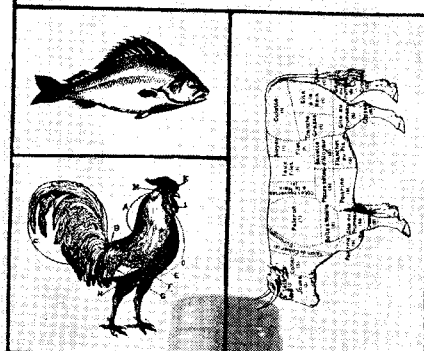


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THE PHOENIX NEST

## The Lost Hurrah

Edited by Martin Levin

### The Rhinoceros

**T**HE rhinoceros is dying out. It's best to come right out with these things no matter how much it hurts. Some goody-goodies would probably stall around for a while and try to break it to you by starting gently with something like, "Say, the Rhino is certainly a charmer." But we're all adults around here, right? Pow! Right between the eyes! The rhinoceros is dying out.

There are two fine blow-softeners that can be offered. First, the rhinoceros, aside from looking the way he does, has less value than an orgone box. (If you are unfamiliar with the orgone box, it may be said that, though highly recommended by its inventor, a slightly erratic but well-meaning medico, it has no value whatsoever.) Second, the rhino himself has no interest in the survival of the species. Hold that thought.

Rhino means nose, of course, and oceros means horn. Or comes from a word that means horn, if you're that kind of pest. It's not much of a name, is it? At least elephant means elephant, not "big fat," although there are authorities who think the word also means ivory. But authorities are people who build two-lane highways that are obsolete four years before they're opened to traffic.

The rhinoceros has twelve toes. Altogether. Three per foot. "Twelve toes" would have been just as good a name as "nose horn," particularly when one considers that it isn't really a horn but a tight-knit tuft of hair. Probably when a rhino charges at one the nose is more noticeable than the toes and the name may have come about that way.

These frumpy hulks live on leaves and grass and have terrible eyesight, though their hearing is fine. Few concerts are given for them.

Now for that thought you've been holding. It seems that the male spends years by himself and ignores ladies completely. When it finally occurs to him that there might be something in female companionship, he has to travel around a bit before he encounters a possible mate. When at last he finds a cute trick and resolves never to let her go, she often demonstrates a lack of interest that is astonishing. She beats him up. Possibly for taking so long to notice her. Whatever the reason, it puts one thud of a damper on romance and, as has been mentioned, the race is dwindling.

There is another factor. In many parts of Africa and the East the so-called horn is ground into a powder that is considered to have magical properties. Well, it is said to be a specific for virility. Something the rhino himself, perhaps, should look into.

Natives have to kill about a ton of rhino to get eight ounces of horn. The rest tastes something like roast beef. And, of course, something like rhinoceros.

—HENRY MORGAN.

### The Arts, These Days

Painting spreads and music spires,  
But poetry we spurn.  
To see, to hear, no skill requires;  
To read, a man must learn.

—PAUL SCOTT MOWRER.

### Estes Park, Wyo.

**W**E were on the outskirts of Boulder when the idea first hit me. And I was so excited about the prospects that I almost ran the car off the road.

"Isn't this country magnificent?" I said to my wife, Carmen, who was sitting in the back seat crocheting a litter bag.

"It certainly is," she answered.

"Then it's all settled," I said, glancing out at the towering peaks to our left.

"What's settled?"

"I'm going to run for the U.S. Senate from here. Wouldn't you like to be the wife of the next Senator from Montana?"

"Of course. But we happen to be in Colorado."

"Oh, so we are. I wondered what the big white 'C' painted on the side of that mountain stood for."

As soon as we got into town, I looked up the newspaper editor and broke the news to him. He somewhat dampened my enthusiasm by explaining that they didn't have an election this year.

"I think they may be having one in Wyoming," he said.

