

Just out! the new

DOUBLE CROSTICS BOOK: No. 31

BY DORIS NASH WORTMAN

Send for your copy of the new book of **KINGSLEY DOUBLE CROSTICS**. It's just published. It contains 50 brand new puzzles that have never before appeared in print. Mail the coupon today, and the postman will bring your copy of Series 31. Price \$1.95

Note to people who have
not yet acquired the
Double Crostics Habit

Each **DOUBLE CROSTIC** puzzle looks like a crossword, and combines the fun of solving (1) a Literary Quiz, (2) an Acrostic, (3) a Secret Code.

Directions for solving are in the book. It will take just three minutes to learn how. And these three minutes will bring countless hours of entertainment to be had from the D-C's that appear in the Simon and Schuster books (of which the new one is the 31st), plus entirely new puzzles published each week in the *Saturday Review*.

To your bookseller, or
The Saturday Review,
25 West 45th Street,
New York 36, New York

Please send me....copies of **KINGSLEY DOUBLE CROSTICS**, Series 31, \$1.95 each. (Add 25¢ for postage and handling.)

....copies of **DOUBLE CROSTICS OMNIBUS**, Series 2, containing 80 puzzles selected from early books, \$1.00 each. (Add 25¢ for postage and handling.)

I am enclosing remittance for \$....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

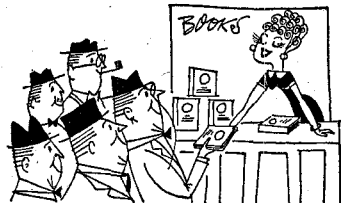
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

N. Y. C. residents add 3% city sales tax.

TRADE Winds

THE LITERARY SCENE

● ● Any bookshop looking for a new clerk who will double sales within a week? Maggie Sullivan, lovely star of "Sabrina Fair," the mere sound of whose voice sends chills up and down the spine of the average male, told a



Herald Tribune reporter, "The theatre is a most unglamorous business. I'd much rather be selling books!"

● ● Holiday shoppers suffered from an embarrassment of riches in the line of theatrical reminiscences and records this year. Lloyd Morris, Bolton and Wodehouse, Bernard Sobel, John Chapman, Louis Kronenberger, Joe Laurie, Jr., and Deems Taylor were all in there pitching—and you couldn't go wrong with any one of their offerings.

● ● At a literary cocktail party in New York, General Omar Bradley told how his two grandfathers fought on opposite sides in the Civil War. A writer who overheard him chimed in with: "The same is true of my grandfathers. They were cavalry officers." "Both of my grandfathers," said General Bradley, "were foot-privates."

● ● In Indianapolis, D. Laurance Chambers has been elected chairman of the board of directors of Bobbs-Merrill, Lowe Berger, president, and Ross G. Baker, vice-president. Mr. Chambers celebrated his fiftieth anniversary with the company in September.

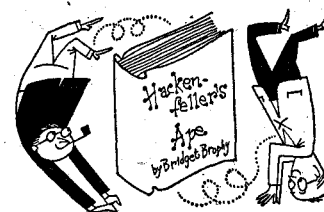
● ● In Paris, writes Richmond B. Williams, a bibliophile once went to extraordinary lengths to revenge himself on colleagues who, he felt, had not paid him the proper respect. A beautifully printed catalogue arrived at the home of each, announcing the auction of the private library of a count whose estate was very difficult to reach from Paris. The count was a figment of the bibliophile's imagination and so were the choice items in his catalogue. The perpetrator knew enough about rare books and the particular hobbies of his rivals to concoct

at least one "association" item that they simply could not resist. He had the pleasure of seeing the last of them set off on the laborious trip to the "count's" mythical chateau, then prudently boarded the *Golden Arrow* himself for London.

● ● At Toots Shor's bustling bistro, Gene Fowler revealed the provocative title for his forthcoming memoir of departed cronies like W. C. Fields, John Barrymore, Wilson Mizner, and Jimmy Walker: "Minutes of the Last Meeting."

