

A NEW literary game has suggested itself to me. Reading Rex Stout's "Double for Death" the other day, I noticed that the murdered man, Ridley Thorpe's secretary, was named Vaughn Kester. I am writing this far removed from my own library, but wasn't it Vaughn Kester, of Indiana, who wrote "The Prodigal Judge"? His brother, Paul Kester, who died young, wrote of gypsies. I have a book of his on gypsies. At any rate, my game would be to locate as many as possible real names of authors in the cast of characters of other authors' books. Maybe Rex knew there had been a real Vaughn Kester, or maybe the name just stuck in his mind as an oddity. Surely some of my bright readers can remember others. For instance, I should think the name Owen Meredith would be a natural for some novelist to use as the name of one of his or her characters.

One Thing and Another

I am back on Cape Ann now, and "the Spring comes slowly up this way." In Boston we encountered a sailor who bore with him a small ship model, the sails of which were carved of horn. I asked him where he had got it, as he said he hadn't been back in the United States for a year. He replied, "Guantanamo Bay." I seemed to remember an old drawing by Howard Chandler Christy from way back in the Spanish War of '98, entitled "Marines at Guantanamo." That's the eastern tip of Cuba, on the south shore, just below Santiago. More people piled into the same taxi, after the sailor had offered us all a cigarette, so he said no more, except to remark about a sight-seeing bus, "Take one of those and your life's not worth a nickel!" Did he mean that the Jehus drove furiously in Boston? Did he mean it was worse than an action at sea? He was a pleasant and compact sailor, and departed with his ship model into the maw of the North Station. At first I thought those sails might have been carved of carabao horn. But *those* animals are in the Philippines. That, I regret to say, was when I thought, at first, that Guantanamo was in the Philippines! I noticed, by the way, that Eve Curie was bothered, concerning her latest book, in English, lest she had miscalled the water buffalo of India.

It is such a pleasure to chance upon vivid characterization! The latest I have come across is in John T. Whitaker's "We Cannot Escape History." I had read a lot concerning Ernest Bevin, runner-up to Winston over in England. But the man had never been

brought so vividly before me as when Whitaker remarked, "A burly man, Bevin has the swart coloring of a gypsy and though he gives the impression of juggernaut strength, he has gypsy nimbleness." Also what Bevin said of the Labor pacifist, George Lansbury, is a lovely thing. It was remarked that he had been too harsh with George, to which he replied: "George has been standing around like a martyr far too long—it was high time someone lit the faggots."

The erstwhile Doughty Duce now finds himself in the most superlative of all jams. And he is not exactly popular on his home grounds. Which reminds me of a story told in Reynold and Eleanor Packard's "Balcony Empire." It went the rounds of the Foreign Press Club about an Italian who, every time he entered the Caffè Aragno in Rome, ordered the waiter to bring him all the newspapers. "He would hurriedly glance through the front page and then put the paper aside. Finally one of the habitués of the café came over and asked:

'Excuse me but what have you been looking for all these weeks?'

'A death notice.'

'But death notices are always on the inside pages.'

'Not the one I'm looking for. It would be on the front page, all right.'

The self-righteousness of capital toward the recent high-handed conduct of John L. Lewis (and of most of the press, which can always be counted upon to side with the big money) brings to mind the fact that, as Carl Dreher says in "The Coming Show-down," there was also "a sit-down strike of capital in the face of a national crisis." But that was some time back, of course, and events move fast, and people forget. Yet also "the people do get the general drift of events. . . . They know that the profits of big business have gone up. They know that the yield of the excess-profits tax for the first year of rearmament was no more than a drop in the bucket of military expenditures, and that Congress is still squeamish about dipping deep into war profits." They have a strong suspicion that capital is cashing in on the war. So "beneath the appearance there will be that 'class suspicion and hatred' which the big boys are always muttering about when they are not too busy promoting it with all the means at their command." Sometimes when I think over where I stand myself, as a patriot, I guess it is against having the country run for those Big Boys, and in favor of having it run for Mr. Wallace's Common Man. One thing

