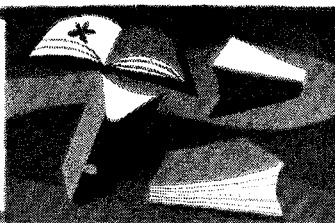


# Trade Winds



**Stories about** Vermonters are supposed to illustrate some characteristic, such as taciturnity or thriftiness. Allen R. Foley tells the following in the *Dartmouth Alumni Magazine* but doesn't explain what it reveals.

A Vermont farmer slipped and fell from the roof of the barn. Unfortunately,



he broke his neck and died. His son was filling out the forms necessary for the insurance—when and where and how the accident had happened. At the bottom of the page he came to the heading "Remarks." The son carefully wrote, "He didn't make none."

It is reported in *Variety* that when the motion picture *Lord of the Flies* started

its current run at a New York theater, the film was found to have been spliced wrong. Some of the later scenes in the movie came near the beginning and vice versa. An irate customer complained to the manager, who admitted the mistake had just been discovered but that nothing could be done about it until the holiday weekend was over.

"Aren't you going to tell the people who buy tickets?" the customer demanded.

"Why make them unhappy?" replied the theater manager.

In the window of the Northwestern University Student Book Exchange is a display of outlines and résumés of the classics for quick digestion. A sign reads: "These books are made to order for you who have not learned to read meaning into what you are studying. People have slaved endless hours to turn great literature into monosyllables and prosaic language especially for you. Purchase outlines that the effort made in your be-

half shall bring at least monetary recompense to their authors."

If you've ever wondered what those historical markers said as you sped past them too fast to stop, if you've ever wished you knew what this or that place had to do with the Civil War, you'll appreciate Alice Hamilton Cromie's *A Tour Guide to the Civil War* (Quadrangle). It's a history of the conflict arranged by state and town. Why didn't someone think of it before? It's the ideal way for a tourist to find himself historically.

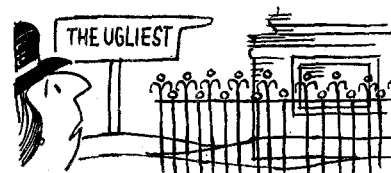
Having Vermont on my mind, I looked up that state and found to my surprise that twenty-two Confederate soldiers once raided St. Albans and fled to Canada with \$200,000 from the bank. Among the casualties was a man named Morrison, who fired on the invaders with a long rifle from the War of 1812 and was fatally shot in return. Other Civil War notes, by location:

**Tuscumbia, Alabama:** Home of Helen Keller's father, who was a Confederate officer.

**Taos, New Mexico:** Where Kit Carson nailed the flag to a cottonwood pole, with orders that it was to fly night and day. It's been fluttering ever since.

**Cypress Bend, Arkansas:** Where Henry M. Stanley, who later looked for Livingston, sold groceries until he joined the Confederate forces. Captured at Shiloh, he signed up with the Union.

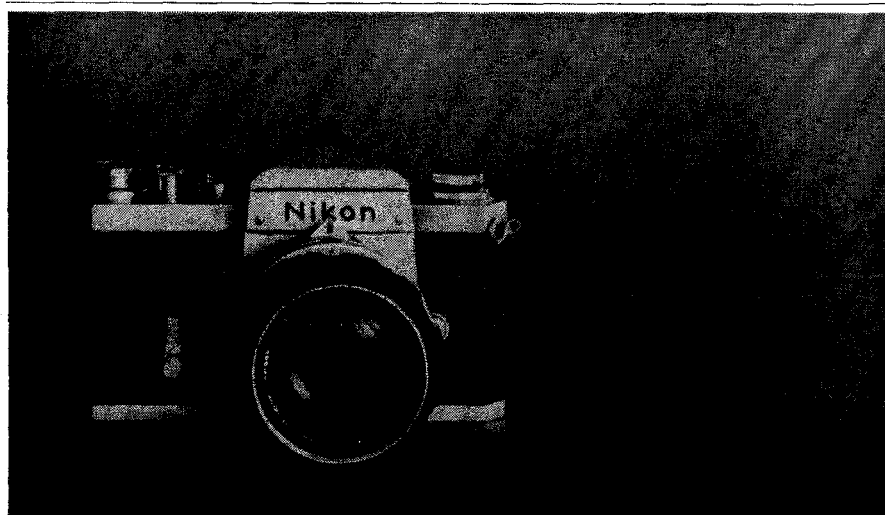
**South Mountain, Maryland:** Site of the memorial to war correspondents.



