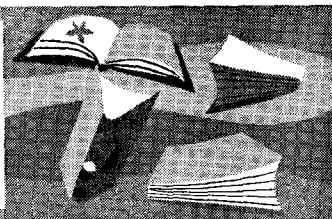


Trade Winds



We were happy to hear from Alvin Tresselt and Duncan Morrison (they call themselves the two elves who put together *Humpty Dumpty's* magazine each month) about their sympathy for the poor song writer who gave up the business after his songs "It's Two O'Clock in the Morning" and "Tea for



Three" failed to make the grade. They claim to have unearthed a trunkful of old song manuscripts that this tin-eared composer had written: "Moon Over Fort Lauderdale," "On the Sidewalks of Newark," "Shuffle Off to Schnectady," "Hello, Dorothy," "Walking in a Wonder Winterland," "Meet Me in Louisville, Louis," and "Come to Me My Melancholy Lady."

But slings and arrows plague all of us. For instance, in a recent TRADE WINDS column we quoted some amusing inside stories told about musicians by Frank Lewin, the man who creates the musical background for *The Defenders*, *The Nurses*, and other television films. As fate and a somewhat capricious 1940 typewriter would have it, we spelled his name Lewis instead of Lewin, in a paragraph next to a story about the difficulty of spelling names correctly. Mr. Lewin's comments speak eloquently:

John Feller, John Fooler, what made you discourse
On misspelled names you've known
When on the same page you rendered hors
De combat my very own?

It may be a "hors" of a different choler
But please watch what you are doin',
John Fellah, John Filler, John Faller, John Foller,
My name is spelled Frank Lewin!

Some mistakes seem to happen when things are corrected. When publishers Hill and Wang decided to publish Kenneth H. Brown's play *The Brig* (Howard Taubman of the *New York Times* called

it "devastating"), they invited Julian Beck, who produced the play for the Living Theater, to write an essay about it. Mr. Beck's writing style is uninhibited, especially in typography and punctuation, and the publishers made quite a few alterations. In spite of Beck's protests, the publishers stuck to their guns—but at the same time invited Beck to write his own attack on the publishers, which they printed in full at the start of the book.

In other such cases, the author might sue. But Beck claims to be an anarchist, who doesn't sue or get injunctions. This is probably the first time an author has been invited to attack his own publishers head-on.

"The version that appears here has been given the copy-editor college theme treatment," he writes in the book. "Hardly a word has been changed tho, must make that clear, a couple of cuts, o.k. except for one, but the revisions in typography and punctuation have taken from the voice the difference that distinguishes passion from affection and me speaking to you from me writing an essay."

"At first this episode threw me into despair. If the publisher of *The Brig* didn't know what I was trying to do, if he had a higher opinion of convention than of the artist's intention to keep literature free, then what to expect from the less enlightened man. . . . Haven't succeeded in squelching my spite as I write this, nor in writing this beyond my vanity. That's part of the work. Literary fights always look funny five years later. So will this."

Some booksellers have a tendency to look on many books as mistakes in themselves. Martin Gross, for instance, sends along a catalogue from Serendipity Books in Berkeley, California, which makes no bones about this listing:

Shaw, Irwin. VOICES OF A SUMMER DAY. New York: Delacorte (1965) 8vo, original wrapper.

Advance review copy with publisher's blurb laid in. First printing will be 50,000; Advertising budget—\$25,000. This copy, of a book not yet published as we go to press, is offered at the estimated remainder price of the hardback edition, just before paperbacking occurs. \$0.99.

By now, Robert Woutat (pronounced Woo-ta) has become so used to having people misspell and mispronounce his

name that it rolls right off his family escutcheon. "If ever an award is given to a man whose name is most often misspelled, I feel that I should be in the running," he says. He has kept a record of his junk mail over the past year, with the following results: Wontat, Woutot, Wautat, Wauthat, Wonta, Wouchat, Woutant, Wouther, Moutat, Wootat, Wowtat, Woutau.

Some people make mistakes in subscribing to magazines. One of these is April Lewis (*not* Lewin), who sent in \$7.50 for a subscription to a now defunct magazine. When the issues failed to arrive, she wrote half a dozen letters and got no reply. She finally wrote the Better Business Bureau, which sent her a polite letter saying they were afraid they couldn't do anything about it. The magazine wouldn't answer *their* letters, either.

And Arthur Stevens made the mistake of writing to the Publishers Clearing House to ask them why he had received a duplicate bill. The elucidating explanation he received said in part: "This is the card that causes a bill to be sent to you automatically each month. Because we didn't find it and pull it out of file, you'll continue to get bills, even though you paid. . . . You will receive still another bill from us in a week or so. When it arrives just send the whole thing back to us—the outside envelope, the letter, the bill form, and especially the reply envelope inside. Each piece is a clue to where your card is hiding. . . . Please do not send back any bill that arrived *before* this letter reaches you. Just wait a bit. If no bill at all arrives, you'll know we didn't make an error, and all is well. But if a bill comes *after* this letter that is the one we'd like you to send back."

