

Herald and News Book Reviews

Literary Highlights

POCKET BATTLESHIP. The Story of the Admiral Scheer, (Norton): The first detailed account of the activities of the German cruiser—known as a "pocket battleship"—that terrorized Allied shipping for months during the last war.

The story is told by its captain, now Adm. Theodor Krancke, and H. J. Bronnecke, one of the more popular modern German authors, with never-before published details of its action. There are also a number of photographs.

The Scheer sailed from German waters before the United States entered the war and in one of its biggest successes destroyed a number of ships of a major convoy on the North Atlantic. But the damage it inflicted was even greater than the tonnage sunk—it immobilized large British naval forces at a time when they were sorely needed.

The Scheer was active in the North Atlantic, in the South Atlantic where it made rendezvous frequently with supply ships, and had one daring foray into the Indian Ocean before starting the long voyage home.

Basically this is a straightforward account of how the Scheer sank 152,000 tons of shipping before it was destroyed by Allied bombs in its home port of Kiel. There are a number of sly digs at the United States for violating its "neutrality"—relaying British surface raider warnings. And there is a thin layer of German propaganda with emphasis on the kindness shown by Captain Krancke to his captives.

But it is a first-rate account of warfare at sea, especially in the description of the battle with the gallant British auxiliary cruiser Jervis Bay which went down with all guns firing.

A new political history of Vietnam suggests that nationalism may lead to the dissolution of Communism in that divided country.

THE SMALLER DRAGON by Joseph Buttinger (Praeger) says the first Chinese invaders came to Vietnam more than 2,100 years ago. They dominated the country for more than 1,000 years. By comparison, the French controlled Vietnam for less than a century.

Buttinger, who went to Vietnam in 1954 for the International Rescue Committee and became a firm friend of the anti-Communist Vietnamese, says the country's long, bloody history of resistance to foreign rule offers hope for its future unity and independence.

"Vietnam had to adapt to many of the Chinese social and techni-

cal inventions," he writes. "How to benefit from the more advanced Chinese civilization without becoming Chinese themselves was already the main question in the life of this people when Vietnam emerged as a separate state more than 2,000 years ago.

"It was never easy for the smaller dragon to survive and lead his own life, next to the bigger dragon. Will Vietnam, after a millennium of independence from China, again become a satellite of her gigantic neighbor to the north?"

Can Ho Chi Minh, Communist president of North Vietnam, change the hereditary Vietnamese attitude toward China? the author asks. A positive answer is suggested. . . .

One of the most complete books on the booming sport of bowling has been written by Oscar Fraley, United Press sports columnist, with the aid of five of the nation's top bowling stars.

THE COMPLETE HANDBOOK OF BOWLING (Prentice-Hall) features 400 split-second sequence photos in which photographer Charles Yerlow depicts the techniques of bowling aces Billy Welu, Lee Jougard, Ad Carlson, Dick Weber and, in a special section for the ladies, Sylvia Wene.

Every phase of the game is captured in photo and text which, along with tips from the bowling stars, imply that anyone can score over 170 consistently with the proper instruction and application.

The book was designed to aid the multitude of bowlers who, with a national average of less than 150, are stymied by the lack of individual instruction.

Current Best Sellers

FICTION

BY LOVE POSSESSED, Cozzens.
RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS! Shulman.

BELOW THE SALT, Costain.
ANATOMY OF A MURDER, Traver.

THE WHITE WITCH, Goudge.

NONFICTION

PLEASE DON'T EAT THE DAISIES, Kerr.

BARUCH: MY OWN STORY.

KIDS, SAY THE DARDEST THINGS, Linkletter.

WHERE DID YOU GO? OUT, Smith.

TO LIVE AGAIN, Marshall.

World's Biggest Book Store Indulges Browsing, Thievery

LONDON (AP)—In her snug office in Charing Cross Road Christina Foyle opened a letter and was astonished to read:

"I have been stealing books from your shops since 1944. Their weight on my conscience has become unendurable, so I wrapped them in bundles and deposited them in the luggage department of the Charing Cross railway station. Enclosed are the claim checks so you may recover them. Thanks for years of pleasant reading."

There was no signature. The letter was an incident in a busy day of the attractive woman of 45 who is proprietor of the world's biggest book store.

The stolen books were recovered and placed where they belonged, among the 4½ million volumes which stretch in endless shelves in five buildings in London's Soho district.

"A conscience fund is one of the interesting little facets of this lively business," said Miss Foyle. "Thieves don't always return books. Some prefer to send money to pay for them. It comes mostly from students and broken-down scholars—poor dears. But a few clergymen have contributed to our conscience fund."

Miss Foyle loves books, like a proper florist loves a rose. So there is a bit of compassion in her heart for a book thief. She doesn't usually prosecute anyone, unless thievery has been on a commercial basis.

The many hundreds of yards of Foyle shelves are open to the wide world, and hundreds of browsers devote thousands of hours reading until their arches ache.

"Some of them seem to get a liberal education on their feet," Miss Foyle said. "The other day I was fascinated by a man laboriously copying a musical score, which must have cost about half a crown (35 cents). But maybe he didn't have half a crown."

It's all regarded indulgently by Miss Foyle, because browsers now may become customers later. Herbert Morrison, former Labor foreign secretary, said once that he acquired much of his education in the Foyle aisles.

The shop was established by

LORD NELSON'S FLEET

At the battle of Trafalgar in 1805, Admiral Lord Nelson's entire command consisted of 27 British ships, which met and defeated a combined Spanish and French fleet of 33 vessels.

