

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.



Truman Capote—"... turns dress valuable under the eye."

Legend of Holiday and the Lost

"Breakfast at Tiffany's," by Truman Capote (Random House, 179 pp. \$3.50), is a collection of stories, in which the title piece, a novelette, tells of an extraordinary woman named Holiday Golightly. SR's reviewer, Paul Darcy Boles, is a critic and novelist whose books include *"The Beggars in the Sun"* and *"Glenport, Illinois."*

By Paul Darcy Boles

OF AN exhibition of D. H. Lawrence's paintings, largely nudes, Rebecca West once noted: "Mr. Lawrence has very pink friends." In "Breakfast at Tiffany's" Mr. Capote has very lost friends or, more accurately, one very lost friend, Miss Holiday Golightly, who is surrounded by as false-hearted a clutch of drab witches and cut-rate warlocks as ever picked one another's bones at the Stork Club.

Holly, disillusioned child bride of Doc Golightly, horse-doctor near Tulip, Texas, was born Lulamae Barnes; as Doc confides during a thwarted trip to the East Seventies to reclaim her, "When I married Lulamae, that was in December, 1938, she was going on fourteen. Maybe an ordinary person, being only fourteen, wouldn't know their right mind. But you take Lulamae, she was an exceptional woman."

She was indeed. Her compressed saga—from the first possibly apocryphal glimpse of her head as carved by an African Negro and relayed, in a photograph taken by Mr. I. Y. Yunoski, to Joe Bell's Lexington Avenue bar, to her final lipstick-kiss-signed postcard from Buenos Aires—is remindful around the edges of Djuna Barnes's "Nightwood," and raises a few French horn echoes of Iris March, Lady Brett Ashley, and the heroine of John O'Hara's "Butterfield 8" as well. But they are echoes of subject only; Capote's handling of scene, dialogue, illumination of character, near-caricature which rises to revelation, his eye for comedy both social and joyously antisocial; above all, his sympathy for Holly, which can deepen to controlled eloquence, make this short novel his own; and a fine one, outstanding in any season.

To the charges of *pointillisme* which academic children are quick to bring against masterful detail, it may now be remarked that a pencil flashlight is by definition as important as a lighthouse. And there are shadows in which it is far more effective. The great question of why Proust's Duchesse de Guermantes thought more about her slippers than the death of her friend is the sort which, in angular fashion, slides through this novel. It is seen, as it were, through a glimmer of action; yet always perceived.

Meantime, the craftsmanship crackles. Capote's humor, inclined to be waspish, often very funny, flies crisply at such "creatures" as O. J. Berman, the Hollywood agent; Rusty Trawler, the everlasting baby; Mag Wildwood, as interesting a specimen of frightful womanhood as the world has yet seen. Yet even here there is the tiny shaft of penetrating light; it goes much deeper than exotic burlesque; it is felt, and it turns dress valuable under the eye. When Capote deals directly with Holly he is able to bring the whole luminous question to the top of the mind; to touch pathos squarely.

These are not a decorator's accomplishments. There are equally hard-won triumphs all through the short novel; they add to much. A rare individual voice, cool even when exasperated, never more sure of itself than when amazed, sounds through every sentence. It is heard, as well, in varied emotional keys, through the trio of admirable short stories bracing the title piece. These are "House of Flowers," "A Diamond Guitar," and "A Christmas Memory." The latter seems to me one of the most moving in our language. All in all, an extraordinary book; dealing with the lost, "Breakfast at Tiffany's" finds "the deep note of human existence" beyond moral condemnation, wr: laughter, or the world's assessment. And that is art.

Unhorsing a Heel

"The Insider," by James Kelly (Holt, 384 pp. \$3.95), is an account of the manners and mores along New York's "Huckster Alley" and of a particularly harassed executive in an advertising agency. Al Morgan, who reviews the novel, is the author of *"The Great Man"* and *"Cast of Characters."*

By Al Morgan

ALONG with Abraham Lincoln's boyhood, infantry life in the South Pacific, and the last days of Pompeii, the expense-account, charcoal-gray world of Madison Avenue has been completely documented by a long succession of good, bad, and indifferent writers. It's been open season on the admen, "sincere" has become a dirty word, and working for an advertising agency is a close second to playing piano in a bawdy house.

James Kelly's "The Insider" is still another first novel that aims its sights on "Huckster Alley." But if Mr. Kelly is working in front of a familiar backdrop, he comes armed with something