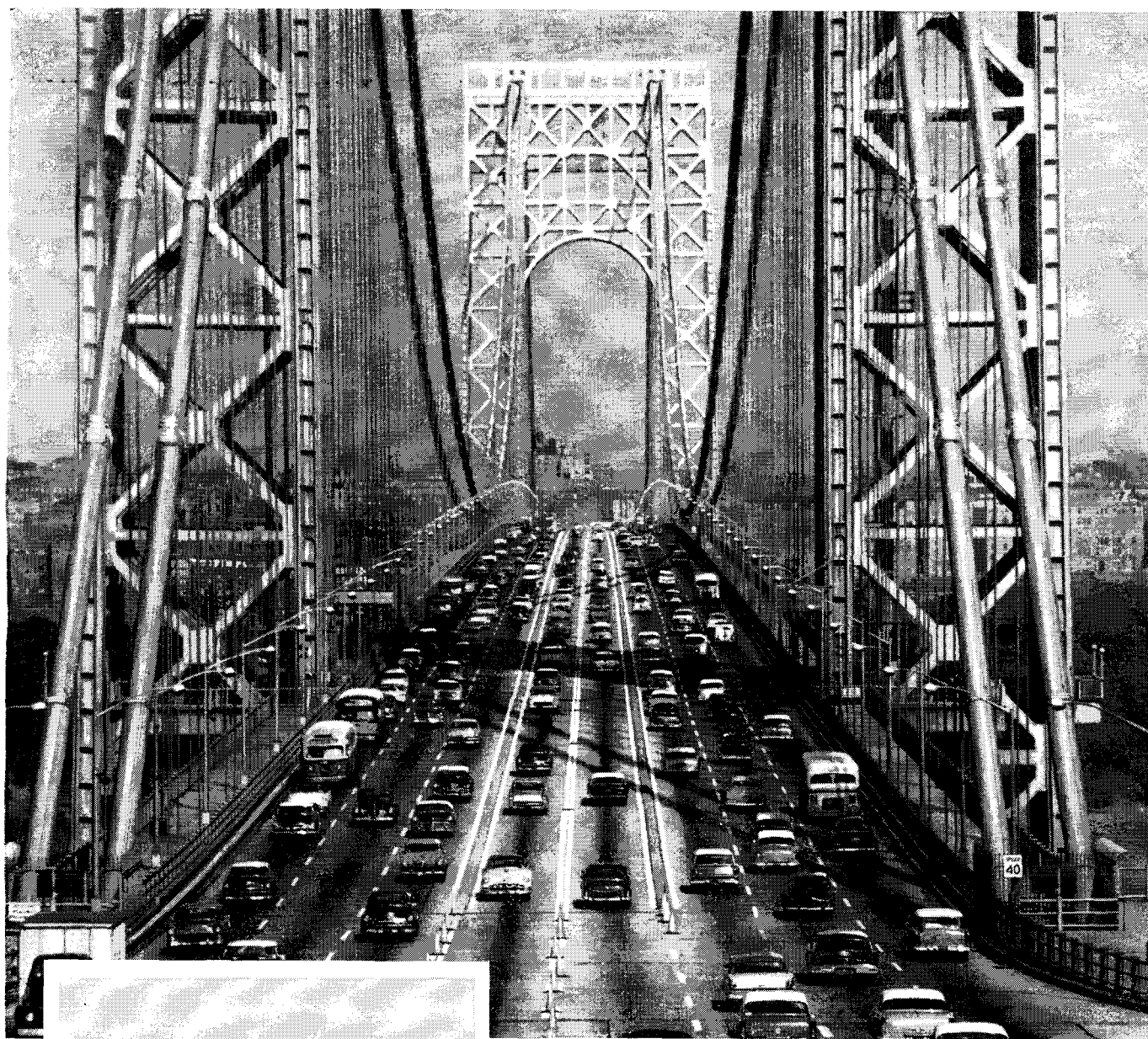
"But that's thousands of miles away," I protested.

