KICKSHAWS

DAVID MORICE
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Readers are encouraged to send their favorite linguistic kickshaws to the Kickshaws editor at drABC26@aol.com. Answers can be found in Answers and Solutions at the end of this issue.

AULD KICKSHAWS

Should recent Kickshaws be forgot
And never brought to mind?
Should recent Kickshaws be forgot
Unpublished and unsigned?

For someone wrote a virus, dear,
And sent it off to me.
The virus ate my Kickshaws files:
There’s nothing left to see.

Yes, sad tidings for the New Year: A virus destroyed all the files in my computer’s Filing Cabinet and sent them off to alphabet heaven. These files included every piece of Kickshaws email from the past year. That email makes up at least 85% of the column. The remaining 15% comes from the regular mail and from my brain mail.

Anger at such a foolish, meaningless bit of random ignorance knows no boundaries. If you are reading this, you stupid virus maker, I put a curse on you: By the power of the Mailer Daemon, you will stub your left big toe four times in twenty minutes on a morning when you have an appointment to interview for a job in the computer department at Wal-Mart, but because of the agonizing toe stubbing, you won’t make the interview, you will lose the job opportunity, and you will never get another job in your life. There! Now I feel better.

The problem, dear reader, is that my Kickshaws pants have empty pockets and only you can fill them with the wonderful contributions you’ve sent over the past year believing them to be safe and sound in the land of milk and honey, but the milk has soured and the honey has been replaced by bee stingers. I need your contributions now more than ever. If we work together, the column can be reassembled before harvest season. [Note: As you can see, it has been done!]

We don’t have much time, though. I only discovered that the files were missing just before Christmas. Horrified, I kicked over the tree, and the candles on it caught my house on fire. Luckily, the guy next door ran down the street shouting “Ucagoen! Ucagoen! Save the ucagoen!” My neighbors formed a bucket brigade, and I was saved. No, that didn’t really happen. I’m just injecting some lighthearted wordplay into the middle of this dim, grim situation.
The only solution is to ask you, kind reader, to send again. Meanwhile the FBI is doing their best to find the culprit, confiscate his computer files, and put him in solitary confinement. Kickshaws has issued a one quintillion dollar reward, believed to be the largest bounty in history, for information leading to the capture and conviction of this bad, bad man. Or woman.

If you, sweet, gentle reader, can email all the Kickshaws items you can by January 15, I will be indebted to you for the rest of my tenure here in the vast, labyrinthine halls of the Word Ways Building. Sincerely, DM.

YEAR ONE, A BIG “THANK YOU”

Ross Eckler sent a special poem of celebration: “The following pangrammatic limerick celebrates Jerry’s successful first year as Word Ways editor, acknowledging in the final line its fecund mixture of humor, puzzles, and tours de force.”

Oscar Thumpbindle merits high praise. 
Every WORD offers so many WAYS
(As in palindrome, square, “abjurer/nowhere”) 
To tickle us, vex or amaze.

HOPPING ON THE ECKLER BAND WAGON

After Ross’s flashy poem, mine will seem a little mundane, but poetry can go in many directions, and this one’s going in the direction of the new Word Ways editor and assistant in this new year. It’s a little doggerel I’ve named Spot. Now they have a wordplay pet.

Get out the sherry
For Karen and Jerry!
Lift up your cup
And say, one year’s up.
Thanks, Karen and Jerry,
For Spot is quite merry!

HUMBUG, LIAR

Ten of the twelve letters in the name of Rush Limbaugh, well-known conservative talk-show host, can be rearranged to form the words HUMBUG and LIAR, leaving only SH. There can’t be many US citizens with letters in their names forming these two words, and likely none that have two or fewer extraneous letters. Any candidates? (I doubt that Rush would be willing to explore the subject in his radio broadcast, asking his listeners to discover a more parsimonious one.)
WOTY

The 2007 Word of the Year, as chosen by Merriam-Webster, is (you guessed it?) w00t. It’s spelled w-zero-zero-t, it’s pronounced whoot, and it originally meant “Wow. loot!” in role-playing games like D & D (Dungeons and Dragons). Now it’s simply an expression of joy and a word that is spelled with numbers replacing vowels. Last year’s winning WOTY was coined by Stephen Colbert—truthiness. How would you place the following three words in alphabetic order—wild, w00t, word?

HURRICANE FOR SALE

What’s the highest price that you would pay for a Katrina-sized hurricane? A billion dollars? A trillion dollars? No, you’ve got to think outside of the Fort Knox box. Katrina’s victims are lining up with price tags that belong in the Guinness Book of Records. One plaintiff is seeking $3,014,170,389,176,410, a little over 3 quadrillion dollars. Loren Scott, a Baton Rouge-based economist, said “That’s the mother of all high numbers.” Apparently Loren loses count easily or doesn’t have a very big mother. Seriously, now, Loren: How about one vigintillion? Or, if you want to play hardball, one centillion? And what’s a googolplex worth these days?

FLAQUE

“l enjoyed Don Hauptman’s joke about aggressive publicists and flack jackets vs flak jackets,” Mike Morton writes. “I believe many usage guides now allow the ‘flack’ spelling to mean the original ‘flak’, but I suppose anyone who has taken real flak has the right to quibble. For those who have trouble remembering the difference, here’s a not-very-helpful insight which I think I’ve previously inflicted on Dave: Aviators wear flak jackets; flacks wear aviator jackets. Meanwhile, I had a little trouble with one of Michael Kline’s Punctures… mistaking a squash for a fruit, I misread ‘Gourd by a bull’ as ‘A pear, a bull.’”

THREE LAMBS

Morry provides us with three lambs for the spring season. He wrote the first one and remembered the other two as a kid.

Mary had a female lamb,
A lamb that loved to roam,
Then Mary’d have to track it down,
And make her ewe-turn home.

Mary had a little lamb;
She kept it in the closet,
And every time she’d let it out,
It left a big deposit.
Mary had a giant lamb,
It was extremely tall,
When Mary walked beneath the bridge,
The lamb would have to crawl.

TWO ADVERTISING SLOGANS

Morry has a couple of ads to consider when looking for a product to buy. They were his original concoctions, but years later he saw them used by companies...

1. to advertise watches, maybe around Valentine’s Day: “There’s no Present like the Time”
2. to advertise a particular automobile brand: After a sequence of complaints by owners of various (indistinguishable) automobile brands, “Now for the SAAB story you’ll wish were yours (or some variation)...”

