After The BOOKENDS

From Where I Sit:

Pallid, Anemic Men Come Alive

As a youngster LeGette Blythe was something less than impressed by the pallid pictures of Jesus Christ and people of the Bible which decorated the "Sunday School cards" of that era.

The idea of Jesus as an anemic creature always dressed in white, and of his disciples looking little like men were contrary to his ideas of what those men SHOULD be. Sometimes they were not even men, but misty creatures of a nebulous story-land. Yet the things they did and the influence they wielded MUST have been the actions of strong, lively men, LeGette Blythe believed.

And so, years later, in "The Crown Tree", Jesus and his followers have come to life. They aren't the people of the Sunday School cards any longer; they are real and believable.

That they have become real is certainly one of the reasons the officials of John Knox Press believe the book is sure to be a success. With the book going on sale only this week the printing order already is at 20,000.

Knox was host at a luncheon here Monday at which time a lot of people had nice things to say about Mecklenburg's foremost writer and his latest book. Knox is the official Presbyterian publishing house, and Dr. Marshall C. Dendy, executive secretary of the Board of Christian Education of the Presbyterian Church, U. S., gave thanks for the pen and mind of LeGette Blythe which is helping to tell the story of Christ in such a magnificent way.

The book is a new endeavor for Knox; Dr. Dwight Chalmers, who edited "The Crown Tree," said it is the first piece of fiction Knox has published. He admitted misgivings when approached on the idea of publishing fiction, but these soon disappeared upon reading the script.

Cameron Deans, who heads the education division of the Richmond firm, impressed luncheon guests when he told them LeGette Blythe wanted "to have this book be my contribution to the Christian cause."

Walter Fraley, director of sales for John Knox, was in charge of the affair, and noted the gathering was somewhat of a "homecoming" for the Knox officials who came down from Richmond for the occasion.

Fraley, Chalmers, Deans, and Jack Abernathy, director of advertising, are all Davidson College graduates, and Dr. Dendy is a Presbyterian College alumnus. Fraley is from Barium Springs, Abernathy from Gastonia, Deans from Mooresville and Chalmers from Charlotte.

That science and religion often are at odds is news to no one. The clergyman and the scientist have engaged in debate after debate through the years.

Now comes news of a cooperative effort involving the two sometime adversaries. Prentice-Hall will publish next month a book called "Prayer Can Change Your Life," an outgrowth of an experiment held recently at the University of Redlands in California.

There experimenters divided 45 ailing or troubled persons into three groups of 15. One group received weekly psychological counseling; another engaged in prayer at random; the third received counseling, prayed regularly and met weekly for discussions of prayer techniques.

Results after nine months are described as startling. The group which prayed at random showed no improvement; the group receiving only psychological treatment showed some improvement; and the persons who combined psychological therapy and prayer showed what the experimenters claimed was a 75 per cent improvement.

The project leader also came up with advice regarding prayer methods: pray regularly, pray positively, and make prayer an act of surrender, was the admonition.

—Bud Cox

Attention Justly Deserved

A LEGACY. By Sybille Bedford. Simon and Schuster. 311 pp. $3.50.

It is indeed a pleasure to come upon a book that more than measures up to the expectations aroused by the glowing words of praise that grace its jacket. Waugh and Huxley and Nancy Mitford know whereof they speak; "A Legacy" is a brilliant book.

In Germany more than 50 years ago Baron Julius von Felden married the daughter of an incredibly rich Jewish family. The Merzes "had no interests, tastes or thoughts beyond their family and the comfort of their persons. While members of what might have been their world were dining to the sounds of Schubert and of Haydn, endowing research and adding Corot landscapes to their Bouchers and Delacroix, and some of them were buying their first Picasso, the Merzes were adding bell-pulls and thickening the upholstery. No music was heard at Voss Strasse outside the ballroom and the day nursery. They took no exercise and practiced no sport . . . No truffled nose had ever sniffed the still hot air upstairs, no padded paw had trod the Turkey pile, no tooth had gnawed, no claw ripped the mahogany and the plush."

The alliance was preceded (and all but prevented) by ridiculous confusion and misunderstanding. Julius found it odd that Melanie had not been christened; the Merzes were horrified at the prospect of their daughter's being baptised as they were at Julius' wish to keep his pet chimpanzee.

The dialogue is admirably done. A phrase, a placing of emphasis on one word makes plain a point of view or a train of thought.

Among the dozens of characters Sarah, the worldly and generous daughter-in-law, at home in the worlds of finance and art, is memorable. She, having paid her husband's debts time after time, refused to do so again. But when she remembered the dental work he had had, sent her protesting children to his dentist for an extra checkup. The dentist understood, sent a sufficiently large bill.