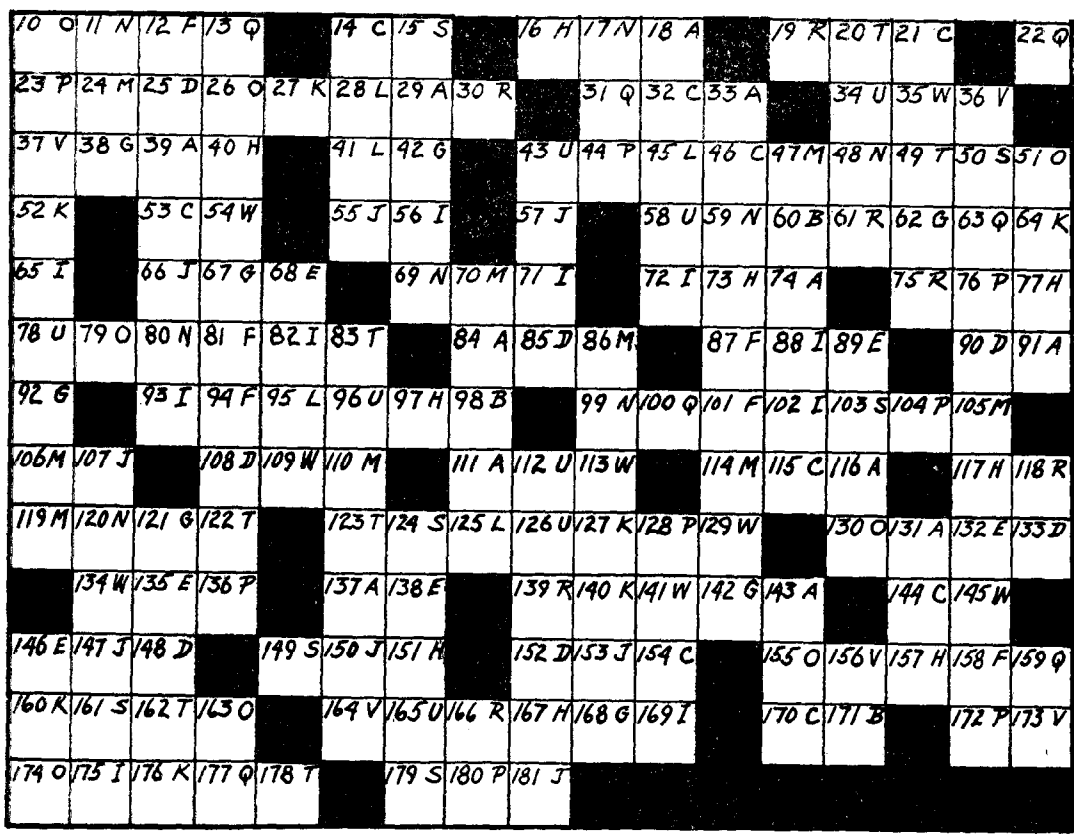
we have created in this country which I haven't found elsewhere, and which I think is a great characteristic of ours, is the independence of Americans. But "independent as a hog on ice," is also a perfect description of it. A hog on ice is great on independence, but not so sound on the principle of control. So, when tears spring to the eyes of the business man at the mention of Initiative and Free Enterprise, holiest to him of all things under the sun, is he not apt to forget, as he bows his head and sinks to his knees, the unbelievable social stupidities, to say nothing of economic crimes, that have been committed in their name? I don't think we so much admire the fellow that "gets away with it" as we used. We have seen unfettered initiative and free enterprise run a country right into the hole. Today what we want is a *balance* of free enterprise and control by the government. The upholders of the *status quo* have always reiterated to us that "you can't change human nature." No, say I to them, you can't, it seems, change the human nature of you fellows; so to protect yourselves from yourselves and the public from you, it is necessary for the government to exercise certain controls. Or who do you think you are?

With which moral—if it be a moral—I drop my theorbo, as Browning said.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Where have you been?
2. Have you any wool?
3. Where are you going?
4. Are there any more at home like you?
5. What writest thou?
6. Will you walk into my parlour?
7. What immortal hand or eye could frame thy fearful symmetry?
8. What shall I say, brave Adm'r'l, say, when we sight naught but seas at dawn?
9. Why so pale and wan?
10. O what can ail thee?
11. If I can rid your town of rats, will you give me a thousand guilders?
12. Whither, midst falling dew . . . dost thou pursue thy solitary way?
13. If Winter comes can Spring be far behind?
14. Why do you sit singing, "Willow, titwillow, titwillow"?
15. Pray, which leg comes after which?
16. Will you walk a little faster?
17. By thy long gray beard and glittering eye, now wherefore stopp'st thou me?
18. Shall I call thee bird or but a wandering voice?
19. Are we not God's children both?
20. Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling your ring?