And some confusions, of course, are deliberate. Consider the case of a doctor we once heard about. He was an avid horseback rider, and he liked to leave his office occasionally to go riding. He felt guilty, however, about asking his office nurse to tell a lie. With inspired imagination, he named his horse "Consultation," so that the nurse could simply say: "I'm sorry, but the doctor is out on Consultation." —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1620)

J. H. CASSITY:

THE QUALITY OF MURDER
(Suggested by Miriam Allen de Ford)

In this case, the prisoner achieved, during his period of incarceration, a recovery which was unquestionably productive and which warranted his release and return to society. His history after release justified the opinions, as he lived a normal social life.

The Time of the Peacock

Like Moliere's "Would-Be Gentleman," who was astonished to learn that he'd been speaking prose all his life, there may be a few people around who are unaware that this was a universe of color long before the NBC peacock came along.

Indeed, the mere idea of a world *without* color is terrible to contemplate. Daffodils, billiard balls and barber poles would be completely stripped of personality. Judy Garland's most famous song might well be "Somewhere Over the Liddenfogen." And Betsy Ross would never have made the scene at all.

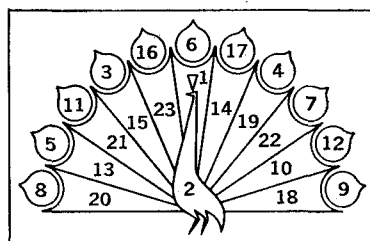
A Bright New Era

No, NBC isn't old enough to have invented color, but we can take credit for just about all the network color programming being watched by viewerstoday. And next season, our contribution in this field will be even more pronounced, for virtually *all* our nighttime programming—and 70 per cent of our daytime schedule—will be in color.

When a network announces that 28 of its 30 nighttime shows will be broadcast in color, you just know that the medium is entering upon a bright new era. It's an era whose inevitability NBC foresaw quite a while ago. We did more than foresee it; we did all

we could to hasten its arrival. Today, the one-time scoffers from the other networks (it was plainly a case of the color-blind leading the color-blind) give every indication of wanting to board the bandwagon. Yet, in 1953—when NBC first started to broadcast in color—these same doubters were delighted to sit back and let George do it. (George happened to be the name of our first color cameraman.)

NBC's trail-blazing in color was fairly typical of the



same pioneering zest that has marked its efforts in network radio and black-and-white television. But the tremendous broadcasting advantages of color—to audiences, affiliated stations and advertisers—have always been apparent to us. That's why we were perfectly willing to go it alone among the networks in a struggle that—for a long stretch of the way—was costly, difficult and unavailing.

But now that color has come into its own, it is NBC which is best prepared to

serve it up. The knowledge and experience we've gained over the past dozen years of color-casting are not trifles that can be picked up from a speeding bandwagon.

By this time, there are precious few scoffers around. The added appeal that color gives even the most attractive black-and-white program is a fact of broadcasting life. We know, for example, that when an NBC-TV show is presented in color, 80 per cent more homes with color receivers tune in than homes with black-and-white sets.

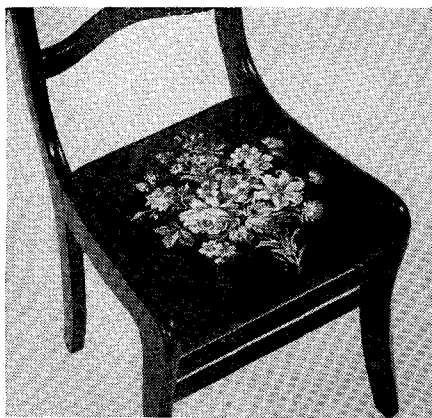
What's more, the advantages in color broadcasting will become more and more significant with each passing month. (At the end of 1965, it's estimated, there'll be some 5,000,000 color sets in use; and some 8,000,000 by the end of 1966).

Color It Wonderful

Our Fall nighttime schedule—with 15 bright new offerings joining 15 established favorites—would be a highly exciting prospect even if all the programs were being presented in black and white. But the thought that all but two of these shows will be telecast in their true, nature-given hues makes us proud enough to blush. In NBC color, of course.



Look to NBC for the best combination of news, entertainment and sports.



Needle-point Seat Covers IMPORTED FROM BELGIUM

Replace those old, worn-out seat covers, today! Foam-backed seat covers in choice loomed needlepoint give the "quality" touch to any room in the house. A lovely new floral pattern on beige or black background. 19½" square—can be cut to size.

