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THE 5-YEAR STAGE SMASH
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THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE
Starring
RONALD **REAGAN** • ELEANOR **PARKER**
EVE **ARDEN** • WAYNE **MORRIS**
WARNER THEATRE
BROADWAY AT 51st STREET

ably seemed to those who were dancing that afternoon.

If we, the grown-ups, masked our feelings, the young were no less successful in hiding theirs. A childless stranger from Mars might, upon looking into the room, assume that all the children present wanted to be there and always looked as neat as they then did. I do not know about little girls. Since they are feminine, I take it for granted that they are by nature neat; that they do not mind getting dressed up; and that they are not allergic to the process of becoming clean. They may even like the idea of dances.

I do, however, know about little boys. So far as they are concerned, cleanliness is next to godliness and almost as remote. A party that is not a stag party is a pain in the neck. They are heartsick when they have to leave their water-pistols and their beanshooters behind them. Noise is their idea of peace; wrestling their substitute for rest. The very thought of a scrubbed face, brushed hair, hands and arms washed free of ink tattooing, excavated nails and ears, a blue suit, a white shirt that must be kept white, polished shoes, and above all girls and dancing can, at the age of eleven, prove a major depressant. It can for a whole week in advance. At every breakfast. And most certainly at dinner the night before.

It was his school friend who finally won him over. Frank is a year older than our boy. His eyes already have a wolfish twinkle in them. His hair is not always in a state of rebellion. It glistens with signs of having been subdued by tonic.

FRANK was undaunted by the prospect of what lay ahead. At luncheon on the very day of the ordeal by music his enthusiasm was contagious. "It'll be neat," said he, "if only we don't have to dance with that old hag. She's twelve. All the guys will be there. . . . Tom says they give neat prizes and let you have all the cokes and icecream you can get down." It was this, I suspect that did the trick. Anyway, I saw him smile, and a light came into his eyes. Right after lunch he was in his room, applying cleaning fluid to the spots on his blue suit.

The ageless truth is he had fun—when once he got there. How do I know? Because I watched him. But most especially because night after night since then at home I have heard the Victrola playing "The Blue Danube" and come upon him. He has been waltzing quite happily either by himself or with his mother. And, as he goes his reverseless way, counting "one, two, three" with a smile on his face.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
DEATH CASTS A VOTE Margaret Yates & Paula Bramlette (Dutton: \$2.50)	Presidentially inclined oil magnate's factotum falls "suicidally" from Manhattan penthouse. Tough Capt. Sullivan and weekly-mag. writer are skeptical about regrettable affair.	Blackmail, "hot oil," power politics, and fatal ambition speed suavely told tale to satisfactory, if slightly obvious, solution.	Agreeable
DEATH COMMITS BIGAMY James M. Fox (Coward-McCann: \$2.50)	John and Suzy Marshall, investigating plot against Hollywood star, are accused of two murders, and nearly perish in settling checkered case.	Revealing bits about actors and agents, considerable criminous cavorting, brusquely helpful cops, and an engaging pair of private eyes.	Blithe and bloody
A MOMENT OF NEED Murdo Coombs (Dutton: \$2.50)	"Unloaded" automatic kills man in N. Y. apt. "Accidental" death followed by definite murders—all elucidated by de-licensed private operative.	Acid picture of life among "celebrities," interestingly hard-bitten sleuth, and grisly motive for murderer's persistent activity.	Has its moments
LAST YEAR'S BLOOD H. C. Branson (Simon & Schuster: \$2.50)	John Bent, hired by domineering New England dowager, finds her battered body and stays to solve other casualties in fated family.	Forthrightly written, ably characterized, amply baffling. Believable Bent works shrewdly and without capers to credible and quite surprising pay-off.	Upper Brackets

FICTION

(Continued from page 11)

century later animates the Joads of John Steinbeck's novel of the dispossessed. John Akers becomes a coal miner and breeds coal miners. One son is crushed to death when still a child, one will eventually migrate to America, another son seeks to escape the silences and miseries of the mine by poaching and drinking. Only George Akers is the miner his father is.

