

the Negro and the Negro to find his way in the Army. In 1947 he was named racial-relations adviser to the Secretary of Defense. He has been doing this kind of work under one title or another ever since.

Up from Zero Per Cent

Before the Second World War there were only five Negro officers in the Army and none in the Navy, while the Air Force was not yet a separate service. Statistically, the advances the Negro has made in the services appear quite small. However, when you consider that it usually takes a man almost two decades to become a colonel and more to become a general, the statistics have more meaning.

A recent Air Force promotion list named three more Negroes to colonel, to make a total of eight. There are five Negro colonels in the Army. In the Navy, the highest-ranking Negro is a commander, equivalent to lieutenant colonel. A Negro, Lieutenant Commander Samuel L. Gravely, was given command of the U.S.S. *Falgout*, a radar picket ship, this year. He is the first Negro in our Navy's modern history to command a ship.

Despite the official answer that statistics on the percentages of Negro officers are not available, it is a fact that 2.8 per cent of all Army officers are Negroes. In the Air Force that figure is 1.4 per cent and in the Navy and Marine Corps 0.1.

Although the Navy appears to be slower than the other services in bringing the Negro to his full potential, it must be remembered that a decade ago the few Negroes who were in the Navy were almost all stewards. Even their noncoms wore different uniforms than white men of the same rank in different jobs. Now more than sixty per cent of the Navy's Negroes are out of the galley and into the regular training and operations cycles.

On the whole, progress in the armed forces since President Truman issued Executive Order 9981 in 1946 is indeed substantial. That order said that the services would require "equality of treatment and opportunity for all persons . . . without regard to race, color, religion or national origin." This equality is being won.

VIEWS & REVIEWS



The Foreseeable Future

A short story set in Southern Rhodesia

M. N. YORK

"FRIENDS of mine have invited some Africans to a cocktail party this afternoon," said my sister Rosamond, who had come round for Sunday-morning tea with Harry and me. "How would you two like to come along?"

"Stirring up the natives again, are you, Rosamond?" my husband said gruffly.

Harry was brought up in Johannesburg, and although he doesn't like Verwoerd and prefers life here in Southern Rhodesia, he thinks the Africans here are being brought on much too fast. Rosamond and I came out of England about fifteen years ago. I must say Rosamond is a bit leftish—though in a respectable, Anglican way—and she doesn't think the Africans are being brought on fast enough. I am always being caught in Harry's and Rosamond's crossfire. To be truthful, I'm not the least bit interested in politics or racial problems, and I must say I long for the old days. Just a short time ago, most of us used to think of Africans as servants and it never entered our heads to worry that one of them might become prime minister. "Government in European hands for the foreseeable future" was a phrase you used often to hear. "Foreseeable future" had a comfortable sound, as if the future, by some scientific, civilized method, were, in fact, foreseeable—perhaps at an observatory. I haven't heard that phrase for some time now.

Nowadays Africans are advancing in a great many ways that certainly weren't foreseeable a few years ago. The cinemas are multiracial, and so are some of our hotel bars and restaurants, and Africans are getting clerical jobs one never dreamed of their having before now. And of course if change must come I'm sure it's better to have it come this way than violently, as it has in other African countries.

Ever since the trouble began in the Congo, our relatives in England have been writing to find out whether we're still alive here in Southern Rhodesia. Apparently none of them can read a map. Salisbury is as far from Elisabethville as London is from Milan. "Hadn't you better get out of there?" they ask. Never. I love my home—the house that Harry and I planned together, Tudor-style with mullion windows. I love the climate and our Rhodesian way of life.

The three of us were having tea in our garden, with all our lovely English flowers in bloom around us—snapdragon and sweet peas and Canterbury bells. Here they grow bigger and more brilliant than they ever can in England, but they need watching; the boy can't take care of them on his own.

"After all," Rosamond was saying, "our government stands for racial partnership. Isn't it time you met some of our partners socially?"

"If you and Beryl want to shake

a lot of black hands, go ahead," Harry said.

"Who is having the party?" I asked.

"Major and Mrs. L. T. P. Garth-Smithers," Rosamond said triumphantly. "Now will you come?"

With a furtive glance at Harry, I said I would. Major Garth-Smithers is an Old Rhodesian. Both his parents came to Salisbury in an ox wagon about 1895. And Mrs. Garth-Smithers is an earl's daughter. They live in a lovely house in Highlands, which is one of Salisbury's nicest parts. In Highlands, there are sixteen thousand Europeans and seventeen thousand Africans, according to the last count. All the Africans, of course, work for the Europeans. Life in Rhodesia has always been very comfortable.

