

The BOWLING GREEN by Christopher Morley

The Trojan Horse

XX. Heroism of Uncle Pan

PANDARUS has heroisms too. He has persuaded Troilus to spend this evening at Sarpedoni's; and the boy has not been easy company.

Not much disturbance to-night, remarks Pandarus.

Things have been very quiet. I think the Greeks must have been put within bounds. They haven't been here at all the past few evenings.

Better slip over and see old man Agamemnon, Pandarus suggests. Maybe he needs some baksheesh.

Troilus makes a sombre wave of distaste.

I'll send you a cocktail while you're studying the menu. Oysters are in again now.

No cocktail for me, Troilus says. Lemon squash.

Send two anyhow, says Pandarus. If he doesn't want it, I do.

Tomorrow is Ten Days. That's cocktail enough for me. The last time I was here, she sat over there. Hey, Sarpedoni! Turn up the chairs at that table, don't let anyone sit there.

Now, my dear boy, you must buck up. We can't go on like this. Ask Antigone for a dance, make Deiphobus work for his fun. The little minx, I didn't think she had it in her.

When we were here before I was making *you* dance. Remember that dress she wore?—What the Hades did you bring me here for; I'm going uptown to the dog chariot.

Sorry I'm so goofy, he says presently; but I'm living in two places at once; Here and There. My mind is over in that damned Greek camp, wondering what she's doing, saying, wearing, thinking, how those bloody Spartans are behaving to her, what she's trying to tell me—and why haven't I heard from her? Not one word.

Pandarus knows—no one better—there is nothing to be done, except order another ambrosia.

Write poetry, he suggests. I remember when I ran the Hellespont and I—

Do you know what was the last thing she said to me when she left?

Goodbye?

Too bright for my eyes. It's exactly what she is. There's an omen in it.

Just then Antigone and Deiphobus join them.

Take this boy out and get his mind off his troubles, Pan says to her.

You can shut your eyes and pretend it's Cressida, she offers.

You'll have to shut your ears too, says Deiphobus. Hey, chatterbox?

That'll do from you, says Antigone. Troilus, why haven't you been up to the apartment?

I didn't have the heart. Besides, every time I asked the doorman, he said Deiphobus was there.—What do you suppose she's wearing this evening? That tweed and jersey thing?

Not at night, I hope, Antigone says. I'll bet they're giving her a swell party, this is her last night over there.

I hope so. I mean, I hope it's her last night.

Come and dance and we'll talk about it.

How are things, Deiphobus asks Pandarus.

Not good.

Troilus looks a bit mouldy, poor kid. He hasn't even finished his drink. (Which Deiphobus does for him).

Yes, he's badly cut up. Try to pull him out of it.

That girl certainly knocked him for a row of pylons.

My fault, too, in a way. I thought they'd both take it in their stride.

Troilus hasn't got any stride. He takes everything in convulsions.—She'll never come back, will she?

I doubt it.

Pan, you're a swell egg. Have a drink on me.

You're very kind. Thank you. And after that I was rather thinking of asking one of those twins for a dance. I think I've earned some relaxation.

It's a good idea; but those girls aren't relaxation.—Where do you suppose the damned Spartans are keeping themselves?

Sarpedoni says they haven't been here several evenings.

There's funny stuff going on over there. They've got all their work companies down on the beach overhauling the ships. Do you suppose they're getting ready to quit?

Extraordinary. Surely not.

They haven't been very active in the field lately; not since the exchange of prisoners. Hector had a queer hunch: he thought maybe they were going back home and take Cressida with them, to even up for Helen. . . .

The music stops suddenly, and the Radio Voice, much amplified, booms across the hall:—

S.O.S. . . . S.O.S. . . . This is an emergency broadcast, folks. Excuse my interrupting you, folks, but this is an emergency. Calling all troops. Calling all troops, by order of King Priam. Mysterious activity has been noted in the Greek camp, no reason for alarm, folks, but army headquarters wishes to be prepared for any eventuality. All leave is cancelled at once, officers and men re-

port to quarters. All civilians are to return inside the walls. This emergency broadcast will be repeated at intervals of three minutes. All officers and men report to quarters at once.

