

In England You Get Used to Things Like This

Unforeseen Circumstance Cancels Clairvoyance Meeting

EDITOR'S NOTE — There goes the Englishman. Not a bad chap, really. And sensible. He gave the world much of its law, its government. But sometimes it's hard not to laugh at him. For the Englishman can be silly. Very, very silly. If you don't think so, read on. And try to keep a straight face.

By RONALD THOMSON
Of the Associated Press

LONDON—The notice on the door of the city hall in Kent was brief and to the point—"The evening of clairvoyance on Tuesday has been cancelled owing to unforeseen circumstances."

If you live in England, you get used to things like this.

There is a man around somewhere who believes railroad coaches should be boiled—yes, boiled—at each station to prevent the spread of dandruff.

West Wickham fire station is situated in a road which is blocked at both ends.

Advice on Rocketry

Letters to the editor often produce significant thoughts. The Newcastle Journal printed the following advice from a reader:

"In view of the great ex-

pense and difficulty involved in firing rockets at the Moon, I suggest that future attempts should be made when the Moon is full. There would be a better chance of hitting this larger target than hitting the thin crescent present at the time of the latest Russian attempt."

The chief clerk of a London



borough council posted a memorandum saying: "Owing to the shortage of staff, officials are advised to take advantage of their typists between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock."

The English love laughing at themselves, but now and again they wonder why it's so easy. A lot of very silly things seem to happen here.

Collection of Oddities

The weekly magazine "New Statesman" has been compiling a record of such oddities over the years and recently published a collection of them.

One of the great classics is an order issued by the British Admiralty dealing with the storage of torpedo warheads:

"It is necessary for technical reasons that these warheads should be stored with the top at the bottom, and the bottom at the top. In order that there may be no doubt as to which is the bottom and which is the top for storage purposes, it will be seen that the bottom of each warhead has been labelled with the word 'top.'"

Deadpan announcements in newspapers provide some of the best fun. From the seaside resort of Margate came this one: "The council has adopted a



new slogan, 'There's life in the Margate air,' which is now being stamped on envelopes containing reminders that annual cemetery fees are due."

Too Many Shifts

In the north of England one paper reported:

"Corned beef was sent to a Bridgend school canteen. Teachers sniffed it and did not like the smell. The canteen man-

ageress sniffed it and pronounced it satisfactory. The town sanitary inspector sniffed it and approved it. The town medical officer sniffed it declared it good, then ordered it to be destroyed because too many people had sniffed it."

A profound mystery occurred in the town of Bath. "On Saturday," said a local paper, "The Stanley Engineering Company held its outing to

Southsea. Owing to pressure of work none of the staff was able to go. However, a most enjoyable time was had by all."

The church column in another newspaper announced: "The minister intends to preach a series of sermons on the seven deadly sins, omitting lust."

A plaintive note came in a letter to the magazine Reveille: "My wife has a habit of peeling potatoes in bed. I feel this is unnecessary and unhygienic, but how can I stop her?"

Marital Problems

Marital differences naturally are to the fore in this collection of strange English fancies.

The law society reports that a man who instituted divorce proceedings later withdrew the application "in case his wife got to hear about it."

Judge Temple Morris granted a divorce to a woman at Swansea Assizes, saying her husband wrote her a letter "which should not have been sent to a dog."



The element of violence always adds to the interest.

In the divorce court in London, Justice Karminski ruled that a wife who threw "almost every form of domestic utensil" at her husband was not cruel

because on nearly every occasion she missed.

'Beat Her Lovingly'

Another judge was quoted as saying:

"A man who beats his wife should do it according to the Bible, as a service of love, not in temper. A reasonably sized stick would be all right for the job, but it is a pity that the defendant lost his temper and used an iron bar."

Officialdom is never out of the fray for long. Says the mayor of Lincoln:

"There is no housing shortage in the town. This is just a rumor put about by people who have nowhere to live."

