

British Customers Are Still Patient

We went bowling the other night in a London suburb. Or, rather, we tried to. When our group arrived, we were told there was a waiting list for all-layers. Our name went down as eighteenth on the list. An hour later, after we had studied the style of the other bowlers and consumed a considerable quantity of hamburgers and milk shakes, we departed without having downed a single pin. By that time, our name had worked itself up to about tenth on the list.

Conclusion: Britain can use more bowling centers. Additional installations, one knows, are planned. They are very expensive. It is true. But one wonders if there could not be a little un-British bias in meeting an obviously booming demand.

Or take cars. At the request of an American friend, we telephoned the London agency of a certain fine, not inexpensive motor vehicle. Could we order a certain model for people arriving two weeks hence who wished to avoid a delay upon

arrival? They were willing to cable whatever deposit was necessary. "Oh, no," was the reply. "We are disappointed that particular model—and all that are going to be produced already are sold."

"Then what about the new model?" we inquired. "Fine," they replied, "but of course there is a big backlog of orders and a five-month wait for that one."

Conclusion: If a few more of these particular cars were produced, one suspects they could be sold.

The next day, we were surprised to find that particular car had been laid off, due to a shortage of carburetors. The carburetors were in short supply because one man of the carburetor factory refused to join a union not of his choice. Fewer carburetors, fewer cars. Thus one man's impact can be felt by a would-be purchaser on the West Coast of the United States.

Or take school clothing outfits. Many a mother and child have had the experience of trying to replenish a child's wardrobe at stores devoted only to such outfits—at establishments maintaining a major school clothes department—only to be told that perfectly standard needed items are out of stock for weeks to come.

One can understand why personal nuptial tapes should take a long time; they can't be kept in readiness. But how about shirts and socks, dresses and shoes? The popularity of bowling may decline, and expensive cars be replaced by "minis," but children are always going to school, and the numbers are increasing. Would a store lose by ordering a few dozen more pajamas and blazers than it knows it sold last year? asks Henry S. Henry, in the *Christian Science Monitor*.

These random examples in the fields of entertainment, transportation, and personal wear illustrate one feature of the British economy of today. In certain areas, it tends surprisingly to tolerate long-term scarcities. Articles in short supply remain in short supply indefinitely—the buying public seems inured to the situation.

Yet individuals here will complain vigorously about the lack of courtesy or service. We recently heard a woman give a whole busload of passengers a tongue lashing for failing to offer their seats to a man whose physical handicap was not immediately apparent. Others write letters to newspapers citing in full detail the shortcomings and merchandising that Britain may not be able to afford when it finds itself in full competition with the European Common Market group.

The theory seems to be that it is preferable to be sold out than to have demand still in brick than to be left with some unsold items on the shelf. For a tight-knit country, carefully balancing its imports and exports, this doubtless is less wasteful than the American system of producing to the upper limits of demand—and a bit more.

One thing you can say for the British scarcity system is that when you do obtain the desired car, house, bowling alley, or football boots, you appreciate it that much more.



SERGEANT AT EASE—The answer to an army private's dream, model Yoda Yedlin relaxes by a pool in Toronto. Yoda was once a sergeant in the Israeli Army.

Chronicles of GINGER FARM

by Gwendoline D. Clarke

Last weekend I was gadding, this weekend I am very much at home—canning, pickling, baking, mending—and for recreation trying to find something on television that isn't football! Just imagine we have six viewing stations around here and the program on each is a football game! No alternative anywhere. Now that's what I call going to extremes. Partner or care less. However, I can use my time getting this column underway especially as I have a very interesting subject to write about. Upper Canada Village, no less.

No doubt you have read quite a bit about "The Village" already—there was a wonderful write-up in the June issue of "Canadian Homes" but I suppose everyone who attempts to describe it seems to find it hard to do. My enjoyment of the village was increased because I was one of a group of thirty who travelled by chartered train coach, bus and boat. We were five hours on the train each way and immediately took us ourselves it was five hours of chatter, fun and laughter. At Cornwall a bus was waiting for us and immediately took us some miles out of town to a very comfortable motel and restaurant. After dinner we did as we liked until bedtime.

