

The Crostics Club

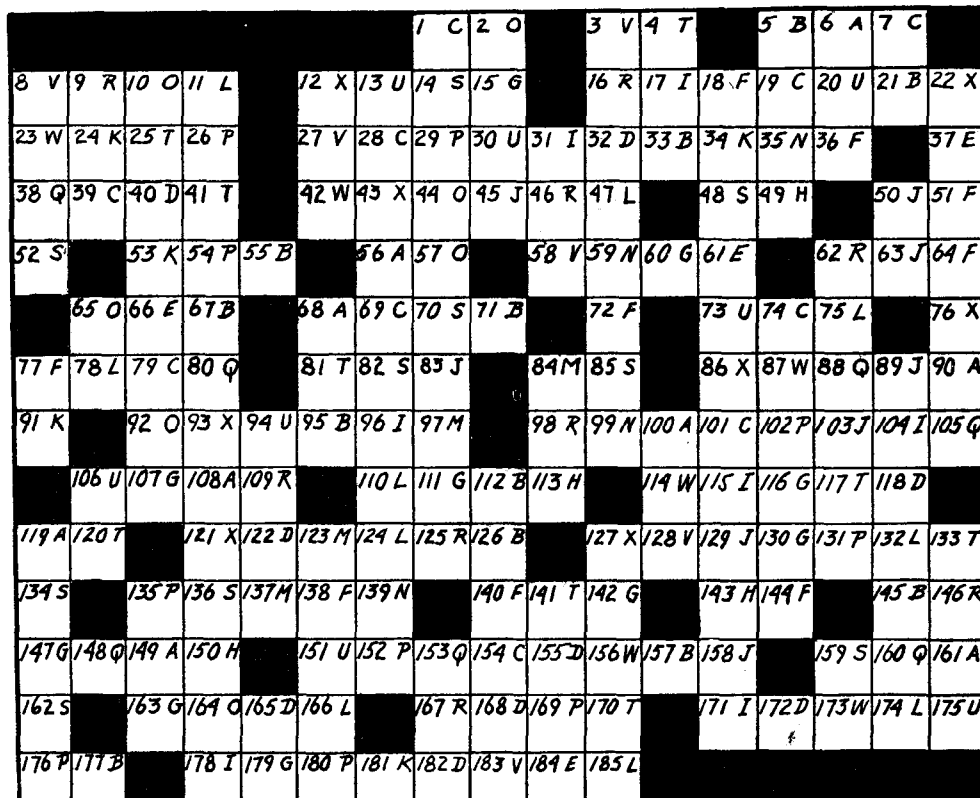
IN a recent DC containing the name of *Havelock*, I defined him as a British General at the Siege of Lucknow, 1857. When I came to verify my fact I discovered that just three commanders of eight letters each had been concerned in that action, Laurence and Campbell being the others. So I had to modify my definition but this time before you did it for me.

But I was truly chagrined to find from Steven Byington, David Scannell, Jr., Jamaica Plain, Mass., and Roger Evans, N. Y. City, that I had misspelled the name of *Fuess*. Years of German study taught me the order of letters when (in translation) the umlaut is used, and I have long been familiar with the name of Dr. Fuess as an educator and a writer. However, the mistake gives me the chance to put in a special word for that very readable biography of Coolidge if you haven't read it. Although I had met Coolidge on several occasions in Massachusetts, I am grateful to Dr. Fuess for penetrating the outer crust and plumbing the depths of one so generally misunderstood. But that error, although it caused trouble, was not a *sin* of commission, as one styled it; for *sin*, I was convinced earlier in life by a leader of a Bible Group I attended, is *wilful* error. In those days under the influence of a father who victimized us youngsters with Herbert Spencer and who held over us that worthy's anathema of "loose adjustment of words to thought," I must have been more amenable!

For New Yorkers I want to take this opportune time to suggest two sources of reference material that should be more widely used: the Reference Department of the Public Library at Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue and the Mercantile Library at 17 East 47th Street. The Public Library's Reference Department I think the greatest depository of its kind in point of volumes, systematic procedure devoid of red tape, and intelligent service. The Mercantile Library, more a circulating library, in its hundred and more years of existence, has accumulated books the average library lacks, and its nominal dues of five dollars a year enable it to stock up on a large variety of current volumes and, for a small fee, to operate a most reliable and helpful mail service. Its magazine and reading room is also distinctive and withal accessible. Neither library, however, has time to help puzzlers solve their wares!

