



Trade Enquiries to A. A. STICHBURY LIMITED, 27 BLAIR STREET, WELLINGTON

BOOKS

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in court with shattering effect. The story is well told and the translation is smooth. And the technique of educating one so terribly handicapped will be a revelation to most readers.

Patricia Wentworth is at her best in Through the Wall, and her best is good. Miss Silver knits her way through a tangle of character and circumstance, and helps to make two exceptionally attractives lovers happy.

Body in the Beck is notable for, on the one hand, excellent pictures of landscape and life in the fell country of Cumberland, and on the other, a dreadful bounder of a policeman-softbodied, stupid, cliché-ridden, invertedly snobbish and vulgar. How this twerp ever got into the force is a puzzle, and that he lose anywhere near Detective-Inspector is incredible, However, there are compensations in the Cumberland scene and characters, and in the brotherhood of climbing.

By moving his European-aboriginal detective Napoleon Bonaparte about Australia, Arthur Upfield teaches us quite a lot of geography. The scene of The New Shoe is a lonely lighthouse on the Victorian coast. As a record of detection the story is weaker than the others I have read, but the life of this out-of-the-way country district is well portrayed.

The hero of Leave Murder to Me makes one wonder afresh whether American young men in real life are as tough-mannered as they are so often in fiction. True, Johnny Edwards had had a bad time in the war. In investigating in Cuba and Florida the murder of the friend who saved his life among the Japanese, he gets more shocks and perhaps these and the girl we leave him embracing will tame him. This is a fast, quick-fire, action-packed tale of authority versus bad men.

In The Case of the Fan-Dancer's Horse, Erle Stanley Gardner, described by the publisher as "the most read writer of detective fiction in the world" (he has written over 40 books), joins Heinemann's list. This is a typical Perry Mason story, but not quite in that unageing investigator's front rank.

I, for one, am introduced to the art of fan-dancing, which is apparently a sort of strip-tease act. Truly the motto of fictional murder might be "Ubique."

—A М.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

John; Heinemann, Australian price 18.9. Full treatment is given to a tense phase in Anglo-American relations. The affair of the steamship Trent is used as a starting point for a wide historical survey.

ROADS TO AGREEMENT, by Stuart Chase: Phoenix House, English price 18 -. An account of "successful methods in the science of human relations." Attention is given to such matters as "groups in action." conferences, arbitration, semantics, and "conditions of labour peace."

THE STORY OF NEW ZEALAND PLACE NAMES, by A. W. Reed; A. H. and A. W. Reed, 15, -. Full information about the naming of towns and districts. The meanings of Maori names are given, and there is much historical material. Useful for reference, and full of interest for casual reading. But is Packakariki on the east coast of the North Island? And is Oxford south of Christchurch?

STALIN VERSUS MARX, by Klaus Mehmert: Allen and Unwin, English price 8-6. An exposition of Stalinist conceptions of Russian and world history.

ANYONE CAN COOK! by Muriel Goaman; Faber and Faber, English price 9.6. Intended for people who have had no training in the gentle art.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS, by Bernard Shaw, selected and introduced by A. C. Ward; the World's Classics, Oxford University Press, English price 5/-. Forty essays on the theatre written by Shaw in the eighteen-nineties.

A USTRALIAN SEASHORES, by William J. Dakin: Angus and Robertson, Australian price 45.-. A "guide for the beach-lover, the naturalist, the shore fisherman, and the student." It has been prepared by a distinguished scholar, and is admirably illustrated. Its greatest interest must be for Australian readers, but students elsewhere should be grateful for its comprehensive and expert treatment of the subject.

AMONG MOUNTAINS

IN the morning the mountains beckon

Blue and clear like bells: glaciers feed upon
Light pouring from heaven brighter than ice-stone.

When we arrive the blue has folded Away like a back-cloth; we are billowed In brown turf; shingle of ages shows warped

Course of water rattling in hidden crevice, And the tough, low-growing scrub brown too; moss Smooths the way. Unaccustomed these little tokens

About our feet strange in Erewhon, and the air singing. But the white o white blaze above and the hot tongue Of ice scouring the valley. This is the blinding

Eye, the core to be revealed crusting upon Dumb earth, feeding the stony rivers illicitly won From drought with the distilled drops of a mountain.

Yet what was the truth? Already, on the way home, It is hard to remember. The blade shone, warm With pain and love, to bind all random

Thought in one matrix. That much is clear,
That is the lasting truth, where in sweet evening air,
Mountains withdraw, are cloaked; we are alone again, unsure.

-Paul Henderson