"I never thought old Garth-Smithers gave tuppence for the natives," Harry said. "What's got into him?"

Rosamond explained that the Garth-Smitherses were moving with the times. The party was to be in honor of a Dr. Mwawa, who had just returned to Southern Rhodesia after ten years in London, where he had made quite a name for himself in medical research. Mrs. Garth-Smithers's father, the earl, had met Dr. Mwawa in London and written that he was a quiet, nonpolitical chap, unlike most Africans who go overseas to get educated. Mrs. Garth-Smithers thought it would be a wise thing to show the doctor that he could be accepted here by real Rhodesians, before the local Nationalists got to him and filled him with a lot of rubbish. Just to make sure that he would really come (because Africans haven't quite grasped the responsibility of accepting an invitation and if something comes up that they'd rather do they simply don't appear), the Garth-Smitherses were sending their car to collect him.

I was glad the party was that same evening, so Harry couldn't rag me about it for days ahead. I didn't want to argue with him about Africans. Of course he is always very decent to them. If one of the servants is sick, he'll always put himself out to take him to hospital, and one time when the garden boy put a knife into a native-girl prostitute, Harry even took *her* to hospital—and in the middle of a rainy night, too. But

he thinks that they're all born liars and take in laziness and deceit and ingratitude with their mother's milk.

"I'll die with a gun in my hand before I'll ever let a native tell me what to do," he said one day to Rosamond.

"So you will, then," Rosamond said. It made me shudder. Not that I really *believe* it could ever come to that—so long as we Europeans keep up standards. In our house, we always say "please." I never wear shorts, and when Harry or any guest has had a drop too much I



always send the servants off to the compound so that they won't be set a bad example. My servants know my standards and we get along very well. I give them jam with their food rations. I never lock anything up, as many Rhodesian housewives do, except I do lock up the liquor, because it's not fair to tempt them, and I do have a lock on the telephone, because they run up the bill, and I do have a lock on the telly, because there are a lot of programs on telly that aren't really suitable for anybody, let alone Africans. When we go out in the evening, we always take the children along and let them sleep in the car. Lots of Rhodesians do that. It isn't that I wouldn't trust Africans to stay with them, I just simply like to know where my children are and what they're doing. And if you hire a European sitter, even half a dozen times a month, it costs as much as the garden boy's whole month's wages.

WHEN Rosamond and I arrived, somewhat late, at the Garth-Smitherses' party, the Europeans were all standing in the middle of

the room under the crystal chandelier, rather stiffly holding glasses and looking at one another, and most of the Africans were sitting down. I suppose that in their society a party means squatting on their haunches around the kraal campfire. I think there must have been about filthy people, about a dozen black and the rest white. I thought Major and Mrs. Garth-Smithers were wonderful to have found a dozen Africans to invite. Rosamond, of course, has met a lot of the Nationalists, the kind who are in and out of jail and that the police have to follow, but the Garth-Smitherses wouldn't want *that* sort. Major Garth-Smithers had got hold of some Africans who work in the civil service (that's another change we've had lately—Africans doing desk jobs in the civil service), and a chap who owns some shops in the native reserves, and another chap who runs a bus service, and one of the African farmers who has been allowed to buy his own farm.

Some of them had brought their wives, including the farmer. I was introduced to two cheery brown women, and one of them said, "We are Mrs. Mtumba. That is our husband over there." Quite frankly, I was rather surprised that the Garth-Smitherses would invite anyone with two wives, but I don't want to seem critical. After all, they were trying very hard.

"Won't you have a chat with our guest of honor?" Mrs. Garth-Smithers asked us nervously. She knew that Rosamond was used to talking to Africans socially and had probably been longing for her to arrive.

Dr. Mwawa was sitting by himself in a Hepplewhite armchair. He didn't rise. I would have thought that in London he'd have learned that a gentleman stands in the presence of ladies.

"Oh, Dr. Mwawa!" Rosamond said, very relaxed. "We've heard so much about you. It's wonderful to be able to meet you!" We took the empty chairs beside him.

The doctor inclined his head slightly. He was a very small, bird-like African, with large steel-rimmed glasses, large, prominent ears, and a large suit. His expression was dignified and remote. He held a full glass of orange squash.

