

our wildly proclaimed "unconditional surrender" policy gave such solidarity to Goebbels's malevolent propaganda and fastened Hitler's grip on the Wehrmacht so firmly that it was impossible to subjugate Germany within six months after cracking Festung Europa in Normandy. Whether it was done Monty's way or Ike's way probably made little difference.

Those who expect to find fresh fuel for the Montgomery-Bradley feud incident to the Ardennes battle will be disappointed. "I think the less one says about this battle the better . . . whatever I say will almost certainly be resented." Monty concedes his press conference was folly and admits Goebbels scored a touché with a fake BBC broadcast. A climate of opinion was thus created whereby he could never command the all-American army groups over the entire front. He took his spanking, but has never liked it.

Monty is more critical of fellow Englishmen than of Americans. He is quick to find feet of clay. Field-Marshal Gort, Ironside, and Auchinleck get rougher treatment than his mother. His pencil pricks all politicians except Churchill and Clement Attlee. The former he proclaims to be "the greatest Englishman of all times." Alan Brooke and H. L. R. Alexander Monty rates as great commanders.

Montgomery takes a dim view of America's General Patton and is non-committal on Bradley. He commends Simpson, Hodges, and Gerow. Of Eisenhower, the man to whom he lost his biggest arguments, he says, "I would not class Ike as a great soldier in the true sense of the word. . . . But he was a great Supreme Commander—a military statesman . . . a very great human being."

Monty's opus is military biography in the very best tradition. At times he praises with a lavish hand. In critiques he spares no one, neither himself nor his mother.

Period Pieces of a Terrible Time

"Once There Was a War," by **John Steinbeck** (Viking. 256 pp. \$3.95), is a collection of the novelist's World War II columns. How well they stand up today is considered by Stan Swinton, general news editor of Associated Press's World Service, who broke in his typewriter as Stars and Stripes correspondent in North Africa, Italy, and France during the last war. As an AP correspondent he also covered the Korean War.

By Stan Swinton

THESE dispatches are—as the author says in his introduction—"period pieces, the attitudes archaic, the impulses romantic." Some of them make exciting reading nearly fifteen years later. When Steinbeck tells of a tiny task force capturing the island of Ventotene, off Italy, his ability to describe precisely and to flesh out the incident with literary form is admirable.

But many of the dispatches, particularly those from a troop ship and from wartime London, today hold only curiosity value. A collection such as this was frequent during and immediately after the war. Issuing it today seems a rather pointless exercise. Steinbeck buffs will appreciate it, of course. So will former war correspondents, for many of these dispatches represent extraordinarily good journalism. War reportage either can be very easy or very hard for the journalist, you see.

The war is transcendent news. Even the indifferent correspondent can sat-

isfy a distant editor without stirring too far from the press camp. If the weather is too cold or his hangover too horrendous, there are handouts which can be rewritten. At the worst he can quote the PIO sergeant on life at the front. The number of PIO sergeants who have been identified by name and home town, but not by job, in dispatches bravely datelined "With the 5th Army in Italy" or "With the 7th Army in Southern France" is staggering.

But journalistic malingerers were few. For the bulk of combat reporters, war correspondence was perhaps the most testing and rewarding journalistic form.

It tested the man. You had to be there to write a stirring and honest account. It couldn't be done back at regiment or division or Army.

It tested reportorial skills. The human mind has a powerful tendency toward escapism in combat. It is much easier to keep your head down and think of your wife than it is to observe carefully and precisely so that you can write accurately and honestly later.

It tested writing ability. You reached the press camp at night, tired, dusty, and hungry, headed for the typewriter and wrote. If you were very good the results had the color and form of dispatches by men like Dan DeLuce, Milton Lehman (of *The Stars and Stripes*), or of these by Steinbeck.

It tested the ability to be a human being. The war correspondent was only a partial participant. He did not stay in the line with the infantry company for a week or ride the PT boat every day or fly the mission over Ploesti ten times. He participated, withdrew to write and send his story and left the soldier or airman or sailor behind to stay until death or rotation or peace came along. If an outfit accepted the same correspondent several times or many times it meant he was respected or liked or both. And this was personally important to the successful combat reporter.

Steinbeck's dispatches reflect all these qualities of good war reporting and, in the second half of his collection, great war reporting in the age of pre-atomic war. But reading them is like taking time out in this new hour of crisis to browse through old copies of *The Stars and Stripes*. It tends to be rather meaningless.



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FIRST NAMES, PLEASE

Here are the last names of ten universally known Dickens characters (including Dickens himself). Russell McLaughlin of Detroit, Michigan, asks you to supply the first names. Answers on page 34.