Without Mrs. Cromie's book, you might just drive right through South Mountain without knowing enough to stop and see this sight, especially as it is, in her estimation, the ugliest Civil War monument in existence.

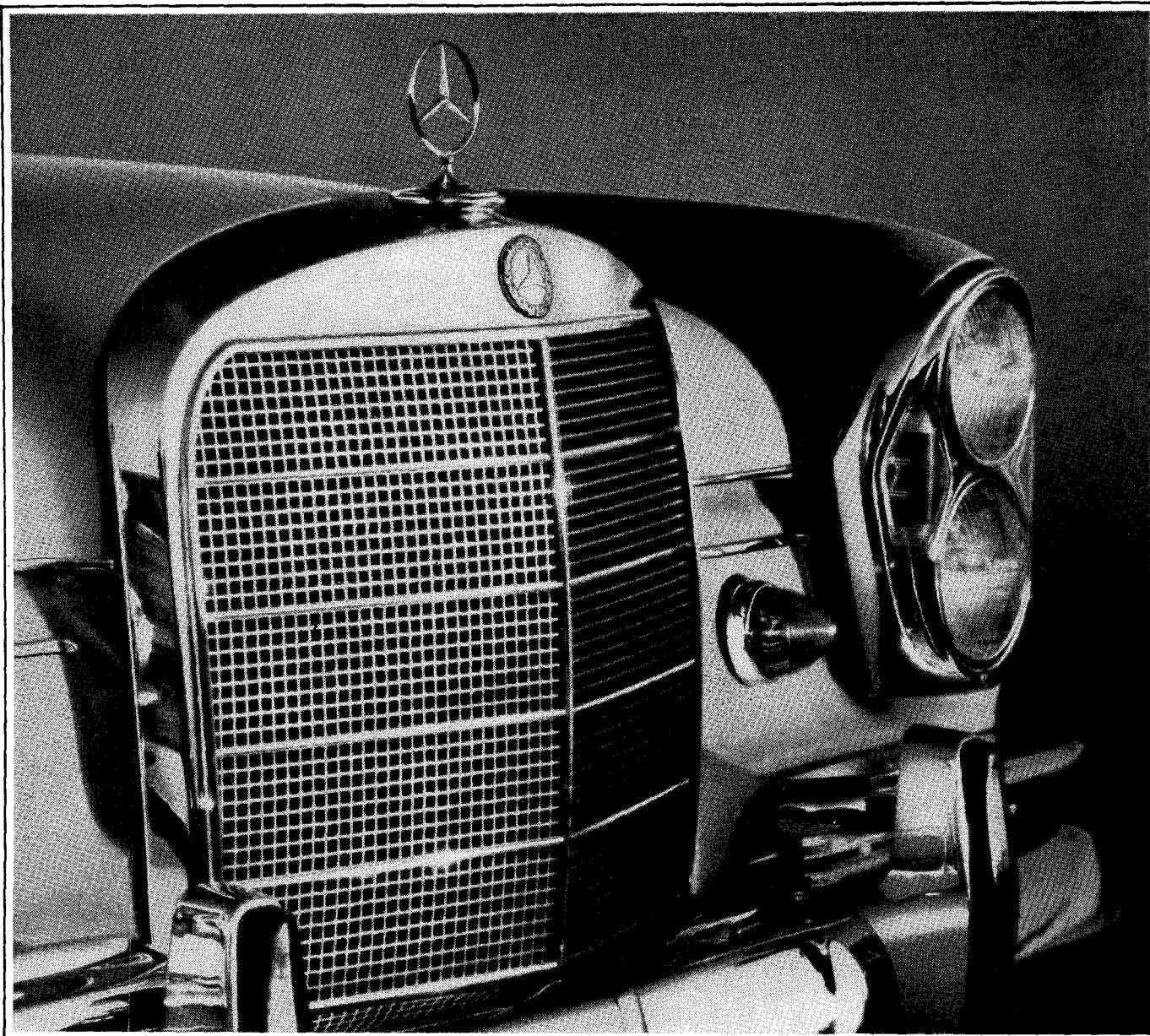
A blow has been struck, for what I am not sure. Not long ago there was an uproar when a literary society in Bend, Oregon, read Allen Ginsberg's "Howl" to an audience. The poem contains four-letter words not normally heard in mixed company. A bigger uproar was generated when, in defense of the Bend goings-on, English faculty members of the University of Oregon read "Howl" to a group of students.

