



**THIS is  
the Gin..**

... FOR A PERFECT  
GIN AND TONIC

Unquestionably the coolest, cleanest drink  
in the world, with a subtle flavour of its  
very own. Best results are easily obtained:  
simply mix Gordon's and tonic-water in  
a greenish acid glass, add a thin  
slice of lemon... and relax.  
You'll then have proved to  
yourself that there's  
nothing, absolutely  
nothing, so good as  
a Gordon's Gin  
and Tonic.



ASK FOR IT BY NAME



**Gordon's**  
*Standards Supreme*

# ARGOSY

Contents for May, 1958

Vol. XIX

No. 5

Page

<b>One-Man Kingdom</b> . . . . .	<i>Decorations by Haro</i> . . . . .	4
	<i>"Horatio," by Graham</i>	
<b>Wonder Horse</b> . . . . .	<b>George Byram</b> . . . . .	7
<b>Somebody</b> . . . . .	<b>Michael Gilbert</b> . . . . .	19
<b>Game with a Goddess</b> . . . . .	<b>Leslie Bonnet</b> . . . . .	27
<b>The Man with a Past</b> . . . . .	<b>Paul Gallico</b> . . . . .	33
<b>Queen of Hearts</b> . . . . .	<i>Illustrations by E. Carlile</i> . . . . .	58
	<i>The extract from "The House in Paris," by permission of the Author and Jonathan Cape;</i>	
	<i>"Old Loves," translated by Andrew Lang, from "The Poetical Works of Andrew Lang,"</i>	
	<i>by courtesy of the representatives of the late Andrew Lang and Longmans, Green and</i>	
	<i>Company; "La Vie en Rose," by permission of Martin Secker and Warburg; "French</i>	
	<i>Model," by courtesy of Victor Gollancz; "Langue de Chat," from "archy and</i>	
	<i>mehitabel," by permission of Faber and Faber</i>	
<b>Belle of the Ball</b> . . . . .	<b>Joan Aiken</b> . . . . .	61
<b>Tanker Trap</b> . . . . .	<b>Kenneth Hayles</b> . . . . .	68
	<i>Illustration by Oliphant</i>	
<b>View Halloo!</b> . . . . .		93
<b>Giant Brain</b> . . . . .	<b>Arthur Gordon</b> . . . . .	94
<b>Mind's Eye Mystery</b> . . . . .	<b>Margery Allingham</b> . . . . .	97
<b>Rose of Soochow</b> . . . . .	<b>Robert Wilson</b> . . . . .	107
<b>The Darling Buds of May</b> . . . . .	<b>H. E. Bates</b> . . . . .	116
	<i>(First Part) Decoration by E. Carlile</i>	
<b>Argosy Crossword</b> . . . . .		144

© The Amalgamated Press, Limited, 1958

Printed in England by FERGUSON BROTHERS, LTD., THE HORSBURG PRESS, MANCHESTER, and published on the 10th of each month by THE AMALGAMATED PRESS, LTD., THE FLEETWAY HOUSE, FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON E.C.4. Registered for Transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription Rates: Inland, £1 15s. for 12 months, 16s. 8d. for 6 months. Overseas (except Canada), £1 11s. for 12 months, 15s. 6d. for 6 months. Canada, £1 8s. 6d. for 12 months, 14s. 3d. for 6 months. Sole Agents: Australasia, Messrs. GORDON & GOTH, LTD.; South Africa, CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY, LTD.; Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, Messrs. KINGSTON, LTD.

ARGOSY is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price as shown on the cover; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out, or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

WATCH HIM AT WORK:



H. E. BATES

ONE-MAN  
KINGDOM

THE book-lined study was very peaceful with its view of lawn and flagged garden. Mr. Bates, relaxed in an armchair, sat looking at the fire and talking quietly, with hesitations, as if his mind sometimes went ranging off and had to be fetched back from other pastures.

He described how he came to write *The Darling Buds of May*. For a long time he had nursed a wish to invent a story about the inmates of a certain house, an extraordinary dwelling he had seen, set among piles of mess and junk, with old sheds, nissen huts, broken coppers, rolls of netting, with chickens, ducks, geese, pigs, and a ginger horse, all beside an exquisite bluebell wood. The idea was dormant in his mind when, one day, driving with his wife, he saw a lorry halt by a village store. Down piled a huge Mum, small lively father, and eight children all laughing and singing. Mrs. Bates came out of the shop and told her husband that the father had bought ices for the children, paying for them from an immense roll of notes; plainly they could have had anything in the shop. This was the fertilizing episode that started the embryonic material working in his mind, and the result was *The Darling Buds*, written in about three weeks. It was great fun to write, he said, a sort of holiday task.

