

After The BOOKENDS

Three Men For Mollie

By Rob Eden

From Where I Sit:

Writing Bug's Sting Removed

Many a man, and woman, too, who has been bitten by the writing bug and who has submitted his manuscript to publisher after publisher without success, has found it mystifying why nobody among Publishers' Row would buy his boyhood story or collection of poems on which he has lavished his love and time.

Then, magically, his problems have been solved: for a small sum (or sometimes a large one) a publishing firm will undertake to turn his by now limp, smudged pages into a book. At last success has crowned his efforts! True, the publisher isn't one of the houses whose names are known in every reading household, but the writer has a book in his hands as evidence of his writing prowess, and soon his friends will have copies too.

For a long time the firms which handle this "vanity" publishing trade had much success, but now, like the writer, their fortunes have changed, and they're in much more of a dither than the authors whose works they undertook to put into book form—a price.

Their troubles mainly have been in the form of court suits, and the Federal Trade Commission, not an individual, has been the plaintiff. As a result of litigation the vanity publishers aren't painting the glowing pictures for ambitious writers they once did.

For example, a couple of weeks ago the FTC approved a consent order prohibiting Exposition Press from claiming that its subsidy publishing plan usually results in the author making a profit on the subsidy paid—by the author. It brings to a conclusion an action begun about a year and a half ago covering more than 40 counts of alleged misrepresentation on the part of Exposition. These counts include matters such as divergence as to the firm publishes a new title each day of the year, to the claim it has sold motion picture rights when it has not.

Other "vanity" publishers in hot water with the FTC lately, Publishers' Weekly reports, are Pageant and Vantage. Pageant Press practices were concerned in the first decree obtained by the FTC almost a year ago, and the complaint hearing against Vantage has been scheduled for March 3. The FTC declares that the Vantage "cooperation" results in the author paying all the costs and the publisher keeping all the profits.

Arthur Kleinwald of Vantage said, in his opinion, most of the FTC charges against his firm are matters of advertising phraseology.

Edward Uhlman, Exposition president, said, "The FTC has now recognized subsidy publishing as a business and has established a set of ground rules for its conduct. If other publishers accept these rules, it will mark the first step forward in a cause which we have championed for many years, formation of a code of practice and ethics for subsidy publishing."

Vanity, by name is man as well as woman. In the past it frequently was mud as well, but thanks to the FTC, that last name soon may be dropped.

Books from Carolina: Among the UNC Press products this spring will be "The Life and Times of Sir Archie," the story of America's greatest thoroughbred in the early 18th century. The book was begun by Elizabeth Blanchard, whose Northampton County ancestor, Archie, was killed in battle. After her death, Manly Wade Wellman took over the task and completed the book scheduled for release in May.

The Rev. J. Clyde Yates, known to Baptists throughout the area, is the author of "Our Marching Orders in Evangelism," product of The American Press. It deals with the principles on which evangelistic activity is based. Readers of advance copies who have praised its worth include J. C. Canipe, leader in the Baptist State Convention; Grady Wilkins, pastor of the First Baptist Church; and Rev. C. W. Corcoran, long pastor of Charlotte's First Baptist Church.

Mr. Yates, who lives in Charlotte on The Plaza, is a native of Ireland County. Not yet 60 years old, he figures he has "held several hundred revival meetings."

Dr. Edgar Benbow of Winston-Salem has done a short book called "Wooden Ships and Iron Men" about the English admiral, John Benbow, whose name is commemorated in the name of "Treasure Island." Admiral Benbow, the book reminds us, was famed for his action against pirate depredations. —Bud Cox

—Current Broadway— Couple Of Hits

NEW GIRL IN TOWN. By George Abbott and Bob Merrill. Random House, 166 pp. \$3.95.

This musical play currently on Broadway ostensibly is based on Eugene O'Neill's play "Anna Christie," but plays-actors will find "New Girl" contains more than the germ of an idea.

John Chapman, one of New York's more outstanding songwriters of the theatrical world, has called it "excellent Broadway," and a reading of the Random House book would bear out the contention. It isn't likely, however, that "New Girl" ever will gain the reputation that has been the fate of other Mr. Abbott's endeavors, such as "Daddy Yankee," "Paloma Blue," "Where's Charley?"

That it is rollicking and cheerful and full of the singing and dancing Broadway crowds admire is borne out by the fact that it has been running since the middle of last May. Gwen Verdon and Thelma Houston help things along no end.

SUMMER OF THE SEVENTEENTH DOLL. By Ray LaVigne. Random House, 145 pp. \$2.75.

