

often for their own good. Both have shown an increasing tendency to treat the facts of history as if they were rubber and, in their party zeal, to state half-truths as if they were whole truths. Eisenhower has grown in ease and his speeches have bettered perceptibly. And Stevenson has sometimes been tempted (or advised) to slug it out on a plane unrepresentative of his real self.

Fools alone could persuade them-

selves that the final issues can be contained in individuals, however distinguished. Nonetheless, the contrast between the Governor and the General is certain to increase in interest and significance. Politics being politics, both men are bound to have albatrosses around their necks by November 4. The thinking citizen will cast his ballot for the candidate whose neck is encumbered with the smaller albatross.

Of Time and Space

The Saturday Review's Guide to Science Fantasy Fiction

Book	Theme	Handling	Rating
BEST SCIENCE FICTION STORIES, 1952 <i>Ed. by Everett F. Bleiler & T. E. Dikty</i> (Frederick Fell: \$2.95)	Science fiction incredibly viewed as an aid to social consciousness.	In most cases, expert.	Good collection but introduction silly.
YEAR'S BEST SCIENCE FICTION NOVELS <i>Ed. by Everett F. Bleiler & T. E. Dikty</i> (Frederick Fell: \$3.50)	Five stories too long for the average anthology, too short for separate book publication.	Three top-hole, one average, one turkey.	Fanfare.
THE MIXED MEN <i>A. E. Van Vogt</i> (Gnome Press: \$2.75)	Emissaries from earth encounter a civilization of earth refugees beyond the stars; find miscegenation may be beautiful.	Snappy dialogue; interesting theory; laws of physics no object.	Superman keeps things moving.
AWAY AND BEYOND <i>A. E. Van Vogt</i> (Pellegrini & Cudahy: \$3.50)	Shorts on the Van Vogt super-super model, with ideas often incomprehensible.	Always lively but much double-talk.	Left-overs.
FOUNDATION AND EMPIRE <i>Isaac Asimov</i> (Gnome Press: \$2.75)	Continuation on the idea of a scientific foundation built to save a collapsing galactic civilization.	More talk and less movement than in the earlier example.	Mr. A. painting himself into a corner.
BEACHHEADS IN SPACE <i>Ed. by August Derleth</i> (Pellegrini & Cudahy: \$3.95)	If the flying saucers are real, these fourteen stories could be true.	From the distressing (Russell's "Metamorphosite") to the brilliant (Crossen's "Ambassador from Venus") and all in between.	Up-and-down anthology.
GUNNER CADE <i>Cyril Judd</i> (Simon & Schuster: \$2.75)	Obedient servant of a static dictatorship discovers what it is like to be on the wrong side.	Smooth and quite logical from basic premises; gimmicks often a little hard to swallow.	Knock-out thriller.
ACROSS THE SPACE FRONTIER <i>Ed. by Cornelius Ryan</i> (Viking: \$3.95)	All about that space station, prelude to our trips to moon and stars.	Sober crystal gazing by six serious scientists and three first-class artists.	Year's best non-fiction buy.
THE LONG LOUD SILENCE <i>Wilson Tucker</i> (Rinehart: \$2.50)	US east of the Mississippi is atom- and plague-bombed; life story of an immune survivor down to the point where he forms an alliance with another.	Brilliantly presented minor detail and good characters make it credible; neat twist at end makes it novel.	Better than "Earth Abides."
INDEX TO THE SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINES, 1926-1950 (Perri Press: \$6.50)	All science fiction magazines from 1926 (the beginning) through 1950 indexed, with authors and their pseudos.	Well-done job that has long wanted the doing.	Indispensable work of reference.

—FLETCHER PRATT.