XXI. Army Supplies, Rush

The same evening: in fact, just about the time Troilus is asking Antigone what Cressida might be wearing, she's putting it on. It's the prickly pear, of course; poor dear, there's no alternative.

She's taking her time over it. No matter how late D. is (she thinks of him by initial only) she intends to keep him waiting. In the curtained corner allotted for her privacy she can't help hearing the unusual bustle of the camp tonight. There's a stealthy but continuous movement of troops, and a feeling of things about to happen. Calchas is off at a staff meeting, she is alone in the tent, but the sentry's feet are regular outside.

As she fastens the blue pin at her breast she wonders how she will feel when she unpins it; for of course her mind is already made up. She is writing a sort of letter in her mind. People who are slow to intimate speech compose many such. Partly to Troilus, partly to herself?—

My darling dear, you're sweet. I've just put on your pin, it made me think of tarnished cream. My sweet. We had such a lot of good laughs together. There never was anyone like you. The feeling of this camp tonight makes me as nervous as a witch, something's happening, I can't find out what. I'm as good as a prisoner here. My darling I know you're counting minutes till tomorrow, I can't help myself. Maybe I'll get back somehow; I'll get back when I can. All this doesn't really count, I've got my fingers crossed, it's just an accident. I will try, I *did* try. You know I'm your girl. I did mean to be faithful, what a ridiculous word. I guess I'm just not that way by nature. What does it matter, anyway? Blessed boy, nothing can ever spoil those times we had. O please be careful, these Greeks are as hard as nails; I'm so frightened of what may happen, they've got it all on a chart. If I'm nice to D. maybe he'll tell me about the Horse and I can warn them. . . .

I suppose you have to be faithful to someone, sooner or later. Later. I wonder if D. would be a good one to be faithful to. Probably not. I could try. How different he is, the big roughneck; but he's rather sweet too. He's been nice in his way. He doesn't *need* me, like you do, poor darling, but he certainly wants me. He'd be rather cute when you really got him down. I wonder what Uncle Pan would think, bless and damn his old

(Continued on next page)

**"Read Bakeless and
be refreshed"**

writes *Harry Hansen* of this colorful, authoritative biography of that hot-blooded son of the Renaissance . . . poet, scholar, playwright and spokesman of his age

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE:

The Man in His Time

By JOHN BAKELESS

"I have enjoyed his book as a refreshing literary adventure, and so will you," continues Mr. Hansen.

"A vivid and delightful picture of the poet as he lived," says Joseph Q. Adams, Director of the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington. "A most notable contribution to Elizabethan scholarship."

"There is no better book on Marlowe, and no more honest book on any poet."—*Times Book Review*.

Illustrated. \$3.75

**"Important for all
believers in democracy"**

—TIMES BOOK REVIEW

JOURNALIST'S WIFE

By LILIAN T. MOWRER

"A remarkable book, alive with the author's vitality and personality," says the *Herald Tribune*.

"A new and brilliant variation on the insistent theme of foreign correspondents adventuring amidst the explosion of world affairs," writes EUGENE LYONS, in *The Saturday Review*. Illustrated, \$3.50

...and published by Morrow

The Trojan Horse

(Continued from preceding page)

heart. I guess he'll never forgive me. Yes he will, Uncle Pan will forgive anything. He has to, the old rascal. . . .

That was the real me, my sweet, the person you loved. O if you could come this minute and tell me about things. I didn't want you to love me. Come with that regiment and take me by force. . . .

Are you there? calls Diomedes, entering the main part of the tent. He is carrying a cocktail shaker of classic form.

Certainly I'm here. No chance to be anywhere else.

Sorry if I'm late.

Are you? she says calmly. I didn't notice. You can't be too late for me.

He grins to himself. He knows how important it is to a woman to keep up her self-esteem.