Next morning our sight-seeing began in earnest. A bus took us down to the docks where we got on a boat for a two-hour cruise through the seaway. But I forgot—there was a first stop at the Battle of 1812. The boat trip was most interesting and enjoyable. All the principal features were described to us by our guide and commentator. For instance we were told when we were passing over old cemeteries and graveyards that could be moved to higher ground at government expense. Or, if the owners so desired, headstones could be moved and the graves left undisturbed—in which case tons and tons of rock would be dropped over the site to prevent erosion. In most cases relatives of those long since buried preferred to leave the graves as they were. Then the guide pointed out to us a large cemetery in the distance that had been set aside to accommodate either the remains or the headstones of soldiers. This community cemetery was divided into three sections to suit the various religious denominations. We did not go through the locks but we passed them. And of course the huge Robert Saunders Power Station, both really impressive sights.

After the boat trip we were given lunch by the Ontario Government at the old Willard's Hotel in the Village. It was a lovely lunch that fitted in with the environments—cold turkey, home-cured ham and all the trimmings, with gobs of wonderful homemade bread made right in the village bake-shop.

After lunch we toured the buildings—the parson's house,

Summer Vacations A Month Too Long?

A symposium of youths-on-the-street concerning proposals for an 11-month school year drew a preponderantly negative reaction, as we had every reason to expect. Who but the inordinately ambitious or impatient among them could be expected to favor a reduction of vacation time from two months to one?

And perhaps it ill behooves any adult, with all his school vacations safely behind him, and his memories securely without, as it were, in amber, to suggest that the younger generation should forego summer holidays. Yet we suspect the international competition for the best vacation is on the wall.

As far as rest and recreation—the reasons put forward by

Young, Slim, Smart

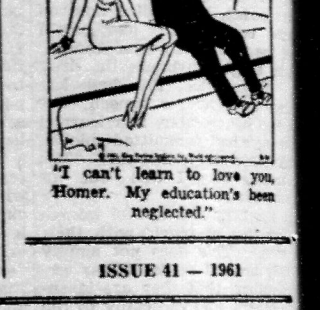
the young objectors are still interviewed—are concerned, we would guess that the older generation needs these benefits more than youngsters. . . .

The most compelling reason for the 11-month year is that it would make more of school facilities in an era when they are unequal to the demand. It would also turn out graduates with a great saving in time, a consideration that may come to be of critical importance in the great international competition for the best vacation.

The way we have it, the two-month vacation originated out of the need of a generation ago to put the kids to work on the farm or in a shop, or in a mill. If we are going to keep it, we have to better it.

—Star-News (Pasadena, Calif.)

Drive Carefully—The Life You Save May Be Your Own



ISSUE 41 - 1961

Some Day You Might Be Able To Choose The Sex Of Your Child

By WARD CANNON, Newspaper Enterprise Assoc.

NEW YORK (NEA)—The doctor is quizzing, "Are you a boy or a girl?"

This seemingly ridiculous piece of business is being transacted today in an increasing number of U.S. medical offices with anywhere from 60 to 82 per cent success. The science of experimental genetics being used to solve a problem as old, probably, as mankind.

Geneticists have suspected for many years that the child's sex depends on the father's genes. But only recently have laboratory techniques isolated the male and female carriers in sperm.

Under the obsolete system of nature, the birth rate of the sexes was about equal—983 boys born for every 1000 girls. But it doesn't take a very bright cultural anthropologist to recognize that babies-on-order can lead to chaos.



BOY OR GIRL? Someday soon doctors may deliver on order.

Which one gets through to fertilize the egg depends, researchers are finding, on answers to three main avenues of inquiry: The time of conception. Studies show some 60 per cent more boys are born to young mothers than to old, and to mothers who conceive at the peak-point of ovulation rather than before or after.

The means of conception. In one series of artificial insemination cases under controlled conditions, 78 per cent of the births were boys. But the results might be even more accurate, some experimenters reason, if the union of egg and selected sperm was managed in a test tube and then transplanted to the mother's womb. It has worked quite well in animal experiments.

The mother's frame of mind. In one continuing, 15-year-old study, prospective mothers are

Boasting Of A Great Spycatcher

The "redneck" was a gray suit, a light suitcase and a newspaper that were all he had. He was a man of freedom, a man of peace, a man of love. He was a man of many talents, a man of many virtues. He was a man of many secrets.

