DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THESE WORDS...

JAMES I. RAMBO
Palo Alto, California

The following verse continues the tradition of my "Anagramantics" in the February 1976 Word Ways and "Two Cautionary Tales" in the August 1978 issue; each line rearranges the letters of the title in a different way.

TEARS, IDLE TEARS, I KNOW NOT WHAT THEY MEAN

A manly host take ease in the written word.
Read on when yet it's total tease, rank whim.
Then the wise won't seek, attain a dry moral.
Like a word? How easy! That's entertainment!

Lament is winter shadow; take no heart yet.
O no, we think, rate the lean times as tawdry.
Want, we herald it a token, the reason misty.
The team near that in style is work and woe.

To want is reality we honest men take hard.
Man's a tale; think it sorrow and wet the eye.
We then waken to history, a sad mental rite.
Yet, that men wail is one answer to the dark.

Shaken, wiseman, we totter to a handy litre.
Here a twisted wan morality then takes on.
Whoa, ye sinner, relent! I'm wed to that, a task.
That is when we err to ask daily atonement.

We are in this net, a world that takes money.
Toil sweaty, name drink the answer to heat.
Sleety? We hoot! A neat drink is neat warmth.
Why name it sin or at least threat? We end OK.

Men in want, tatters, head to ale or whiskey.
To want drink seen a misery, that we loathe.
The amoral see drink as the one witty want.
Other want we think a sad estate, only mire.

We aware the heat's on many, let's drink to it.
Work a taint, men, here's to Hades -- let it yawn!
We then take it easy in a sham rotten world.
Irate? Ask why! Indolent, we master that one.

ELEME:

This is the final book of Seattle VA, a record of the history of the War II.

Word-lei, the word-letters should it be, how the aristocracy let gives the day, how one and successful.

Seven ex affected to the club in 1933 to emphasize our.

The book, Seattle VA, sales take a skill on the sell for approximately material with
Insane, yes, throttle down, await the Maker.
Years hasten, the talk drawn in time to woe.
Men sit, drink another to Lethe, waste away.
We made to weary, it's later than one thinks.

No, there yet time, woe has a last want -- drink.
Many err in a whetted taste: like a shot now?
When stale, we then may raise a tot: to drink!
We mask death: here, raw, is total nonentity.

That, Tennyson, is it; woe remet, we had a lark!
We hanker to star in that way, need to smile.
As a yen, then, learn to take time with words.
Thank WORD WAYS; it omens an elite theater.

ELEMENTARY CRYPTANALYSIS: CRYPTOGRAPHY FOR FUN

This is the title of a 30-page paperback booklet by Robert E. Daniel, a retired Seattle businessman and former Signal Corps intelligence officer in charge of a cryptographic unit during World War II. He believes that normal cryptograms, by revealing word-lengths, give away too much information, and that they should instead be presented in five-letter groups (like the Patri­ristocrats in the ACA magazine The Cryptogram). This book­let gives a detailed discussion of letter habits and preferences -- how one can deduce a letter by the patterns of its predecessors and successors, as well as from its frequency in the message. Seven examples are worked out in detail. This booklet is similar to the classic Cryptogram Solving by M. E. Ohaver, first printed in 1933 and reissued in 1973; however, Ohaver places more em­phasis on vowel spotting than Daniel does.

The booklet alone is available from the author (3214 8th West, Seattle WA 98119) for $4.95 (Washington residents add 26¢ sales tax). He also offers a set of 30 'Cryptiquotes' to try one's skill on for an additional $2.95 (16¢ tax); both items together sell for $6.50 (34¢ tax). New sets of Cryptiquotes are published approximately quarterly. (If not fully satisfied, return the mat­erial within 30 days for a full refund.)