She emerges from behind the curtain, beautiful indeed.

Cheronesus! he exclaims in admiration. That dress is gorgeous.

I'm glad you like it. It's all I've got.

It's more than you need, but it'll do for a while.

I hope were going out. I've been cooped up in this tent until I'm crazy.

We sure are. All out.

Let's go and have dinner at the Horse.

At the Horse? What do you mean?

That big Horse I'm always hearing about. It's a night club, isn't it?

For pete's sake, where did you get that idea? That's rich! Why the Horse is a—don't let's get technical. It's hell on roller skates.

I'm disappointed.

We'll go to the officers' club, they've got music there, and then back to my tent. I told your old man not to be worried, I'd be responsible for you.

I hope you meant it.

He has poured the cocktails. Here's hoping, he says.

Why all the sudden excitement, she asks.

It's not sudden. I've been excited about you ever since Sarpedon's.

I don't mean romantic excitement. I mean military.

We were waiting for the equinox; that's tonight. Equinox is always lucky. Do you know why? That's when night becomes more important than day.

He is in a mind to offer endearments, but she evades.

Baby girl, you look good enough to eat. Do you love me?

I don't dislike you.

That's awfully negative. You know there's one thing about you I don't like. That Trojan pin. Do you think it's tactful to wear that around here?

You're the expert on tact, she says; satirically but also in a tone of provocation.

How about taking it off?

No. It was given to me.

Our regimental badge is much handsomer. We used to collect this kind in baskets, after a good day in the field.

It's not so! You're making that up.

Maybe I am. It's fun, making up to you. Come on, let's get rid of it.

No, this dress really needs it. It's cut rather low.

Listen honey, let's pass up the stuffing and carve turkey. Quit fretting about the old home town. Troy's in for a bad run of dice. You've got all the dope on that chart, right in front of you. See that line shooting up to the top? That's your friend Diomedes.

You're a good salesman.

Why not? I've got something to sell.

You're so different, she murmurs half to herself; sadly and yet also somehow fascinated. So terribly different!

What's that? Now baby girl, don't be blue. I know it's tough, but we won't make it any better by moping. You've cut your cable, now you've got clear sailing. We'll make a fresh start. You haven't begun to live yet, I can see it in your eye.

How can you; I'm not even looking at you.

But you will, because you're sweet. Awfully sweet . . . and soft . . . and lonely . . . and chock full of dynamite. You will . . . won't you?

And she does.

You said you'd be kind to me, she falters.

Watch me. And before we go out and have fun, let's get this clear. Troy's washed out.

I suppose so.

We'll have a drink on it.—And there's nobody in Troy you're tied up with. Is there?

Not any more.

And you know whose girl you are now, so that's settled. Nothing to worry about. All hunkydory. Stencilled G.E.F., Army Supplies, Rush.

Where's that cocktail, she says, reaching for it blindly. Can we go somewhere where we won't need to think?

And remember this camp is full of woman-tamers out of work. Don't pay attention to any of 'em.

O damn you, she bursts out, I'm sold, now shut up. . . . Better not try to make me love you, I might be so everlasting faithful you'd never get rid of me.

He is puzzled, but expertly interested. He holds the cocktail glass to her lips as though it were medicine.

You'd never break your heart over anyone, would you, she says finally.

I wouldn't need to.—What say we get started? I've got a date with some of your Trojan friends tomorrow.

Tomorrow?

We're going to pull off a nice little skirmish, just to keep them from brooding.

No, don't let them brood, she says cryptically.—Come on, Big Boy, where's that place where there's music?

(To be concluded.)