There is so much that is enjoyable in "A Legacy" that one hopes it receives the attention it deserves.

The year 1957 marks the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Lafayette. To help commemorate the event, Henry Holt on March 11 will publish "A Chance For Glory," by Constance Wright.

A book that grew out of the currently newsworthy and politically charged Montesi Case, "All Rome Trembled" by Melton S. Davis, will be published by G. P. Putnam's on April 25.

LEE AMES' drawing of Washington at Valley Forge is one of several which decorate "The American Revolution," a Doubleday book for young readers by Bruce Lancaster. It was published this week to coincide with Washington's birthday.

—Just Poverty, Ignorance—
No Castles In Spain

PAGAN SPAIN. By Richard Wright. Harper. 241 pp. $4.

As a child Richard Wright suffered the indignities that are the lot of a Mississippi Negro. As an adult he worked for 12 years under the banner of the Communist Party in learning of the evils of that sort of dictatorship.

Freedom and knowledge, then, are two things Richard Wright must hold especially valuable.

In 1954 he made a trip to Spain following the urging of friends who insisted he should see the country. What he saw appalled and sickened him, and when he returned to his home he did not write a book about what he had seen. Instead he let his whirling mind "simmer down." In 1955 he returned to the land to determine if what he had seen still held true, and this book is the result of those two journeys.

To Richard Wright the four horsemen of Spain must be the state, the church, the rich landholder-industrialist, and the degradation of the Spaniard, the last resulting from domination by the other three. The state and the church, charges Richard Wright, by the very nature of their organization foster ignorance, and the industrialist-landholder fosters poverty. With the burden of ignorance and poverty upon it, he believes, "Pagan Spain" is truly that. Africa, long known as the "dark continent" and the greatest enemy of Western civilization, has a chance of becoming civilized before Spain does, is Wright's belief.

This opinion was formed during the course of hundreds of conversations with students, workers, beggars, bullfighters, prostitutes, doctors, teachers, farmers, newsmen, intellectuals. From them came verbal attacks upon the Falange, the Catholic Church, and the rich, attacks which explain the prevalence of sin, sex, ignorance and poverty which Wright found to be the earmarks of the country.

Certainly the book will not make him popular with the authorities, and quite possibly may make him persona non grata; it is against these people the attack is directed, these people who are charged with keeping the populace in an ignorance of the "truth which sets men free."

Wright's Spain is not the Spain of the lazy sun, old castles, bullfights and gypsy dances of the tourist. It is the Spain of the ready thumb of the church and the state, the

RICHARD WRIGHT

thumb which twists and turns the lives of the poor mortals beneath it, shaping and moving the poor mortals in a way repugnant to much of the world.

Crown Rested Uneasily

SEATS OF THE MIGHTY. By Alice Harwood. Bobbs-Merrill. 469 pp. $5.50.

History bears testimony to the fact that crowns rested uneasily on Stuart heads.

This is the story of James Stuart, illegitimate son of James V of Scotland, who was barred from the rule of Scotland by his illegitimacy. This elder brother of Mary, Queen of Scots, loved Scotland, worked for a lasting peace between Scotland and England, and distrusted France. He chose to follow the fiery, trumpet - voiced John Knox rather than pursue a high career in the Roman Catholic Church.

Alice Harwood, the author, has been described by a critic as knowing her Tudors better than some of us know our friends. She has brought 16th century Europe into readable focus with "Seats of the Mighty." She is a master at writing historical novels.

—The Best About The Worst—
Mystery Masters At Work

UNDERDOG. By W. R. Burnett. Knopf. 242 pp. $3.50.

Whit Burnett first appeared on the literary scene with a book titled "Little Caesar." This was in 1929. If he had never written another this one would have been something for all writers of criminal fiction to shoot at.

Burnett, however, proved that he had more criminal classics in his typewriter. Since 1929 he has written 21 other novels. Some did not have the grasp and scope of "Little Caesar," but some did.

"High Sierra," "Nobody Lives Forever," "The Asphalt Jungle," "Little Men, Big World" all proved Burnett hadn't written himself out or exhausted the criminal fiction field of great plots.

And now with "Underdog" Burnett has scored again. It's good, not great in the tradition of his better books, but superior to anything you'll read these days in this line.

His books are devoid of the tricks employed by Erle Stanley Gardner and the sex, sadism and falseness of Mickey Spillane. The toughness and brutality and sin ring true as he leads the reader into the thought processes of the criminal mind. He knows and understands crime and those associated with it. And his words present a believable canvas from which he draws no conclusions. He only paints a true picture.