Then, on February 10, faculty members of Portland State College struck the blow I mentioned. It was a reading that was an expression of love, kindness, cheer, and cleanliness. In fact, the read-



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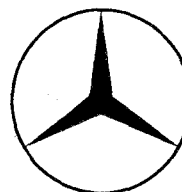
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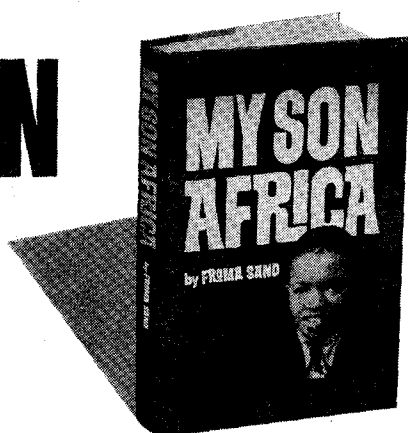
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“What color is  
the face of God?”

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by FROMA SAND



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ing was so pure that Professor Tom Burnam apologized for the use of the word when he told students he had “conceived” an idea for a poem. He bemoaned the fact that “poet” is a four-letter word when he introduced Mrs. Ella Litchfield of the English department, who rendered “Casabianca, or The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck.”



When Professor Robert Tuttle read Joyce Kilmer's “Trees” he carefully censored offensive words as in “the earth's sweet flowing -----.” Poems by Julia Moore, “The Sweet Singer of Michigan,” and by Edgar Guest were also heard.

Back at the University of Oregon, they felt the needle. The head of the UO English department sent a one-word telegram to Portland State: “Ouch!” As of now, anyone who wants to can read “Howl” out loud in Oregon.

**Sharps and Flats:** At the Hotel Lee in San Juan the food is kosher. Puerto Ricans are learning to make kasha, borscht, strudel, and kreplach, in strict compliance with dietary laws, and it's all done in Spanish.

► March 14 to 20 is Poison Prevention Week. The slogan is “Keep poisons out of children's reach.” And what do you do on March 21?

► In the Detroit office building where Janice Berkowitz is employed, automatic elevators were installed. Everyone was given a “Vest Pocket Pointers for Elevator Users” that said, among other things, “To go up, push the UP button—to go down, push down.”

► What if you have only one ten-foot pole and you don't want to touch it? What do you use?

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

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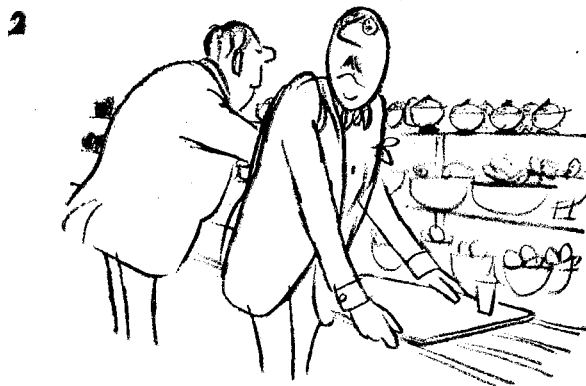
ASH WEDNESDAY

Because I do not hope to turn again . . .  
Desiring this man's gift and that man's  
scope,  
I no longer strive to strive toward such  
things  
(Why should the aged eagle stretch its  
wings?)  
Why should I mourn  
The vanished power of the usual reign?