- | | |
|------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Mr. Pickwick | 6. The Cheeryble Brothers |
| 2. Mr. Micawber | 7. Mr. Weller (Sam's father) |
| 3. Mr. Squeers | 8. Mr. Dorrit |
| 4. Mr. Pecksniff | 9. Mr. Varden |
| 5. Mr. Scrooge | 10. Mr. Dickens |

Closing Down on the Rising Sun

"Allied Intelligence Bureau," by Allison Ind (McKay. 320 pp. \$4.95), is a short history of American and Allied espionage, sabotage, guerilla and partisan warfare in the Pacific Theatre of the Second World War. Our reviewer, Kurt Singer, has written some twenty-five books growing out of his association with espionage work for the Allied governments—among them, *"Spies Over Asia."*

By Kurt Singer

THIS well-substantiated book tells the strange saga of many unenchanted evenings and many horrible war experiences. The exploits are described by one of the directors of the silent services who had established his spy and espionage center on the eighth floor of a tall bank building at 121 Collins Street in Melbourne, Australia. From these headquarters General Douglas MacArthur's spy bosses and the Allied intelligence chiefs fought the war of wits to destroy the emblem of the Rising Sun, which was at that time flying over a major portion of the Pacific. Australia and New Zealand stood in the direct path of invasion and destruction.

Allison Ind, the author of "Allied Intelligence Bureau," was one of the department heads of this Australian-based espionage and sabotage center which battled valiantly against the overwhelming odds of the enemy in New Guinea, New Ireland, New Britain, the Solomons, Guadalcanal, the Netherland East Indies, Buna, Salamaua, the Philippines—everywhere and anywhere that the Japanese had landed or were preparing to invade.

The composition of the spy ranks was unique, being made up of untrained, and often uneducated, native citizens, planters, farmers, school teachers, missionaries, and housewives, volunteers from all walks of life. Many were recruited from lonely jungle camps, sites which placed them on the constant razor-edge of peril. From the swaying tops of palm trees to the insect-infested swamps they maintained an unbroken surveillance on enemy activity.

Seldom before has so complete a story been told of the effective jungle telegraph system or so sad a picture painted of the lonely Allied soldiers

who, discouraged and weary, forgot their homelands, the nightmare of war, and settled down with Polynesian women on the Pacific islands until special evacuation ships arrived to break up their romances and to transport them back to Australia.

Allison Ind gives an honest account of the activities of the men behind this sector of the Allied hush-hush service, nor does he neglect to praise the Australians, New Zealanders, the Dutch, Indonesians, and loyal natives for their invaluable contributions to the success of the operations. Four men are singled out as notable heroes: W. J. Read and Paul Edward Mason, Australian coast watchers, Eric A. Feldt, key-man in AIB, and Jesús Villamor, who probably destroyed more enemy convoys, as well as *Kempei Tai* counterspies, than any other one man.

The book contains hundreds of episodes. Some are sketched in a few sentences while others are developed in full chapters. Perhaps the most satisfactory part of the book is the description of the underground and commando activities in the Philippine

Islands. One cannot escape the feeling of shock when Mr. Ind reports that natives were paid a tin of meat and a bag of rice for rescuing any airman, Allied or Japanese, not particularly for the humanitarian reason of saving a life, but for the extremely practical monetary fact that a pilot's training costs his government in the vicinity of \$25,000.

The men and women engaged in the Allied intelligence service were in constant danger. The major part of their work was concerned with stringing a necklace of coast watchers across the throat of the Gazelle Peninsula, secretly penetrating Manila, destroying important convoys, reporting flying missions, organizing an underground in occupied islands, and inciting rebellions. The agents ferried arms and radios to their contacts, a difficult task since there was a scarcity of submarines and all too often insufficient ammunition to sabotage the existing Japanese war installations. Mr. Ind points out that the inadequacies of matériel was surmounted by the intense bond among the Americans, British, Australians, Dutch, and Norwegians. But, for the most part, says the author, life was a "miserable existence in swamps where the rot of death and the fungoid thrust of new life met in the brown murk."

For the historian "Allied Intelligence Bureau" is a valuable book; (Continued on page 35)



Criminal Record



THE CASE OF THE CALENDAR GIRL. By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow. \$2.95. Innocent bystander (male) appeals to Perry Mason before cadaver appears (as it speedily does); Della Street takes notes in night spot; Paul Drake drapes legs over chair arm; cameras and guns aimed, fired; this number has not just one, but two, of those "preliminary hearings"; Ham Burger comes usual terminal cropper; People vs. Godines 17 Cal App 2nd 721 cited. The Stars and Stripes forever.

SIGHT OF DEATH. By Jeremy York. Scribners. \$2.95. Ultra-tough London mob arranges bank heist by seizing fiancée of key executive; Yard surreptitiously takes hand; noisy climax effective, but identity of main culprit is jarring note. Well-managed nerve-twister.

THE THREE WIVES. By Alex Fraser. Roy. \$2.75. Women's disappearances baffle British civil servant living in London

suburb; murder of wealthy old man brings police in and imperils hero's girlfriend; cops active and good. Fine and adult entertainment, soundly handled.

... OR BE HE DEAD. By Harry Carmichael. Crime Club. \$2.95. John Piper, London insurance exec who takes an occasional private-eye job, looks into disappearance of surgeon's playboy son; Yard called in; drinking-club characters abound; Shavian dialogue indulged in. Neither fast nor furious.

MAN WITHOUT A FACE. By John Eugene Hasty. Dodd, Mead. \$2.95. Eastern U.S. lad who buys radio station in corn-and-cattle-and-basketball belt is eyewitness to murder near isolated transmitter building, but town's bigwigs rig accidental death verdict; cuckolded college president in cast. Slightly implausible but well-paced.

—SERGEANT CUFF.