"It's our neighboring state. You can drive there in a few hours."

We checked into a motel in Laramie and I went directly to a recommended public relations firm to discuss my campaign. They were very friendly and seemed to catch the spirit of my mission right away.

"You've certainly come to the right place, Senator," said a well-dressed young man with Western manners, shak-

(Continued on page 12)



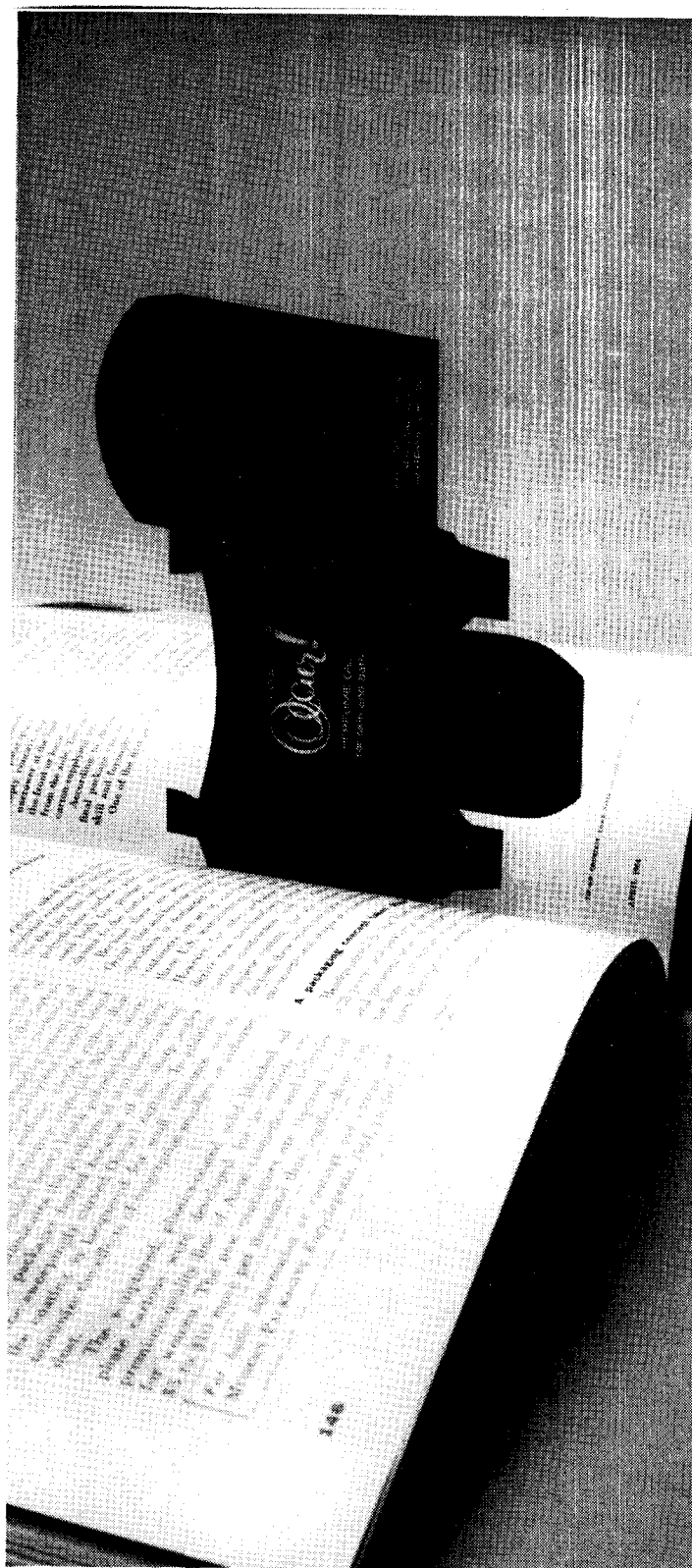
