

castle of enchantment, at twenty he made it his second home. A dozen years later it was lifeless and somber.

Mr. Cornish invests the great house with a grotesque Gothic grandeur and endows the family with a fitful and explosive life. The father, bored and baffled by his family, is at home and commanding only in his office, with the epic lumber business around him. The mother is an incurable faddist, flitting from literature to music to art. The five boys are alike only in their need to escape from their father's authority, and the daughter, Bunty, is as wayward as a March wind. She has a fatal and unaccountable attraction for Kenneth Menzies.

"The Provincials" follows the unhappy ways of all the Dunseiths—to the ultimate divorce of the parents, the death of one brother in war, the maiming of another and the disclosure of the homosexuality that has lurked beneath his rebellious youth, and the final alliance of Bunty with a self-made lumber man.

It is a novel written with wit and spirit, with vividness and knowledge, but with strangely little emotion. When he reads a letter telling him of Robbie's death, of Laird's dismemberment, and of his own wife's defiant infidelity Kenneth Menzies goes into a barracks lavatory, leans an arm against the wall, and cries. He adds: "I reminded myself of a kitten mew-ing." Nowadays it is a temptation to a young novelist to be scornful of emotion. But the preciousness of fiction lies in the revealing of the human heart, not the deriding of it.

## Love Can Be Killed

PRAY LOVE, REMEMBER. By Stephen Wendt. New York: The Macmillan Co. 369 pp. \$3.50.

By ROBERT LOWRY

WARTIME Algiers was no place to nurse a broken heart. Noisy, hectic, and swarming with Allied soldiers looking for liquor and women, it only increased the anxiety that had plagued Paul Lightoller ever since coming here from London. Lightoller's work as head of the Psychological Warfare Section was complex enough to drive any man to drink, but he turned his back on most of the liquor and all of the women and spent his free time pondering two questions: Did his wife still love him? Had she been unfaithful to him?

Their marriage had been bombarded by wartime separation from the very beginning. But it was also rocked by another danger, which "Pray Love, Remember," written in the first person by its hero, mentions but fails to explore—Paul Lightoller was in his late thirties, a successful British novelist who wanted only to settle down quietly with his wife and turn his youthful adventures into seasoned prose, while she was barely twenty-one, a gray-eyed, temperamental vixen with a rage to live.

Shortly after their honeymoon when he had gone off to France on a secret assignment without being able to tell her he was leaving she took her re-



—From the jacket of "Pray Love, Remember."

venge by flying out nights with a wild little group of on-the-towners, one of them a grounded RAF fighter pilot who had set his sights for her. The bitter reconciliation that took place when Lightoller returned from France soon pyramided into an even more bitter denouement; broken-hearted by his reluctance to have a child in wartime, she disappeared on a three-day drinking spree with her RAF hero, only to come back to her husband chastened and swearing, "I had nothing to do with him." But jealousy had begun building a tall wall between Lightoller and the love of his life. Ordered to his new post in Algiers he had plenty of time during the next six months to ponder his half-broken marriage and his wife's halfhearted protests of fidelity.

Those who know of Stephen Wendt as an Austrian novelist and playwright will be surprised at the limber, graceful prose in which he writes his first novel in English but will be less surprised when they find out that he has lived almost half his life in England. "Pray Love, Remember" is sparked by the kind of clipped, brittle dialogue that Britain imported from America in the days when men were without women and the sun also rose, but its pace is the leisurely, flashback-ridden, character-searching trot of the novel Mr. Wendt learned to read and write on the Continent. Often sentimental, sometimes irritatingly confusing in its continual switch from the present (Algiers) to the past (London), Wendt's emotional tale redeems itself in a brisk, heart-wrenching ending in which Paul Lightoller flies home to learn that his wife had really been faithful after all—but that his doubts and jealousies have killed their love.

The passionate anguish which drives the story makes it read as much like authentic autobiography as fiction—even though now and then some readers may feel like describing its flighty, flirty heroine in the words of her hus-

## Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

### CHILDREN IN LITERATURE

Jan Pope, of Tuscon, Arizona, here describes fifteen children who have become famous through their adventures, exploits, and personalities. Allowing two points for each one you can identify and five for naming the story in which he appears a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 35.

1. These two children had a strange relationship with the ghosts of two dead servants.
2. This child was so afraid of the dark that when she died her father was reluctant to have her buried in the eternal darkness of the ground.
3. This little boy never grew up and resented it when his playmate did.
4. This girl preferred to kill herself rather than her pet duck in order to prove her love for her father.
5. Unbeknownst to him this boy's education was paid for by an escaped convict to whom he had once shown kindness.
6. This girl was whisked from the drabness of a Kansas farm to the marvels of adventure in a fairyland.
7. An old miser mistook this little girl's golden curls for his lost gold.
8. This little boy was immortalized by his father in a series of nursery poems and stories for children.
9. This little blonde irritated her usually affectionate older sisters by her vanity and her misuse of English.
10. This little girl, an illegitimate orphan, was raised by a kindly old escaped convict.

hand when he found her in a hotel with another man: "She looked very desirable and suddenly so valueless: like a banknote that has gone out of circulation."