The birth of his stories, according to Mr. Bates, always requires more than one idea. The nucleus may be in his mind for months sometimes before a second seemingly unconnected idea fuses with it and starts the growth of a story which may then develop either through its characters or through its setting. *Death of a*

Huntsman below  
start by feeling  
atmosphere of  
to loom out, as  
When we sug  
if not by their  
author chuckle  
"All except f  
Mr. Bates tall  
with the love o  
such a wonderfu  
licated, or the  
his own details.  
people who thin  
easy, that anyo  
words after tea.  
work and techn  
own preferred l  
story. What is  
eighty thousand  
can be told with  
of the length?  
A fast writer,  
He writes solel  
suggestion that s  
When he has  
doors or in his  
house is full of l  
of job that leav  
current piece of  
H. E. Bates is



WATCH HIM AT WORK



H. E. BATES

ONE-MAN

KINGDOM

*The book-lined study was very peaceful with its view of lawn and lugged garden. Mr. Bates, relaxed in an armchair, sat looking at the fire and talking quietly, with hesitations, as if his mind sometimes went ranging off and had to be fetched back from other pastures.*

*He described how he came to write *The Darling Buds of May*. For a long time he had nursed a wish to invent a story about the inmates of a certain house, an extraordinary dwelling he had seen, set among piles of trees and junk, with old sheds, nissen huts, broken coppers, coils of netting with chickens, ducks, geese, pigs, and a ginger horse, all beside an exquisite bluebell wood. The idea was dormant in his mind when, one day, driving with his wife, he saw a busy hat by a village store. Down piled a huge Mum, small beady father, and eight children all laughing and crying. Mrs. Bates came out of the shop and told her husband that the father had bought ties for the children, paying for them from an immense roll of notes; plainly they could have had anything in the shop. This was the fertilizing episode that started the embryonic material working in his mind, and the result was *The Darling Buds*, written in about three weeks. It was great fun to write, he said, a sort of holiday task.*

*The birth of his stories, according to Mr. Bates, always requires more than one idea. The nucleus may be in his mind for months sometimes before a second seemingly unconnected idea fuses with it and starts the growth of a story which may then develop either through its characters or through its setting. *Death of a**

*Huntsman* belongs to the first category. Alternatively, he may start by feeling that some place has an intense attraction, an atmosphere of its own; from this atmosphere characters begin to loom out, as in *Summer in Salandar*.

When we suggested that his heroes were frequently victimized, if not by their surroundings then by their fellow-characters, the author chuckled commiseratingly.

"All except for Pop," he said.

Mr. Bates talked about the short story, his favourite medium, with the love of a master-musician for his instrument. It is such a wonderfully flexible form, he said, it can be solid and complicated, or the merest sketch in which the reader must supply his own details. It is a difficult form, too—Bates has no time for people who think that, because a story is short, it is necessarily easy, that anyone can sit down and dash off fifteen hundred words after tea. A short story requires just as much care and work and technical experience as a longer piece of writing. His own preferred length is the novella, the twenty-thousand word story. What is the use, he said reasonably, of boring a reader in eighty thousand words, mainly padding, when the whole story can be told with so much more economy and effect in a quarter of the length?

A fast writer, Bates works every day in the mornings only. He writes solely for himself, and was rather horrified at the suggestion that some writers have a specific reader in mind.

When he has finished writing for the day he gardens, out of doors or in his greenhouse; he is very green-fingered and his house is full of large thriving plants in pots. He enjoys the sort of job that leaves his mind free to brood and ruminate about his current piece of writing.

H. E. Bates is something extremely rare: a writer who, from



the age of twenty on, has dedicated himself to nothing but writing. He was not, he said drily, ever a wine-waiter or a bronco-buster, but the adventures of the mind are as important as physical ones. He found the war, when he was with the R.A.F. in France and the Far East, a valuable and developing experience, with its discipline and the need to solve utterly alien problems; it enabled him to tackle later pieces of work—such as *Death of a Huntsman*, a very complicated and difficult story—with much greater ability. But he doesn't desire more of such cataclysms.

A writer's life, he said, is a solitary, curious little one-man kingdom; to an outsider it probably does not look very exciting. It calls for blind concentration, blind sacrifice in the exclusion of ordinary pleasures and social to-and-fro.

In a book on Edward Garnett, whose memory he holds in profound gratitude and affection, Bates wrote: "Creative art, like birth, is a pain. It rises from deep concentrations, out of mysterious impulses. Like love, it hurts and exorcises; it is a joy and it kills."

By the time we had finished talking it was almost completely dark outside the study windows. The bright jackets of the books had begun to reflect the fire's radiance and to glow, it seemed, with an inner life of their own.

JOHN SILVER

*Horatio*