**CITIES  SERVICE**

## TO SERVE A GROWING NATION...

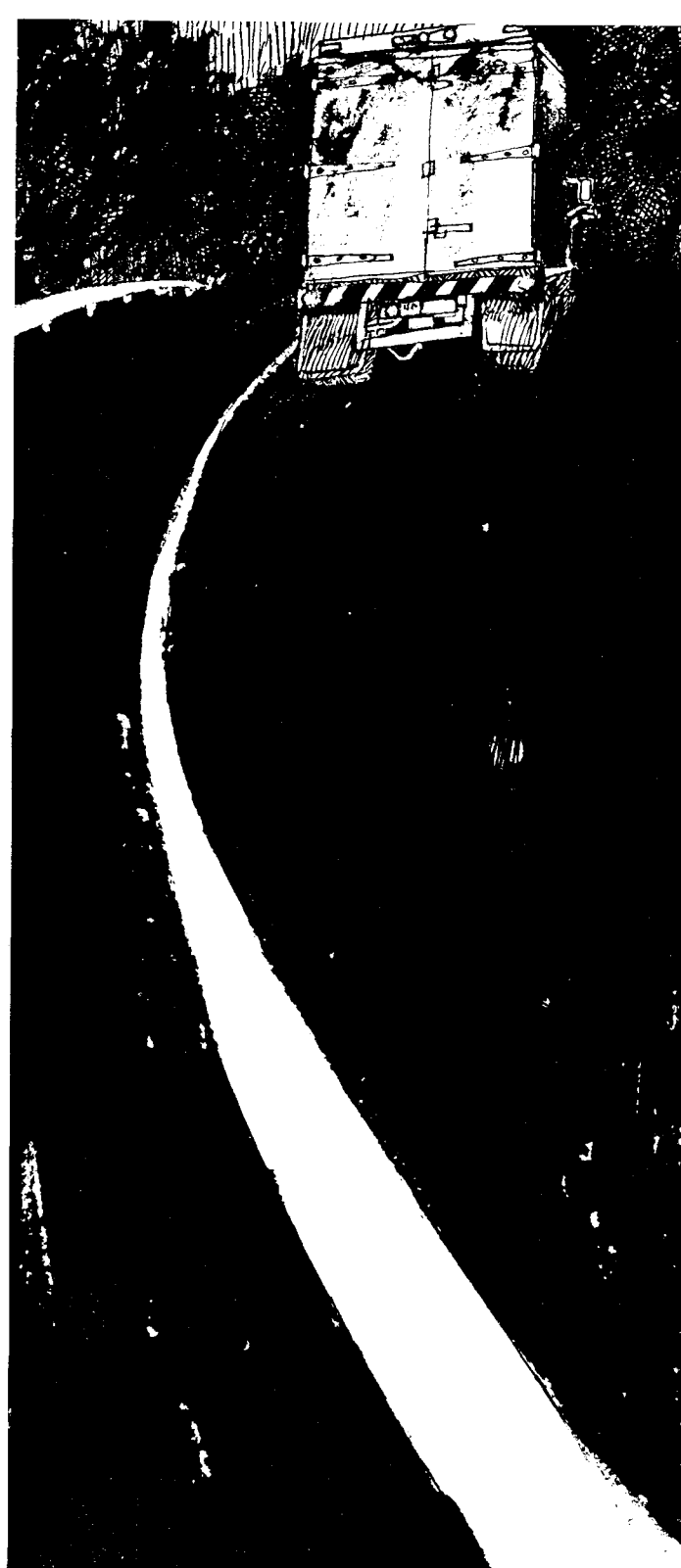
**OURS IS A NATION** on the move . . . more than 90 million licensed drivers, more than 75 million motor vehicles, and more than 400 billion miles of motor traveling each year. Providing these travelers with motor fuels, lubricants, anti-freeze, and other automotive products . . . as well as asphalt for the highways they travel on . . . is a primary job of the petroleum industry. These needs will grow in the years to come.