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Ralph Houk Filled Old Casey's Shoes

In applauding New York's 26th American League pennant and 11th in the last 13 years, it would be a gross injustice to brush over the key role played by Ralph Houk, the freshman manager.

At the beginning of the season, the one-time Army major, though obviously supported by the best organization in professional baseball, sat in an uncomfortable managerial seat.

He was following the popular Casey Stengel, the recognized managing genius of this generation, with the most successful won-and-lost record in the history of the game.

Winner of 10 league championships in 12 years, including unbroken strings of four and five pennants, Stengel left the Yankee club in the fall of '60 amid the protests of millions.

And into the middle of this widely publicized controversy stepped the cool, equally courageous figure of Houk who knew better than most the spot he was in.

But the man who had been an Army Ranger, decorated and promoted in the heat of battle, not only was equal to the challenge, he proceeded to win with seven league titles and a finality that had the wily Stengel.

Houk managed his 104th Yankee flag clinching victory at the old 154-game mark. Stengel finished second in his lone 100-win year at Yankee Stadium.

Stengel in any way, for his greatness at the Stadium and finger forever—his greatest asset was the story he had to tell. But the innocent have to wonder if this tremendous Yankee year could have been possible under anyone except Houk.

Could Roger Maris have written the individual story of the year? Could Elston Howard have had his best year? Could young John Blanchard have blossomed so impressively? The answers to these questions will never be known, of course. But what we can do is give Houk the full credit he deserves for being the manager in the unlikely folding of this fine Yankee story. He handled himself like a pro



RAHP HOUK

all the way, working efficiently in the background while his players took most of the bows, plodding with rare determination up the victory ladder to another pennant, writes Ed Hamilton in the *Christian Science Monitor*.

The Yankees were loaded with catchers in the spring and a trade involving one of them seemed imminent, but Houk rejected the temptation, one of the master moves of the season. Howard, given more work behind the plate, developed into Yogi Berra's solid and sure left field partner. Blanchard, eased in and out of the lineup, produced a number of game-winning hits.

Houk put Ford on a regular schedule and kept him there. Ralph made Luis Arroyo the key man in his bullpen. Veterans Bob Turley and Art Ditmar had to be bypassed, and young men Roland Sheldon and Bill Stafford were promoted to the front line.

But Daley was acquired from Kansas City and, with Jim Kaes, was spotted on the number 10 to fill out the batting picture.

Houk anchored Tony Kubek at shortstop. The manager's handling of the Maris home run situation was flawless. When Casey Stengel was asked to leave, Houk stepped in to pressure him into changing his batting order so as possibly to help Maris and Mickey Mantle in their pursuit of Babe Ruth.

Houk stuck to his guns, emphasizing the importance of team interests and the championship race. "Our prime objective is to win a pennant," he kept saying.

Great Mountain Climbers Meet

The mountain bus was an ungainly affair, a big, boxy creature with a high wheelbase, transporting us along rough tracks from the Mount Cook hotel, across the floor of a valley, through a wilderness of boulders, over dry stream beds and right up to the side of the glacier, there to disgorge its loads of climbers and tourists.

It was not long before I was regularly conducting parties of sightseers on their first visits to the glacier, cutting steps, guiding them to the side of the bus. But always I enjoyed the rattling bus ride, the view of the valley and mountains was superb.

One day I noticed a long-limbed, keen-eyed young man sitting alone on the rear seat. Dressed in old tweed trousers with puttees around his ankles, he carried an ice-axe and a small sledge, and he had a sweat rag circling his neck, all topped by a battered brown ski cap.

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How Can I?

By Roberta Lee

Q. How can I repair a small leak in a water pipe?

A. There are many ways to repair a small leak in a water pipe. One way is to use a pipe clamp. Another way is to use a pipe patch. A third way is to use a pipe sleeve.

Q. What can I do for pictures that have been stored away for some time and have become somewhat dingy-looking?

A. There are many ways to restore old pictures. One way is to use a photo restorer. Another way is to use a photo retoucher. A third way is to use a photo enhancer.

Q. How can I treat some light blemishes on my furniture?

A. There are many ways to treat light blemishes on furniture. One way is to use a furniture restorer. Another way is to use a furniture polish. A third way is to use a furniture conditioner.

Q. How can I get rid of some light blemishes on my furniture?

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