The hero was brave and strong and willin'
She felt his chin -- then wed the villain

In the May 1972 Word Ways, readers were invited to supply Albert Wilansky of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania with V-W homophonic pairs as illustrated by the 1953 Burma-Shave advertisement above. The following more-or-less definitive list has been compiled by Stefan and Betsy Burr, Murray Pearce and Mary Youngquist:

```
vet  wet  very  wary  verst  worst
vow  wow  veal  weal  verse  worse
veil  wall  vein  wane  veery  weary
wine  wine  veer  wier  viper  wiper
wend  wend  vive  weave  vicar  wicker
west  west  vault  Walt  wizard  wizard
went  went  veldt  welt  verily  warly
vile  wile  visor  wiser  vassal  wassail
Veep  weep  valse  waltz  vicious  wishes
```

A few additional pairs are doubtful, as they depend upon variant pronunciations or contractions:

```
vision wishin'  vermin wormin'  villain willin'
vox  walks  vaunted  wanted
```

V-W pairs need not be restricted to the first letter:

```
revoke  rewoke  rover  rover  svelter  svelter
```

Perhaps the most unusual V-W pair is one in which V and W exchange places with each other: **VIEW - WEAVE**.

Ask Mary Youngquist what a V-W homophonic pair is, and she'll tell you it's vair von verdigris in sound vitta second except for the first consonant. In similar vein, she has constructed the following one-acter to make the whole matter perfectly clear:

**The Mask of the Green Urn**
(other vise known as The Veered Vizard of Verd Vase)

**Dramatis Personae:**
Daughter (a skinny, pale little kid, a Von Dyke indeed with a vee neck and vetoes)
Mother (a small bird-like woman, always veery, but no visor)
D: I'm a vision to go out -- is this the coat you vaunt me to verify do?
M: No, it has too much vair and you'll get velvet in all that rain.
You'll just get veteran colder the longer you stay out, and your
cough'll be verse. Then violin bed tonight you'll need vicks in
your nose.
D: Vi, how can candles cure a cold?
M: Oh, you silly thing, I mean Vicks Vaporub!
(Vow! I'll vignette in this kid-battle! Villa lecture help? She's
all vase very and tries vermin herself out of duties. Her father
and I verilities over her poor school grades, too.)
D: Velma, then I'll stay in for a little vial, until my two brothers
come home. Then vessel probably go out, and vault (or volley),
too.
M: O.K., I'm going to do dishes in a viol and I'm looking for a viper.
Then sit here in the vicar chair next to the vain Scot in the kitchen,
and I'll tell you a story about Don Vaughn, the great lover, and his
carousing. He, in a vacillate three roast pigs and toasted the
guests in red vines. Enough to make a grown man Veep!
D: Ma, you verso right! If I vent now I'd get vet! Better to be still
vile you viva fairy tale. But Venice Fa coming home?
M: I guess he'll virus a day ahead -- he's vending his veery vase in
the vest now. And that reminds me -- to greet him, shall I put
on my new vigor not? He doesn't like vim an' frowzy lookin'.