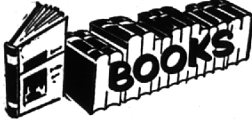


Nobody is a real failure until he admits to himself that he is. Failure to achieve a certain goal on a first, or even successive, tries, does not mean that one more attempt cannot win. Failure, mistakes, when honestly made, have been stepping stones to higher successes by many men and women. Let's understand that success comes to those who intelligently strive for it.



and REVIEWS

Nautilus 90 North

By Commander William B. Anderson with Clay Blair Jr. 251 pp. New York and Cleveland. World Publishing Co. \$3.95.

Reviewed by LOUISE M. RENFREW

For years navigators have envisioned a west to east passage under the polar ice cap. But it was not until 1958 and the advent of the atomic submarine that this route became a reality. Planning and preparation for this historic accomplishment began in 1956 when Admiral River transferred Commander Anderson from the submarine school at New London to his Naval Reactors branch in Washington. At this time, Commander Anderson didn't know whether the polar ice was 4 or 4000 feet thick and his knowledge of submarines was of the standard battery type. He read everything published about the Polar ice cap, made many flights over the ice, studied the land-based prototype of the USS Nautilus, visited the submarine and engine construction sites, and underwent detailed study of the subjects embracing nuclear propulsion. All this in preparation for the trip.

WHEN it became clear in 1957 the arctic would be the ideal launching spot for nuclear powered submarines, a polar ice probe trip was undertaken. The Nautilus under Commander Anderson got within 180 miles of the North Pole (90 degrees) and cruised 1000 miles under ice.

With the addition of this practical experience, a try for the North Pole took place early in the summer of 1958, ending in a heart-breaking turnback. With greater understanding of the ice and additional equipment in August the Nautilus ran under the ice, going from the Pacific to the North Pole and on into the Atlantic. Mr. Blair, an associate editor of the Saturday Evening Post, and Commander Anderson give a stirring, exciting and wholly absorbing account of this historic first. From the beginning in 1957 until the words "Nautilus 90 North"

were flashed to the White House, the utmost secrecy was maintained, adding to the cloak and dagger atmosphere of the story.

PERHAPS the most exciting part of the book was the story of the ice itself. In the Bering sea, where 60-foot ridges of ice came down toward the shallow sea floor, there was little headroom for the Nautilus. The broken and towering edges showed clearly on the TV circuit. Despite the extreme comfort of the submarine within, the men rode with death and knew it. There was a fire on board, compasses failed, a leak developed, and when Commander Anderson begins the run down, the reader is holding his breath lest he miss a word.

Pioneer, Go Home

By Richard Powell. 320 pp. New York. Charles Scribner's. \$3.50.

Reviewed by FRED BAHR

From the backwoods of Cranberry county, New Jersey, issues the Kwimper clan. Their tale is told by Toby Kwimper, in whom inbreeding since the Revolution has produced a resurrected Galahad-Parafal, an East Coast Abner Yokum. Toby has the body of Hercules, the sophistication of a five-year-old, and the morals of a saint. Author Powell relates how the Kwimpers become marooned while hurrying home from Florida to collect Pop's unemployment compensation. Pop's service disability and aid to dependent children for Pop's wards.

HOMESTEADING (or squabbling) on a piece of coral beach beside a lagoon, the Kwimpers learn to live off the land, thwart the government, outwit gangsters and thoroughly entertain the reader.

The villainous villains in the book are the group of gangsters who move a gambling setup in and attempt to muscle the Kwimpers out, in trying to be neighborly. Toby accomplishes more than a piston of FBI agents. He very politely returns, short before they explode, some pack-

ages left under his house which turn out to be time bombs; he manages to win twenty thousand dollars at craps with loaded dice by betting to lose, to show that gambling doesn't pay.

MORE troublesome, unfortunately, are the demi-villains, the college-trained engineer and social worker, imbued with public works and mass production, the clean-cut Mr. King and exceptionally sexy Miss Claypoole are violently against the Kwimpers, who do not fit into the pattern as set out by community planning and sociology majors.

Though the reader will be convinced that Toby should cure them by administering, respectively, a hit in the head and a good spanking, he will be thoroughly amused as Toby "pure-in-hearts" them into near gibbering idocy.

Mr. Powell's book should be one of the funniest to come out this year. It is a pleasure to find in this age of the psycho-sociological novel one book written not to propagandize but purely to amuse.

THOUGH the reader may wax nostalgic about the days when the government's nose was not quite so far into everyone's business, the author really has no ax to grind. Your reviewer enjoyed it thoroughly and gives it the strongest recommendation.

Lady L

By Romain Gary. 215 pp. New York. Simon & Schuster. \$3.50.

Reviewed by ROBIN BAHR

Romain Gary is an important and successful French novelist who last year won the Prix Goncourt—one of France's highest literary awards—with "The Roots of Heaven"—a serious work about the freedom of man.

"Lady L" is his newest book. Unlike its predecessor, it is short, light, and seemingly intended for no more than entertainment. Lady L of the title is a leading figure of English aristocracy celebrating her 50th birthday and her distinguished family on their magnificent estate. Suffering from a acute boredom, Lady L escapes for an hour of private musings which indicate that Lady L is clearly not the blue blood society has believed her to be.

WITH great relish, Lady L tells for the first time the story of her secret past to her still-ardent, impeccably-proper suitor, Sir Percy Rodiere. Born Annette Boudin in the Paris slums, Lady L began her career as a street walker until meeting and falling madly in love with a wild young anarchist. After a Pygmalion-like training, Annette became a successful accomplice to her lover, staging robberies throughout Europe to finance the assassinations of the anarchist movement. This she did for years in the

hopes of weaning away her lover.

But Armand loved his cause even more than Annette, so after becoming pregnant, Annette bitterly marries an English aristocrat and reluctantly accepts the privileges of aristocracy. Eight years later Armand reappears, only to reject her offer of love, once again in favor of his cause. This time Lady L seeks her revenge.

AT THIS point Sir Percy Rodiere has almost died of a heart attack. The reader, too, is a little bewildered at the turn of events.

The trouble is that the story is a little too heavy and, at the end, shocking, to be sheer fun or even satire on English aristocracy, the Anarchist movement or anything else. Sir Percy—the epitome of propriety—is not particularly funny and seems more than reasonable in his reaction to Lady L's tale.

The anarchists are more pathetic than ridiculous, and we do not see enough of Lady L's family to share her distaste for their impetuosity or see the humor in their priggishness.

On the other hand, the characters and situations are too improbable to represent any serious comment on misdirected dedication to freedom or to love.

PERHAPS the deftness needed to carry the whole thing off is present in the French version. At any rate, on the basis of this translation, the story is neither comic nor serious enough to meet the standards already established by its author.

People's Column

Student Warns Area Youths

To the Editor:

A while back I was involved in an automobile accident. It was very serious even though no one but myself was involved. The purpose of this letter is to hope that through your paper some other young man like myself, doesn't have to go through the same experiences that I have gone through. The experiences that I talk of were all brought about by a drinking habit acquired at an early age. I feel that something must be done in the Birmingham area to remedy the problem that most people know to exist. I have met people here on campus who were shocked at some of the stories of Birmingham parties I told them—none were exaggerated. From these reactions I feel that Birmingham definitely has a problem worse than that of many other cities and something should be done about it. I believe that this "something" that I speak of has got to come from the home of the people involved.

Open Friday Evenings Till 9

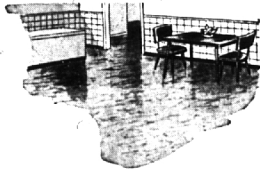


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