No one has as yet offered to keep tabs on time performances for those interested, nor has anyone volunteered to head the exchange bureau for you who like to make DCs. Shall we close the lists and let the matters drop by default?

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 483

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's Double Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

- A. A grotesque person.
- B. Our speech as sanctioned by official authority (with *The*).
- C. To talk interminably (slang—3 wds.)
- D. To journey by means of passing rides.
- E. Second encampment of Israelites after crossing the Red Sea.
- F. A sword (now in East Indian titles).
- G. Quality of being threefold.
- H. First name of hero in title of novel by Irving Bacheller.
- I. To search thoroughly.
- J. A picture or carving in 3 compartments side by side.
- K. To judge, suppose (chiefly hum.)
- L. The precursor of the newspaper in England.
- M. To comply with the request of.
- N. The divisions of the Universe in Norse cosmology.
- O. To leave the scene (slang—2 wds.)
- P. To introduce or commend to favor.
- Q. A Philistine of Gath (Bib.)
- R. An obstinate person.
- S. The loss of a *in mid* for *amid* (Gram.)
- T. Violent (colloq.—comp.)
- U. The battle in which Brutus fell (*Julius Caesar*).
- V. Summoned forth as from seclusion.
- W. Chief island of the Society Islands.
- X. An unwavering partisan, esp. in politics.

WORDS

161	6	90	149	56	68	119	100	108
112	33	5	55	95	71	21	67	145
19	154	74	1	7	101	69	79	28
40	182	32	122	172	118	168	165	155
61	184	66	37					
18	51	72	140	36	77	64	144	138
15	130	107	179	163	111	60	116	147
150	143	113	49					
115	31	104	178	17	171	96		
89	129	103	45	50	83	158	63	
34	53	24	181	91				
47	132	11	185	110	78	75	121	166
123	84	137	97					
59	99	35	139					
44	164	65	2	10	57	92		
131	169	26	29	152	135	54	180	102
105	38	88	153	166	148	80		
109	62	146	16	98	9	46	125	167
82	159	136	14	52	70	85	162	48
117	41	120	4	25	170	141	133	81
73	13	94	175	20	106	151	30	
183	27	58	8	128	3			
156	173	42	114	23	87			
121	127	22	86	12	43	93	76	

The Phoenix Nest

I THOUGHT up a swell ironic story the other night. I wanted to call it "The Story of John Gates." I thought it might go like this. In his earliest twenties you have a young man named John Gates who is a steel workers' organizer. When Franco with the aid of the Italian Fascists and Hitler's Nazis attacks the young Spanish Republic abroad, I imagine this young man as deciding that it is time something is done about the matter. England, France, and the United States are all engaged determinedly in looking the other way. They say to each other, "You don't see anything, do you?" "No, honestly, I don't see a thing wrong!" "That's what I thought. Non-intervention should be our attitude!" Gates doesn't feel that way. He goes over to Spain and gets in the fight on the Loyalist side. He emerges as a Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifteenth International Brigade. He is then about twenty-four or something. I have a real picture of such young Loyalist officers before me now, to help me with my story. It is, we will imagine, said of Gates that his original company "in all of the battles engaged in at the Pozoblanco front demonstrated great fighting courage and a truly anti-Fascist spirit . . . He has gained a high reputation." We can imagine him as perhaps the best leader the volunteer Americans had; save for Milton Wolff, whose head Jo Davidson sculpted, he thought it so fine. Last I heard of Wolff he was pushing one of those little-wheeled rattling boxes along the cobbles full of cheap clothes on clothes hangers; only job he could get back in the States. He had commanded the Lincolns. He was the fellow who sent to a friend in Spain the following note:

Enclosed you will find 1,000 pesetas. I want to buy a gift for my mother. She's fifty-three years old, has blue eyes, is old-fashioned and loves me very much.