"Do you find Southern Rhodesia

changed since you left?" Rosamond asked.

"Yes and no," said the doctor.

"I see. And how do you find it changed?"

Dr. Mwawa took a moment to consider this. "It has grown," he said.

Major Garth-Smithers brought us drinks and Rosamond took a long swig of hers.

"Have you a wife and children?" I asked.

"No."

"I suppose you didn't have time to think about that in London. Now I expect all the girls will be after you."

Dr. Mwawa smiled slightly and adjusted his spectacles. Then he examined his glass of orange squash as if he wondered why he should have to hold it.

"Are you planning to practice medicine here?" Rosamond asked.

"No."

"Oh. Well, that seems a shame. The Africans so badly need doctors."

"Yes."

Even Rosamond was now losing her composure. We both understood why the chairs beside the doctor had been vacant.

"Oh, there's Jeremiah Shashi!" cried Rosamond suddenly. "Wonderful! I haven't seen him in ages." And she leaped up and hurried off across the room. It was most unkind of her, I thought.

"You don't seem to care for orange squash," I said to the doctor, for he was still glaring at his glass. "May I get you something else? Perhaps some whisky?"

He gave me another of his tiny smiles. "I am a dyed-in-the-wool teetotaler," he said pleasantly.

I reminded myself that he was a graduate of London University, but his use of the idiom startled me. Fortunately, Mrs. Garth-Smithers bustled up as I sat there, frozen in my chair, and introduced a young African who had just arrived, and I made my escape.

ACROSS the room I encountered Ruth Dingman, whom I had never liked—she is one of those women who always want to do things men do better, such as riding a motorcycle or standing for Parliament. She did, in fact, stand in the last election, and was defeated. Now



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she has changed her party liberalward and I have heard that she plans to stand again. She was haranguing the Mtumbas—the farmer and his family—when she spotted me.

"Oh, Mrs. Baynes," she said to me, "how nice to see *you* here. Where is your husband?" The Mtumbas drifted away.

"He had another engagement," I said.

"Shame. He would have enjoyed this party, wouldn't he?" She looked at me sharply. I gave her one of Dr. Mwawa's tiny smiles.

"Here is Mr. . . .," she said, waving a hand at a tall, middle-aged African who was standing politely by.

"Reverend Chimanimani," the African said, and put out his hand, which I took. The back of it was black and the palm pinkish. It was the first African hand I had ever touched.

"This is a most agreeable occasion," said the Reverend Chimanimani.

"Oh, isn't it?" Mrs. Dingman agreed enthusiastically. "If more Africans and Europeans got together like this our problems would be solved, wouldn't they! Are you married, Mr. Chimanimani?"

"Yes." He bowed slightly every time he spoke.

"A pity your wife didn't come—or should I say wives!" Mrs. Dingman asked archly.

Mr. Chimanimani's smile faded and he did not bow. "I am a minister, Madam," he said. "I am a minister of the Methodist Church."

There was an awkward pause. "Do you play golf?" I asked the Reverend. Then I remembered that I had never seen an African on a golf course, except caddying.

Rosamond came up just then, bringing Jeremiah Shashi. They had fresh drinks in their hands. Mr. Shashi was a dapper African, wearing a not too clean white dinner jacket and very tight black trousers.

"Rosey has been telling me that you are her sister," he said to me. "I'm surprised I have not met you before."

"Beryl is married to a typical South African," my sister said.

"Then we must brainwash him," said Mr. Shashi genially. "Is he here? Let us start now."

"He's not here," I said thankfully.

"And what do you do?" asked Mrs. Dingman.

"I am a musician. A composer," Mr. Shashi said. "But I work in the post office." He took a long gulp of his drink.

"Jerry is a very talented guitarist," Rosamond said. "He's promised to come to my house soon and bring some friends who play, too."

"Is your band available for parties?" I asked.

"No, no—you don't hire them," Rosamond said crossly. "They play for friends—as friends." She walked away.

"I like parties," Jeremiah said. "I like mixing up with people. Black or white. It doesn't matter to me."



"You want Europeans to stay here, *don't* you," Mrs. Dingman said with sudden urgency.

"Europeans, Africans, it doesn't matter to me. Eat together, sleep together, talk together, get the same pay, the same education, the same opportunities." He drank the rest of his drink. "Why should an African get eight pounds a month for the same job that a European gets eighty pounds a month for?"