George goes to work when he is eight. "He had known darkness but not this darkness, not this limitless frightening blankness." But George endures and his faith, the religion of his peasant ancestors, helps him endure as the child miner matures into a grown man. The force of God is a known force; the force of the new unions is strange. "What we want is not a union but the Almighty love of God in every man's heart." But George and his father John, all these work beasts of the shafts and tunnels, begin to rebel against the conditions of their lives. This novel should be must reading for those misguided Americans, who in today's atmosphere of hysteria, believe that unions are Communist inventions. The coal miners of Heslop's novel rebelled in 1832 and in 1844. Simple hewers of coal, farmers who had exchanged ploughs for picks, unlettered, ignorant, primitive, they banded together in unions whenever the disasters and hazards of their lives became intolerable. A broken beam falling one hundred fathoms, imprisoning scores of miners, was more convincing than a dozen union "agitators." "The weakest had all died, the rest were dying. . . . They were all trapped in the grimest asphyxiating machine the world had ever known." John Akers's

Frühlingslied

By Jean Pedrick

WHEN April hawks in Boston town
Her broken wares, her daffodils
With weeping stalks, and the wind kills
Our ecstasy before it talks
And needling rains come threadless down
I will be in Boston town.

I will be when April walks
Through the common crying
Buy my hours and buy my flowers
For they are dead and dying.



brother Simon died in this disaster and John helped dig the dead out. And although John had opposed the union which he termed "a lot o' bla-bla," he ultimately changes his mind.

Heslop does not show John's conversion in detail, in the emotional bite called for—and this illustrates one of the faults in his significant story. He relies too much on narrative and too little on depicting the interior lives of his people. He tells us a great deal about the Akers family and the century in which they live, but he does not dig into the characters as deeply as his powerful pen digs into this faded world of coal villages.

It isn't that he lacks a strong feeling for people. His feeling for people is true and he frequently will give us an entire character in a few lines. Of Jenny, the wife of John, he writes revealingly. "Her husband had no pleasure looking at the dead. She could not understand that for it was the only real pleasure she knew." Poor Jenny, working from morning to night, an uncomplaining, drab little woman, is a sister to the wives of coal miners, rubberworkers, and molders I have seen myself in the towns of workingman America. Heslop's description of the emotions of a child's first day in a mine is superb, true writing. Perhaps the novel should have been double its size? Of how many novels can one say this? This indicates the quality of "The Earth Beneath."



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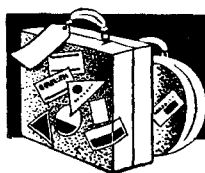
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AT HOME ON THE RANGE

LADY we know who says she is divorced from Texas, has just one frailty of which we have knowledge: she hates to lick postage stamps. This lady decided to get her decree on her last trip back home when she approached a Dallas hotel newsstand, bought some stamps, and politely asked the woman behind the counter if she would mind affixing them for her. The clerk drew back aghast, and with fire dancing in her eyes declared, "Madam, I am a Texan." That decided it then and there for our friend who turned around and said, "Oh, I thought you had run out of spit."

Another chap told us he was aboard a B-29 which was in the midst of making a landing at a Texas airport after a sensational, record-breaking flight from Tokyo. When the plane set down and came to a halt in front of a hangar, a man with a flag came running out, and before the blocks had been placed under the wheels, the door had been opened, or anybody had said hello, the ensign of the sovereign State of Texas had been implanted on the nose of the aircraft. Things go like that in Texas, as anyone who has been as far afield as the Stork Club when the band played the Texas national anthem, can attest.