● ● Into his Madison Avenue office careened Patrick Knopf one day last week, yachting cap at a jaunty angle, bellowing, "Man your braces! Port your helms! Lay your bowsprits to the wind! And a portion of rum all around!" Turned out he had just taken a trip on the Staten Island ferry.

● ● In England, the literary sensation of the moment is a twenty-two-year-old girl named Bridget Brophy, whose off-beat novel, called "Hackenfeller's Ape," published by Rupert Hart-Davis, has critics turning hand-



springs. An active partner at Hart-Davis now, by the way, is Herbert Agar, one-time editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal* and author of "A Time for Greatness."

● ● In "My San Francisco," Joseph Henry Jackson, sort of a one-man chamber of commerce, carols: "Make the run out to the Cliff House any sunny Sunday, enjoy your lunch there, watch the seals on their wave-lashed rocks, and even hear their faint, continuous barking when the wind is right." It is the considered judgment of pundit Chas. Poore, however, that the faint, continuous barking doesn't come from the seals at all—but from Joe, pointing out the admitted glories of the city he loves.

● ● For the "Who's Loony Now?" department, composer Arthur Schwartz reports this phone conversation be-

tween his collaborator, Alan Lerner, and a friend:

Friend: "Alan, I'm desperately trying to locate a couple of tickets



for 'Teahouse of the August Moon' for any date. Can you help me?"

Alan: "I'm terribly sorry, Ed. I'm going crazy trying to get some for myself."

Friend: "No kidding? Say, maybe I can help you pick up a pair."

● ● On the debatable assumption that a certain columnist knows what he's talking about, Ben Hecht has now turned in the completed manuscript of his long-awaited autobiography to S. and S. for the eighth time.

● ● In Brooklyn, a customer asked, "Do you carry books by Toinbee?" The book clerk answered, "Coitainly."

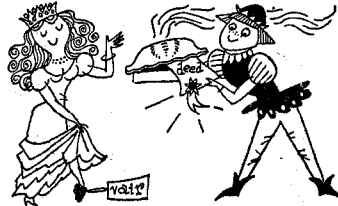
● ● Aboard the S. S. *Erochorda*, of the American Export Lines, Jim Birmingham spotted this sign outside the office of the purser: "Closed for one hour while members of the staff are making advances to the crew."

● ● In Hollywood, veteran Mack Sennett, discoverer of Gloria Swanson, Madeline Hurlock, and a score of other callipygian bathing beauties, explained to Leonard Mosley, of the *London Express*, the real reason for all the woes of the movie magnates. "Things began going to pot," recalled Sennett bitterly, "the tragic day when Jean Harlow first stumbled upon a man in the studio who had a book under his arm. She promptly spent a whole week's salary enrolling in a school and getting herself educated. Before we knew what had hit us every actor and actress in Hollywood started following suit. The fashion for reading spread through the colony like measles in a kindergarten. First thing you knew they even started reading the scripts of their pictures. From that moment on there was hell to pay."

● ● Tid-bits from Elsie Hix's "Strange As It Seems" (Hanover House):

Cinderella's slipper was not made of glass—it was made of fur. The similarities in the French word "vair," meaning fur and "verre,"

meaning glass, caused an error in the translation into English of this famous fairy tale . . . Little Jack Horner was a real boy. He lived in the England of Henry the Eighth during the campaign against monasteries. The Abbot of Glastonbury, trying to save his monastery, put the title deed in a pie and sent it to the king by little Jack Horner. Jack appropriated the deed for himself; this valuable deed was Jack Horner's "plum." . . . The poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti literally came from the grave. When Rossetti's wife died he had all his unpub-



lished manuscripts buried with her. Eight years later he consented to having them exhumed and published.

● ● In a New Rochelle bookshop a dear little old lady sought a copy of "that new Pollyanna book," adding dubiously, "though I hear it's all about a disorderly house."

