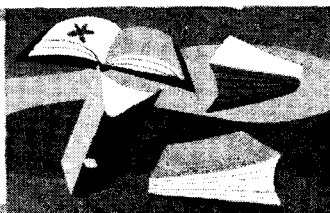


# Trade Winds



I got aboard the Number 33 bus in Queens to take me to La Guardia Airport and the — Air Lines plane to Boston. In the very back seat of the bus was a man hunched over, with both hands at his face. On closer examination I noticed two things:

1) He was pulling his upper eyelid over his lower in an attempt to remove some foreign object from his left eye.

2) He was wearing the uniform and stripes that indicated he was a pilot for — Air Lines.

"Didja get it?" a solicitous bus passenger asked.

"Nope," the pilot replied, "but it'll probably come out sooner or later."

At the end of the bus line, the pilot got off, rubbing and blinking his eye and, I thought, sort of *feeling* his way along. I waited and took the *other* air line to Boston.

We have known for a long time that lawyers tend to phrase things in legal language that only they themselves can unravel for us. Every once in a while, a jurist feels the hot breath of newspaper coverage on his neck and he goes liter-

ary as well. It's a frightening combination, as proved by Judge Bernard A. Kosicki of the Connecticut Circuit Court when he wrote an opinion clearing *The Sex Diary of Gerard Sorme* of obscenity charges.

After noting that the book's language "does not tend to ennoble the animated murmur of genteel society over its fragrant and stimulating teacups," Judge Kosicki went on: "Although we may deplore the atavistic regression in words and phrases so often encountered in such books, and express individual concern that this tendency, if unabatedly persisted in, will tend to reduce the beauty and majesty of our civilized language—evolved over thousands of years of thought-provoking struggle—to a crumbling, shapeless, inordinate rubble, we cannot asseverate to ourselves, in the performance of our judicial duties, the role of arbiters of words, language or expression."

Objection, Your Honor!

On November 14, 1959, Houston, Texas, celebrated the 117th birthday of Walter Washington Williams, a trooper

in the Civil War and an honorary Five-Star General. He was said to be the oldest veteran of the conflict. When he died a month later a national day of mourning was declared by the White House, and trooper Washington was buried with full military honors. He had been receiving a Texas pension of \$300 a month and a monthly federal pension of \$135.45.

Would you believe a chap could live to be 117? Would you believe 110? Would you believe —? Apparently the nation believed, but not Norris McWhirter, compiler of the *Guinness Book of World Records*, and a never-say-die researcher. In the newest edition of this fact-filled volume is the "truth" of the matter, which is that trooper Washington was "only" 104 when he died.

That's a ripe old age, and I don't want to take anything away from it. But if you believe it, that means that trooper Washington would have been six years old when the Civil War began.

It was fun while it lasted.

**Sharps and Flats:** There was a song about "The Girl in the Yellow Polka Dot Bikini." There was a movie about a mad doctor and his gold bikini machine. There is going to be a movie called *The Diamond Bikini*, and for all I know, someone is working on *The Invisible Bikini*. But no one has explained the origin of the name. We exploded a bomb on the Bikini atoll, is all I know. What's that got to do with skimpy swim-wear?

► Swiss cheese comes from Finland.

► New York City subway cars have loudspeakers in them, over which announcements are made of the next stop. But each announcement is made while the train is moving, so you can't hear a word of it. So you use a newly developed method of looking out the windows to see where you are.

► When Mark Twain was having a difficult time trying to learn German for his second trip abroad, he wrote in his notebook that "once the German language gets hold of a cat, it's goodbye cat," and he decided he would rather decline two drinks than one verb.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.



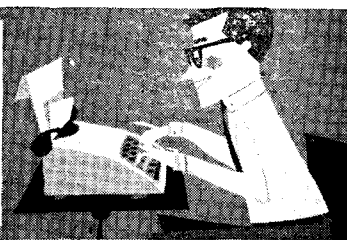
"My answer is maybe, and that's final."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S  
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1681)

HELEN HOWE:  
(THE) GENTLE AMERICANS

A true son of Rhode Island was known by the skill with which he ate his clams steaming from the wet seaweed: dipping them in melted butter, and disposing of them over his shoulder with such dispatch that he could manage always to keep one clamshell in the air.

# Top of My Head



O Yez, O Yez, O Yez

I AM, and do herewith legally represent, the undersigned. Having watched the Perry Mason program on TV from its inception many years ago until its final adjournment, I am unequivocally qualified, anything hereinafter, or ipso facto, notwithstanding.

With the court's indulgence I depone further that, like Mr. Mason, I have never lost a case; the fact that I have never tried a case notwithstanding. What's to try? As our blindfolded Lady of the Scales puts it in Latin: "It is not whether you win or lose. It's how much."

