

earlier essays has just been published, and there is a promise of more to come.

A religious column is not easily managed; but Mr. Tocker showed from the beginning that he was unafraid of the pitfalls; he had things to say, and he said them vigorously, often eloquently, and always with a fullness of thought and feeling which seemed to be the overflow of a mind stored with ideas and robust impressions. The articles led up, inevitably, to the parable or message which was their true aim; but the progress was so pleasant, and through such interesting country, that the reader was often surprised by the deep seriousness of the closing sentences.

Mr. Tocker has never separated religion from living. He looks about him at the countryside, the signs of the seasons, the birds (which he knows and loves), the people going to work or pleasure; and by these encounters he is moved to say things which another man might say, less freshly, from the pulpit. The world is always for him the reflection of a larger and purer reality, and in his best moments the vision shines through his words. But his feet are on the earth. He is an angler, so that he has learnt to be patient and observant; and some of his best articles have been written from holiday camps by lake and stream. All that he writes has the imprint of a strong personality. If there are occasional weaknesses in the writing, they come from the use of phrases which speak of the library (for he has always been a hungry reader); but there are few weaknesses of thought, and none of feeling. Mr. Tocker's weekly column has become an institution in the Far South. It deserves, and will undoubtedly have, an audience elsewhere.

—H.

NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY

EVE WITH HER BASKET, by Carl Fallas; Heinemann. Australian price, 16/-.
FLOODTIDE, by Frank Yerby; Heinemann. Australian price, 16/-.
ISLAND LIGHT, by Alexander Key; Heinemann. Australian price, 16/-.

CARL FALLAS'S *Eve With Her Basket* is more of a dream than a novel: a pleasant dream, as warmly and delicately coloured as the Ceylon in which it takes place. It reminds me of Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*. David Lott, the dealer in precious stones, is a Man of Sensibility. Jeanette, his wife whom he has left in Holland—promising to be faithful to her for one calendar month—makes a gentle Eliza. For a Yorick, there is Ford Bryant, who falls in love with a girl from New Zealand. The story glows with happy endings. Hardly a book, though, for purists or puritans; dreams are rarely, as dull as real life.

Frank Yerby's *Floodtide* and Alexander Key's *Island Light* are both novels of the American Civil War. Both are competently written, sound entertainment, though not particularly original. *Floodtide* is set in the South of just before the war. Ross Pary, the boy from the bottom of the hill, makes good and climbs into society. Three women—preposterous creatures outside their context—love him. The most notable thing about the story is its pace: event is piled on event, climax on climax, until, out of sheer exhaustion, one is forced to put the book down.

The action—and there's plenty of it—of *Island Light* takes place in a conquered, post-war, South. Max Ewing escapes from his Florida prison and comes back to Appalachicola to start a

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TO WHOM PRAISE IS DUE

THAT Ayrshire ploughman found
What Calvin's crystal hid—
God's word common as daylight
A rumour in the blood;
The crimson stubble flower
The mouse torn by the share

AND upright Cook sailing
The cold sea of his mind
Guessed what wind blows
Perpetual, unconfined;
The needle of iron truth
Fixed on an unknown north.

KEIR HARDIE shaggy-browed
In an angry House, wore
The same cloth cap a miner's
Lad paid five shillings for.
He knew well the gold
That's never bought or sold.

THE man whose blood hammers
In the ram of my heart,
Admiring these, found
Truth not told in the mart,
In cloven wood shown
And the lifted stone.

—James K. Baxter

one-man war against the Yankees. A woman changes his mind for him. This is a novel distinguished only by the fact that the characters have a certain amount of life, and that the writing doesn't jar.

—PIC

THE INTELLECTUAL ELITE

EDUCATION AND LEADERSHIP, by Eric James; George G. Harrap. English price, 6/-.

THIS book deals with an important subject on which there will be differences of opinion on some crucial points. The argument is that though democratic peoples resent the leadership principle they must recognise the fact that leaders do in fact emerge and, in the modern world, are not less but more necessary than before. An analysis of the qualities essential to leadership puts intellectual ability in a very high place, and therefore education has a special responsibility towards the brilliant individual. Discussion of this topic occupies the greater part of the essay. In short chapters are given a just appreciation of the place of the boarding school, a discussion of the problems of selection of those among whom society should recruit its leaders, and a criticism of T. S. Eliot's views on leadership and culture.

—L.J.W.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

DEATH AT THE PRESIDENT'S LODGING, Michael Innes's classic detective story in a university setting, has been reprinted by Victor Gollancz Ltd., at 6/- (English price).

MARJORIE WEAVER, an English woman living in Australia, has used her Antipodean home as the setting of *Time to Forget* (Hodder and Stoughton, English price 9/6), an unpretentious novel in which the romance is strengthened by the author's treatment of the problems of new Australians.

THE most interesting feature of *Smoked Mackerel*, by Peers Elliott (Robert Hale, English price 9/6), is its background. The author is an Australian with first-hand knowledge of mackerel fishing off the coast of North Queensland, and he writes vigorously of men, ships, and cargoes taken from the sea.

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