Mrs. Dingman looked as if she had heard a call to battle. "Now, wait!" she said. "Just wait a minute while I get another drink. I'll talk to you about *that!*"

And off she strode, just like a man, to fill up her glass. I found myself being multiracial on my own.

"It has been really cool lately, hasn't it?" I began.

"Africans feel the cold, you know," Mr. Shashi said accusingly. "White people think we don't mind walking, walking, walking in the cold while they go by in their cars. We mind!"

"Of course," I said soothingly. But what more could I say? Here, take my car?

Back came Mrs. Dingman, grasping a whisky-and-soda.

"Now, my friend," she said. "You mustn't forget that we Europeans have brought you the opportunity to work. We've brought factories, motorcars, everything, haven't we! Before we came, you didn't even have the wheel, *did* you! And you spent all your time fighting and killing one another, didn't you, and using the land improperly!"

As Mr. Shashi began to frown, Mrs. Dingman mustered a broad, conciliatory smile. "Of course it wasn't your fault that you were in that state, but you must give yourselves time to evolve. And evolution takes time. Look at the time it's taken us Europeans," she added graciously.

"And revolution, on the other hand, takes very little time," said Mr. Shashi.

"I hope that is not a threat," Mrs. Dingman said, with a grave expression. "There are laws against that kind of talk, you know."

"Do you think we are happy with the crumbs from your tables?" Mr. Shashi said, raising his voice. "Do you think I don't want a fine car, a fine house like this?" He waved his arms to include the chandelier, the old hunting prints. "It's very nice. I like it. I think I can live very comfortable here."

"I shall send you some pamphlets," Mrs. Dingman said in a kindly tone. "I'm afraid you don't understand economics."

"Now you must all *eat*," Mrs. Garth-Smithers said in a loud, desperate voice, coming up with a fresh display of hors d'oeuvres.

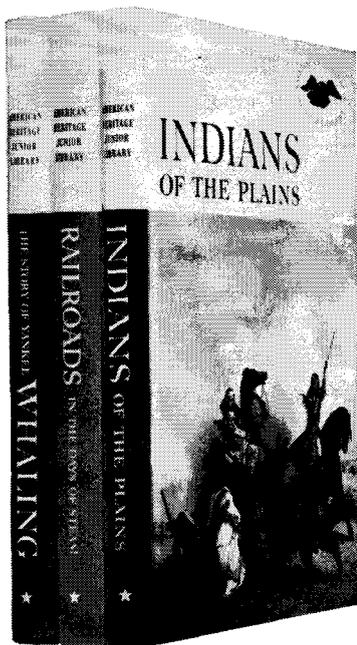
Mr. Shashi dropped his arms to his sides, looked mournfully at the pigs-in-blankets, and helped himself to two. There was a silence while he stuffed them into his mouth.

On the other side of the room, Dr. Mwawa was leaving.

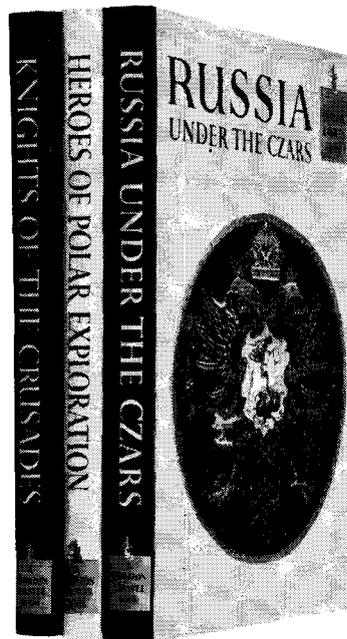
"Jolly good of you to come along," I heard Major Garth-Smithers saying with great heartiness. I did not hear the doctor's reply, if there was one. About a month later, we read in the paper that he had joined the Nationalist Party.

Rosamond came up and whispered to me that she thought we should go, too, in order to get Jerry away

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DOUBLEDAY

before he had drunk too much.

"A lovely party, Sheila," she said to Mrs. Garth-Smithers.

"Do you think it was a success?" Mrs. Garth-Smithers asked anxiously. "I see Ruth Dingman is taking Mr. Shashi's address, so perhaps they've made friends."

"Perhaps," Rosamond said. "Anyway, it was a smashing effort, Sheila."

Jerry came just behind us, lurching slightly. "Many thanks, Madam," he said to Mrs. Garth-Smithers. "I have enjoyed myself."