"Underdog" is a story of a big-city boss, a murder, a double-cross, a manhunt and a fall guy.

Jerry Clinch is the victim of the frameup, an ex-convict who wants to go straight and does it the only way he knows how—working for a ward boss. He knows he's working on the crime fringe but it is as close to respectability as he can get and still retain his identity, his understanding of life.

WHIT BURNETT

With the murder of the political chief, Clinch is caught in the middle, sought by cops and hoods alike while he is engaged in a desperate search for one man.

What finally happens to him and the circumstances bringing about this eventuality once again proves that Burnett is the master of the realistic and the unsentimental novel of crime.

THE STRANGE CASE OF MR. PELHAM. By Anthony Armstrong. Doubleday. 192 pp. $2.95.

If you want a mysterious mystery that has a punch finish and one that is short and well-written in typical English style, then "The Strange Case of Mr. Pelham" ought to fill the bill.

In just 192 pages Anthony Armstrong builds up the amazing events that plagued Mr. Pelham's carefully correct existence to the point where he was not sure himself what was happening to his home complete with butler and to his business complete with attractive secretary.

This one is the type that can be read with pleasure on a train or plane trip that will last only a few hours. Warning: don't start it if you've got important things to do. It is not easy to put down once you're past the first chapter.

THE UNPLEASANTNESS AT THE BEELONA CLUB. By Dorothy L. Sayers. Harper. 345 pp. $2.75.

The Lord Peter Wimsey novels shine in detective fiction with the luster of a good deed in a naughty world. Each reissue makes one try to remember which of them comes next, and wonder what publication date Harper has planned for it.

In the quiet of the Bellona Club General Fentiman ("Old Mossy-face" to the irreverent and young) was discovered dead in his chair. Since the general had attained the age of 99 his death was deemed natural and not untimely.

But one thing puzzled Lord Peter, and when Lod Peter was puzzled he cast about for an explanation. He found it.

In April a new novel by Mark Aldanov entitled "Nightmare And Dawn" will be published by Duell, Sloan and Pearce. The new novel, with settings in Berlin, Paris, Capri, and Venice, is based on a contest of wits between American and Russian chiefs of Military Intelligence.

The first comprehensive book on France by an American to appear since World War II will be published by Harper on March 20. Written by David Schoenbrun, CBS Paris correspondent, "As France Goes" shows what is wrong with France.

—What Shampoo To Use?—
Woman In His Hair

A TICKET FOR A SEAMSTITCH. By Mark Harris. Knopf. 143 pp. $3.

The baseball stories written by Mark Harris are likely to "bust you up laughing." It holds true for "A Ticket For A Seamstitch" as Henry (Author) Wiggen and his New York Mammoth buddies face the teapot tempests of another season and a quest for a pennant.

This time the Author is faced with a double problem: beating Carl Hubbel's consecutive-games-won mark and disposing of a seamstress from the West who is dead set on seeing Henry pitch on July 4.

His ballplayers are human, his treatment of them is the same, and his writing about them is what you'd expect a baseball lover to come up with. With one exception.

It's ten years since Mr. Harris soldiered in the South, but he should remember that Georgia boys, and especially Georgia country boys, don't make with the Runyonesque in their speech.

There's yuk after yuk on page after page, but when Mark Harris puts words into the mouth of "Piney" Woods the yuks give way to complaints.

Game scenes are knowledgeable and believable, as are those of hotel life byplay. But by next book let's hope Author's catcher isn't a boy from the piney woods of Georgia.

THE WORRY CLINIC:
Jesus Was Man Of Joy

By Dr. George W. Crane

It is our job as moralists to make this world as much like Heaven as possible. We are not to shun contacts with Earth. Christ urged us to go forth into life and exert a POSITIVE constructive influence on this planet. Some day Earth may become so much like Heaven that only a slight gap will intervene. Maybe we can then step back and forth at will.

CASE U-312: Clarence Q., aged 20, is the avowed atheist mentioned yesterday.

"Dr. Crane, in the Middle Ages, theologians preached that this world was a sinful, wicked place.

"So they often hid away from society and tried to keep from becoming contaminated by worldly contacts.

"As an atheist, I certainly think they were wrong. They shouldn't have been so selfishly concerned with their own future welfare.

"Why didn't they pitch in and help make this world better?"

Clarence has a valid point there which modern Christians of all denominations generally admit.

Alas, the history of progress is studded with glaring mistakes that some of our leaders have made.

Medicine, for example, is likewise guilty of similar errors. George Washington was probably killed by his doctors who bled him excessively when we modern medics would have recommended a blood transfusion for him.