Double-Crostics: No. 478

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-three 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 (a) reading from left to right a quotation from a famous author, heading 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 of 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 38 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. The battle in which Roland fell (778).	29 137 91 39 74 84 131 111 143 18 116 33
B. Substitute for butter (short form).	60 98 7 171
C. English poet (1588-1673).	144 46 53 170 115 21 32 14 4 154
D. Birthplace of John Wesley (England).	148 25 108 90 133 152 85
E. The color of the mignonette flower.	138 132 146 68 89 135
F. Pertaining to the Capital of ancient Egypt in its Empire days.	158 87 81 101 94 12
G. To have a sense of humiliation (2 wds.)	42 92 168 142 62 67 121 38 6
H. Fresh from the commission of crime (comp.)	157 77 167 40 16 73 117 97 151
I. Scraps; remnants (3 wds.)	72 175 93 3 88 56 169 65 82 71 162
J. A Prophet in the reign of Jeroboam (Bib.)	66 153 107 181 57 55 150 147
K. Somewhat capable of enduring great strain.	127 160 176 52 140 9 64 27
L. Greek mother turned into stone by Zeus.	95 28 41 125 45
M. The Mt. haunted by the boar of Hercules's third labor.	86 105 47 24 70 119 114 106 2 110
N. Kept back; refrained from granting.	99 120 48 69 59 11 17 80
O. A doctrine advocated by the Epicureans.	163 130 155 174 51 79 26 10
P. Defamatory.	23 5 172 104 76 136 180 44 128
Q. One of Daniel's companions (Bib.)	159 100 13 22 63 177 31
R. Indian citizens of Oklahoma—formerly bison-hunting Plains tribes.	75 118 61 19 166 30 139
S. The appellation of Bildad (Bk. of Job).	15 179 161 149 50 103 124
T. English novelist (1861-1923).	49 20 123 122 178 162 83
U. A kind of triangle.	96 58 34 78 8 43 112 165 126
V. Stage name of a famous French actress (1857-1920).	173 36 1 156 164 37
W. Mt. of the southern Alps (9,000 ft. high).	145 141 129 35 54 113 109 134

The Crostics Club

W. H. MANN, Lakewood, Ohio, veteran D.C.er, is the latest contributor to our growing DC anthology. EPHIALTES No. 468:

O Ephialtes, labile and unblest,
Crank pinhead! You impawn my
Dutch-wife's rest.
While on the fly I coin a natty slogan,
The Essenes fish for tarpon in a rogan.
Now for a dog's age London misses
Aiken;
The Congo by the Ethiop forsaken
Calls on Annona that she may re-
plevin
My soul from DC high-jinks back to
heaven.
If you are hep at all to this en-
jamb—
Ment you are wiser than I am.

I promise that I'll not give this
back to you as a puzzle!
A pleasant aspect of this column to
me lies in the associations it evokes.
Raymond S. Willis, Evanston, Ill., ex-
cusing with no valid reason his timid-
ity in joining our throng, after claim-
ing special devotion through our Wel-
lesley connections, his wife, sister,
daughter, niece, and Luna Converse,
mentioned recently, recalls the brash-
ness of a callow poet who some fifty
years ago after a visit to the College
dared to publish this gem in the
journal of a near-by institution:

The Wellesley girls say,
When at Chapel they pray,
"Help us good maidens to be!
"Give us patience to wait
"Till some subsequent date!
"World without men, Ah, me!"

Florence Hitchcock, Philadelphia,
who tries to guess the acrostics as re-
lated to the content of the SRL special
issues, concludes her eagerness for the
arrival of the weekly SRL thus:

"I believe there was a paper called
The Saturday Review in London, per-
haps in Ben Jonson's time, and one of
its devotees, very ill, when told by his
doctor that he could not live the week
out, eyes filling with tears, said, 'And
The Saturday Review does not come
until the end of the week!'"

Elizabeth Underhill, Ossining, N. Y.,
thought the Bolivar DC just hard
enough for NRB* fans like herself.
One night several years ago, Eliza-
beth and I, total strangers, found our-
selves in step walking from a meet-
ing toward the same goal. When I
commented on her traveling so far
at that hour, she replied, "Time flies
when you have something absorbing
to fill it. Do you chance to know the
SRL?" Since then at our meetings
we have regularly exchanged DC prob-
lem gossip.

Thishow was used by Browning and
is a good word!

If I give you "An Arctic cetacean
of the genus *Monodon*" don't rebel.
Just look in your WNI under *Mono-*
don. It's as easy as that.

E. S. K.

*No-Reference-Books.