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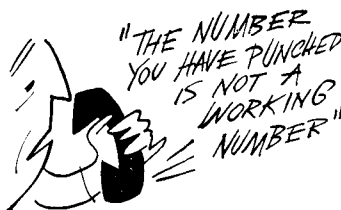
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ZONE STATE

TRADE Winds

JANE EAGER, of New York City, writes to advise us that the Yellow Pages of the Manhattan telephone directory carry a listing called "Drawback Specialists."

HENRY DREYFUSS, the industrial designer, has collaborated with Bell Labs to devise a gadget that will keep drawback specialists or anyone else from ever dialing the wrong number. It's a plastic card, about the size of a playing



card, and it looks like a miniature punch board. After poking out various holes to represent any desired number, you drop the card in a slot of a specially designed telephone. Your number is automatically dialed for you, and the card filed for future use. With all the colorful place-names fast vanishing from phone numbers, it looks as if practically all the fun will soon have disappeared from using a phone.

JAMES CHURCHYARD, of Tucson, Arizona, has been inspired to write us about our recent comments on the amazing number of words beginning with the letters *sn* that are related to the nose and mouth (sneeze, snore, sneer, etc.). He points out two other groups of words in which meaning and initial sounds are linked.

The letters *fl* seem to have a tendency to connote lightness or graceful movement: float, fluid, fly, fluffy, flit, flight, flee, flimsy, and so forth. What's more, he notes that words beginning in *sp* indicate a "forceful, outward movement": splash, spit, sputter, spume, spray, spurt, etc. Mr. Churchyard suggests that if enough of these sounds had inherent meanings, we might well be on our way toward subconscious universal language.

PAUL SCHLUETER, of the Department of Language and Literature at Minnesota's State College in Moorhead, Minnesota, joins in the same chorus. He points out that John B. Lord's book "Experiments in Diction, Rhetoric, and Style" (Rinehart, 1955) demonstrates that words beginning in *wr* seem to involve twisting, and of course,

in these days, could easily apply to the dance of the same name: wrangle, wrinkle, wrestle, wrench, wrest, wriggle, wreathe, wring.

The same book indicates that words beginning in *b* often are associated with the feeling of roundness, or an extension of something round: belly, billow, ball, bulk, bulge, boil, bubble, to name a few.

GLADYS CUTLER, of Detroit, is another victim of the search for sounds. She writes that she has been kept awake nights thinking about the way words beginning with *b* strike her. Her theory is that they relate mainly to babies: birth, bottle, burp, bib, bonnet, bootee, bassinet, blanket, bunting, buggy, bawl, and bye-bye.

EDWIN GOODWIN, of Darien, Connecticut, advises us that he associates words beginning with the letters *sq* with a crushing action: squirt, squash, squeeze, squint, squelch.

Any other associations?

GERARD NEYROUD, of Hollywood, Maryland, also responds to a recent TRADE WINDS item. He feels that the chewing



gum for angry people (Vehemint) suggested recently by John Derr could be supplemented by another chewing gum for people who don't like chewing gum. It would be called Eschewing Gum.

He also offers a limerick for the literary minded, in the wake of the recent rash of limericks quoted in this department:

Said a saucy young skunk to a gnu,
"You are quite odoriferous; phew!"

Said the gnu to the skunk:

"If I stank like you stunk

"I'd hate to be me, were I you."

PHILIP ARMSTRONG, M.D., of Syracuse, and Faith Fastabend of Nampa, Idaho, have varying views on our recent concern about the distortions of human anatomy found in TV commercials. Dr. Armstrong, a professor who is chair-

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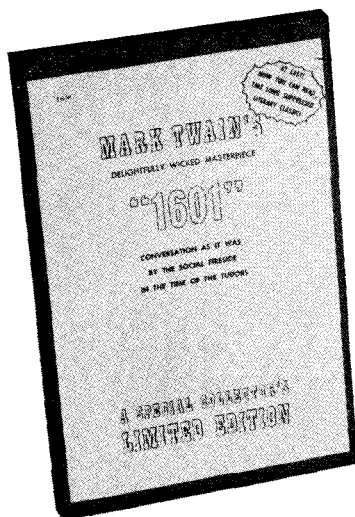
sation' recorded by a supposed Pepys of that period, was written with all the outspoken coarseness and nakedness of that rank day . . ."

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*Prof. Edward Wagenknecht, *Mark Twain "The Man and His Work"*, Yale University Press



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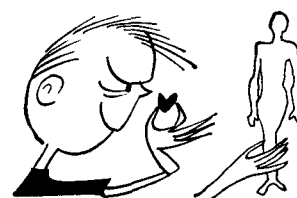
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man of the Department of Anatomy at the upstate New York Medical Center, writes: "What we really find in the sinuses of the face are small marbles, sinoliths (made in China) which roll around when you move your head. Some drugs lubricate the surfaces of the sinuses, thus reducing friction and pain. . . . I will be happy to comment on other TV ads but not if I will be required to view them first."

Mrs. Fastabend is not worried about the TV distortions. She feels that they have all been brilliantly neutralized by the twelve-inch plastic "Visible Man" replicas, inside of which are all the organs in miniature form and life-like color.