2000 ELECTION HEADLINE

Morry confesses that “I actually sent an email to the NY Post, famous for its punny banner headlines, on the eve of the 2000 election, when the Florida situation prevented a confirmed result, leaving the nation without knowing who its next President would be. The Post didn’t use it, probably because it didn’t get to the right person in time, or because the paper had already gone to press. My suggestion was a one-word banner headline saying: UN-PRESIDENTED!!”

CITRIC ACID FROM MORRY

Morry used to write a stock market advisory letter, monthly, and he has this tale to tell: “My advisory letter always began with a kind of editorial-ish commentary about the general overall situation, or about my opinion of some current topic of concern in the market or in the economy. I tried to use snappy headers for the front page editorial-ish comment. I remember writing one that claimed Alan Greenspan was out of touch with the economic reality, entitled ‘Alan’s in Wonderland’ but that one’s pretty mediocre. I think one of the best was when Orange County, CA went bankrupt. Their financial manager had been trading in what’s called ‘derivatives’ on extreme leverage, highly risky. He’d been making fortunes for a few years and had been revered by the municipal treasurers of the land, but it was a case of dumb luck masquerading as skill — he just mortgaged the farm and put it all on one roulette number every time and had a lucky streak. This event was something I had predicted, generally, was going to hit the headlines one day and it happened to be Orange county, CA where it first happened. Anyway, the fellow’s trades had been going sour, he had been “stuffing them in the drawer” and hoping to weasel his way out of the problem by trading even more aggressively, and natch things got worse until things finally hit the fan, and all the bad trades came out into the light of day and it was a big shock and scandal, all over the financial headlines. For me, it was an “I told you so” situation, but I opted to headline
my commentary on it with a title that included 3 citrus fruits: "Orange County's Lemons in the Limelight"

**WHOSE FAULT?**

Morry discusses his tremblor problem: I once found myself being blamed for an earthquake, though it occurred through no fault of my own. They sued me for damages anyway. I'd thought my no-fault insurance had covered everything—till I saw the area surrounding the Mt. Saint Helens eruption. Still, I was one of the fortunate few able to navigate through the area by automobile, thanx to my antiquated vehicle, an ash Rambler, which my octane-genarian mechanic had been maintaining for me in recent years. Unfortunately, the last time he'd filled the tank was 12 years previously, and the gas didn't respond well to the spark. I couldn't fire such old fuel, so I ended up having to fire the old fool. He begged me to give him another chance, blamed the problem on the age of the gas tank, and offering to replace it with a new one at no charge. But I knew the problem was the gas, so I told him "Thanks, but no tanks, and if I find there is no charge, I am going to send you the bill for a new battery, too." God, I could literally hear my engine complaining about that old gas being fed through it. Those pistons were really pissed off, which meant still another set of wrong parts I would have to replace. It was like a nightmare or a cruel joke. I asked my mechanic why he had been unable to maintain such a simple vehicle, but I knew the answer before I'd finished the question when I realized that, after such a cruel joke, he couldn't even maintain a straight face. This put a new face on matters, which puzzled me because my insurance didn't cover cosmetic surgery. Then it struck me—I should never have dealt with an insurance agent who was actually Siamese twins. The two-faced creep had sworn he'd save me money on the policy, but he'd added the cosmetic coverage to increase the premiums I'd be paying. And here I'd gone and promised to handle his divorce for him at cheap rates as a favor for supposedly saving me so much on the insurance. But my anger subsided when I realized there wasn't going to be any divorce. In fact, there was no way the creep was ever married!! It was just another one of his lies. I could have kicked myself for not realizing it sooner—everyone knows that Siamese twins are the only case where the separation has to come before the marriage. Yet I'd believed him!! In all the world, could there be a greater fuel than ? I poured myself into the gas tank and drove home.

**CINEMATICALLY SPEAKING**

"Don Hauptman told me that others had also noticed what I'd noticed years ago," Morry writes, "namely, that the letters of the word American can be re-arranged to spell Cinerama. What Don hadn't heard about was what I'd just noticed a few days before I contacted him, while I'd been looking at the sign on the Mexican restaurant across the street that you can re-arrange the letters of our southern neighbors' nationality to spell Cinemax. PERHAPS-- just as MEXICAN illegal immigration has (supposedly) drained demand for higher paid AMERICAN workers, so did cable television's premium CINEMAX channel (supposedly) drain demand for the ultra-pricey CINERAMA movie productions. Whether these two hypotheses are related in the physical world, and/or whether there is some conspiracy behind the strange lingual link between these two primarily economic problems, we may never know. What I do know is that
over the years countless people have been framed by those responsible for creating both the Cinerama and Cinemax products, and I have no idea what exposure this has been given. I don't want to mince words but the letters constituting "mince" can be found with equal ease in either of the two words under investigation, which in itself is suspicious since one would normally expect precisely the reverse -- that investigation would be under cinemax and/or cinerama -- for obvious reasons of alphabetic order. So perhaps mince is the true 'American Pie.' Gosh, I'd better stop at this point or I'll risk continuing."

Morry's friend Don Hauptman provides the following postscript.

"In 1977, famed composer/conductor André Previn decided, for some reason, to host a TV talk show. The format might best be described as cerebral conversation in the Charlie Rose mode. A few Internet links suggest that I was watching a rebroadcast of a BBC program. The show evidently didn't last long, and the only guest I remember Previn interviewing was Stephen Sondheim, the equally distinguished musical theater composer and lyricist. At one point, Sondheim mentioned that when he first saw the word Cinerama, he realized that it can be anagrammed to American.

Previn's jaw seemed to drop. After a beat, he said (I'm quoting from memory): 'You know, if my life depended on it, I would never have been able to figure that out!'

Sondheim's brilliant lyrics are extraordinarily clever and intricate, so it's not surprising that he's a fan of language games and wordplay. Indeed, he was once a collector of antique board games and he constructed word puzzles, such as Double-Crostics, for publication. Yet Previn, intelligent and accomplished and creative, was totally flummoxed by this simple example. This story proves a truism once again: Some people are obsessed and passionate about recreational linguistics ... and some are not. Is there any Word Ways reader who hasn't had a similar experience?"

