tag was given to me in Albany. It says "OWNEY / Post Office / Albany, NY" and attached securely to my leather collar so I wouldn't lose it.

My owner worked at the Albany, New York post office. When he left the job, I stayed. Soon, I belonged to all the Albany postal clerks. Here's a photo of me with one of them. I watched the busy clerks work and loved to follow large, bulky bags of mail around the busy post office. When those bags of mail were moved to trains, I followed.
Soon, I was traveling the country with the Railway Mail Service. In this photo, I’m on one of the trains with four clerks. With the Railway Mail, I traveled farther and farther from Albany. My clerk friends began to attach metal tags to my collar to keep track of where I’d been. At first, people weren’t sure how to spell my name. In one tag, my name is spelled “Owenie!” I didn’t mind. Another tag shows that I traveled all the way to Denver, Colorado, where I spent time with mail clerk friends.
I traveled so many places and so many people gave me tags that I soon wore a lot of them. When I walked, the tags jingled. I wore them proudly. Notice the harness I’m wearing on my body? That was given to me by Postmaster General John Wanamaker.

After traveling in the United States, I left for a trip around the world. Friends of mine in Takoma, Washington, wanted to see if I could break the record for going around the world in about 80 days but I took my time. I returned to the United States over 100 days later!
Today I share my story with visitors to the Smithsonian National Postal Museum. I have my own postage stamp. My stamp includes lots of the tags I collected in the background as well as on my collar.