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**DEMONSTRATIVE** If you are an average U. S. consumer, last year you used 490 glass bottles, 658 cartons, 240 cans, and thousands of other packages. This year you'll use more. To keep pace with its field's growth, McGraw-Hill's MODERN PACKAGING magazine uses many editorial techniques, may even bind in examples of actual packages. Readers thus can see, feel... even take apart... the newest advances in the field.

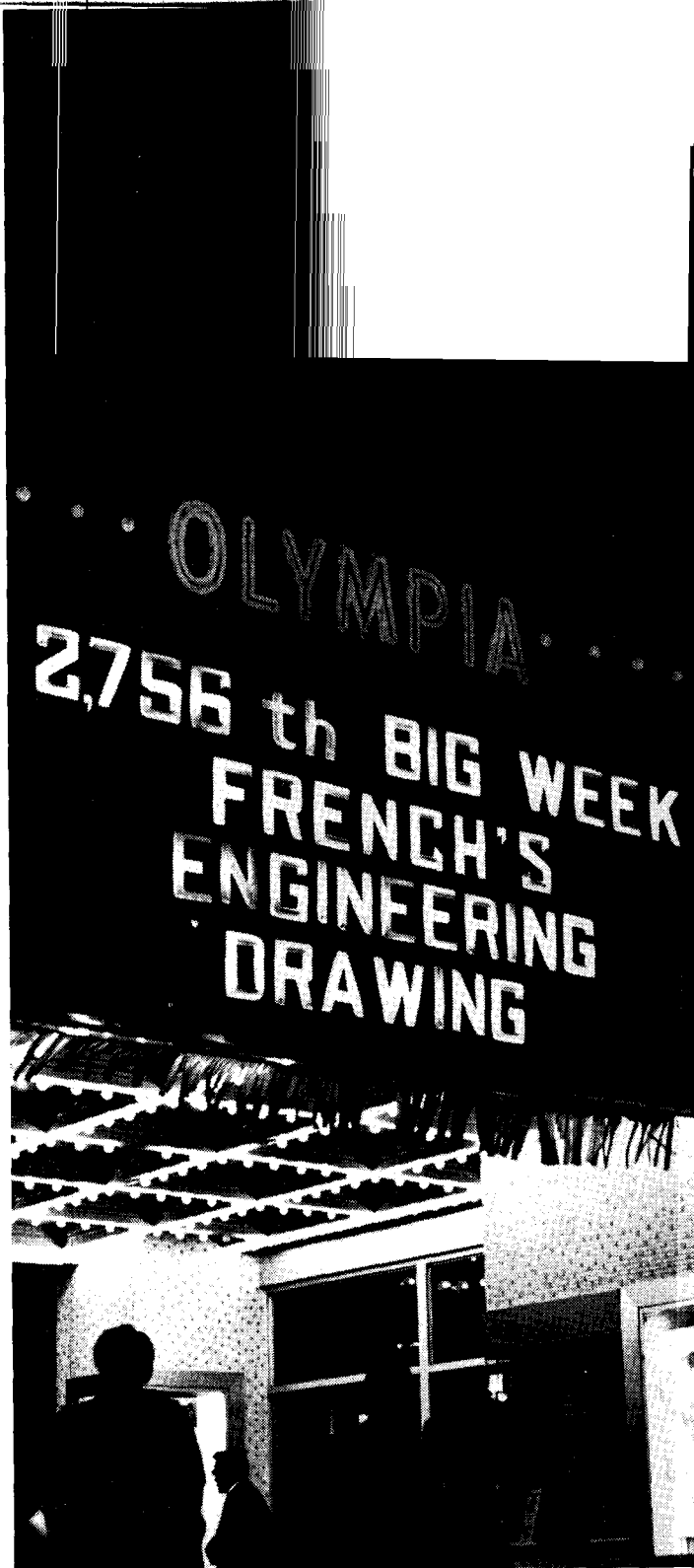


**FUGITIVE** The explosive drama of illegal trucking—carrying unauthorized cargo—may read like a television script, but it's a dangerous problem. A regulated trucking system is vital to both our everyday economy and national defense. McGraw-Hill's FLEET OWNER magazine recently probed this problem. Its perceptive analysis won an award for outstanding business paper journalism and is now used to instruct law enforcement officers