THE BIG WIN EMMONS PALINDROME HEIST

To help replenish Kickshaws, Ross sent the following assortment of palindromes by Win Emmons. They were lifted from his website, www.palindromiacom.

curses to cub scout leader Deborah DEN MA DEB BE DAMNED
my hint on how to tipple TIP: I SIP IT
advice to Dayan on how to spay a dog EH... SO MODIFY FIDO, MOSHE
if your dogtags are missing, fight on IGNORE ID LOSS--SOLDIER ON, GI
the hypochondriac's lament I'M ALL IN--ILL AM I
mister, don't lie down on a pile of trash SIR, BED NOT ON DEBRIS
Sidney must not claim his ex's frozen eggs DISAVOW OVA, SID
a watch owned by a guy from Enid OKIE's SEIKO
Irish wrath ERIN IRE
Saigon's purveyor of bootleg rubber goods NAM'S ELASTIC ILLICIT SALESMAN
knife-wielder tells Evelyn of Wisconsin mayhem EV, RACINE MEN I CARVE
try out this Christmas fruit assortment TEST FIGS AS GIFT SET
take note, Gilbert, of these frilly nightwear for men SEE, GIL, GENT NEGLIGEES
this Nazi dislikes weirdos SPEER COTTONS NOT TO CREEPS
Father, "The Republic" is inane PA, PLATO TOTAL PAP
all residents of this Italian city are smart NO ROMAN A MORON
description of Sports Unlimited GAME MAG
Reginald has changed his name to Henry REG NO LONGER
a pair of morticians processed dead Nathaniel TANDEM LAB MEN EMBALMED NAT
rejoice that you own stock in this Dutch conglomerate REVEL IN UNILEVER
nervous confession about a French liaison ER, OH, WELL, IT'S A BASTILLE WHORE
heaven favors dull dressers LIVE DRAB, BAR DEVIL
Reginald is encouraged to seduce a woodsman REG, GO LA Y A LOGGER
Eleanor, this Italian composer bugled a wake-up call ELLIE, VERDI DID REVEILLE
Emily, I'm debilitated by a muscle cramp EM, SPASM SAPS ME
girl's final listed reason for breaking up with Salvatore LAST: PENIS IS INEPT, SAL
Edward, a military officer, is really a rebel ED A GENERAL? A RENEGADE
soldier footwear is oversized GI BOOTS TOO BIG
Mother's an old-fashioned baggage handler like me MA IS A RETRO PORTER, AS I AM
is this birdwatcher eating a rare steak? RED RIBEYE, BIRDER?
Emily and Delbert both checked me out on the Internet EM, DEL GOOGLED ME
this base stupid Russian leader is nowhere to be found LOW ASINNE LENIN IS AWOL
a giddy skinhead tells his mother that he admires Hitler MA, I ZANY NAZI AM
Gorbachev's wife won't make love in the Far East SEX IN ASIA RAISA NIXES
win gas passed by Santa's helper in this lottery ELF FART RAFFLE
Salvatore, toss ropes around the necks of the pygmy chimps LASSO BONOBOS, SAL
US tax collectors are strict—understand? DIG? IRS IS RIGID
reaction of girl beneath sunburned naked Robert BORED UNDER RED NUDE BOB

BELATED FESTSCHRIFT

Jeff Grant sent the following material based on Ross and Faith Eckler's names:

Ross and Faith both have names that can be transposed into a single uncapsualised word.

**Ross Eckler** yields rockerless, a term that has been applied to such things as surfboards, paddleboards, canoes, skates, cradles and chairs. "There was a thumping of a rockerless chair on the floor." ['The Desired Woman', Will N. Harben, 2004, p938. (Net)]

**Faith Eckler** has several two-word transposals, including chief talker, feather lick and Fickle Heart, the first album (1978) by British band 'Sniff 'n' the Tears'. The strange thing is that I have had this record in my collection for over twenty years without realising the title transposes into Faith Eckler!

Finding a solid-form transposal is more difficult. The phenomenon of heat flicker (sometimes heat-flicker) may occur in the air, or elsewhere, in certain conditions. Very occasionally this term appears as a solid word. "We just got a little heatflicker from the belt..." [damage-incorporated.cjb.net, 11 Aug 2005. (Net)]
Jeff adds: “I still like the slightly cryptic palindrome for Ross that was published in 'Full-Name Palindromes' in the May 1990 Word Ways. Here I have given it the title that Ross himself sometimes uses when signing off emails. It's very appropriate I think.” The palindromic poem follows:

Ross - Essay Assessor

Ross E's say -
'Go logology, ale,
donuts and sex!' 
(I'm no slob myself)
- It's Ross Eckler!
O Stars, a Sun!

Word Ways' editor is regarded a 'fond' Ed.
No faded rager, Sir!
O Tides, yaw! 
Drown us as rats or elk;
Cess or stifle?
Symbols on mixes,
(DNA, STU - no delay)
Go, logology-assessor!

Norfolk Island Nicknames

Jeff Grant ran across a delightful phenomenon regarding names: “Norfolk Island in the South Pacific Ocean must be one of the only places in the world with an alphabetical list of nicknames in the telephone directory. The reason for this is that many people there are known only by their nicknames. Here is a sampling from the section of the 2007 directory headed Faasfain Salan Bai Dems Nikniem (Fastfind People By Their Nickname)”

Beef, Blitti, Booda, Bubby, Bugs, Bunt, Cane Toad, Carrots, Chilla, Chinny, Crowbar, Dar Bizziebee, Derms, Devil, Diddles, Diesel, Doby, Doodus, Dussa, Fishy, Frenzy, Gags, Geek, Girlie, Goof, Golla, Grin, Gumboots, Hat, Honkey-Dorey, Hose, Kik Kik, Kissard, Knuckles, Lettuce Leaf, Little Pooh, Loppy, Massport, Monkey, Moo, Nippa, Nuffka, Onion, Paw Paw, Philly, Plute, Possum, Puddles, Puffa, Pumbles, Pumpa, Pusswah, Rubber Duck, Skeeters, Slack, Smudgie, Snobbles, Sputt, Steggles, Storky, Toofy, Toyboy, Trigger, Truck, Ummy, Wiggy, Yarm

HAWAIIAN SPIDERS

"Hawaii has some unusual spiders," Jeff notes, "such as the Happy Face Spider, which has a pattern like a smiling face on its back. Apparently there is also a group of spiders with prominent eyes that make their home on lava, called Big-eyed Spiders. A cousin lives in lava tubes (long caves formed from lava flows) and over time foraging in the
darkness has evolved much smaller eyes. Paradoxically, this arachnid is called the Small-eyed Big-eyed Spider. Equally bizarre is the name of another cave-dwelling relative that is totally blind, the No-eyed Big-eyed Spider!

JEFFREY DHARMA

Jeff has found some eerie wordplay in the name of a well-known law-breaker: "We watched a TV documentary on serial killer Jeffrey Dahmer the other day," It occurred to me that there is a strange connection with an album by British rock group Jethro Tull. The first track is "Song for Jeffrey" and a later one is called "Dharm for One". Dharm and Dahmer are homophones (no play on 'homo' intended, although Dahmer's victims were all male). Dahmer committed his crimes between 1978-91 (mostly '89-'91). The Tull album was released in 1972 and titled "Living In The Past".