● ● In Washington, news commentators have been keyed up to such a pitch that they can scarcely stand a day that provides no big front-page headlines. Harriet Crowley tells of one surprisingly dull interlude when radio newscaster Baukhage grumbled, "Things were so dead around here this evening that I had to do myself a piece on those blank blank cherry blossoms!"

● ● In New York, the 1954 edition of Scott's famous "Postage Stamp Catalogue" appeared at a propitious moment: the day it was announced that a wealthy Canadian had forked over \$36,000 for the world's "second most valuable" stamp. This stamp, issued by Sweden in 1855, was once owned by King Carol of Rumania, who paid \$25,000 for it. The only one that exceeds it in value is British Guiana's 1856 one-cent magenta, priced at \$50,000. There is only one of each of these stamps known to exist.

● ● In Hollywood, the Pickwick Bookshop dispatched an order for a dozen copies of a poetry anthology to a publisher in New York, adding, "Mint copies only, please." Back came a note reading, "We regret we are unable to fill your order for mint copies. This volume comes in bindings of only two colors: red and blue."

—BENNETT CERF

NOTES from CALIFORNIA

There can never be enough of a good thing. In a previous column we told how both we and the University of Chicago Press brought out editions of Galileo's *Dialogue*—the first in English for nearly three centuries. We now learn that the first Polish edition has recently appeared.

Apparently we were not alone in thinking that a pictorial history of the theater was a good idea. We have recently published a book which traces the history of the theater as an institution from its most primitive beginnings to modern times, told by means of drawings and photographs rather than with words. We cannot speak for the other recent pictorial history of the theater, but we are sure that *Theater Pictorial* (\$10.00), by George Altman, Ralph Freud, Kenneth Macgowan, and William Melnitz, can stand comparison with its rival. Of the 516 illustrations in our book, more than 100 have never before appeared in any book on the theater; 150 have not previously been published in England or America; many of the rest are from books now out of print.

It is not often that we publish such a rollicking, bawdy tale as Henry Fielding's *An Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews*. Fielding, after his political plays got him into trouble, turned to the novel, and, under a pseudonym, published a parody of Samuel Richardson's successful *Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded*.

Asserting that Richardson's story of the virtuous serving wench was a whitewash of the truth, Fielding forthwith presented the "real" story. He showed the indignant Shamela actually much flattered by her master's violent attentions and bargaining her "chastity" for a distinguished marriage. The real brilliance of *Shamela* is in the precision of its parody. Phrase by phrase, Fielding harries Richardson to a finish.