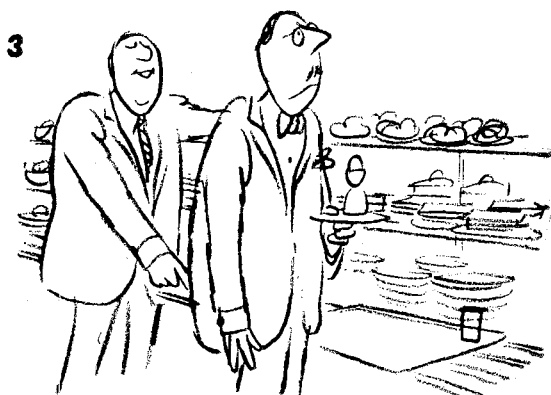
*What's the special today, Ed?*

*I'm having a soft-boiled egg and a cup of tea.*



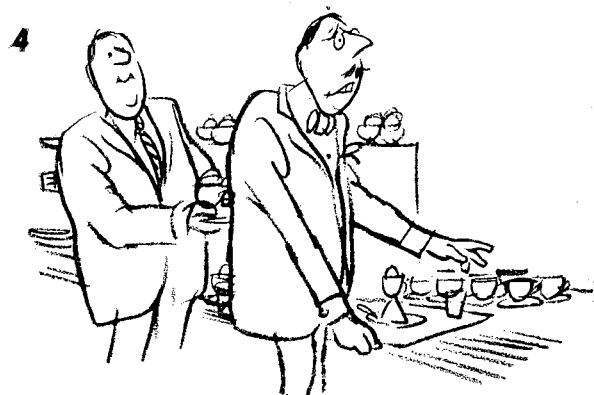
*I thought you were a big chili man.*

*Please!*



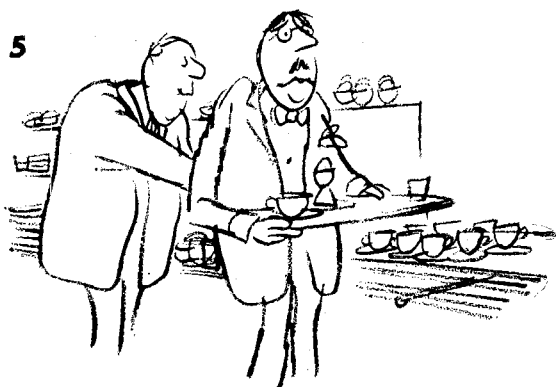
*Off your feed, huh?*

*I was thinking about what happened to Fred in Accounting.*



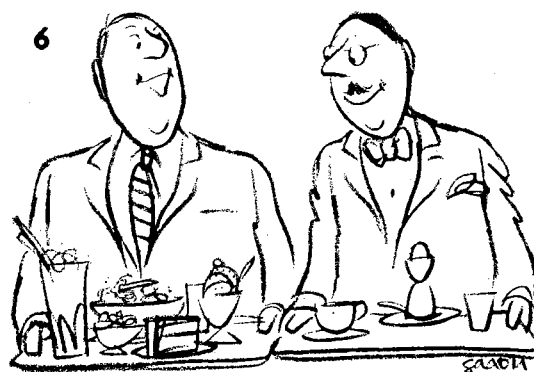
*He's ok now. You could never tell he was laid up close to three months.*

*But how's he ever going to pay all those bills—doctors, nurses, hospital, medicine?*



*It doesn't seem to be worrying him.*

*It sure would worry me. I've got a family to think of—and I don't have that kind of dough.*



*Neither does Fred. But he has Equitable's Lifetime Major Medical Policy and it's taking care of most of the tab for him. His policy covers bills in the thousands caused by serious illness or accidents. And it covers eligible family members, just in case.*

*Say, I think I'll trade in this egg for a bowl of chili.*

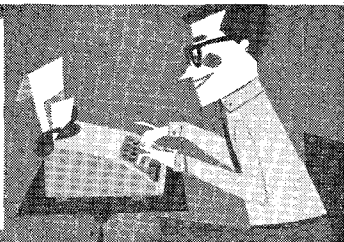


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# Top of My Head



## And a Little Child Shall Control TV

THREE newspaper items recently appeared on the same day which, if not entirely in correlation, are at least consonant one with the other, and bespeak an ominous and puissant bearing, if not on a large segment of our American way of life, on at least a cantlet.

For some time now the anxious television viewer has been reading announcements from the networks that the television sets of our country are being taken over, and indeed have been taken over, by the teen-agers; ergo, television programs will be directed toward the taste of the teen-agers and their interests. The anxious viewer has been laughing this off as so much network propaganda, finding it difficult to fantasize a teen-ager saying to his parents: "OK, read a book, take a walk, go to bed. I'm taking over the set tonight. See?"