WASHINGTON POST WORD CONTEST RESULTS

Ray Love received the results of a Washington Post word contest, shown below, and they are followed by some of his own belated entries. Anyone who wishes to try their own. Please do. The rules: Remove the first letter from an existing word and define the results.

Amished: Hungering for a simpler way of life.
Assover: Any holiday dinner attended by an unwanted relative.
Eminar: Eminem's fifth child.
Etarad: A person who always clicks "Reply to All" on an email only needed by the original sender.
Iarrhea: Running on about oneself.
Ickpocket: A place to put used Kleenex.
Ngland: Vietnam.
Omencature: The Homeland Security threat-level warning system.
Ompadre: A Buddhist priest.
Ouch-and-go: A house call by a dominatrix.
Pectacular: Endowed with an unbelievable chest.
Rankfurter: A hot dog from the back of the refrigerator.
Riminal: A man who doesn't clean up his toilet dribble.
Riskies: Cat food made in China.
Ubergine: An enormous eggplant.
XY-moron: A man.

Honorable mention to a reader who worked the other way and added a letter: Shysterectomy: Disbarment.

10 by Ray

Hampoo: Soap for washing a pig.
Antaloupe: Deer-like mammal that eats muskmelon.
Hanksgiving: Tom donating a tom for the holiday meal.
Unrise: Going back to bed in the morning.
Ioneer: One of the first to study electrical charges.
Coustic: Sound made when a long rod strikes a billiard ball.
Hareholder: Investor in a company that makes magician’s hats.
Ingdom: Land of the gerunds.
Hipmunk: Squirrel that digs rhythm and blues.
Leavage (Ray’s favorite): What’s left after sucking a tit.

TWO FROM THE LETTERER

Rich Lederer has two devilish puzzles to share with readers. The answers appear in Answers and Solutions. Can you come up with other correct answers?

(1) What common five-letter word becomes its own homophone when its first letter is beheaded and when, after that letter is reinstated, its second letter is deleted?

(2) Somewhat oppositely, what common five-letter word with an e in the middle becomes, on beheadment, a four-letter word with a different e sound and then, after the beheaded letter is reinstated and the second letter deleted, becomes another four-letter with yet a third e sound.

TRAGIC WORDPLAY

“Last year Al Oerter, one of America’s greatest Olympic athletes, died,” Rich reports. “Oerter won four Olympic gold medals in the discus and succumbed, at 71, to heart failure. How sadly appropriate that a man with a chronic heart condition should have the name A. OERTER.

BACKWORDS

Peter Newby has another story about the legendary land of New Bybwen: “Roy Arney, ye mayor of New Bybwen, had invited the distinguished author of Backwords Planet, David Morice, to select the current year’s meaning of the world ALP for the town’s ancient ‘planet palindrome.’

“Obviously,” said the first citizen, “we can discount its meaning as a mountain as they are notoriously difficult to drag……”

“DRAG, sir?” quoth the literary giant.

“The meaning of the verb TEN, ye nup!”

“NUP, sir?”
"A fool or simpleton! Now, Mr. Morice, for this year, does ALP mean a sleep demon, a bullfinch, or an elephant in this, our oldest construction—"

"NUPS TEN ALP," SAID DJ AS PLANET SPUN.

CURSES, EUPHEMISED AGAIN!

"My mother," Anil relateth, "taught me this cute version of how a Quaker cusses: ‘I hope when thou goeth home that thy mother cometh out from under the steps and biteth thee.’ Well, I thought, what the hey, let’s expand their repertoire of curses and dismissals. Can you add others?” Here are Anil’s homemade cuss-phrases:

- I hope when thou goeth home that thy offspring cometh out from under the steps and biteth thee.
- Methinks they parents do not possess a marriage certificate—nor ever bathe thee!
- I pray the Lord will deliver thee to a warmer clime. (a 2-for-1: Goddamn you! and Go to hell!!)
- I urgently request that thou goeth and attendeth to they self-abuse in private.
- Or else that thou leaveth here and findeth someone with whom to have a sinful romance.
- Thou shouldst join a dung beetle for dinner.
- Thou resemblleth the gateway through which thou entered the world.
- Thou art well-known to have reentered that same gate.
- May thy travels find thee floundering without a guide book.
- I have no respect for thy intellectual challengedness.” (for modern, p-c Quakers)
- Wouldst thou goeth and utiliseth the diving board at their local pond.
- I cannot differentiate thee from thy mount’s southside.
- How didn’t thou manage to become the very trench thou digged for thy donkey?

REGAL KEYBOARD NEIGHBOURS

“What words,” Anil wonders, “can be made from King’s moves on the keyboard (after squaring it up so that, for example, A and X are neighbours). This list has the 217 such words from Chambers Official Scrabble Words. Can you add others from larger dictionaries? (COSW doesn’t list proper names but I couldn’t resist noting that the king mover in tennis, Federer, is a king’s move word. If only his first name were Fred!)

Qwerty; Ax, as, aw, awa, awe, awes, awed; Zax; Was, wase, wases, waw, waws, wax, wed, were, wert; Saw, sawed, sax, saz, sawer, sew, sews, sewed, sewer, sewered, sed, sedes, serf, sere, sered, serer, seres, sese; Ewe, ewer, ewes, es, er, ere, ered, eres, erf, erf, eft; Dew, dews, dewed, desert, dere, deres, dered, derth, def, defer, deft, drew, drere, dreres; Re, rew, rews, res, reses, red, reds, rede, redrew, ref, refs, refed, refer, ref; Few, fewer, fed, feds, freer, freres; Thy, tres, tref, trews; Grew, grews, grewed, grese, grese, grese, grese, grese, grese; Yu, yu; Huh, hui; Ilk, io; Kikoi, kikuyu, kilo, ko, koi, kolo, kop; Oil, olio, op; Li, lop: Po, poi, polio, polo, polk, plop, pop
Plus, allowing stutters (since the King’s most frequent “move” in chess is to stay put):

Aa, ass, asses, assert; Sass, sasses, sassed, see, sees, seer, seed, seeded, seeder, seeds, seesaw, seesaws, seesawed, sess, sessa, sesses; Ee, err, erred, ess, esse, esses, eff, effed, effere, effères; Dessert, deferred, deferrer, defler, dress, dresses, dresser, dressed, deed, deeded, dree, drees, dred; Ree, rees, reed, reede, reeded, reedes, reeder, reef, reefs, reeded, reeer, reerers, redd, reds, reeder, refere, refereed, referees, refer, referred, reffed; Fee, fees, feese, feeses, feesed, feed, feeds, feeder, feer, feered, free, freeing, freed, frees; Tree, trees, tread, tress, tressed, tresses; Gree, greed, grees, greese, greases; Jill; Ill; Kill; Oppo; Lill, loop, loll; Poll, poo, pook, poop, pool

What about other chess moves on the keyboard? Rook’s moves should have a few. Queen’s moves would of course have all the King’s moves plus many more. What phrases or even sentences can be constructed from these lists? What from the non-stuttered list only?

