

blood has been blue for nine centuries, madly in love with a renowned bull-fighter. Because her elderly husband is still alive, and because the Church wherein she took her marriage vows is a "living thing" to her, she does not allow her *torero* so much as a brotherly kiss. The Duke conveniently dies of his European vices and the Duchess arranges to marry her bull-fighter—in the living Church again, "so as not to shock the servants." By this time any respectable Spanish servants would be already dead of shock. Before the wedding can take place, however, the *torero* is murdered by the Duchess's cousin, the Marquis of Villalba; not, as might be thought, to save the family honor but to create such a stir throughout Madrid as will spread even to the custodians in the Prado, thus enabling hero Bourne to steal unmolested Goya's famous "*Dos de Mayo*." For sad to say, the noble Marquis is a thief as well and has only himself to thank when the Duchess batters in his skull with a poker. The revenge this spirited lady then takes on hero Bourne could hardly have been improved on by one of the Borgias.

Mr. Condon can also be funny when he means to be. But the unconscious efforts remain, for me, the best.

—HONOR TRACY.

**LOBOTOMIST:** The real hero of "*Daybreak*" (Doubleday, \$3.95), Frank G. Slaughter's twenty-fourth novel, is reserpine—the drug which has proved so helpful in the alleviation of emotional disorders. Dr. James Corwin, the novel's human protagonist, is a neuro-surgeon whose specialty is jiffy frontal lobotomies. Always dubious of the moral implications of his specialization, Corwin is intrigued by the alternative presented by reserpine (which he has been taking as an antidote to hypertension). The drug is still in its experimental stages and Corwin wants to run a clinical test at Leyden, the state institution where he is a resident physician. At this point "*Daybreak*" develops its major conflict: the surgeon's project runs counter to the philosophy of the hospital's politically-minded director, who prefers to operate the asylum like a profitable prison.

Corwin's race to outflank his chief by means of a crash program underlines the drama inherent in the use of the new drug, and makes exciting reading. An intriguing foundation of realism is given the novel by Dr. Slaughter's insights into the marriage of politics and medicine at a state hospital; and a love affair between the good doctor and one of his curables should enhance the book's popularity.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

# The Criminal Record

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
<b>AFFAIR AT HELEN'S COURT</b> <i>Carol Carnac</i> (Crime Club: \$2.95)	Mystery man with Yank accent dies in swank English nursing home; good Yarders dig up bones of 1930 felony.	Insp. Julian Rivers lively and literate as ever; medics are strong focus of attention; pace good to hot.	Smooth job.
<b>THE BRIGHT ROAD TO FEAR</b> <i>Richard Martin Stern</i> (Ballantine: \$2.95)	Deported racketeers seek to establish empire on Italian coast; native U. S. lad, son of immigrants, has critical mission.	Chapterless yarn; formula production partially saved by pro handling; some characters well drawn.	Conventional.
<b>PILGRIM AT THE GATE</b> <i>Desmond Cory</i> (Washburn: \$2.95)	Veteran of Nazi camps develops ingenious revenge scheme, several die in process; Berlin, Cracow, centers of action.	Complete chess game played (moves given); atmosphere abounds; some long speeches; poetry quoted; pace variable.	Unusual; not too effective.
<b>THE DOOMSTERS</b> <i>Ross MacDonald</i> (Knopf: \$2.95)	Lew Archer, S. Calif. eye, takes snake-pit fugitive as client; old citrus-belt family disintegrates, some members violently.	Lecherous sheriff among generally unpleasant personnel, also various physicians, nurses, social workers.	Medium.
<b>THE CASE OF THE RUSSIAN CROSS</b> <i>Christopher Bush</i> (Macmillan: \$2.95)	Ludovic Travers, London eye, takes on blackmail research that sprouts remarkable ramifications; murders bring Yard in.	Author's 50th is usual solid and convincing job; holds up well despite huge population; pace excellent.	Detection all the way.
<b>THE CATALYST</b> <i>Kenneth Lowe</i> (Crime Club: \$2.95)	Alger hero returns to home town (Chicago exurbia), pops question to gal friend; corpses develop.	Course of true love fails to run smooth; lawyer and prospective sister-in-law are problems.	Plus mark.
<b>THE WOMAN IN THE WOODS</b> <i>Lee Blackstock</i> (Crime Club: \$2.95)	English school lads discover skeleton wearing one shoe; village life severely disturbed; ill child is key character.	Much conversation (some of it very pleasant); local color good; characters well drawn in main; pace leisurely.	For that slow boat to China.
<b>VIOLENT HOURS</b> <i>Robert Walsh</i> (Signet: 25¢)	Roving newspaperman hits Texas town during political crisis; wild doings ensue; characters highly perishable.	Much alcohol consumed, especially by law-enforcement section; local boss (and others) unconvincing.	More outline than story.
<b>BLIND DATE</b> <i>Leigh Howard</i> (S&S: \$2.95)	London newshawk, planning tryst with nameless innamorata, runs into cloud of cops and deep trouble.	Most of yarn is devoted to high-grade verbal sparring between hero and Insp. Northam.	Real tingler all the way.
<b>THE EIGHTH MRS. BLUEBEARD</b> <i>Hillary Waugh</i> (Crime Club: \$2.95)	N.Y. insurance chief evolves plot to snare killer-for-profit of seven successive wives.	Jack Graham of sales staff plays eye, along with real op. and beautiful bait.	He's beaten this.
<b>THE ALINGTON INHERITANCE</b> <i>Patricia Wentworth</i> (Lippincott: \$2.95)	English heiress in jeopardy as snares are laid, but aging Maud Silver and Insp. Frank Abbott are not idle.	Author's 57th is (as frequently) one of those estate jobs (missing papers, etc.); violence finally flares at page 122.	Leisurely.
<b>THE BLONDE IN BLACK</b> <i>Ben Benson</i> (Mill-Morrow: \$2.95)	Mass. songbird on spot as bullet fells recording tycoon; Wade Paris of state cops solves case in single night.	Formula job involves much Q&A; climax predictable; disk-jockey's <i>modus operandi</i> interesting.	He's done better.
<b>PEOPLE WILL TALK</b> <i>E. C. R. Lorac</i> (Crime Club: \$2.95)	Elderly English female novelist disappears; good local cops sift it, round up three corpses.	Scenery includes North Country, Wales, Italy; cast huge but well managed; snappy tempo.	High grade.
<b>INVITATION TO VIOLENCE</b> <i>Lionel White</i> (Dutton: \$2.95)	Long Island actuary, driving home from poker seance; runs into tail end of big gem stick-up.	Innocent-bystander role interests both cops and mob's brain; two gals worry; some careless writing.	Medium.
<b>THE FINISHING STROKE</b> <i>Ellery Queen</i> (S&S: \$3.50)	EQ's <i>second</i> case opens 1905, is solved 1957; main action 1929-30 in Westchester County manor; two die, but who?	Excellent period-piece; cast large but nicely handled: SR plays part; gimmicks all over, but they add to fun.	Neat baffler.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