"Good. I am so glad."

"I like your house. I could be happy in your house."

"Thank you."

"Africans don't have houses like this."

"Come along, Jerry," Rosamond said, taking him by the arm.

Outside, she steered him to his car and told him to walk around a bit and breathe some fresh air before driving home. There was a full moon and the air was cold and revivifying.

"Yes, Madam," he said.

"And don't call me Madam," Rosamond said.

"But you are acting like Madam. You are being paternalistic."

"You've had too much to drink. I'd say it to anybody, of any color. You know that, Jerry."

He laughed in a way that sounded mocking and disagreeable. I took my sister firmly by the arm.

"Good-night, Mr. Shashi," I said. "Rosamond, come along."

"What's the matter?" Rosamond said, as we drove away. "You act as if you were expecting the Mau Mau."

"Don't be silly," I said. "I just think your intoxicated friend rather let his side down."

"Why should he not get drunk?" Rosamond said. "Harry gets drunk."

"But if Mr. Shashi wishes to make a good impression—"

"Maybe we didn't make a good impression on *him*. Have you thought of that?"

"Now, Rosamond," I said firmly. "You must admit it is we who must set the standards. They are only seventy years out of the trees."

"Please don't use that horrible cliché," Rosamond said. "Don't forget that in Southern Rhodesia there are thirteen of *them* to every one of *us*. We must do some compromising."

"Then standards will go down, down, down," I said. "When your friend Mr. Shashi moves into the Garth-Smithers' house, as he obviously expects to do, he and his twenty or thirty relatives will make it a shambles. They'll stop up the plumbing, use the Hepplewhite for firewood—"

"Oh, rubbish, Beryl." We were at my front gate now. I didn't ask Rosamond in, because I was afraid she would put Harry into a rage.

AFTER she drove away, I stood for a while in the garden in the bright moonlight. It was so bright that you could almost see that the poinsettias were vivid red and the mimosa yellow. Before the Europeans came, the country where Salisbury is now was just brown bush and red-gray rocks. It still is, outside the suburbs. Except in the rainy season, it is very dry and tawny, the perfect cover for lions. Color comes only in snatches—a red aloe, an iridescent bird, a treeful of shiny green Kaffir oranges, or perhaps a deadly snake as tenderly green as new leaves.

Now, while I stood there under the moon and looked at my own well-tended garden, I happened to remember driving along a back-country road one day and suddenly coming upon a few scrawny poinsettias planted by the roadside. Europeans had planted them, of course—Africans don't care about beautifying the roadside—and they were scrawny and pathetic because nobody was watering them or taking care of their soil. I've never told anyone this, because I'm afraid it sounds a bit eccentric, but I stopped the car to see if there wasn't a little stream nearby where I could get some water for them. I even tried to ask a native woman who was trudging by with a baby on her back and a Primus stove on her head, but of course she didn't understand English. She just looked at me out of her black, blank face (that blankness that Harry calls stupidity and Rosamond calls ignorance) and then walked on. I got back into my car and left those perishing dabs of flowers—and I drove away across the vast, dry, lion-colored country. When you live in Salisbury and don't get out of town very often, you really forget you're in Africa.

THE REPORTER Acrostickler® No. 66

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

- 1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
- 2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
- 3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 76 133 208 90 218 96 2 176 24 A concealed explosive attached to some harmless object (5, 4).

B. 30 206 156 10 54 142 14 16 128 4 Precise items of information (5,5).

C. 220 104 154 188 46 122 168 200 212 62 Small pieces of rope passing through eyelet holes of a sail; the name of the midshipmen's handbook at the U.S. Naval Academy (4,6).

D. 74 36 134 172 84 198 92 52 A poisonous alkaloid, C₁₀H₁₄N₂.

E. 32 214 216 144 Settlement on the southwest coast of Arabia, including Perim Island.

F. 12 152 164 192 103 Title of a Javanese ruler.

G. 190 66 162 70 224 210 150 182 79 82 Headline in many papers for a time in November, 1948 (5,5).

H. 34 48 72 196 6 178 93 112 166 Meat carcasses of a certain portion sometimes sold to home freezer owners (4,5).

I. 114 194 20 110 126 68 180 Members of the tree family Prunus amygdalus.

J. 40 160 116 42 8 98 222 Sailed with the wind on the quarter (3,4).

K. 38 28 60 64 174 100 A fairy romance by Baron de la Motte Fouqué, 1811.

L. 87 44 120 26 123 50 18 139 186 202 106 A slang term used to express a large sum of money, usually what has been gained in a business deal (4,6).