My client's case, shorn of labored, legal longiloquence—if your honor will pardon the alliteration—comes to this: "Can an insurance company live happily with its conscience, when said client had a theft (not "had" in the sense that invitations were sent with placecards and all that) and his room in a hotel was criminally, and I must add cleverly, invaded while my client was out, by a person or persons uninvited, and all his wife's jewelry snatched, and the insurance company, after paying the claim to my client, did cancel said policy?"

The plaintiff offers exhibits A and B from two insurance companies. To wit (each sharing half the wit): Form number 040-21-A from Company A cancelling said policy in six days as of twelve o'clock noon; and form number G-2298-0 from Company B cancelling the policy in five days, no specified hour. Begging the court's indignance, may I ask what was their hurry? The jewelry was already stolen.

My client has for some thirty years paid premiums to these insurance companies in the amount of many thousands of dollars. During this span claims were made totaling something less than \$400. They paid these small losses and continued the policies in full force. During these years the insurance companies invested my client's premiums in a manner that must have been quite profitable, judging from their financial reports. Now in one fell swoop my client has become undesirable, unwanted, unloved, to say nothing of uninsured.

My client lives in dread of the day when he dies and the insurance companies pay the claim and then will mail my client forms 040-21-A and G-2298-0, warning that his life insurance will be

cancelled in five days, as of 12 o'clock noon. Unless they consider this so small a loss that they will continue the policies and annual premiums in full force.

Begging the court's somnolence, my client hopes to arouse your honor by calling attention to an unwritten code in the insurance racket that considers people in the entertainment business theft-prone; not particularly welcome as policyholders. This malicious philosophy is based on the activities of a certain Mr. Milton Berle in the entertainment business, who is alleged to have stolen material from others in the entertainment field. The aforesaid insurance companies, hereinafter referred to as the Establishment, knew for certain that my client was a member of this dishonorable profession, yet through all the years they accepted his stage money.

I sincerely trust that your honor will

not consider me in contempt if I suggest that my client hopes the person or persons unknown who invaded his hotel room and took his wife's jewelry have non-cancellable policies. But of course the insurance companies do not discriminate against *their* profession. They are not in the entertainment business.

The New York State Insurance Board, watchdog of the insurance companies, has made no effort to correct these inequities. Whereas it has indeed, notwithstanding and heretofore and hereafter, accepted these factos as ipsos. A modus vivendi. That means "way of life," your honor.

Consider, your honor, if the wife of the Governor of this Empire State had suffered a jewelry loss. (I'm sure Mr. Rockefeller must have bought her many valuable jewels. It's a cinch he is not giving New York City very much.) If her policies were cancelled (she does entertain a lot, I read) then there would be a complete overhaul of the insurance companies' policies.

In the meanwhile my client begs the court's insouciance, and hopes that his honor will consider the plight of my client and countless other hapless victims of this shady practice and render a verdict against the Establishment of "Shame on you, in the first degree."

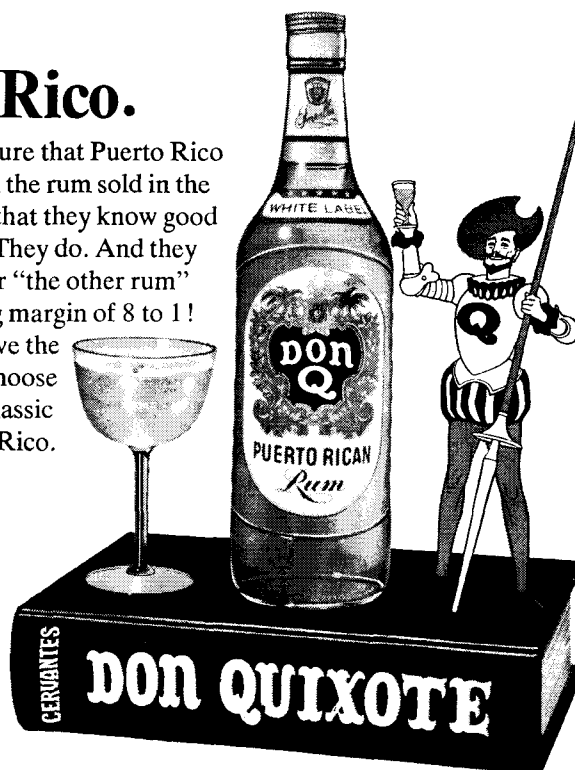
—GOODMAN ACE.

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And when you figure that Puerto Rico makes 75% of all the rum sold in the U.S.A., it figures that they know good rum down there. They do. And they prefer Don Q over "the other rum" by the devastating margin of 8 to 1!

If you want to serve the experts' choice, choose Don Q, the light classic rum from Puerto Rico.

*Smoother as a tropical breeze...*



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