YOU'LL PROBABLY WANT TO READ THESE BOOKS

If you want

the modern critical viewpoint toward a hundred centuries of painting, sculpture and architecture

If you appreciate

the modern novel—the human and vigorous writing of a talented young American

If you would see

the South of today, through the eyes of a brilliant writer and a famous photographer

If you enjoyed

Microbe Hunters—and want another dramatic record of scientific achievement

If you would follow

a genial young scientist into an incredible world

If you like

the kind of reading that Woolcott likes — and recommends to his intimates

Sheldon Cheney presents the comprehensive, authoritative, one volume review. With 473 beautiful, full-detailed reproductions—in themselves a visual history of art. A handsome volume for study, reference and enjoyment. \$5.00

A WORLD HISTORY OF ART

"We have to go all the way back to Dickens to find a novelist with Halper's zest and energy."
—*Louis Kronenberger*, *Nation*. \$2.50

THE CHUTE

Erskine Caldwell and *Margaret Bourke-White* collaborate on a portrait of the South, its face, its state of mind. \$5.00

YOU HAVE SEEN THEIR FACES

James T. Flexner tells the exciting story of the early American doctors who fought disease and ignorance on the frontier. \$2.75

DOCTORS ON HORSEBACK

Ivan T. Sanderson's exciting account of his search for little-known creatures—his scientific discoveries. 32 illustrations. \$3.00

ANIMAL TREASURE

Woolcott's Second Reader, like the original *Woolcott Reader*, is an enormous Christmas feast of reading enjoyment. In it are 19 original Woolcott articles, complete works by Willa Cather, Clarence Day, Ernest Hemingway, Somerset Maugham, Dorothy Parker, Robert Louis Stevenson, Edith Wharton and a dozen other famous authors. It's very definitely a book for your library—your friends will welcome it as a gift. \$3.00
Thin paper, semi-limp leather (red or blue). \$5.00

Woolcott's SECOND READER

THE VIKING PRESS • NEW YORK, N. Y.



DON'T BE A SLAVE TO "Dictionary Squint"!

Of course you own a dictionary—but do you have to squint through long columns of midget print to find the word you want? And when you finally do locate it is the definition so complicated that you must look up *more* words to get the complete meaning?

For example, what does it mean to you when a dictionary calls such a simple thing as an **ONION** "the edible underground coated bulb of a biennial herb (*Allium cepa*) of the family Liliaceae"? Compare such words with those in the definition below from **THE WINSTON SIMPLIFIED DICTIONARY**:

on-ion (ŏn'yŏn), *n.* [*< Fr. oignon < Lat. unio (-onis), large pearl*], 1. any of several plants (genus *Allium*) of the lily family; especially, a species (*A. cepa*) having a strong-smelling edible bulb and cultivated as a garden vegetable; 2. the bulb of the plant: **onion skin**, a kind of translucent paper.

See how the **double-size**, clear type for the key word itself helps you find it at once without eyestrain. Note how quickly you understand the full definition. You lose no time tracking down ponderous, unfamiliar terms. The spelling, pronunciation, meaning, and use of each word are yours without a wasted second.

These are but a few of the reasons why so many people, **94% of whom already have at least one other dictionary**, are now buying

The WINSTON Simplified DICTIONARY THE MODERN AUTHORITY

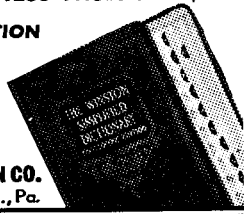
Here is a dictionary which includes the **new words** you want... the **accurate definitions** you need... the **full information** you must have... **SIMPLIFIED** for quicker reference and easier understanding.

COLLEGE EDITION, 1280 PAGES . . . \$3.50

**ENCYCLOPEDIA EDITION
1540 PAGES, \$5.00**

At all booksellers
and stationers

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO.
Winston Bldg. Phila., Pa.



Mob Reading

(Continued from page 4)

dramatization of the Battle of Gettysburg, as did Margaret Mitchell in her "Gone with the Wind."

In the important works, "Of Human Bondage," "Main Street," "Anthony Adverse," and "Gone with the Wind," the appeals I have described are not so easily seen. The W. Somerset Maugham novel, I find by test, is accredited by many novel readers as the greatest novel written in our language in the past generation. "Main Street" is believed by many to be the most significant, if not the most interesting, novel written by an American in the same period. And both of these works soared into the super-selling class. Are they exceptions to the theory I have propounded? I do not think so.

