# **Novelists** H. E. Bates:

Reformist

In Disguise

VIVID

STORYTELLER

His eighth volume, "The Flying Goat," contains stories that have great social significance. Without obtrustion, Bates is a left-winger. "Perhaps we shall meet again," depicts an upper-class woman who has grown so fat that she actually thinks of dieting, talking to a girl who is starving.

some clumsy and impossible makeup."
As a novelist, Bates is always giving promise of something better.
Good as his work is, there is about
it the suggestion of things yet to
be. The difference between him
and Tchekov is that his characters
owe their virility to his power, while
those of the great Russian are motivated from within. But such is
not criticism; it is expectation.
Bates reads omnivorously, his passionate desire is to create some
really beautiful thing. Nor is this
nope unjustified, for Edward Garnett has said his "sensitiveness to
beauty and to character is astonishing. It is, I think, greater than the
sensibility of any other living writer."

Melodious

Absent-Minded Beggar

..... By R.K. ...

A Social Urge



N the very fibre of H. E. Bates's being more powerful than conscio u s n e s s and more

lasting than any other emotion is a deep, rich love for the land—an appreciation not of the ideal life of a counstories. It is perhaps in this form of writing that he is pre-eminent, being regarded as a master of the difficult art, his name bracketed with Tchekov and Katherine Mansfield.

try gentleman, but of the lusty, inarticulate country folk who for centuries have lived so near the very soil of England that they have become part of it.

come part of it.

His writings all tend in one direction. They emphasise the elemental tragedy of human life, with its unending procession of life and death, against the background of seasons which recur with rhythmic

seasons which recur with rhythmic persistence.

Bates does not draw upon a large canvas, nor does he create sophisticated personalities. His storytelling pictures one phase of English life, a phase quickly passing. His ancestors were extremely humble; half-literate country working folk, but into this young ardent writer they have poured their unspoken fellowship with Nature.

Fully conscious personalities do not find a place in his writings, nor do highly educated people: he lives in another, older, but not less urgent, world. A lovely strip of South Midland England, rich in memories and shot with the hopes, struggles and sufferings of numberless generations, sufferings of numberless generations, sufferings of nimberless generations, sufferings that there is something.

I confess that there is something about this young writer that touches my heart strings. His view of existence is red. Pursuration is the Prustration is the motif of his writings; fulfilment, even when found, is physical, at



Mr. H. E. Bates.

best emotional. Yet there is such vitality and reality about it all; and amid life's vain effort and bitter defeat, such humor as well as stoicism that admiration grows even while agreement lingers.

### A Passing Era

Among the many books dealing with the passing of the old, strong, brutal, rural England of the nine-teenth century. I do not remember me so intimately and profoundly descriptive as "The Poacher." And few paint so poignantly the loneliness of the countryman who is at last dispossessed of all that makes life worth living.

ness of the countryman who is at ises assessed of all that makes life worth living.

Buck Bishop is a skillful poacher, and his son Luke admires him above reason. He is strong, daring, resourceful: symbolising the eternal struggle of the "have-nots" against the "haves."

Here are two moving episodes. The first features the death of Buck Bishop, shot by a gamekeeper, but undefeated.

"They were running together now. "All right?" Luke asked. Bishop did not answer him. He had a momeniary fear that his father had been his by the shot, but it passed, his old admiration at the strong, smooth stride returning instead again. . . . . They went on after that with constantly increasing pauses during which Bishop half-grouched on the ground on one knee, like a runner resting before a race."

They reach a friendly farm, and the boy returns in the morning to find his father dead.

Nearly half a century passes. Luke

his father dead.

Nearly half a century passes. Luke grows, works, tries to adapt himself to a changing world. It is vain. His daughters despise him, but there is consolation with his little grandson, whose understanding of the did man is stronger than the gap of years. They are out together one day, and the habit of nis early boy-day, and the habit of nis early boy-

years. They are out together one day, and the habit of nis early boy-hood asserts itself. He snares a rabit, is caught by the gamekeeper, and serves a sentence in gaol. When he comes out the family have gone, and surveyors are at work over the edge of the south of the comes out the family have gone, and surveyors are at work over the edge of the south of the comes of the comes of the south of the comes and surveyors are at work over the edge of the comes and surveyors are at work over the good of the comes and surveyors and the south of the comes and each time he wanted more showly than before it was continued to expend the south of the comes and the c

The Early Scenes Into this story, surely, Bates has

Into this story, surely, Bates has wought something of his own feelings. His earliest memories were of his maternal grandfather, whitehaired, brown-skinned, and slightly stooping, who worked a small farm on the edge of the river valley a few miles from Rushden, where, in the sping of 1905, Bates was born. He spent much of his childhood around that farm, gazing along the miles of green pastures where the river came form. It was full of cold, and beauty, sprinkled with gulls flooded in year. He watched and wondered lying under the hay-stacks. Whether, the watched had of prize fighters to gestures, talked of prize fighters to gestures, talked of prize fighters to defend a wondered and the old, muzzle-looding gun that stood in the corner. He began to write at 15. Two years after he took up journalism, left it, worked in a warehouse, and in his space time wrote a novel. He quarrieled with the elders of the church and by the time he was 18 had written a play. The Best Bread. At 19, 1926, he produced "The Two Sisten," followed in 1927 by "Day's End."

It was "Catherine Foster," which Is we was a started to the country and the country

leoking back.

His lace, with its inquiring eyes, this lace, with its inquiring eyes, full lips, straight nose, surmounted by an unruly mop of hair, betrays the strist. That is the characteristic with the work. There is "delicacy warmin and a style the grace of which is more than surface perfection."

# Contemporary English "The Centre" and Its Capital



LICE SPRINGS

ALICE SPRINGS-Pledge of Man's Conquest



Valley of Palms

Memories

# Notes From Various Sources

Taking it Calmly

A Popular Parrot

National Theatre

"The Death of Nelson"



### Musical Prodigies

# Garden Songsters Of Spring

CONTRASTS CHARACTER By Oriolus



WORLD OF SCIENCE

Medicine of the Royal Society of Medicine. Dr. J. A. Glover, from the point of view of this section, has

Benefits of Dispersal

### Infectious Spread By Dr. J. B. Cleland Diseases N his Presi-dential Ad-dress to the Section of

Essential to Fitness

### TIME FOR A BAND REVIVAL

## The Character of Falstaff

Solution Last Week's Puzzl



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