This play which originated in Australia and came to America by way of London, opened in New York in January and had a varied reception by playgoers and critics alike.

It is a completely serious drama, and the fact that it is not "escape" material may have something to do with the way it has fared so far. It has been called "vigorous" and "stimulating" and even "frustratingly clever."

It could be called all three with truth, this play about some people who refuse to accept the



This is the jacket painting by Claus Hole for "The Land of Can." The Doubleday novel is by Peter Lappin, and concerns Ireland in the 1920s.

Remember Things Can Be Worse —Survival Of Fittest— Hunter Or Hunted?

AMERICAN ACES. By Edward H. Sims. Harper, 256 pp. \$3.95.

Someone, during World War II, once said fighter pilots fall into two broad categories: those who go out to shoot and those who are shot at.

When you weary of reading of today's social violence, just remember things could be worse. When you've despaired of the actions of today's duck-tailed delinquents, remember he's a rank amateur by some standards. When you're convinced the world has gone to hell in a hand basket, read "The Road to Tyburn."

For "The Road to Tyburn" tells of one of the uglier episodes in the history of "civilized" man, the decline of moral values in London of the first half of the 18th century. The story of Jack Sheppard, a thief and jailbreaker, was a hero for the criminal element of the day, an element which included much more of the total population than does today's underworld. He was such a hero that when he was hanged at the age of 22, Sheppard drew 200,000 people to his execution.

It is a solid, well-written play, however, one completely worthy of your attention.

THE ROAD TO TYBURN. By Christopher Hibbert. World, 251 pp. \$4.95.

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CHAPTER 18

The room seemed to sway, and Mollie sat down dizzily in the nearest chair.

"What's the matter?" Roland Burns asked anxiously. "You're white as a sheet, Mollie."

Mrs. Burns hurried to Mollie's side.

"The poor girl!" she exclaimed. "Come and lie down for a while."

Act Burns was watching Mollie intently. Her face was still pale and she clung nervously to the arms of the chair.

"I'll be all right," Mollie assured them. "Perhaps I ate my dinner a little too fast."

His wife looked at him knowingly, then turned back to Mollie.

"I'll get you some hot coffee and an aspirin. That'll fix you up," Mrs. Burns went into the kitchen and her husband followed her.

You shouldn't have been so abrupt when you told her about Don going to meet his wife in Chicago," she chided. "Don't you know Mollie's crazy about him?"

"How would I know?" her husband asked helplessly. "After all, Don's married."

"That's just what the matter with her, silly. She's fallen in love with a married man. And she's too nice a girl to break up a family. That's why she's eating her heart out. Now don't say anything more about Don."

After Mollie sipped the coffee she felt better.

"Now that I'm out here anyway," Art suggested, "I'd like to give that trim in your living room another look tonight. That is, if you feel up to it."

"That would be fine," Mollie agreed. "I'll be glad to like to get busy at something."

They worked together for a couple of hours, then Mollie made sandwiches and hot chocolate. They sat at the breakfast table and Mollie had to be back in town by midnight.

When Mollie asked him why, he smiled and said, "Business."

Mollie had been thinking about Don all evening, but hadn't mentioned him. She wanted to ask whether Don would bring his wife home with him, but didn't want to appear too curious.

She was beginning to realize the way was very fond of Don. She was gazing absently at the wall, while she ate a sandwich. Art suddenly snapped his fingers.

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who wants your dog."

"And the people who dug up my back lot."

"That's right. We haven't made much progress, have we?"

"That's not your fault, Art. You've done everything anyone could."

"I must get back to town. Sometime I'll talk to you about painting the outside of this place. I have an idea about it," he said.

"You forget all about it. You've done too much now."

As Art started to protest, Mollie impulsively reached across the table and kissed him tenderly. She patted his cheek playfully with one hand, and then sat down.

"Now drink your chocolate before it gets cold," she said reprovingly, as a mother might speak to an obstreperous child.

(CONTINUED MONDAY)

Crossword Puzzle

ACROSS:
1. Utter
4. Fertile spots
9. Walrus
12. Father of modern engraving
15. Skeleton of a structure
16. Opening
17. Afirmme
18. Gratuity
19. Utterance
20. Ostrich
21. Plush
22. Woven
23. Acid berry
27. Public
28. Announcement
29. Do something
30. River Sp.
31. Pronoun
34. Covered
36. Move
37. Rubbish
38. Unkint
39. French coin
40. Shine
41. Goddess of vegetation
42. Past tense
43. Scales of justice
44. Discoverer of the North Pole
45. Walked
46. Animal's stomach
47. Deputy
48. Away
49. Likely
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