In Maugham's novel will be found the same fundamental appeal that is secreted, less subtly, in the pages of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Trilby," "Mrs. Wiggs," "Pollyanna," and even "The Sheik"! It is a rich book, packed with the carefully observed external detail and intermittent flashes of vivid portraiture which might account for a large sale, but if we are to explain its super-popularity we must look for the priceless ingredient—and there it is and this time it is easily identified.

Philip Carey has, with all the other heroes in the "supers," what it takes. First of all, he has a club-foot which stimulates mothering pity. Miss Wilkinson, his first mistress, pictured as passionate, is cast aside as repulsive if not obscene. The appalling Mildred, though a born prostitute, is but the occasion for Philip's incredible chivalry, in the story which Isabel Paterson has called the "longest hard luck story ever told." It is not a hard luck story, however, to the mass reader. When Carey lives for months in platonic servitude with Mildred and her baby (paralleling perfectly the big thrill in "If Winter Comes") he himself becomes, and indeed from that moment remains, the embodiment of the maternal. Philip Carey remains that compassionate miracle which alone is able to soften the psychic enslavement still endured by women in our imperfect world.

"Main Street" seems to mark a transition in the sophistication of women patrons of the best seller. This novel, the first of the Lewis successes, is commonly supposed to be a literary landmark because it debunked for the first time the sentimental pretensions of the American town. It did this, to be sure, but this is merely what it means to the critics and the comparatively few solid citizens who really read it, say the first fifty thousand. The hundreds of thousands of readers who lifted the novel into the half million class were mostly women spread throughout the unenlightened corn belt and far West. "Main Street" is essentially the story of the average American young woman's vain yearning for the pictur-

esque medieval enchantments which in her incurably maiden dreams she feels should precede her consent. This defence and polemic for the average American wife, though more realistic in its alignment of characters than the other great successes that preceded it, nevertheless is likewise sentimental.

The success of "Main Street" seems to me to point the way to an understanding of the mass appeal of the only two novels which, since its appearance eighteen years ago, have exceeded sales of half a million copies—"Anthony Adverse" and "Gone with the Wind."

Hervey Allen's remarkable long-distance volume sold well because, as most reviewers pointed out, it was a "good buy" in sheer amount of reading matter, because it was filled with deeds of high adventure, several love stories, and recreated for the reader dramatic chapters in the history of half a dozen countries, including the Louisiana Purchase and the colorful origin of New Orleans. These ingredients and the generally excellent narrative and descriptive writing were not, however, sufficient to account for a popularity, with a price of three dollars, that drew more than half a million copies over the bookstore counters. A specific feminine appeal alone, in my theory, could do this, and it was done in the following manner.

Throughout the thousand-odd pages Anthony holds the center of the stage. And who is Anthony? Why should women readers pore over his spirally developed history? Chiefly because throughout most of the narrative the *emotional weight* (feminine response, remember) is on Anthony's search for happiness. This search is alleged to proceed in two directions; for spiritual peace through self-sacrifice, and for a sort of apocalyptic vision of the serene rapture of parenthood. The entire story is bound together by the treasured image of the Virgin Mary which Anthony clings to and worships throughout his adventures. In this symbol is focused Anthony's mother-worship and piety. And throughout all this modern Pilgrim's Progress the hero wistfully yearns to know who his mother was and finally dies without the comfort of this knowledge. In this emotional (female) respect he might carry on successfully for the benighted women readers of nearly a generation ago who carried the books of Gene Stratton-Porter to commercial success never known before or since.