Robert Lowry's novels include "Find Me in Fire" and "The Wolf That Fed Us."

## Fiction Notes

**FORT EVERGLADES.** By Frank G. Slaughter. Doubleday. \$3. In this, as in most historical novels, it is not so much the author's inability to create a time period which accounts for the story's shallowness but rather the fact that he fails to construct characters real enough to live in it. Authentic background is always a vital but secondary consideration in novel writing. In "Fort Everglades" the reader often has the illusion of being transported "through the sloughs of the Grassy Water" in an Indian dugout, of actually seeing the mist that lay like a floating blanket a scant foot above the quiet sea" called Okeechobee. But Dr. Slaughter's story is little more than an Everglades travelogue. The characters in his novel of the United States-Seminole Wars are just so much dead weight on this voyage. Their presence enhances the scenery no more than a few noisy 'gators wallowing on the bank of a muddy stream.

Dr. Royal Coe, swashbuckling surgeon and Indian scout, joined the Everglades Rangers to recover from a broken heart. When Mary Grant, his best friend's fiancée, suddenly appears in the territory the tiny fragments jump back into place. In fair Mary's presence the fearless fighter is just a lily-livered Lothario, whose antics often tempt the reader to hope some swift, silent arrow will end his misery. Mary, however, refuses to be cheated by Coe's shyness. Stowing away aboard his canoe she succeeds in compromising his honor, thereby forcing her Ranger boy friend to sever their engagement so that Coe can make her an honest woman through matrimony. This does not come about until the trio, aided by six hundred soldiers, has massacred and dispersed the "savage" tribe of Seminoles, thus making Florida forever safe for the modern tourist trade.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.

**THIS LAND, THESE PEOPLE.** Edited by Harold U. Ribalow. Beechhurst Press. \$3.75. This is the first time, we believe, that stories about Jewish life in America have been gathered in one volume. There are twenty-four of them in this anthology, all published before, all highly readable, selected with an eye to giving the reader a composite picture of Jews in this country.

The stories range over a wide field. They deal with immigrants and their adjustment to the new land; with religion, assimilation, the war, shattered

(Continued on page 36)

**U.S.A.** The front-page headlines will have more meaning if you keep four of the books reviewed here at your elbow as you read your daily newspaper. With the Senate Crime Investigating Committee continuing to pursue organized vice and corruption into likely corners "Crime in America," by the former chairman of the committee, Estes Kefauver, and "The Kefauver Committee Report" are fat bundles of background material. With the average man's salary check shrinking by the week it is sad to see one of the doughtiest battlers against inflation, Marriner S. Eccles, disappear from the national scene. Fortunately, he has left behind an engrossing and instructive volume of memoirs, "Beckoning Frontiers." With Americans still scratching their heads over what to do about Korea and pondering where Russia may strike next Hans J. Morgenthau's "In Defense of the National Interest" is a helpful guide.

## Not Bedtime Stories

**CRIME IN AMERICA.** By Estes Kefauver. New York: Doubleday & Co. 333 pp. Clothbound, \$3.50. Paperbound, \$1.

**THE KEFAUVER COMMITTEE REPORT ON ORGANIZED CRIME.** New York: Didier Publishers. 207 pp. Clothbound, \$2.50. Paperbound, \$1.50.

By HAROLD B. HINTON

**W**HAT with the Communists breathing a Third World War down our necks every few days and our own Congress trying to commit national economic suicide through inflation few of us have had much time to worry about the increasing incidence of organized crime on the country's life. If you are in this frame of mind these two books will prove a valuable antidote. They complement each other, and the serious citizen should read them both. The one is a bare clinical report on a very sick patient, the other is the doctor's analytical diagnosis of the disease and his recommendations for treatment.

The Senate Crime Investigating Committee worked away in unsung loneliness for more than a year before it was catapulted through the nation's coaxial cables into outstanding public favor with the New York hearings, where you saw Frank Costello's nervous hands twisting on your television screen. That dramatic climax to the patient, drab digging of the committee and its staff did accomplish for the moment the miracle of attracting almost universal public attention to the committee's discoveries. But as outlined in these two books the discoveries are less than sensational. The only really sensational part is the demonstration of durability of the gangster and racketeer—men eager for the easy dollar.

The book published by Didier is described on its jacket as "the complete and unexpurgated edition" of the Kefauver Committee Report on organized crime. Actually it is a reprint of most of the third interim report the Senate Crime Investigating Committee has rendered to the Senate. The report was submitted on last May 1 at the time the Senate insisted the committee continue its work for another nine months. It contains the committee's own digest of the testimony taken in Miami, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Chicago, Tampa, Cleveland, Detroit, New Orleans, Las Vegas, the West Coast, Saratoga, and New York City. Residents of those cities who were unable to follow the hearings in detail will find these accounts convenient capsule descriptions of conditions in their home towns.

The other book, "Crime in America," is the work of Estes Kefauver, the Democratic Senator from Tennessee, who forced this investigation on a reluctant Senate and became the committee's first chairman. Aided by the skilful editing of Sidney Shalett, a staff writer for *The Saturday Evening Post*, who covered many of the