## Diary of Death

**"Notes from the Warsaw Ghetto: The Journal of Emmanuel Ringelblum," edited and translated by Jacob Sloan (McGraw-Hill. 369 pp. \$5.95), is the prototype for John Hersey's novel "The Wall." Reviewer Henriette Roosenburg wrote "The Walls Came Tumbling Down."**

By Henriette Roosenburg

**W**HEN in September, 1946, the rubble of what had once been the Warsaw ghetto was being cleared, workmen found a plastic milk container crammed with what at first seemed to be personal letters. On further examination, however, they turned out to be a careful, chronological collection of notes on some of the most horrible years in human history: the years of the gradual, grinding extermination of the Polish Jews by the Nazis. "Notes from the Warsaw Ghetto" should be read by all those who have never quite believed that these things happened, and by all those who are unable to imagine what it means to live for years a daily life of fear and dread and hunger, of seeing children being packed into sealed cars to be taken to the gas chambers, of seeing thousands of adults killed in the streets.

The "Notes" are not a diary in the accepted sense of the word. They are almost totally impersonal and more often than not their author contents himself with jotting down the facts and refraining from comment. Rather, they are like a voluminous bundle of research an historian might collect before writing a scholarly work, and in a way that is what happened.

Emmanuel Ringelblum, the author of these "Notes," was a teacher of history and a trained archivist, who realized from the very beginning of the war (which also meant the beginning of the systematic persecution and extermination of Jews) that a collective record of these times had to be kept for posterity. In an introduction to the "Notes," Jacob Sloan explains how Ringelblum gathered a staff around him, how he kept in touch with other Jewish communities throughout Poland, how they kept working under the steadily deteriorating circumstances, writing weekly

and monthly summaries, piecing together their information, and finally, tragically, caching their handiwork deep under the ruins of the ghetto, just before the 1944 Warsaw uprising. These archives, together with the "Notes," have also been found. They survived the archivist: on March 7, 1944, Emmanuel Ringelblum, his twelve-year-old son, and his wife were killed by the Nazis after their last hideout, a cellar under the rubble, had been discovered. Several times Ringelblum had been offered outside help to escape, but he refused to leave his people and his archives, which by then he considered his life's work. The last entry in the "Notes" tells about the ingenious, but often subhuman and degrading ways by which a handful of Jews managed to conceal themselves in sewers, cellars, and walled-off holes. The account ends: "... but the populace is afraid that at the crucial, terrifying moment the Germans will discover some clever way of turning to nought all our efforts at self-rescue. Whether this is true or not, only the future will tell." The future has told—and we all owe a deep debt of gratitude to Emmanuel Ringelblum.

## Bloody Blackmail

**"Desperate Mission," by Joel Brand as told to Alex Weissberg (translated by Constantine FitzGibbon and Andrew Foster-Melliard; Criterion. 310 pp. \$4.95), is a factual account of the enslavement and extermination of Hungary's half-million Jews. Tibor Koeves, who reviews the book, was formerly editor of U.N. World.**

By Tibor Koeves

**T**HIS is the story of one of Fascism's most abject and most tragic side-shows: the entrapment and extermination of half a million Hungarian Jews during the last years of World War II. The terrible climax of the story, the torture, gassing, and cremation of hundreds of thousands of men and women innocent of any crime is a black fact of this century. If many details still remain obscure and puzzling it is because a lack of documents

"The book is dynamite."

—Gerald W. Johnson

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**Gerald W. Johnson:** "I read it with mounting alarm. Hiss and Chambers are now subsidiary figures. What is under suspicion is the American system of administration of justice; if that has gone rotten, the damage that any traitor can do is small by comparison."

**Gerald Griffin (Baltimore Sun):** "A newspaper man's analysis, easy to read and deftly done, which finishes up with an explosive suggestion."

**Paul Hyde Bonner:** "He has helped to get the thing in focus, more in fact than Chambers, or Lord Jowitt, or Hiss himself."

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