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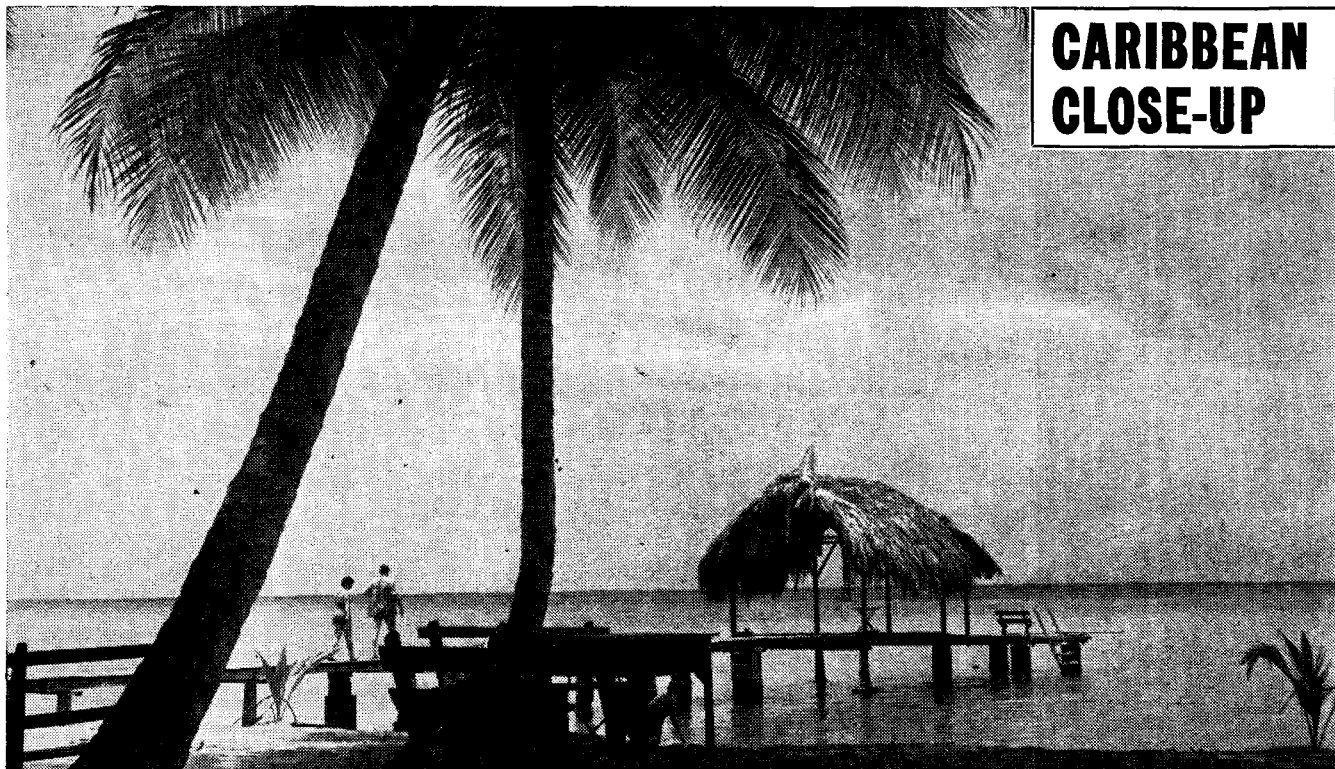


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CARIBBEAN CLOSE-UP

—Horace Sutton.

Some Enchanted Islands

HORACE SUTTON

ISLAND GOING BOOM: I remember San Juan before it got into the big time, which is only a question of four years or so. Mostly I remember the buses, faded and dented, like old soup cans on wheels which one had to catch and leave on the run, for they merely slowed down for passengers, never stopped. The auto horns were an orchestra forever tuning up. The best hotel was the Condado Beach, and in its nightclub there were hundreds of silver-painted chairs that were meant to be gay but were as sad as old champagne corks and the ashtrays from last night's party. I recall walking on a grassy plot near the San Geronimo fort and being told a great new hotel would rise here. And I remember that a few steps away the Yanks were in spring training, and staying at the Normandie, a hotel that got not only its name but its shape from the French liner.

Aside from the Yanks, the Normandie's claim to eminence was that, while built like a prow, it was only a triangular shell of a building. In its hollow center, right in the lobby, was a swimming pool, and the rooms rose

in tiers around it. Substantial rumors had it that U. S. sailors were fond of refueling at the poolside bar, taking the elevator to the third floor and executing swan dives into the tank.

Now, in San Juan's new social dignity, a lid has been placed over the pool to forestall such levity, the pool-

side bar has become a genteel restaurant, and the Normandie is merging with the once locally swank Escambron Beach Club to form an elegant resort. The horns still blow, but the buses are new and require of one a less acrobatic approach and departure. On the grassy plot has risen, according to promise, the modern magnificence of the Caribe Hilton Hotel. Other hotels and apartment houses, white and unfettered, cast unfamiliar modern shadows along the lagoon. New restaurants have sprung up in the city, new clubs in the suburbs, new cabs with two-way radios cruise the palm-shaded streets. The click of roulette and the stab of the neon sign stir the tropical night. San Juan is a new Miami with a Spanish accent.

About all that is left of that five-year-old picture of San Juan are the auto horns whose every blast remains an echo of Latin disdain for that useless appendage, the brake pedal. I was sitting just a few weeks ago with a Puerto Rican lady in the new air-conditioned bar of the Condado Beach Hotel, part of its new eighty-room air-conditioned wing. Four mobiles floated

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