But I'm getting a little off the beam—or am I? Finally, after Franco's imported black Moors and the Fascists and the Nazis have at long last managed to defeat the grimly and bitterly fighting Loyalists, John Gates (we'll imagine) comes home. After a while, after the isolationists have all made their long-winded speeches to us about how Hitler and the Nazis and the war are none of our business, and how we'd better stay home and make the world free for cartels, John Gates (of whose bravery Vincent Sheean and Herbert Matthews of *The New York Times*, we'll imagine, have

spoken in despatches) enlists in the United States Army. He joins (I will say) the Fifty-ninth Armored Artillery Battalion at Camp Chafee, Arkansas, or some such place. He gets to be a sergeant. But when his unit is on the eve of going overseas, his commander receives a telegram from the Adjutant-General in Washington ordering Gates transferred to a service unit—which means, of course, no combat service throughout the war. No explanation is given. Two Lieutenant-Colonels intervene in Gates's behalf. Finally Gates writes the President, asking for a review of his case; and stating, in soldierly fashion, how much he wishes to fight for his country. But no board of review is appointed. There is no recourse. Gates remains definitely out of the war. He's not worthy, apparently. Or maybe it's because he once helped organize the steel-workers! . . .

A pretty prejudiced story I've thought up, you say. Things like that don't happen! If a young man has proved his love of freedom, his hatred of our enemies, his valor in action up to the hilt like that, he is just the sort we want in our army. It's ridiculous to imagine such a story! I know. Only, in reality, I didn't imagine it at all. It's all true. And John Gates is the same. You can read most of the story in *The Washington Post*, April 14, 1943, written by Drew Pearson, who does the "Washington Merry-Go-Round."

I myself met John Gates in New York. I remember him. I remember sitting with him, and a playwright, and a newspaper correspondent, and a theatrical producer, and several others, in a conference on how to get the American boys home from Spain and attend to the hospitalization of the wounded and the rehabilitation of others. Gates was a serious, earnest, quiet young American. He held himself straight, and he looked as straight as a string. . . .

Isn't it a swell ironic story?

Some Maps

For those of you who are really interested in our ally, Soviet Russia, there's a good buy in maps, from the Denoyer-Geppert Company, 5235 Ravenswood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois. It's thirty-two pages of colored maps in a colored cover, of the origins and development of a great country, from the thirteenth century, on through the Czars, down to the present. It illustrates present-day geography, economic resources, industry, languages, races, and so on. What you pay is only a dollar.

"The Secret of the Subway"

I thank Carl Thurston of Pasadena, California, for the following:

I saw "The Secret of the Subway" in Holyoke about a week before you did. (I was also on my way to New Haven, but it took me a year longer to get there.)

If you have forgotten its thrills it is possibly because, like a number of other people, you have automatically transferred its one deathless line to the more famous, "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model." Both heroines had the same name—in fact, I am not at all sure that all heroines in melodrama weren't named Nellie—but it was in the underground opus that the villain stabbed her in the first act, poisoned her in the second, shot her in the third, and in the fourth tied her to the subway track, yet in the fifth act asked her, ingratiatingly, "Why do you fear me, Nellie?" Let justice be dealt out, as it always was in the "mellers" themselves! The Beautiful Cloak Model has been getting away with more than her fair share of their glories.

A Book Plate

Inspired by "Lines to a Borrowed Book," T. Henry Foster, who lives at "White Oaks," Ottumwa, Iowa, sends me an odd kind of book-plate, which is supposed to be pasted in the unwanted book at the end, rather than on the inside front cover. He believes it to be unique.

Here is what it says:

EX LIBRIS
THENFOS

If you've borrowed this book,
You needn't return it;
'Twould really be better
To stealthily burn it.
And now that it's finished,
Be ashamed and repent it—
But never, oh never,
Say who 'twas that lent it!!!!

And last but not least, a pleasant communication from my good neighbor, Elizabeth S. Kingsley, the "Double-Crostics" lady:

Tit for tat! Many a time has your column given me poets for Double-Crostic material.

Richard Brathwaite caught my eye in the Biography section of WNI for its H and its W, which I sorely needed to use up in that DC. I meant to go down to the Library to do some grubbing on my own account, but as time was lacking I phoned to their superb reference desk staff instead. And this is briefly what they gave me:

You will read about Richard Brathwaite in a Biography of him written in 1928 by Matthew Black. He was a prolific poet and even a scholar of parts as shown in a Chaucer's Commentary. A few of his titles are: *The Golden Fleece*—1611; *The Prodigal's Tears*—1614; *The Poet's Will*—1614; *H. Barnaby's Travels*.

Now that we both know more of him, I may inflict you further in a DC. So beware of the boomerang!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

The Saturday Review