

"Honey," who strays into Cork's orbit and leads him into a fantastic crime dance, is as ugly as sin but also beautiful, very intelligent, amusing and lovable, and, Lord, how she can fight! Macdonald Hastings appends the true history of this much-guarded breed, and if you are sensitive to the dark side of animals in sport, better not read it. But this is a book to be looked for, especially by dog-lovers.

The Soft Talkers raises basic questions about the nature of the detective-thriller. I submit that pace and excitement are highly important and bad characters are acceptable so long as they are not dull. Margaret Millar is a writer of quality, but to me this story of intrigue and murder in Canada does not come off. It begins with a fishing and drinking holiday of business cronies, and could any setting be less promising? At the end of a long involved record of relationships within a tiresome group, the reader learns suddenly that he has been deceived throughout. To me at any rate, what was intended as a glorious rocket of surprise, spluttered to earth. I did not believe the parties had the requisite brains, or that their machinations mattered.

It is the same with Richard Savage's *The Lightning's Eye*. His previous thriller, *Strangers' Meeting*, a tale of Soho, had merit, but this yarn of an Englishman visiting a decayed town in southern Italy and teaming up with a local woman to be caught in a circle of crime, did not grip me a bit. It was rather like watching a poor Rugby game in the gathering twilight—human shadows unimpressively engaged.

In *The Killer Wind* a hurricane separates two English sailors from their ship in a small South American town, and they find themselves in peril through witnessing political shootings. The tale of their adventures is somewhat overloaded with detail, but this is Robin Hiscock's first thriller and he may learn the art of economy. What is impressive is the picture of the two refugees. Ray, the deck-hand, hates the sea and has deliberately deserted. His companion Woods, the middle-aged and ailing bosun, does not realise this, and his one idea is to get another ship.

Looking across the breakfast table at his fat, slovenly wife, with her sloshed coffee and cigarette ash, Professor Bostleman, who teaches mathematics at an American university, clinches a long-standing idea of murder. Planning the crime mathematically, he decides to cover up by killing two other women first so that his wife's death will be attributed to a killer at large. The first two crimes come off, but I will not say any more, except that the professor is attracted by a girl student and that she has a student boy friend. This is an original and competently written study of homicidal mania, but, as you may surmise, not exactly exhilarating.

—A.M.

"OLD SAD SOUNDS . . ."

VANISHED CITIES, by Herman and Georg Schreiber; Weidenfeld and Nicholson, English price 25/-.

IT is difficult to conceive of a book of archaeology which fails to interest. *Vanished Cities* has the additional advantage of supplementing the science with folk tales and a very readable book results. The treatment is romantic and, because of the wealth of materials, much too episodic, yet the vividness carries one along. The description of the overwhelming of Pompeii, for example, has been well told frequently, but the Schreibers contrive to give the account a remarkable freshness. In this, no doubt, they are helped by the extraordinary

photograph of a plaster cast of the body of a man in the throes of being smothered by the ashes. The illustrations are splendid. Indeed magnificent illustrations appear to be the rule in books of archaeology.

Of course *Vanished Cities* fairly invites comparison with Lissner's *The Living Past*, reviewed by me a few months ago. This is much the slighter book. Where Lissner traces civilisations, the Schreibers describe cities, the more romantically buried (by the sea, sand, earthquake, encroaching forest) the better. And what cities! "Their names are old sad sounds in men's ears." Sodom

(continued on next page)

Preliminary Announcement

Early Victorian New Zealand

A STUDY OF RACIAL PROBLEMS AND SOCIAL ATTITUDES, 1839-1852,

By John Miller, Ph.D.

217 Pages

30/- N.Z.

Illustrated

The Wakefields were a family of adventurers with a vision of empire which was to colour the thinking of the Victorian Age. Dr. Miller describes in detail their attempt to impose an early Victorian pattern on one corner of Polynesia and the tensions that resulted therefrom.

WE ANTICIPATE A HEAVY DEMAND FOR THIS BOOK—
PLEASE ASK ANY BOOKSELLER TO RESERVE YOUR COPY NOW.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
WELLINGTON.

Now, more than ever before...

you need DETTOL

antiseptic and germicide

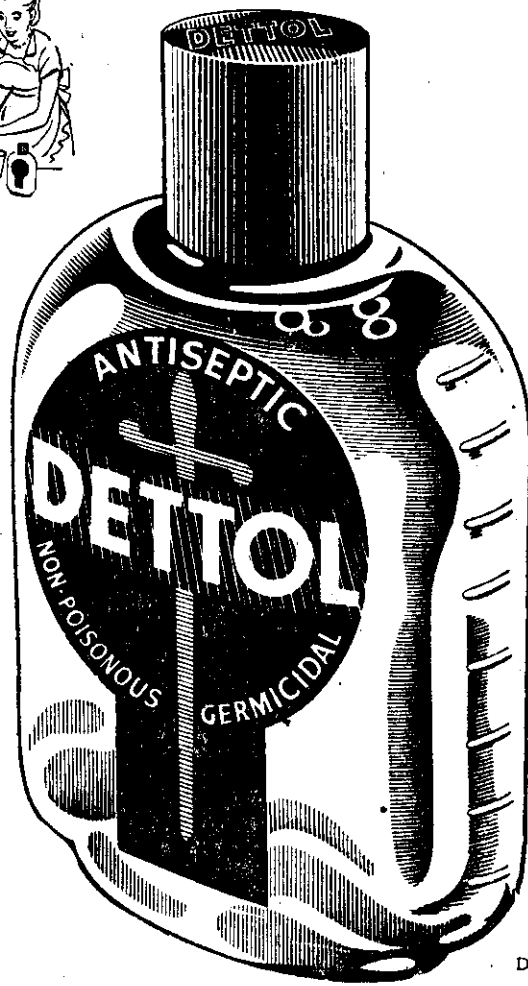
- for sickness and accidents
- for personal use
- for all home hygiene



To-day infection is a constant threat around the home, and you cannot afford to use anything less effective than Dettol. Use Dettol not only for the sick room and personal use, for cuts and abrasions, etc., but also for all home hygiene, for spraying cupboards, on the floors, in the washing machine—in fact, wherever infection threatens be sure to use DETTOL.

Dettol is the antiseptic and germicide you know and trust at all times—the powerful germicide that kills germs—and more kinds of germs—more effectively than ever before. Yet with this deadly germ-killing potential Dettol is safe—even where there are children.

Wherever infection threatens . . . you need Dettol.



DL29

RECKITT & COLMAN (NEW ZEALAND) LTD., PHARMACEUTICAL DIVISION, FORTH STREET, DUNEDIN.