As for that other super-selling tome of fiction, "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell,—here, even though we have a distinctly woman's story with woman's problems of home, love, and babies emphasized throughout, we find greater difficulty in locating the appeal to the immature female reader. "Gone with the Wind" is truly something new in a woman's novel. Its chief novelties have been catalogued by reviewers and

(Continued on page 18)

TWO VOLUMES WHICH ARE A MAJOR CONTRIBUTION

by Louis Untermeyer

HEINRICH HEINE

PARADOX AND POET

THE LIFE: This biography of Heine, the first to be prepared by a poet (after a lifetime of study), introduces much new material, reappraises the old, and presents a new picture of the great poet's strange, twisted life. Here Heine is disentangled from the legends he made up about himself, yet is shown to be a product of those legends. His social and psychical maladjustment, his unhappy love affair, his incredible marriage are examined and understood. The interweaving of his wit and his agony comes clear. The volume is rich with illustrations, many of which have heretofore been inaccessible and never before been reproduced. Price, \$3.75

THE POEMS: Twenty years ago Louis Untermeyer's first translation of "The Poems of Heinrich Heine" appeared and has since been the standard in the field. This new volume contains more than 500 poems, far more than can be found in any other single volume of Heine. The longer and less familiar poems appear . . . and all the erotic and "censored" verses as Heine originally wrote them. Price, \$2.75

The two volumes together, boxed, \$6.00

Spotlighting the Spotlighters in Washington's merry-go-round

THE WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS

by Leo C. Rosten

The avid public for books by Washington correspondents, such as "Washington Merry-Go-Around" and "The Nine Old Men," is now invited to examine the correspondents themselves. Who are they? How do they gather the news? What are their backgrounds, education, attitudes, problems, opinions? Just what sort of people are the men and women who pass national news along to the population of the country?

127 of the most prominent Washington correspondents aided Mr. Rosten in this unique investigation by filling out detailed, unsigned questionnaires. In addition, he gathered material from press agents, lobbyists, public officials, and others in countless interviews during many months of research. The result is an absorbing picture and interpretation of newsdom in Washington—now more than ever the seat of national power \$3.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO., 383 MADISON AVE., N. Y.

Mob Reading

(Continued from page 16)

literary historians; it is most original in its sheer size and scope; it is a sort of Sears-Roebuck compendium of dramatic situations, varied enough to suit all members of the family; it has the drama of battle for men readers, sex and Perils-of-Pauline thrills for the women, and, in the analysis of the main character, Scarlett O'Hara, sufficiently subtle characterization to satisfy the intelligent reader who survives the beau-hunting adventures of the first two hundred pages. The book was a "good buy."

The X-quality in this history of the ironic marriages of the immortal Scarlett is, I believe, essentially what it has always been in books that have swept the country. In Scarlett's story the uncritical, immature girl and woman reader found the



HE challenged Byron to a duel—then became his lifelong friend . . .

Do you know that the man who wrote *Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms* was the highest paid poet of his day? . . . That he duelled with the critic Jeffrey and challenged Byron? . . . That he was the best friend of a famous Irish revolutionary? . . . That he is the only English poet who sang in company? . . . That he was the foremost political satirist of the Regency period? . . . That his slipshod business methods caused Byron's memoirs to be burned? . . . That he outlived his five children? . . . That some of his writing anticipated Gilbert and Sullivan, and that he is the author of one of the four or five great literary biographies in the English language? . . .

The life of Tom Moore has at last been written as it should—against the elegant and sentimental background of the turbulent Regency Period. Set among his friends and family and the brilliant literary and political figures of his day, his story has meaning and fascination for us all. "Distinctly the authoritative book on Moore."—*Saturday Review*. Illus., \$3.50

By HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

The Harp that Once—
TOM MOORE AND THE REGENCY PERIOD

HOLT. HOLT. HOLT. HOLT. HOLT.
Henry Holt and Company

Don't miss **EZEKIEL** You'll like him as much as your child will!