M. 158 58 130 184 136 147 A jinx.

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|-----|---|-----|---|-----|-----|-----|---|-----|---|-----|-----|-----|----|-----|---|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|---|-----|---|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| | 2 | A | | 4 | B | | 6 | H | | 8 | J | | 10 | B | | 12 | F | | 14 | B | | | | | | | | |
| 16 | B | 17 | | 18 | L | 19 | | 20 | I | 21 | | 23 | | 24 | A | 25 | | 26 | L | 27 | | 28 | K | 29 | | 30 | B | |
| | | 32 | E | | 34 | H | | 36 | D | | 38 | K | | 40 | J | | 42 | J | | 44 | L | | | | | | | |
| 46 | C | 47 | | 48 | H | 49 | | 50 | L | 51 | | 52 | D | 53 | | 54 | B | 55 | | 57 | | 58 | M | 59 | | 60 | K | |
| | | 62 | C | | 64 | K | | 66 | G | | 68 | I | | 70 | G | | 72 | H | | 74 | D | | | | | | | |
| 76 | A | | | 79 | G | | | 82 | G | | 84 | D | | | | 87 | L | | | | | | | | 90 | A | | |
| 91 | | 92 | D | 93 | H | 94 | | 95 | | 96 | A | 97 | | 98 | J | 99 | | 100 | K | 101 | | 102 | | 103 | F | 104 | C | 105 |
| 106 | L | | | | | | | 110 | I | | 112 | H | | 114 | I | | 116 | J | | | | | | | | | 120 | L |
| 121 | | 122 | C | 123 | L | 124 | | 125 | | 126 | I | 127 | | 128 | B | 129 | | 130 | M | 131 | | 132 | | 133 | A | 134 | D | 135 |
| 136 | M | | | | | 139 | L | | | | 142 | B | | 144 | E | | | 147 | M | | | | | | | | 150 | G |
| | | 152 | F | | 154 | C | | 156 | B | | 158 | M | | 160 | J | | 162 | G | | 164 | F | | | | | | | |
| 166 | H | 167 | | 168 | C | 169 | | 171 | | 172 | D | 173 | | 174 | K | 175 | | 176 | A | 177 | | 178 | H | 179 | | 180 | I | |
| | | 182 | G | | 184 | M | | 186 | L | | 188 | C | | 190 | G | | 192 | F | | 194 | I | | | | | | | |
| 196 | H | 197 | | 198 | D | 199 | | 200 | C | 201 | | 202 | L | 203 | | 205 | | 206 | B | 207 | | 208 | A | 209 | | 210 | G | |
| | | 212 | C | | 214 | E | | 216 | E | | 218 | A | | | | 220 | C | | 222 | J | | | | | 224 | G | | |

Across

16. Many on the friend of Abner form a pillar.
23. Once about to cry? That's rich!
46. See 196 across.
57. This nobleman is almost droll when he's about.
91. Not well when subservient to the climate (5,3,7).
121. Is this kind of securing mechanism used to bind alliances together? (11,4).
166. Nips up, and may whirl too.
171. The old boy is under a line, or lines, rather.
196. With 46 across, an epithet applied to the Acrostician (6,2,10).
205. Praise former bridge fare.

Down

2. Bellows forward or about Roman art.
4. Quiet what's under the flank.
6. Survived with no point when confused by such remarks.
8. A game of golf from 171 with no French bays.
10. The Murgatroyd family suffered from this while on a cruise which I left.

12. Think about what still waters do.
14. As (5), an oak source; as (1,4), something on the toe.
76. The kind of game that might be played by a specialized bakery, in short.
82. Was he a first rate person to hold such a bundle?
84. Mark this. I want the doublet.
90. It's all right with the Confederate soldier upset about being out of funds.
95. The French king is found in the broiling sun, poor fellow!
101. This girl has an arbor in one state.
124. Bled about the terminus and got mixed together.
132. A trowel may return this on the investment (3,4).
152. What the actor wants, or how he may speak on stage.
156. Let the sailor die? No! Let him remain, instead.
158. Did the Three Little Pigs' wolf feel this irritated when he couldn't blow the brick house down?
160. Is this serpent the favorite of mathematicians?
164. Is a quiver an appropriate container for this condiment?

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