And a government employment bureau went on record as follows:

"Until recently the admission of foreign workers was confined to female applicants. This restriction has been relaxed and we have extended our activities accordingly. The term 'girl' now stands for any type of applicant regardless of sex."

New Kind of Stamp Collecting Calls for Cunning and Patience

EDITOR'S NOTE — In the new world of trading stamps, the American mother has become a master of logistics, a general surveying the best battleground. In this article, Joy Stille, wife of AP staffer Francis Stille, and mother of two, tells of the new dimension trading stamps have added to the housewife's life.

By JOY STILLE

NEW YORK, (AP) — Lots of people collect stamps as a part-time hobby. For me, collecting stamps has become a full-time job—and a full-time headache.

I don't save plain old postage stamps. That's easy. My kind of collecting takes planning, energy, concentration, cunning, patience, strategy, footwork and time—mostly time.

You see, I collect trading stamps and all of a sudden it has become a way of life.

More and more stores are enticing me with sticky squares in all colors of the rainbow. Recently another nationwide grocery chain joined the battle, brandishing a plaid sword, and I surrendered meekly.

Mothering Six Books

I'm a prisoner of the stamp

war. No longer am I content to nurse one book of green, yellow, red or blue stamps along, waiting patiently for it to mature. Now I'm fiercely mothering six books and hoping some enterprising outfit will come out with polka-dot pasteups.

Time was when I needed milk or bread or eggs I just trotted

over to my friendly neighborhood grocer. He gave me the food and I gave him the money. It was a simple transaction which I remember with nostalgia.

Never Mind the Price

These days, when I need groceries, I have to do some fancy figuring that would make a computer flash its tubes in admiration.

First, I study every ad and circular put out by all the stores in and out of the neighborhood. If store A advertises butter at 74 cents a pound, but store B sells it for 79 cents a pound and throws in 20 stamps, logic tells me store C is the place to buy it because I can get 100 extra stamps by buying five dollars worth of stuff. And never mind what the price of butter is in store C nor how much gas it takes to get there.

Meanwhile, store D tempts me with the pledge that it will present me with 100 free stamps if I just turn up with a special coupon in my hand and smile on my face.

Naturally, if they're going to be that generous I feel I really should give them some of my business. So I have to scan their ad until I find something I can use that they're willing to give me extra stamps for.

Matinees Are Out

Not only has my method of shopping changed, but so has my timing. No more theater matinees for me! Wednesday is double stamp day and I want to be right on hand when they pass out the bonus.

Of course filling the family larder takes a lot more time now.

Making out the various shopping lists and following them up is only the beginning of my work. Then there's the task of sorting out the vari-colored prizes that clutter up my purse and pasting them in different books.

All my friends are in on the act too, and stamp-trading is rapidly replacing mah jong as an afternoon's diversion in our neighborhood.

Trade, Anyone?

If I have my eye on a red-number premium and I find myself with a few purple pretties on my hands I'll trade even Steven with anyone who fancies the purples. If I'm anxious to finish up the book and tote my prize home I'll even enter into a two-for-one deal.

Nowadays, if the family can just eat enough, there's very little stamp books can't be converted into. Besides the old standbys of toys, household items, sporting goods, jewelry and hardware—almost anything money can buy—stamps can get you free.

Latest inducement in one wish-book is tours to glamorous places all over the globe.



(AP Wirephoto)

Stamp Victim

Mrs. Francis Stille shows off her collection of trading stamps in her home in the Queens section of New York City. Collecting six brands of trading stamps offered by local merchants, she says, has become a full-time headache making her a prisoner of the trading stamp war.

Five Stamps Offered Here

At the latest count, a resident of the Eugene-Springfield area can lick the backs of at least five different trading stamps. These are S & H Green Stamps, Gold Bond Stamps, Silver Dollar Stamps, Thrifty Green Stamps, and Gold Arrow Stamps.

It is a fluid market, however. Varieties of stamps unfamiliar to this area may be found also, and some that once were given out are no longer offered.

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