**ILLUSTRATIVE** If you are a gasoline marketer, want to provide on-the-job training for employees of your service station dealers, how do you go about it? Humble Oil found a unique answer—teaching machines that use a 14-unit training course in a program developed by McGraw-Hill's Information and Training Services Division. This is just one of many ITS solutions to corporate communications problems.

**SUPERLATIVE** You may think of a “best seller” as a novel with big sales that ends up as a hit movie. McGraw-Hill's Book Company has had its share of these, but it also has another type of best seller. French's **ENGINEERING DRAWING** is an example. Nobody has asked for the movie rights, yet it has been in print 53 years, sold over 1,750,000 copies—two yardsticks that measure best sellers in the field of education.

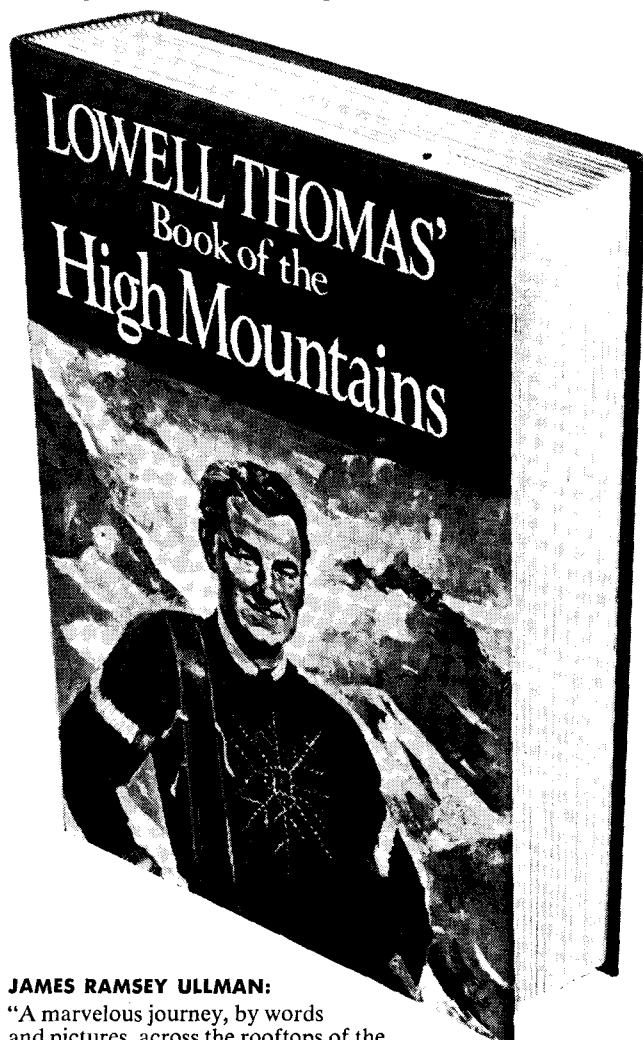


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## The Phoenix Nest

*Continued from page 8*

ing my hand vigorously. "Now how long have you been in Wyoming?"

I looked at my watch.

"Oh, I'd say about three hours and forty minutes, give or take a little" I said.

"I see. And have you ever lived in Wyoming?" he asked, taking notes.

"Yes, I worked one summer at Estes Park while I was going to college. I was sort of a guide on that aerial tramway."