(Postage: E. of Miss. 48¢; W. of Miss., La., Fla. 69¢) **ea. 2.99**
set of four 11.49

SEAT COVERS 23" SQUARE 3.99 EACH

Here's How Co., Inc.

SR-1, 59 Tec St., Hicksville, L.I., N.Y. 11801

CASSELL'S

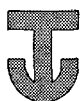
the foremost name in foreign language dictionaries

FRENCH
SPANISH
GERMAN
ITALIAN
LATIN

\$7.50
thumb-indexed \$8.50

At all bookstores
FUNK & WAGNALLS
360 Lexington Ave., New York City 10017

"An Ecumenical
Milestone"
—TIME MAGAZINE

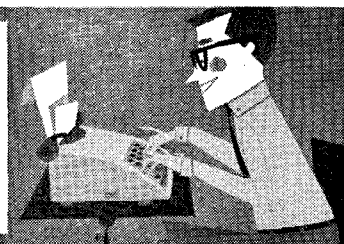


THE ANCHOR BIBLE

The first four of The Anchor Bible's projected thirty-eight volumes have been published to wide critical acclaim, and are available at all booksellers now.

DOUBLEDAY

Top of My Head



What Are We—Statues?

RUSSIAN scientists astonished our world by announcing they had picked up extraterrestrial radio signals sent by an exbiological object. These waves have been repeated regularly every 100 days. These regularly repeated signals will undoubtedly turn out to be reruns of *Make Room for Daddy*.

However, one regularly repeated signal every 180 days is the sound of pigeons returning to the Isle of Manhattan. The pigeon season officially opened this month when they all flew back to their own personal Capistrano, which is the terrace of our apartment overlooking Park Avenue.

These feathered tourists know that New York is a good place to visit, but they wouldn't want to live here. So every six months they check in at our hotel, bag and garbage, and they visit for six months—no side trips to the Fair, the Mets, or the Empire State Building. They stay close to home, night and day, and they're here on the American plan—except that we don't feed them. Not voluntarily anyway.

May 1 is their day of arrival. The accommodations are long and spacious, our terrace running the width of our hotel, about half a block, with an awning and a sprinkling system as their private air conditioning to fend off the setting sun on hot summer days.

Not being pigeon fanciers, we have attempted over the years to discourage their annual visits. When they first arrived at our hotel about five seasons ago (thanks to the recommendation by Duncan Hines), my wife, the perfect hostess she is, tried getting rid of them by standing out on the terrace and saying "Shoo!" Apparently in pigeon English this translates into "Welcome home." That same day it brought in another group in perfect B-29 formation.

That year I was appointed house detective to throw out the uninvited guests. I searched around town but it was a hopeless task until one day I came across a bonanza—a pasty, gelatin-like substance called Pigeon Repellent. And where do you think I found it? In a pet shop.

Early one morning while the pigeons slept, I smeared the Pigeon Repellent stuff along the entire terrace. Our pigeons were not repelled. As a matter of fact, they loved the stuff. They en-

joyed it as much as they did the lunches we used to eat out there during the summer months. That was the year when some gossip carrier pigeon spread the word that we not only had an excellent and varied main course, but that we had a gelatin dessert better than cherries jubilee flambée. I wouldn't have minded so much their breaking bread with us daily if they had only appointed one of their group as a maid to clean up after meals.

The following year I read somewhere that small, multicolored whirling pinwheels would frighten them away. I decorated the terrace with small, multicolored pinwheels and the breeze set them to whirling. Not only were the pigeons not frightened away, but our terrace became their personal Coney Island. They now had fun with their meals.

It was then that we decided to eliminate outdoor eating. The terrace would be used only for sunbathing. At first this discouraged our pigeons; they were not only discouraged but also a little disappointed. Until one day they discovered suntan oil drippings. Although more ambrosial than the Repellent, suntan oil drippings, I discovered, are not as filling, because an hour later they were hungry again.

WE probably run one of the most inhospitable hostleries for pigeons on the Duncan Hines circuit. It's not that the pigeons are unappreciative. On the contrary, every day after eating us out of house and terrace they settle themselves comfortably on window ledges and alcoves and start thanking us, setting up a cooing that can be heard down on the avenue twenty-five floors below.

This week our pigeons have checked in again with their voracious appetites and their credit cards. They spent the first day casing the place for possible property improvements, testing the window ledges and split-level alcoves for bedroom suites, and setting up a din complaining about the excessively slow room service.

But I've saved my master plan for this season. I'm putting up a sign that says "No Pigeons Allowed." If that doesn't work I'm a dead pigeon, sure as shooting. Oops, now there's a Freudian thing if there ever was one.

—GOODMAN ACE.