

'REVIVED growth of HAIR'



Read Mr. Flint's letter, his photograph shows how healthy his hair now is. Silvikrin is sold by chemists, hairdressers & stores. (Lotion 1/6 - Pure Silvikrin 6/-)

Dear Sir, I am writing to express my very great appreciation of Silvikrin. My hair was very thin, covered with dandruff - and going bald at the temples. I first tried the lotion and was surprised to find that one good application, rubbed well in, completely cured the dandruff, and regular treatment revived and restored the growth of my hair. For the balance I am using the Pure Silvikrin with very gratifying results. I recommend Silvikrin to all my friends. (signed) Richard Flint

Silvikrin DOES GROW HAIR

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HALF-AN-INCH on a dry brush - but it must be KOLYNOS to ensure white, attractive teeth and firm, healthy gums. Cultivate the twice-a-day use of KOLYNOS, the World's most efficient and economical tooth paste. Try it. 1/9, 1/- and 6d. Of all Chemists and Stores.

HE SAYS KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Mr. Hemingway is too tough for me

says JAMES AGATE

TO HAVE AND TO HAVE NOT By Ernest Hemingway Cape. 7s. 6d.

MR. HEMINGWAY is popularly supposed to have created the modern American novel about tough guys. I shall brave unpopularity and suggest that Mr. Hemingway has been reading too many of his successors.

His new book reads like a hodge-podge of "Thieves Like Us," "Of Mice and Men," and "The Postman Always Rings Twice." Indeed, if I had had to find a title for it, I should have called it "Thieves like Mice and Men Always Ring Twice."

Mr. Hemingway does not waste time. On his fifth page we find this:-

He hit a tyre on the car because I saw dust blowing in a spurt on the street as the air came out, and at ten feet the nigger shot him in the belly with the Tommy gun, with what must have been the last shot in it because I saw him throw it down, and old Pancho sat down hard and went over backwards. He was trying to come up, still holding on to the Luger, only he couldn't get his head up, when the nigger took the shotgun that was lying against the wheel of the car by the chauffeur and blew the side of his head off. Some nigger.

I have not the faintest idea what a Luger is, who Pancho was, and who shot him or why. A few pages later somebody is

out on a fishing expedition, and we read:-

"Listen," I said. "A fish like that would kill you."

"They catch them."

"People who know how to fish catch them. But don't think they don't take punishment."

"I saw a picture of a girl who caught one."

"Sure," I said. "Still fishing. He swallowed the bait and he pulled his stomach out and he came to the top and died. I'm talking about trolling for them when they're hooked in the mouth."

"Well," said Johnson, "they're too big. If it isn't enjoyable, why do it?"

"That's right, Mr. Johnson," Eddy said. "If it isn't enjoyable, why do it? Listen, Mr. Johnson. You hit the nail on the head there. If it isn't enjoyable-why do it?"

Another dozen pages and there is a conversation about a Mr. Sing:-

He stood up and I watched him go out. Frankie saluted at him as he went. Mr. Sing didn't look at him. He was a smooth-looking Chinik all right. Some Chinik.

Frankie came over to the table. "Well," he said.

"Where did you know Mr. Sing?"

"He ships Chinamen," Frankie said. "Big business."

"How long you know him?"

"He's here about two years," Frankie said. "Another one ship them before him. Somebody kill him."

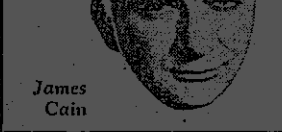
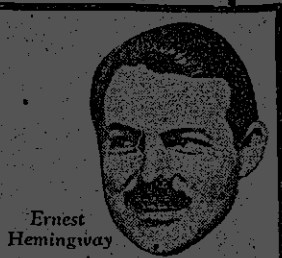
"Somebody will kill Mr. Sing, too."

"Sure," said Frankie. "Why not? Plenty big business."

"Some business," I said.

Yet another dozen pages, and Mr. Sing gets into trouble:-

His arm wasn't any good to him any more and I took him by the throat with both hands, and brother, that Mr. Sing would top just like a fish, true, his loose arm falling. But I got him forward on to his knees and had both thumbs well in behind his talk-box, and I bent the



James Cain

whole thing back until she cracked. Don't think you can't hear it crack, either.

When we were about two miles offshore, I slid him over. He slid over smooth off the roller. I never even looked in his pockets. I didn't feel like fooling with him.

"Slow her down," I said to Eddy.

"What if he floats up?" Eddy said.

"I dropped him in about seven hundred fathoms," I said. "He's going down all that way. That's a long way, brother. He won't float till the gas brings him up, and all the time he's going with the current and battling up fish. Hell," I said, "you don't have to worry about Mr. Sing."