"I believe that's in Colorado."

"Really? I would have sworn it was in Wyoming. Of course, that was eight or ten years ago." I said.

"Is your wife photogenic?"

"Oh, my yes. Just like a Hollywood starlet."

"Fine. Do you have any children?"

"Yes, three girls and one boy. Their grandmother is staying with them at our home in Pennsylvania."

"I see. Are they lively, lovable, precocious, and pretty?"

"Yes, I guess you could say that."

"Wonderful. Do they and your wife swim, skate, ski, scuba-diver, and shoot?"

"No, but I guess they could learn. By the way, who are my opponents?"

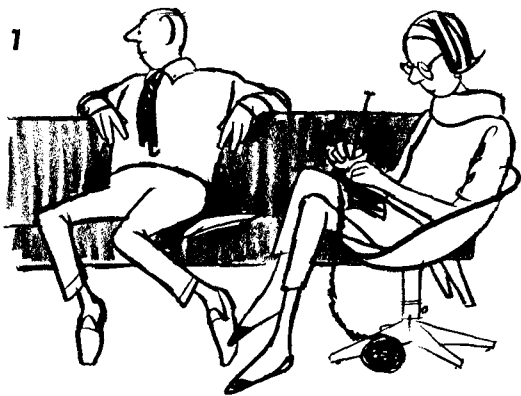
"Well, there's an actor now shooting a film on location at Jackson Hole, a young man sent out here by an employment agency in New York, and a man who recently shook President Johnson's hand while on a sightseeing tour in Washington. But you'll be a shoo-in, Senator," the young man informed me.

Unfortunately, my public relations consultant was a little premature. The actor beat me by about 8,000 votes. I'll admit that I made some boo-boos during the campaign. Like when I talked about our capital city of Sioux Falls. But you should have seen the actor. He shook hands in eastern Utah for three solid weeks before anyone told him he was in the wrong state. —FRANCIS MURRAY.



TOM SMITS

1



*Fred's in the kitchen making a snack.*

*What's he having this time?*

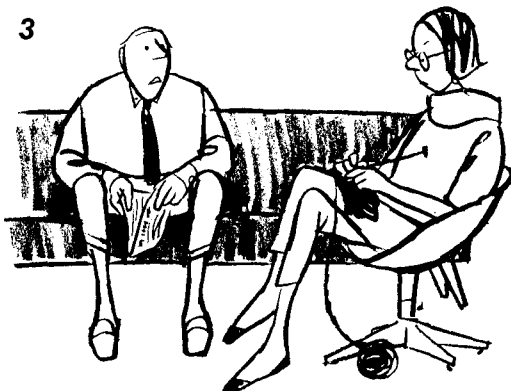
2



*Sure you want to hear?*

*As his mother I feel obliged to.*

3



*Pickle and anchovy on whole wheat raisin bread.*

*How could he!*

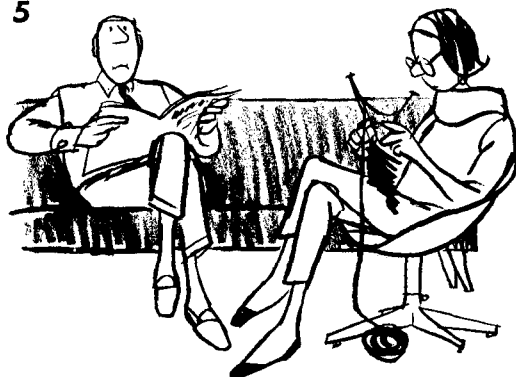
4



*He said it was democratic—he and Brother voted for it over tuna fish on chocolate graham cracker.*

*They think of nothing but eating.*

5



*I like to see children enjoying their food.*

*Sometimes I wonder what I'd be able to feed them if we couldn't count on your income.*

6



*The way I've arranged it, you'd have all the groceries you'd need as long as you need them, if I weren't here. My Equitable Living Insurance policy would take care of that—and all the other expenses in raising a brace of big eaters.*