"confession story" plot as well as the villain—still—pursued—her pattern of a Laura Jean Libbey or an E.D.E.N. Southworth of two generations ago. The confession story is that of Scarlett's selling herself (in marriage, mind you) to Frank Kennedy to find money to save her home and care for her destitute baby. The Libbey-Southworth "villain—still—pursued—her" story is composed of her constant danger from that leering, clever bad man, Rhett Butler, to whom she finally capitulates (in marriage again—this girl never sins; her long series of thefts, brutalities, and double-crossings with a stark murder thrown in are not sins since they all net her much-needed cash). These two plots are inextricably interwoven, and while any sane mind could easily argue that these aren't the essential plots, for the readers who bought the truckloads of books, *these are the plots*.

What matter that the heroine's virginal nature is discussed in almost psychological terms, that she is made to suffer for her brainlessness (shown only when hunting and not when successfully managing single-handed half a dozen business enterprises), what matter that the Fairy Prince is pictured as a sycophantic, inept dreamer, that the villain is the best-loved character in the book? These variations merely bring the tear-jerker up to date.

This maternal note is, for the unsophisticated reader I now have in mind, the real theme song of "Gone with the Wind." Even admitting that the book has debunked most of the pretensions of the legendary hero of chivalrous tales, we still

have all the sentimental devotion to mother love. In this story it is sometimes sound and appealing, as in the remarkably genuine story of Scarlett's mother, Ellen, and Melanie's love of babies, and Scarlett's own physical heroism in fleeing from Atlanta and later nursing wounded soldiers (until no husband with money turned up among them). Mostly, however, the maternal motive is disguised or downright sentimental melodrama, such as Scarlett's promise to Melanie on her death bed to be a good mother to both their husbands, Scarlett's desire to mother Rhett who, she imagined, "needed the love of a good woman," and Rhett's amazing movie regeneration through the touch of the baby fingers of his own child, Bonnie, and the grand climax, when at long last all the now unnecessary husbands and wives are cleared off and our fair heroine has her gilded palace (with the jig-saw fringes) and needs only her Prince, and the Prince falls into her arms. Then Scarlett has her one moment of lucidity: "I've lost my lover and got another child." The woman reader drops a tear on the page and closes the book with a reverent sigh: the male reader, if he gets that far, slams the book shut and grunts: "Wasn't there a sane male in the whole damn Southern Confederacy?"

Thomas H. Uzzell is an instructor in fiction writing in New York University and also coaches writers privately. He is the author of "Narrative Technique," published by Harcourt Brace & Co., who are also publishing his "Writing as a Career," from two chapters of which the foregoing article has been condensed.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
MR. CAMPION, CRIMINOLOGIST Margery Allingham (Crime Club: \$2.)	Bespectacled Albert ambles shrewdly through one long, six short episodes involving murders, thefts, etc.	Absence of elephantine Mr. Lugg from much of book a pity but, with minor exceptions, tales are capital.	Irreproachable
BATS IN THE BELFRY E. C. R. Lorac (Macaulay: \$2.)	Fantastic studio of English artist scene of grisly killing. Long-winded sleuthing by Insp. MacDonald.	Starts out well and has mystifying plot but British super-stolidity and endless details bog it down before finish.	Bit lethargic
GHOST RIVER Christopher Hale (Crime Club: \$2.)	Ironical lot of tourists start canoe trip down western canyon and death rides the waves! State Policeman gets the triple slayer.	Excellent background, super-charged atmosphere, and puzzling plot somewhat spoiled by confused characters and dragged in solution.	Good reading, anyhow.
HELL LET LOOSE Francis Beeding (Little, Brown: \$2.)	Col. Granby and Ronald Briercliffe match wits with German and Italian secret agents in war-torn Spain for dead inventor's plans.	Excitement of all sorts—including the improbable—in Franco's Seville and Loyalist Madrid with suspense at bursting point.	For thrill seekers
A MURDER IN SYDNEY Leonard Mann (Doubleday Doran: \$2.)	Indignant daughter slays trollopy second bride-to-be of middle-aged parent, Australian 'tecs suspect both and murderess confesses.	Antipodean antipathies appear much like those of rest of world, likewise their artists, literati, and dissatisfied younger generation.	Well written