WHAT ARE THE SHORTEST WORDS, SPACEWISE?

For one thru seven letters, Anil nominates: 1) i (square root of minus one) or l (litre); 2) li (Chinese measure); 3) ill; 4) till, rill, or fill; 5) trill or frill; (6) illlit? (a nonce unhyphenated ill-lit); 7) illlicit.

THE DANGER OF TAKING A P

Anil explains how words that begin with P become other words when the P is removed: “A pirate becomes irate if you behead him. Beheading of many pre- words can produce either opposites or before:after asynchronities, such as

-precede; -precognition; -predetermined; -predetermined; -preformation; -prepayment; -preoccupied; -presentable; -preview; and -preschool (not to mention priude)

Some yield approximate synonyms: (Nature) PReserve, and perhaps preference and praise.

Preposition can be asynchronous ‘antonym’ pairs with a hyphen (pre-position) or synonyms without but with a gap in the second ‘word’ (a preposition is re-position).”

ICE COOL HIGH SCHOOL

The students have recently raised these provocative questions that Anil has gathered here:

Without calendars would our days still be numbered?
If the Beatles were more popular than Jesus, is Madonna more popular than the Virgin Mary?
Why does the colour of lowest physical energy (red) have the highest emotive energy?
Do all cross-eyed people see eye to eye?
Can you remove something that has never before been moved? Isn’t patent leather a contronym also meaning obviously real leather? Why is monosyllabic a pentasyllabic* word? (* Indeed, pentasyllabic, with five syllables, is the only “truthful” word in the whole syllable-us.)

THOUSAND-YEAR WORD

In an earlier Kickshaw, I asked for readers to come up with words like MILLENIUM that meant 1,000 years. The words could be real or made-up. Anil adds to the slowly growing collection the term ONE-TENTH MYRIAD, since a MYRIAD can and used to mean ten thousand, it’s etymology. Anil makes an appropriate anagram (and almost a charade) of MYRIAD as M YR AID. He notes that a ten-thousand-strong regiment is an ARMY ID.

APPLE SAUCE CHRONICLES

Louis Phillips donated his current selection from his APPLE SAUCE CHRONICLES to the Kickshaw bake sale. Help yourself to as much of this selection as you want. It’s tasty and tasteful.

**
The answer is: Hoodwinked

The question is: What did Al Capone do when he saw a pretty girl?

**
Dental floss – The Skein of Our Teeth

**
THE UPSIDE DOWN/RIGHTSIDE UP CALENDAR DAY

MON
NOW

**
DOUBLE FEATURES WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE:

Swingtime The Lady Vanishes
The Hanging Tree Grande Illusion

**
RASH--OMON -- Japanese skin disease that looks differently to any person who sees it
SHUT THE DOOR = closing argument

Palindrome for an Italian Philologist (1741-1800)

OF FAT AFFO

AW AY -- Breaking Away

OZARKS -- large boats built by the Wizard of the Emeralds City

PERSONAL AD

Font--Boldini.
The Strong silent type

What is the difference between Kim Stanley appearing in
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE and Marlon Brando appearing
in that very same production?

One was Stella, the other stellar.

Knock, knock.
Who's there?
Fresno.
Fresno who?
Fresno Business Like Show Business.

How does the left foot feel about the right foot?

They are arch rivals.

Did you go out with Patrick Henry?
Yes. And he took far too many liberties.
N-1
E-1
R-1 = NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
V-1
O-1
U-1
S-1

**
DOUBLE FEATURE

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU (1954)
IT SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A VET (1976)

**
What’s the difference between BUDDENBROOKS (1901) by Thomas Mann and the Coliseum in Rome?

One is a bildungsroman, while the other is just a Roman building.

LETTERPLAY IN MANY FORMS

Susan Thorpe looks at letters in many ways and finds out how they can be arranged to form new forms. Here is a selection of her recent discoveries.

---------------------------------------------------------------------
THERE'S RAIN IN MIAMI

It's A RAINY DAY
(Note: Miami sequences have the letter pattern 12112)

---------------------------------------------------------------------
MIAMI STRINGS

DAN, Davy's VYING IN MIAMI
SAUSAGES GET HOT, HAL, SAL
THE THREE REAL PALS, AL, SARAH, RA

---------------------------------------------------------------------
THE MAGIC 'E'

The letter E has a lot to answer for. Appearing to sit harmlessly at the end of words, quite silent, its presence frequently controls the pronunciation of the antepenultimate letter, a vowel, converting it from a short vowel to a long vowel. Here is a selection of words over which the letter E waves its magic wand.
I'd bought a new HAT which I now HATE,  
Just like the MAT I palmed off on a MATE.

His tormented wife threw DEN into a cavernous DENE.  
He's mourned by sister GEN but not by brother GENE.

There's often a DIN when several people DINE. 
That said, you can't always WIN with the WINE.

On the busy motorway, CON narrowly avoided a CONE,  
Then a six TON lorry passed her with a deafening TONE.

The newly-born lion CUB enjoyed a large sugar CUBE,  
Relishing ice-cream from a TUB and even a TUBE.

---

ARE YOU SITTING COMFORTABLY?

A 'saddle of lamb' is a cut of meat, the hind quarters where you could sit were you so inclined! A saddle is, of course, more commonly associated with horses. The Left hand words underneath 'a saddle of lamb' are all items which are sat on. A chef uses the word 'seat' for an item(s) of food on top of which other food is seated. The words on the Right are all parts of a lamb.

The phrases all make sense and the corresponding Left and Right words rhyme.

**a saddle of lamb**

a SEAT of MEAT

a THRONE of BONE

a CHAIR of HAIR

Can the reader construct a similar series?

---

RHYMING COLLECTIVE NOUNS

Here are some suggestions for collective nouns which rhyme with their collectives. The pairs have either identical endings or homophonic endings.