Whether you think the singlehanded winner of the war was Texas or the Third U.S. Army, visitors can still find an excellent winter vacation in the Southwest. Most of the ranches are in Arizona, New Mexico, and northwestern Texas. The acknowledged dude ranch headquarters of the world is Wickenburg, Arizona, a city which derives its name from one Henry Wickenburg who, with the help of his burro, discovered the Vulture Gold Mine there in 1863. The approved version of the legend says the burro wandered from camp and Wickenburg attempted to drive him in by tossing rocks at him. One of the stones broke the ground, exposing gold.

Accommodations in the Southwest vary from resort hotels to guest ranches. But the ranches often have heated swimming pools, glass brick architecture, stables of golden palomine horses, and dining rooms with sliding roofs. Rates run from \$10 to \$18 a day, American plan. The usual hotel offers such ordinary sports as golf, tennis, ping pong, croquet. In addition there are desert rides, chuckwagon suppers, and such treks as the annual pilgrimage to Superstition

Mountain in search of the Lost Dutchman gold mine.

Out of the mesa northwest of Flagstaff, mountains known as the San Francisco Peaks rise to a height of 12,000 feet. They can be seen seventy miles away, and remain snow-capped until June. The Arizona Snow Bowl, formed by the mountains, provides one of the least publicized and most extensive skiing areas in the country. Six excellent, wide-open trails have been developed, and two tows are in operation.

The Indians had a word for Tucson, a city which greatly reflects Spanish occupation. They called it Stjukshon which has been translated variously as meaning "dark spring" and "at the foot of the black hill." Albuquerque, New Mexico's largest city, with 62,000 people, is more modern than Tucson, but nevertheless shows the influence of Spanish forces who ruled New Mexico as a province as recently as 1705.

Not the least attraction in the Southwest are the American Indians, many of whom could well become merchandise managers of big-city department stores without endangering the company's profits. They still retain many of their original customs and ceremonies, some of which are exploited for the white man's consumption, and others of which are

privately tribal. The Hopis of northwestern Arizona still stage their annual snake dance each summer using live, poisonous reptiles. The dance is offered as a prayer for rain, and in the Southwest they say the method usually works. What's good for snakebite nobody seems to know.

The Taos pueblos, just north of Santa Fe, look just like apartment houses. Two of them are six stories high. Visitors can amble through the area after paying a twenty-five cent fee and registering with the Indian governor. One recent governor, seizing upon the white man's frenzy for photography, laid down a new set of rules, "twenty-five cents for snaps—one dollar for big ones, if you sellum." With a clarity of purpose worthy of John Robert Powers, he also legislated a price list for posing, which as far as we know is still in effect. "Governor one dollar, other big men, fifty cents. Kids, squaws, and young men, two bit."

HORACE SUTTON.

Hidden Treasure

SUN IN YOUR EYES: By Oren Arnold. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press. 1947. 253 pp. \$2.50.

Reviewed by Garth Cate

JUST as the unique San Francisco Peaks dominate the great high plateau which is northern Arizona, so does Arnold's racy and range account of lost mines and hidden treasure stand out from his excellent chapters on the Pioneer Padres, the Cliff People, Sun Land Souvenirs, and some fifteen other themes that add up to a well-rounded study of the Sun Country of our Southwest. How he has made me want to get back into the Superstitions where some day someone will come across the "Lost Dutchman." The Superstitions, just east of Mesa, off to the right of the Apache Trail as it winds its way to Mormon Flats, are as photogenic a mountain range as ever bewitched a camera fan, or beckoned to a prospector. Now that Arnold has spelled the story out again, there's likely to be another gold rush, and, if the amateur prospectors will kodak as they go, breathe deeply, and rest their eyes on the near and far horizons, they will be among the richest of tourists or dudes.

Author Arnold rather overplays the physical benefits of the Southwestern sun, and he rather fails to give a well-rounded story of the impact of the long seasons of dependable sunshine on Arizona's agricultural output, amazing in variety and volume. Never a word about the great orchards of dates in the Salt River Val-



—From "Look: The Southwest."

The Southwest's Indians "could well become Macy merchandise managers without endangering the profits."