"Hell," I said to myself at this point, "I don't have to worry about Mr. Hemingway. If it isn't enjoyable, why do it? You hit the nail on the head there. If it

THE DUMB-OX SCHOOL

Ernest Hemingway originated what is now called the "tough-guy" or "dumb-ox" school of writing with "Farewell to Arms." Other specimen works: "They Shoot Horses, Don't They?" by Horace McCoy; "The Postman Always Rings Twice," by James Cain.

Isn't enjoyable-why go on doing it? So I didn't!

ERNEST ("Farewell To Arms") HEMINGWAY served on Italian front in the great war. He met Jim in Spain the other week. Found him busy and tough as his own characters, full of gusto, argument, wit. He was born a doctor's son in Illinois, 1898. Is good boxer and footballer. Has wife and three sons.

WIDE BOYS NEVER WORK

By Robert Westerby. Barker. 7s. 6d.

A "WIDE BOY" is the London equivalent of the American tough guy, except that he does not carry a gun. According to this book's blurb, "swindling, gambling, 'fixing' dog races, blackmailing bookmakers, all these things he will do as a matter of course. Anything, in fact, but a job of work. Only Mugs have steady jobs, the Wide Boys never work."

Jim Bankley had a steady job till one evening he went to the dog-racing.

But, just as some horses cannot stand corn, so Jim couldn't stand dog-biscuit. Here is a picture of the scene which found the "wide" chink in this boy's armour:-

Bookies and their women, impermanently jewelled; a few people in evening dress; a crowd of youngsters in good clothes; all sorts, all with one idea. The management provided the setting, the comfort, the luxury, the sport. Society, or civilisation, or what-you-will, provided the rest. Two thousand mugs to every wide boy, professional rammers, basking in temporary opulence; hangers-on and rabbit-faced tipsters, noses sniffing after the dirty stink of dirty money. A crowd of people to whom dog-racing had begun as an enthusiasm, worked through to being a craze, and ended as being a habit. Night after night of it, winning, losing, winning again, meeting the same people, talking the same talk, losing all sense of values.

Jim lost all sense of every kind of value till he ended as a down-and-out bully who got wallowed the first time he fought in a ring. After which he slunk back home.

But the author tells us frankly that this ending is not true. This boy will not reform because reform is not in him, and when he has recovered his breath he will slink back to the old life.

Well, what of it? It doesn't help a bad egg to snivel over it. Make the life of the ordinary lad less narrow, and there will be fewer wide boys.

ROBERT WESTERBY had a stroke of luck. He wrote a short story for a newspaper. Publisher Barker found an old copy in a box. Decided what struck a cord thing. Got in touch with twenty-eight-year-old author Westerby, turned out stories, articles on film, floor of his father's City warehouse. He was a civil engineer, architect, draughtsman, surveyor, mechanic.

DOWN THE RIVER

By H. E. Bates. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.

HERE is a book of grave and quiet beauty. It is all about a river. This does not mean that it is a book for people interested only in rivers. I myself care little for rivers. But I care passionately for good writing, and this book is full of it.

I dare say a good many readers of this column often wonder what good writing is, and why. It is easy to answer the first demand. Good writing, when you come across it, is as plain as the nose on your face. Here is an example culled from this book:-

It was here that I first became aware of the extraordinary sense of delicacy and yet of absolute permanence that water and trees can give to each other, of the water's apparent solidity against the cloudy willows that looked as if they were nothing but trees of smoke; then by the surdness of trees growing darkly together, in a gloomy summer regiment, against which the water was something ephemeral, of unutterable delicacy, hardly of earth. Trees have a way of, in a metaphorical sense, uplifting water. They transpire it to a higher plane. A single poplar, bending over, will make a transformation. Conversely, water dignifies trees, lights them up, rarefies their shapes, so that they are somehow suspended. Yet they stand, river and trees, in eternal contradiction of each other: the one transient and fluid and making a perpetual passage over some great length of earth, the other fixed and solid as a battlement and making no passage at all except the eternal passage from summer to summer, repeating the endless miracle of bud and leaf, greenness and death.

Take out the interruptive and unnecessary phrases, in a metaphorical sense, and "trees can give to each other, of the water's apparent solidity against the cloudy willows that looked as if they were nothing but trees of smoke," and this would be perfect writing.

Why it is good writing it would take more than a whole issue of this newspaper to expound. The reader may go on to ask whether, when he has recognised a piece of good writing and decided why the writing is good, he will himself be able to achieve good writing. The answer is No! To recognise a good picture and know why it is good does not turn a man into a good painter. If you are a good writer, should not bother about how well or ill other people write!

Miss Agnes Miller Parker's wood engravings are magnificent, and make this book a complete thing.

H. E. BATES went to school at O. Retiring. Was journalist and warehouse clerk and on the dole before publishing "Down the River." Now is thirty-two. Lives in converted barn, called the Granary, in Kent. Has a wife and three small children. Does time between writing and gardening.

Part One Today

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