**Identical Endings**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>(Individual)</th>
<th>(Collective)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>a WEIGHT of FREIGHT</td>
<td>a HOAX of JOKES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a STASH of CASH</td>
<td>a PLEASURE of LEISURE</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a FILL (or BILL) of KRILL</td>
<td>a NOISE of BOYS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a VINE of WINE</td>
<td>a BREEZE of TREES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a FLOOD of BLOOD</td>
<td>a WHEEZE of BEES</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>a TUMBLE of JUMBLE</td>
<td>a MAZE of WAYS</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

BURIED LETTERS
Anil defines ‘ostrich words’ as those “which bury their heads to form anagrams” (Ostrich Words, Kickshaws February 2007 page 60). However, in addition to words which bury their first letter (head), he includes words which bury their last letter. This is as far away from the head as you can get! May I suggest therefore that the term ‘ostrich word’ be restricted to those cases in which the first letter is buried or, as Anil says, the first two letters in the case of big-headed ostriches! I would like to offer the term ‘scorpion words’ for those words which bury their last letter. The scorpion buries its sting which is at the point of its tail.

Most of Anil’s examples transpose into multi-word designations. By way of contrast, the examples below are all single word to single word transposals. I did, however, come across the delightful multi-word AMIDSHIPS’ MAID’S HIPS (George B. King, 1934 – in Palindromes and Anagrams by Howard W. Bergerson, Dover Publications, 1973).

OSTRICHES

Here, the first letter only is buried. In each example, the two words are related. This relationship takes one of several forms:

*Synonyms*

Synonymic, or near synonymic, ostrich transposals are rare:

ARISING RAISING EVILNESS VILENESS ICON COIN

*Antonyms*

Antonymic, or near antonymic, ostrich transposals are also rare:

INCEST NICEST

*Meaningfully Connected*

The two words fall within the same sphere:

SLUT LUST SPORE WORSE TEAS EATS CREATION REACTION

*Phrases*

The two words form a phrase:

ANIL’S NAILS AMPLE MAPLE ALTER LATER ADD DAD ALMA’S LAMAS
ANN’S NANS
BELOW ELBOW
CATION ACTION CAT ACT
DRIER RIDER DOE ODE
EVAN’S VANES ELI’S LIES EMIR’S MIRES EVE’S VEES
FAT AFT! FREES REEFS
GALLERY ALLERGY
ILL LIL IRAN’S RAJNS
KHAN’S HANKS (of wool)
LEASES EASELS LIDO’S IDOLS
MISS ISMS (overlook the ‘isms’)
NAT’S ANTS NED’S ENDS NASTY ANSTY
OSLO SOLO OMAN’S MQANS
PRAM’S RAMPS POTION OPTION PASS ASPS
RAM ARM REAL EARL ROB’S ORBS RUSHES USHERS RYAN’S YARNS
SKIS KISS SPOT POST SPAS PASS (they have a clean bill of health)
SHORE HORSE SHOT HOST SHOE HOSE
THIS HITS STATE TASTE
URN RUN (in a pottery factory)
WEAN EWAN WHEN HEWN
YPRES PREXS (on his mind)

**A Large-Headed Ostrich Phrase**

INSECURE SINSECURE

**Personal Names**

A name can be 'ostrichised' into another name:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ANN NAN</th>
<th>DEE EDE</th>
<th>ERNE RENE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>LISA ILSA</td>
<td>MAY AMY</td>
<td>MIMA IMMA</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MIRA IRMA</td>
<td>RIA IRA</td>
<td>SHANE HANSE</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Places**

Similarly, one place can be ostrichised into another place:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ADEN DEAN (in Iowa etc.)</th>
<th>BALA (in Ontario) ALBA (in New York)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>GARONNE (river in France) ARGONNE (a region in France)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POOLE (in Dorset, UK) OPOLE (a populated place in Poland)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SEATON (in Durham etc., UK) EASTON (in Devon etc., UK)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SCRANTON (Kansas, US) CRANSTON (Rhode Is., US)</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

---

**SCORPIONS**

Here is a selection of scorpion phrases. In the first example, the 2 words are also synonyms:

COSTA COAST, FETA FEAT (it won the cheese competition), HURLED HURDLE, BARE BEAR, QUITE QUIET, VILE VEIL, SPARE SPEAR, SHRIKE SHRIEK, SNORE SNIOR, MALI MAIL, GAEL GALE (Gael is a first name and Gale a surname), LEAN LEA, POLO POOL, ACER ACRE, FINGER FRINGE, LIPS LISIP, RUES RUSE, BEATS BEAST, CLEANER’S CLEANER, CURES CURSE, OVERDOES OVERDOSE, FIST FITS, LOSTLOTS, THICKEST THICKETS,

---

**A BEATLERICK**

John, Paul, George and Ringo
Found themselves playing a game of Bingo.
Said John to Paul,
'You’ve got it, you call'.
But Paul remained silent, not knowing the lingo.
CHICKEN POETRY

Here are a couple of chicken poems that Susan gave to the world. Unfortunately, the one in the first poem didn’t last long. That one was on her ancient quest to get to the other side, but as you’ll see... tragedy.

BRIEF ENCOUNTER

The chicken was halfway across the road
When she encountered an elegant toad.
'Why are you crossing the road?'; he cried.
She squawked, 'For the corn at the other side'.
Suddenly, 'Look out', yelled the perceptive toad,
Having espied the lights of a heavy load.

The chicken never made it to the other side.
Halfway across the road she died.
The grief-stricken toad hopped to the field beyond,
For solace in his favourite pond.
Had the chicken too felt that love at first sight,
At their brief encounter in the night?

HOMOVOCALIC FOWL

A small farm bantam saw a patch, all flax.
'Ah', says bantam, 'many tasty snacks'.
Bantam, warm, lays a batch that day.
Lads and lass hatch, flap and play.

The hen checked the rye, then settled her legs.
She defended her nest, then presented ten eggs.
The hen never knew when they fell,
The three green eggs, they’d never sell.
The seven left pecked the shells, they rent.
They peeped, they cheeped, then even they went!
Is it ling in sight? This chick is right.
It nips, it picks, it sings in flight.
It licks its lips, sits fidgeting, kicks.
Within its sight skipping, its six tiny chicks!
(Note: ling = heather)

So cold, so worn, so low, so forlorn.
Mrs Cock trots off to look for corn.
Mr Cock crows,
Mrs Cock grows.
Soon now, look — two cock tots born!

Burly Mr Chuck sulks, huffs, puffs, struts.
Curvy Mrs Chuck hunts brunch — slugs plus nuts.
Mrs grunts, curls up, guts hurt. Rum tum?
But hush! ‘Us chucks stuck, just push - hurry up mum!’