I was one of the laugher-offers myself. Because I'm old enough to remember "Yes, We Have No Bananas" and my parents' running to cover when I put the

record on the phonograph, which I had taken over in a day gone by. You hardly ever hear "Yes, We Have No Bananas" any more, do you? But you still hear "Stardust" and "Deep Purple" and "Where or When" and even Guy Lombardo. So I laughed it off as a passing thing and thought maturity would soon set in; with the networks, that is. Because the teen-agers they were talking about are a small minority—"the yeah yeah yeah" crowd, the tight pants group. And I have a theory that those tight pants are cutting off the circulation to the brain.

But then I read—and now I come to the first newspaper item—an interview with Mr. David L. Yunich, president of New York Macy's. He said that Mama is no longer the chief family purchasing agent. Her job has been taken over by the nation's teen-agers, who not only have \$11 billion of their own money to spend every year but also influence an additional \$30 billion of family buying.

"In our generation," he said, "you had

to keep up with the Joneses. Today it's more important to keep up with the Joneses' kids."

Macy's man went on to say that the teen-ager is "the new consumer, a revolutionary force at work in the market place." By 1970, he stated, this \$11 billion a year will expand to \$21 billion. Teen-age girls, he says "make up only thirteen per cent of the female population but they buy twenty-seven per cent of the cosmetics, fifty per cent of the recordings, and twenty-five per cent of the greeting cards."

And a Happy Day of Awakening to you, all you anxious TV viewers. Because Macy's may not tell Gimbel's but they're certainly telling us something. I don't know about you but I'm about to go down and stand in Macy's window and apologize, Macy style.

NOT convinced? OK, here's the second item—from the financial page of the *New York Times*, under a most un-Timesly headline: "Yeah, Yeah, Yeah." It says: "Whatever financiers may say about the London Stock Exchange, it is flying high as far as the Beatles are concerned. The heavily over-subscribed books were closed yesterday on an offering of 1.25 million shares in Northern Songs, Ltd., which publishes songs by two members of the quartet, Paul McCartney and John Lennon. . . . Northern Songs, Ltd., has no tangible assets and only a two-year profit record. However, the company predicts tax-earnings of 1.54 million dollars in the fiscal year ending in April. Shareholders are promised that Northern Songs will diversify."

That last sentence is the only gleam of hope in the picture. Which brings us to the third newspaper item. It concerns an educational station in New York that has graced our screens with some sensitive, thoughtful, erudite shows but which now finds its funds so depleted it has abandoned most of its local live programming. Mr. Newton Minow, former FCC chairman, made a speech in behalf of WNDT, appealing for help to keep the station going.

"I say to you," he said, "that a brother and sister station of yours is in need of help."

He was addressing the commercial TV interests.

Mr. Minow, I can only say to you that the commercial TV interests are helping WNDT immeasurably with the kind of programs they've been telecasting this past year. Channel 13 can become the most popular station in New York if the networks continue to cater to that "revolutionary force at work in the market place"—which is the line of thought laid down by the man from Macy's.

But I ask you, Mr. Minow, is that any line to run an airways?

—GOODMAN ACE.

## Uncle George

By William Stafford

SOME catastrophes are better than others. Wheat under the snow lived by blizzards that massacred stock on Uncle George's farm. Only telephone poles remember the place, and the wire thrills a mile at a time into that intent blast where the wind going by fascinated whole millions of flakes and thousands of acres of tumbleweeds.

There in the spring birds will come measuring along their nesting stream where I like to go hunt through the snow for furred things that wait and survive. Trapper of warm sight, I plow and belong, send breath to be part of the day, and where it arrives I spend on and on, fainter and fainter toward ultimate identification, joining the air a few breaths at a time. I test a bough that held, last year, but this year may come down.

The cold of Uncle George's farm I carry home in my overcoat, where I live reluctantly one life at a time; like one driven on, I flutter, measure my stream by many little calls: "Oh, Uncle George—where you poured the chicken feed!—where you broke open the window screen for the nesting swallow!—where the barn held summer and winter against that slow blizzard, the sky!