*Say, how about peanut butter and roast beef on pumpernickel?*

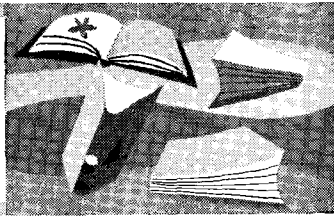


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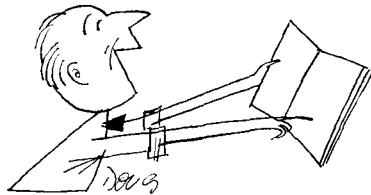
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# Trade Winds



**This seems** as good a time as any to make another sweep around the country to see what gaffes the press has recently perpetrated. Boners in print, as any editor can tell you, are terrorizing things. They are final, irrevocable. Readers de-



light in finding them, snipping them out with Machiavellian glee, and sending them back to the publication with appropriate hoots and sneers.

We can't think of a better place to begin than right here at home. Only a few weeks ago *SR* carried a handsome advertisement for a hi-fi company, bearing the headline "Ever Try to Describe What an Oyster Tastes Like?" The only

trouble is that it was accompanied by a picture of a cherrystone clam.

Further, several readers have written to advise us that *SR* skipped a couple of pages in a recent issue, and that some issues have been minus page 13. "This leads me to several conclusions," writes Stephen Wildstrom. "1) I'm crazy; 2) someone at *SR* ought to learn pagination; 3) *SR* is superstitious about page 13." This mystery, however, has a simpler solution: When a postcard is bound into the magazine, Post Office regulations require that it be counted as two pages.

**Strange things in print** are not limited to this country. The *Sunday Times* of London prints this letter of protest:

"Sir: As a British student in the United States I feel that some of your recent comments on Senator Barry Goldwater have been, to say the least, unfair. For instance, no attempt has been made to point out that, had a man of Senator Goldwater's political leanings been alive

in the Revolutionary War, he would have been on our side. [Signed] Charles Carlton, University of California."

**No publication holds** a monopoly on the printed goof, whether typographical or otherwise. Joseph Narat sends us a clipping with a San Mateo, California, dateline under the heading "Babies Flooding County Hospital." Mr. Narat says he wonders if the diaper shortage is really that severe.

And Lewis Gluck sends us a classified ad from the Miami *Herald* under the heading "Cemetery Lots": "Beach Day Camp. Boarding. All ages." Mr. Gluck comments, "This must be a long-term lease."

And from Steamboat Rock, Iowa, Sophia Rowan sends us an advertisement suggesting that teachers have a rather easy time of it. It reads: "FOR RENT—Sleeping room, close to school. Working lady or teacher."

**From Arizona**, Mrs. Richard S. Hall sends us a banner headline from the Phoenix *Gazette*: "Wedding Vows Exchanged by Pairs." Mrs. Hall asks, logically enough: "What else ever gets married?"

**And the Colorado Springs Free Press** prints this notice from Earl Wilson's column: "Connie Francis and Dick Kanelis were married last weekend. . . . Her bridegroom and her manager, George Scheck, will become partners in a management-public relations setup,



following a Miami Beach honeymoon." Mrs. Lloyd Knutson, who sent us the clipping, wonders if things weren't just a bit crowded.

**Not all strange** things are in print, of course. From Santa Barbara, California, Caroline Hennings reports that she asked a class, "In what verse form are Shakespeare's plays written?" One answer: Dynamic pentameter.

And in St. Paul, Minnesota, Allan Gower bemoans some of the things he has encountered in essays by his English students. Telling the story of a fire, one student wrote: 1) "Trying to save Alice, I ran for the door, dragging her behind"; 2) "By the time our parents got home, our house was totally diminished."

**Some things you read** are, of course, intentionally that way. Joyce Potter

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