CHICKEN LOVES ROOSTER

This poem is dedicated to Susan Thorpe, whose anagram version of the chicken crossing the road is a miniature classic of wordplay parody. In her version, the letters of the question are rearranged to create the answer: “Why did chicken cross the road? = She checks corn on other side!” Susan has also written two poems about the chicken, and they precede this poem. Readers are invited to create their own chicken-crossing-road spin-offs using wordplay forms and/or poetry forms. Palindromes, univocalics, word squares, limericks, haiku, clerihew, Miltonic epics, and Norse sagas are all welcome. Meanwhile, here’s my own romantic poetic variation on the chicken riddle:

Now why did the chicken race over the highway
The wide superhighway, at that?
She dodged all the cars that were travelling my way
But pecked at mine, causing a flat.

She zigged and she zagged and a truck almost goosed her,
But though no one helped her across,
She made it! And married that handsome young rooster
Who’d wooed her last month in the moss.

The church was a barn, and the priest was a horse.
The bridesmaids were cows and a hog.
The best man was really the best duck, of course,
And the ring bearer hopped like a frog.

Now why did the chicken race over the highway
Instead of just flying above?
Well chickens can’t fly like the birds in the skyway,
But really her reason was love.

THE LATEST IN WOMEN’S FASHION

Ray Love discovered a most intriguing fantasy addition to women’s clothing, and he wishes to let Word Ways readers in on it: “I thought the joke below that is making the rounds on the Internet would make a nice Kickshaw. It is so well said, humorous and the wordplay is exquisite! I actually laughed out loud.”
Apple Computer announced today that it has developed a computer chip that can store and play high fidelity music in women's breast implants. The iTit will cost between $499.00 and $699.00 depending on speaker size. This is considered to be a major breakthrough because women have always complained about men staring at their breasts and not listening to them.

**MO' URBAN DICTIONARY**


Alabama chrome: duct tape
a bag of pants: useless
balloonjuice: insincere talk; nonsense
a beer trophy: something stolen while drunk, such as a garden gnome
an epiphanot: an idea that seems good at first, but turns out bad
a fat badge: a food stain on a shirt
a fauxlex: a fake expensive watch
a frenemy: a friend who is also an enemy
a geotard: gets lost a lot
hit a lick: make fast money
a hot mess: poor in appearance
a Kentucky doorbell: honking one's car horn in front of someone's house
lowjack: smooth talk someone
prairie dog: sticking one's head up out of a cubicle
third joke: the one that's not funny
tramp stamp: tattoo on a woman's lower back
trotz pout: collagen-injected lips
walk of shame: coming home in the morning wearing clothes from the night before

**TOP TEN COUNTRY SONGS....**

Jim also emailed the Top Ten Country Songs provided by Voicecraft on the Internet. If you recognize any of them, you are a true connoisseur. I recognized two of them (#3 and #4).

10. I Hate Every Bone In Her Body But Mine
9. I Ain't Never Gone To Bed With an Ugly Woman But I Woke Up With a Few
8. If The Phone Don't Ring, You'll Know It's Me
7. I've Missed You, But My Aim's Improvin'
6. Wouldn't Take Her To A Dogfight 'Cause I'm Scared She'd Win
5. I'm So Miserable Without You It's Like You're Still Here
4. My Wife Ran Off With My Best Friend And I Miss Him
3. She Took My Ring and Gave Me the Finger
2. She's Lookin' Better with Every Beer
And Number One...

1. It's Hard To Kiss The Lips At Night That Chewed My Ass Out All Day Long

**Title Matches II**

Jim extended Louis Phillips' list, in the May 2007 Kickshaws, of well-known literary works and the renowned authors who *should* have penned them...

- **A TALE OF TWO CITIES** by TWAIN
- **THE DEERSLAYER** by HARTE
- **THE RAZOR’S EDGE** by STEELE
- **THE ICEMAN COMETH** by FROST
- **AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE** by DEFOE
- **TARZAN OF THE APES** by GIBBON
- **THE EGG AND I** by BACON
- **SONG OF BERNADETTE** by CARROLL
- **A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN** by HAWTHORNE
- **CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF** by PAINE
- **WHO KILLED SOCIETY?** by BUTLER
- **DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE** by DONNE
- **THE MAN THEY COULD NOT HANG** (Karloff picture) screenplay by LONGFELLOW

Those are all real titles and authors; an interesting variation on this theme might be to combine semi-imaginary titles with apt semi-imaginary authors, e.g.,

**GONE WITH THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS** by KENNETH GRAHAME CRACKER

**I, Rebus**

"As modern rebuses go, this one is probably not nearly cryptic enough to make it onto the pages of The Enigma, the organ of the National Puzzlers’ League, but I like it. Can the reader decipher it in under, say, a minute?" Jim asks.

![Rebus](Buvian

**Anger, Languor, Clangor, Hangar, ________?**

The recent discussion in Kickshaws of the correct pronunciation of such words as *anger* and *hanger* suggested to me this stumper on the pattern of the infamous old -*gry* brain-teaser. So far as I am aware, there are just four other words in the English language, not counting proper names and spelling variants, that rhyme with *anger*. The first is *clangor*, the second is *hangar* (sometimes), and the third is *languor*. And if you had heard me
read this kickshaw aloud, you would already have heard me enunciate a fourth word that rhymes with *anger*. What word is it? (To be fair, I think you’d really have to be something of a vocabulary maven to know the answer to this one.)

**Name that Distinction**

Here is a puzzle that tests perceptivity rather than knowledge. Listed below are 54 common English words of a certain kind. Actually, there are two related yet distinct populations of 27 words each mixed together in the list. What sets these two populations apart has nothing to do with spelling or the alphabet, nor has it anything to do with parts of speech (nouns, verbs, etc.) or with etymology; instead, the distinguishing principle between the two groups is a semantic one, based upon a way that these words are used in idiomatic English. Your task is not to sort the two groups out, but simply to identify this distinguishing principle. A minute should be more than ample time.

```
bag      ball      bargain      beam      black      buff      cards      carpet      chips
clear    clutch    cuff        dark      dot        double      flesh      fly        field
go       groove    hoof        house     hunt       know       level      loose      make
mend      money     move        nose      pink       prowl       raw        red        rocks
ropes     rough     run         running   shelf      sly        soup       spot       square
stars     swim       take       tank      town       wagon      wings      works      zone
```

**Our Spelled-Letter Alphabet**

As we are all aware, various of the phonetically-spelled languages that do not employ some version of the Roman alphabet in their orthographies commonly use spelled-out names for the letters of their alphabets in writing. Greek, for instance, has its familiar *alpha, beta, gamma*..., Hebrew its *aleph, beth, veth*..., Arabic its *alif, be, te*..., etc. In contrast, in English (and, if I am not mistaken, in most other languages that use the Roman alphabet) it is the common practice to simply let a letter stand for itself when referring to it in writing. Thus, for example, when we wish to refer to the letter *Q* in writing, we seldom spell it *cue*, almost always preferring to just write *Q*.

