



Tehai Tales



A Publication of Quester II

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SHRINKING INVENTORY

Many of you have received e-mails from us informing you that a particular product is out of stock, discontinued or will not be restocked for months. You may wonder why?

The common denominator is China where most of our suppliers source. What use to be a perfect relationship between supplier and manufacturer has now fallen on hard times. It has been estimated that more than 100,000 factories have closed in the past two years, and so suppliers are left to scramble and find factories to produce their goods or discontinue many items that have sold well in years past. To make matters worse, suppliers in general do not want to be stuck with inventory, especially in this economy. So it has become a challenge for everyone.

It is essential in today's market to check with us first prior to ordering. It is even more essential if a product is available to get the order in quickly, because what is here today will no doubt be gone tomorrow. Domestic suppliers have an advantage, but you tend to pay much more for products made in the U.S.A. and those products in general are limited.

We continue to work with suppliers we feel will go the extra mile for our customers, but there are no guarantees. All we can do is try and strongly encourage you to order early for gratuities. This way should a problem arise, we have time to give you alternatives.

Finally, cotton products are still in shortage worldwide, and we do not expect this to abate any time soon. We are trying to negotiate pricing for 2011 and we ask your patience.

I remember it well...



Mary James
President, Quester II

Life as a Child in the Foreign Service

"Are you a Scrooge or a Scraage?"

he would say, as he held me over the klong. It really never mattered which word I chose, for he would always take the opposite, and my body would be lowered each time he asked me the question until my feet skimmed the water. I would then shout whatever word I had not chosen, and would be hoisted up into his arms and hugged. He was my Daddy.

Our myna bird always announced his arrival by screeching *WHAT'S BEEN DONE'S BEEN DONE'S BEEN DONE'S* as soon as he opened the gate latch. This was my signal to get into place and await his arrival. The year was 1951 and we were living in Bangkok, The Kingdom of Siam. It turned out to be the first of many assignments and many countries I would call home during the next 30 years.

My father who had finished his Masters in Library Science on a scholarship in ten months, continued on with his PhD as the five of us lived in a Quonset hut in Minnesota. After completing 60 hours towards his doctorate, he announced one night that he had had enough with the cold and the poverty, and had joined the United States Information Agency. *We were heading to the Kingdom of Siam.*

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