Miss Foyle's father, William, in 1904, and enjoyed a fabulous growth.

At the age of 18, while he was a clerk in a barrister's office, he looked at some text books with which he was finished and decided they were frozen assets. He sold them with surprising ease, and



CHRISTINA FOYLE, proprietor of the world's biggest book store.

looked around for other volumes. One book led to another, and many millions passed through his hands in the next four decades.

Thirteen years ago, at the age of 60, he withdrew from active management of the business. He acquired historic Beeleigh Abbey in Essex and made it his home. Now he comes in about once a week to see how things are going.

If it's a book, old or new, it's Miss Foyle's business. One of her special little problems now is to decide what to do with 400 volumes which are separate printings of Oliver Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield."

"One of our friends collected Vicars, hunting them down with great industry in every part of the world," Miss Foyle said. "Fat and thin books, big and tiny—but all the same story. Now he is tired of it and here is his hobby, covering one of my tables."

Miss Foyle has about 500 employees and one of their jobs, in a room big as a gymnasium, is to deal with the 30,000 letters received daily. A post office spokesman said recently that Foyle's gets more letters than any organization in London except the football pools. The books go out to every nation and Miss Foyle has just returned from Japan to investigate a big, new demand for technical works, some of which she buys in the United States.

Wit And Wisdom Abound In A New Book Of Proverbs

ST. LOUIS (UP) — Take one part of the language of the Testaments; add another part of American slang. Mix well, and you get some modern proverbs from Mrs. Agnes Dodd Richards, America's newest sage at the age of 84.

Mrs. Richards is the author of a book of proverbs "Take Heed My Children" (Vintage Press).

Instead of being flushed with success at becoming an authoress, she now is worried about what her friends will think of her words of wisdom.

"They probably will say I'm very foolish," she said. But her editors have told her the younger generation will go for such advice as, "Tis true, my daughter, the early bird doth get the worm. But abide thy time, for yea, thou mightest hook a sucker."

Another example: "When thy spouse doth annoy thee with ceaseless chatter, listen not, my brother. But murmur behind thy morning paper, 'yea, my beloved,' so she will not suspect thy perfidy."

Mrs. Richards, a grandmother of five, said she didn't have much trouble picking up slang expressions but the "thee's and thou's" were difficult.

She divided her book into two sections: "Signposts for Sons" and "Dictums for Daughters."

To the men, Mrs. Richards says, "Be thou hard-boiled. Fool thy brother but never thyself."

She advised women, "When thy lord goeth astray, my daughter, tars avail not nor vain pleadings. But prepare a roast with the trimmings thereof and a slice of pie. Verily these turn the trick."

She started compiling her proverbs more than 10 years ago. As she thought of one, she would scribble it on a scrap of paper and put it in her desk. This winter, at the urging of her two sons and a daughter, she submitted the collection to the publisher.

"This book is hardly a high-class classic," said Mrs. Richards, "but I do think it's fun." Readers will find such other proverbs as:

"Be wise, my daughter. She who is gay oft receiveth favors but the shy young damsel doth get the ring." Or: "Pride not thyself on thy virtues. O thou of many years. In thy youth thou has necked in the buggy and sipped from the jug . . . and awakened with a headache. Therefore chide not thy son for his evil ways but remember thine own youth."

Teddy Roosevelt As A Fighter

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: Volume I. THE FORMATIVE YEARS 1858-1886. By Carleton Putnam. Scribners, \$10.

The Bullocks, of Georgia, and the Roosevelts, of New York, old and distinguished families, were united in 1853 with the marriage of the Southern daughter Mittie and the Northerner Teddy. One son, born five years later, was the future President Theodore.

As a boy he suffered from gastly illnesses sick stomach, a heart supposed not to be of the strongest beat, and asthma, which wore him down at home and in Europe when he spent endless nights wheezing, coughing and sitting up miserably in bed.

The boy fought it. He appears to have been endowed with, or to have whipped up, a fantastic, desperate amount of energy. The youth who could have been expected to drop dead threatened to exhaust relatives and friends till indeed they dropped dead with

his interminable walks, his mountain climbing, his tireless winter hunting and his riding on his ranch.

His work at law led perhaps inevitably to Albany. While in the Legislature, after the loss some years before of his beloved father, he lost his wife Alice and his mother within 24 hours. This volume, first of a projected four, gets him engaged to Edith Carow and sets him well along on the path to fame.

Having no good fortune to see papers no previous Roosevelt biographer had worked with, Putnam is extraordinarily thorough. This is not just a complete account, but super-complete. We know on what lawn on what slope Teddy first walked with Alice, what route he followed from the Grand Central on a certain night 75 years ago; and when he sets out, say, to conquer the Matterhorn, Putnam, as indefatigable as his subject, briefs us on previous climbs, the number of dead,

the nature of difficulties before Roosevelt himself start — at age 35:4

Some readers may ask whether, in the perspective of history, Theodore Roosevelt is worth this detail. He had a gory record as a hunter, he certainly exaggerated the quality of courage, and his obsession with matters of health and wholesomeness risked in a sense being unhealthy and unwholesome itself. But he became the indestructible symbol of a certain valorous aspect of our America, which he intensified more than any other man. This shows best, perhaps, in Putnam's anecdote of the day Roosevelt, thrown by one bronco after another, still refused the friendly offer of a real cowboy to "break" the next animal for him with the remark: "Cowboy, I know you can ride him; what I want to find out is if I can ride him."

But whatever you think of Roosevelt, you have no doubt about Putnam; he is a major biographer. This sort of achievement wins the coveted literary prizes.

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