"These clever little organs," she writes, "can be lifted from their natural



resting place, examined minutely by the sweet little children, then replaced, ad nauseum, much as we used to pore over the pictures of the corset ads in the Sears, Roebuck catalogue or the scarce illustrations in the family doctor book. . . . Really, Mr. Fuller, today's children are wiser than you've ever dreamed!"

DON QUINN, the television writer-producer, is not too concerned with anatomy right now, but he is concerned, along with Phil Leslie (writer of the "Dennis the Menace" show), about horrible puns. They dredged up one which Jim (Fibber McGee) Jordan thought topped them all: It seems that a certain East Indian potentate couldn't handle the giant herds of wild elephants which attacked his palace, so he cleared out as fast as he could, leaving a sign: REIGN CALLED ON ACCOUNT OF GAME. —**JOHN G. FULLER.**

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1452)

THE SUN:
EDITORIAL—THURBER

(From Baltimore Sunpapers;
suggested by Adelaide Dillehunt)

James Thurber once said in a preface that writers of light pieces are but transients: In the house of life, they have never taken off their overcoats. But we are all transients, and in our generation we had no finer companion as we passed through than Thurber was.

FIRST OF THE MONTH

By Cleveland Amory

SOcially speaking, the story of the month was right on the new front tier—in fact practically on the steps of the Capitol—where Society with a capital “S” reared its ugly headline. And, as the resignations from Washington’s so-called intellectual club lengthened, one thing was certain. The days of Washington lip-service liberals were, where clubs were concerned, over. With President Kennedy and his boys there would be club dinner toasts to democracy—drunk in a Dixie cup.

Governor Rockefeller did not resign from the Cosmos Club but instead promised to bore from within. As for ourselves, boring from without, on a vacation on the island of Jamaica, we managed to overhear the month’s most fascinating Rockefeller conversation. “Well,” said one lady, “one thing *nobody’s* mentioned about him. He’s *certain* to get the divorce vote. And remember, nowadays, that’s *one* in every *four*.” At first we thought this might have ended it, but another lady went even further. “And just *think*,” she said, “of all the *other* people who *know* people who’ve been divorced.”

At the clubby resort of Tryall—golf clubby that is—we played golf with Billy Graham and, playing carry-overs, lost five holes when a shot he topped bounced twice on a narrow bridge across a ravine and ended up on the green. “It seems,” we protested gently, “that in this particular round we’re up against something more than we’ve ever been up against before.” Billy didn’t agree. “That’s funny,” he told us, tapping in his putt. “I just played with President Kennedy and he complained too. But I told him not to worry. The only place my prayers are *never* an-

latter resort came from Round Hill’s chieftess of staff, Miss Leslie “Stocky” Stockhausen. It happened when Henry Ford II was introduced at a dinner party to Edwina Mountbatten. “What,” he began in jovial American automotive fashion, “do I call you—Lady or Countess or what?” Edwina smiled Britishly. “I’ll tell you what to do,” she said. “You call me ‘Edwina’ and I’ll call you ‘you.’”

On the Fashion Front—and front it seldom is—the big news was not only the appearance of the Ten Best Dressed List, but the appearance of one Undressed—in other words, the appearance, in *Harper’s Bazaar*, of the nude torso of twenty-two-year-old “Contessa” Christina Paolozzi. On the *Today* Show we asked Christina what you needed to be a model nowadays. “A title,” she replied. We also asked her what she wanted to be when she grew up. “A housewife,” she said. In any case, following the appearance of the picture, Christina’s mother, the former Alice Spaulding of Boston, descended on the office of photographer Richard Avedon—and promptly slapped him. “I told him twice to take his glasses off,” she told us, “and when he wouldn’t I slapped him anyway.” Afterwards we questioned Avedon. “In this business,” he told us, “you have to expect anything, but I’ll tell you one thing—all the models now are hammering down the doors to be photographed the same way.”

On the book front the Oxford Press’s “Season’s Greetings” took the form of an essay entitled “The Scholar in America,” by Samuel Eliot Morison. “In this country,” Morison wrote, “Alice Hamilton is known to perhaps one person in ten thousand, Elizabeth Taylor to all but one in the same number. Some-
 . . .

gotten so cheap. The new talent just isn’t there to take their place. Hollywood took a whole generation of talent and destroyed it—and then TV finished the job.”

Somehow the phony theatre ad of producer David Merrick—wherein he located people out of the phone book with the same names as the Broadway critics and then had them comment favorably on “Subways Are for Sleeping”—seemed to fit Mr. Gordon’s theory to a T. And, although we liked the counter-anti-ad of *Variety*—they found in *their* phone book a *real* David Merrick, who of course had *his* opinion—there was still the danger that the whole thing would go full cycle and that, in the end, “Subways” might turn out to be such a popular failure it would be a hit.

One talent which, despite Mr. Gordon, TV did not harm—but Hollywood sadly finished—was Ernie Kovacs. On the day of his funeral he was, ironically, perhaps best summed up by a New York agent. “Even in *Hollywood*,” he said in awed tones, “*everybody* loved him.”

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The long-suppressed
sequel to
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