Note, however, that when we use letters to stand for themselves in this manner, we are not really spelling their names, but rather using rebuses or pictographs of the letters in place of spellings. It is the same as if, instead of spelling out, say, the word “hand” in our writings, we were to substitute some wingdingian picture of a hand. That we thus lapse occasionally into pictography in our writing has not, of course, escaped the notice of the lexicographers, whom we might reasonably suspect of not entirely approving of the practice. English orthography is not, after all, *supposed* to be pictographic in nature; it is *supposed* to be based upon an allegedly more sophisticated (or perhaps just more Rube-Goldbergian, if you think about it) system, the use of symbols to represent the sounds of the spoken language.
Perhaps some such feeling as this accounts for the fact that most of the major English dictionaries offer their readers whole or partial alphabets of spelled letter names. Merriam-Webster, for instance, gives us this complete spelled-letter alphabet:

a, bee, cee, dee, e, ef, gee, aitch, i, jay, kay, el, em, en, o, pee, cue, ar, ess, tee, u, vee, double-U, ex, wye, zee

(Note that M-W evidently considers the five vowels capable of speaking for themselves, so to speak, whereas all of the consonants get spellings that are at least two letters long.)

Notwithstanding the fact that they are offered for free, most of these perfectly good spelled letter names receive little or no employment in normal usage. *Aitch* is occasionally seen, and typographers distinguish between *em* dashes and *en* dashes (long and short dashes). *Tee* and *vee* are sometimes used to indicate shapes (as in *tee* shirts with *vee* necks), and *cee*, *dee*, *gee*, *jay*, *tee* and *vee* are often seen in spelled-out initialisms (*deejay*, *Humvee*, *Jaycee* and so on). But these are the exceptions; when was the last time, before reading this item, that the reader has seen such wallflower spelled-letter names as *ef*, *ar* or *wye* used in a written sentence?

For all the public's nearly total indifference to its spelled-letter alphabet, however, Merriam-Webster seemingly remains convinced that English *should* have one, maintaining a tradition of including one in all of its general dictionaries larger than pocket size. Thus it was that I was rather shocked when, a number of years ago, *Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary* came out with nary an *ar* in it. Alas, I thought, further evidence that the decline of the West continues apace: now even redoubtable Merriam falls victim to the easy standard of our times, that what is passable is good enough. Surely few if any of the dictionary's users besides myself would even notice the omission, much less complain about it, and so having established itself in the *Ninth*, the error would undoubtedly be perpetuated forever after. But no! When *Webster's Tenth New Collegiate* came out, there, with no prompting from me, was *ar* back in its accustomed place, and M-W's spelled-letter alphabet was whole once more. Some more senior M-W editor, one imagines, diligently doing his or her job, had evidently in due course noticed some newbie junior editor's ignorant mistake, and promptly set it right again. Kudos to much-maligned Springfield for not settling for the merely passable.

This incident illustrates, however, the slender thread by which our spelled-letter alphabet currently hangs. If it is to survive in the long run, I think, people are simply going to have to begin using it a bit more often. One positive step in this direction might be the sponsoring in in schools of essay competitions using what might be called "Alphabetish," a form of written English in which the spelled letter names (with the exceptions of *aitch* and *double-U*, which are excessively awkward) are substituted for their respective letters. The result, which suggests a pidgenized form of Middle English, is nonetheless remarkably understandable, as may be seen from this sample:
Darryl Frances tinkered around with the names of some of the contenders for the upcoming US presidential election. Here is what he found in the trenches of the dictionary:

"HYALINOCRYSTALLINE (which is in Webster's Third and Webster's Second) contains all the letters of HILLARY CLINTON. And the following, all Webster's Second, contain the letters of MITT ROMNEY: MYRIENTOMATA, INTERMONETARY, THERMODYNAMIST. And OBAMA anagrams to ABOMA (Webster's Second). Can't do much with the other contenders."

This implies that the other contenders are destiny’s losers. They have not proven their logological worth in dealing with the issues. They don't make puns about being caught between Iraq and a hard place, they don't tease France, and they don't even know that a pun was put in Putin. What is this wordplay world coming to? Deer me, don’t ask for my opinion of political asses. I only report the gnus.—DM

MALE OR FEMALE

Male or Female? You might not have known this, but a lot of non-living objects are actually either male or female. Here are some examples, according to the Web:

FREEZER BAGS: They are male, because they hold everything in, but you can see right through them.
PHOTOCOPIERS: These are female, because once turned off, it takes a while to warm them up again. They are an effective reproductive device if the right buttons are pushed, but can also wreak havoc if you push the wrong buttons.

TIRES: Tires are male, because they go bald easily and are often over inflated.

HOT AIR BALLOONS: Also a male object, because to get them to go anywhere, you have to light a fire under their butt.

SPONGES: These are female, because they are soft, squeezable and retain water.

WEB PAGES: Female, because they're constantly being looked at and frequently getting hit on.

TRAINS: Definitely male, because they always use the same old lines for picking up people.

EGG TIMERS: Egg timers are female because, over time, all the weight shifts to the bottom.

HAMMERS: Male, because in the last 5000 years, they've hardly changed at all, and are occasionally handy to have around.

THE REMOTE CONTROL: Female. It easily gives a man pleasure, he'd be lost without it, and while he doesn't always know which buttons to push, he just keeps trying.

OF WORDS AND WAYS

Here's a closing poem that I wrote for the original Festschrift issue but at the last minute I decided not to use it. "Too silly!" "Sounds corny!" "Doesn't make sense!" my inner critics shouted. Tonight I found it again, and at the last minute this time I decided to use it. "Don't do it! Put it back! You're making a mistake!" my inner critics screamed. I told them to shut their freakin' mouths and give the goddamn poem a chance! To my surprise, they did. And the poem's right here, following my initials—DM.
Young Faith she had a boyfriend Ross
Whose words could warm and glow,
And everywhere that Ross was sent
His Faith was sure to go.

She followed him to press one day
Where Word Ways was so cool.
It made the readers laugh and play
To read this mag, a jewel.

And then for thirty-seven years
They put sweet Word Ways out.
"They didn't miss a single ish!"
Old Kickshaws seems to shout.

If Word Ways is a little lamb
With pages white as snow,
Then Ross, essay assessor, led
Where words were sure to grow.

It happened here, a Golden Age
Of words, a golden roar:
Now Word Ways turns another page
To wordplay evermore.