But those medics in his day were acting according to the accepted belief of the age. And so were many clerics of the Middle Ages who tried to flee from earthly contamination.

Jesus didn't do this. Instead, He rushed out to meet life in all of its phases.

And He definitely urged His followers to go into all nations, baptizing, healing the sick, feeding the hungry, cheering up the discouraged, and even visiting those in prison.

Christ advocated an extroverting, positive gospel. He certainly didn't believe in our hiding away and letting the world go to perdition.

Jesus has erroneously been depicted as a Man of Sorrows.

He wasn't. He was a Man of Joy. For He delighted in weekend house parties at the home of Mary, Martha and Lazarus.

He attended wedding feasts and dinner parties and even started the first church picnic when He fed the 5,000.

He also launched the Easter sunrise breakfast when He served broiled fish and bread at dawn to the hungry fishermen who had labored all night in vain.

At Gethsemane, Christ asked God to exempt Him, if possible, from the pain and humiliation that were ahead.

And it wasn't just because Jesus wished to shun the pain of crucifixion. He undoubtedly was sad at bidding his close friends farewell.

Indeed, He took them with him into Gethsemane so that in His supreme hour of trial, His earthly friends could be close at hand. And He seemed very disheartened to think they were asleep at His hour of decision.

It is the job of true moralists to try to convert this earth into a semblance of Heaven.

We are not to avoid life but to modify life around us in line with the Golden Rule and other ethical laws.

As Earth rises toward a more heavenly plane, there will then be far less of a gap between the two.

Even now I personally feel that if our departed loved ones are ever given a brief glimpse backward, they will be permitted to see us only in our moments of greatest nobility and unselfishness, which is usually at church.

I teach two Bible classes each Sunday and would do so, even if I thought there were no Heaven beyond this life.

But I firmly believe there is a heaven. And I have a hunch that the noble souls of the past may get a chance to look down at us on such occasions.

So I am in church, rain or shine, not just to set a positive example to the young folks of today, but also to salute the children and adults who may be figuratively waving down to me from Up Yonder.

JUMBLE
...THAT SCRAMBLED WORD GAME

AYDOT

OUDOT

BROOT

CUDDET

Print the SURPRISE ANSWER here

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Unscramble the 4 sets of letters, making a word of each scramble. Print each word, a letter to a square, beneath each scramble. The letters you have printed on the circled squares may then be arranged to spell the surprise answer suggested by the cartoon clue. What is it?

Yesterday's Answers: Steed, Worry, Lapel, Mobile — Problems

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Prone
4. Feed the furnace
9. Conquer
12. Stabbed
14. Individual
15. Plant of the lily family
16. Haul
17. Army
18. Appointed times
20. Extinct bird
21. Chin. measure
23. Roman household god
24. Feline
25. Behold
27. Besides
29. Weather indicator
32. Stop
34. Religious sister
35. Yearn
36. Aging
39. Tuber
40. Along
41. Cravat
42. Dine
44. English letter
45. Scrutinize
47. Piece
49. Clock face
50. Very black
51. Step
54. Away
55. Robot
57. Watch
58. Look fixedly
59. Coal scuttle

DOWN

1. Sunken fence
2. Chum
3. Walked
4. Thus
5. Freedom from bigotry
6. Burden
7. Small barrel
8. Past tense ending
9. Fuel
10. Rudeness
11. Tennis appurtenance
13. Resound
17. Lodging house
19. Flap
20. River barrier
21. Lariat
22. Aggravate
24. Joiner
26. Musical instrument
28. Snug room
30. Bitter herb
31. Also
33. Fusible substance
37. Transgression
38. Sailor
43. Mulberry bark cloth
46. Restaurant
47. Brittle
48. Trail
49. Female deer
50. Project
52. Note of a dove
53. Finish
55. While
56. Myself

Solution of Yesterday's Puzzle

AP Newsfeatures 2-23

BETTER ENGLISH

By D. C. WILLIAMS

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "His lecture was pretty good, and the message was sent all over the world."

2. What is the correct pronunciation of "Roquefort"? (cheese)

3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Hieroglyphic, hemmorage, hallucination, hollyhock.

4. What does the word "lacustrine" mean?

ANSWERS

1. Say, "His lecture was QUITE (or, RATHER) good, and the message was sent OVER ALL the world." 2. Pronounce roh-fort, accent first syllable. 3. Hemorrhage. 4. Pertaining to, or growing in, lakes; as, "lacustrine flowers."

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by LeGETTE BLYTHE
author of BOLD GALILEAN
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