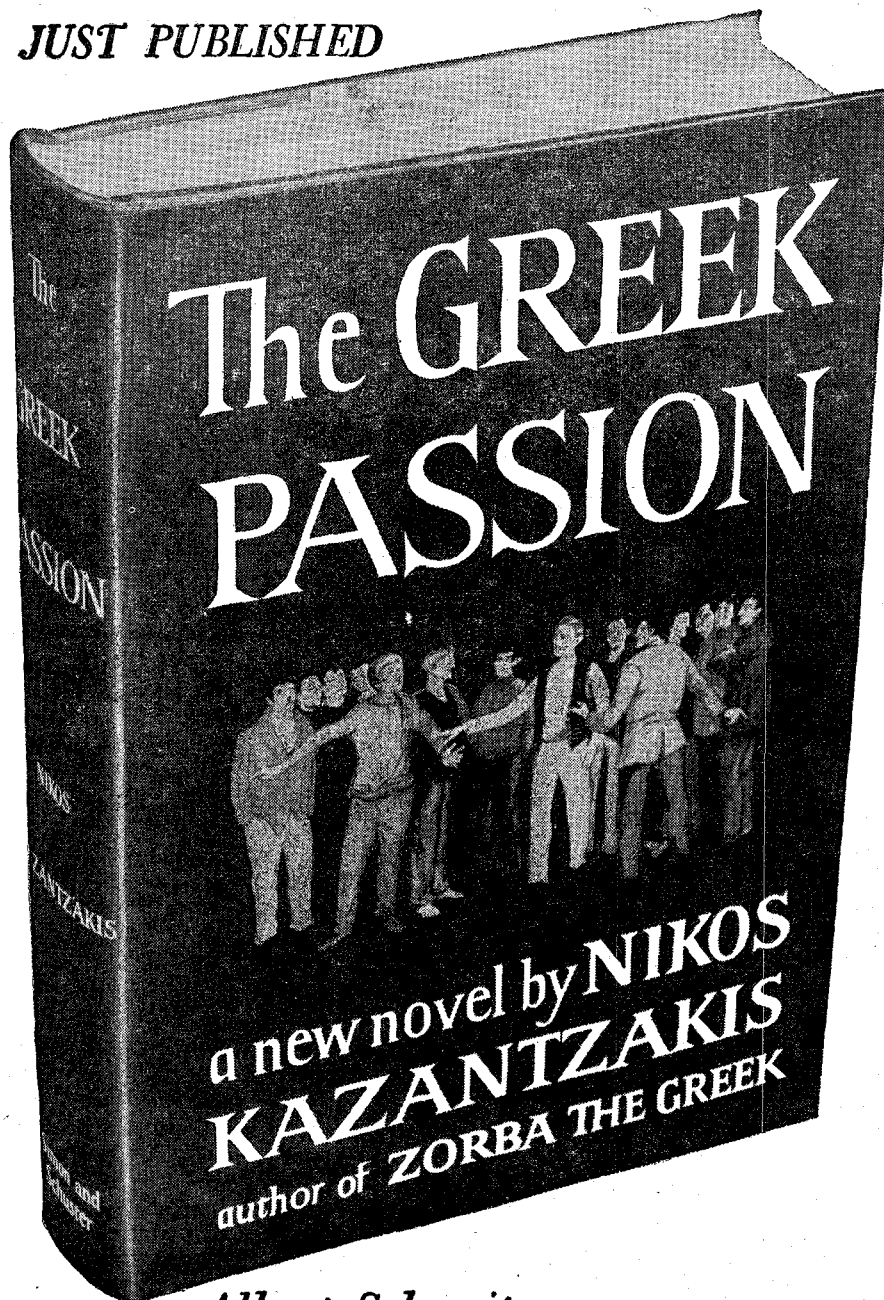
Our edition, edited by Sheridan W. Baker, Jr. (\$2.75), reproduces the text of the first printing of April, 1741.

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA PRESS

Address: Berkeley 4, California

(Advertisement)

JUST PUBLISHED



Albert Schweitzer says:

"Since I was a young boy, no author has made such a deep impression upon me as Nikos Kazantzakis. His work has depth and durable value because he has experienced much and in the human community he has suffered and yielded much."

Thomas Mann says:

"*The Greek Passion* is without a doubt a work of a high artistic order, formed by a tender and firm hand, and built up with strong dynamic power. I have particularly admired the poetic art in phrasing the subtle, yet unmistakable allusions to the Christian Passion story. They give the book its mythical background which is such a vital element in the epic form today."

\$4. SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS

SR's Library Poll

ALTHOUGH the books that are the favorites with public-library patrons have switched their standings during the past week, there are no new titles among the top-ranking twenty, reported SR's poll-takers. André Maurois' biography of George Sand, "Lélia," continues its tight hold on first place, while the latest works of two time-tested fictioneers, Samuel Shellabarger and James Hilton, follow, with the inspirational works of two men of the cloth, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale and Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, coming in fourth and fifth respectively.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

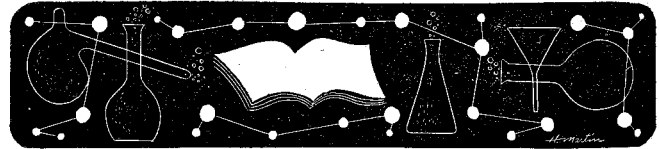
1. *Lélia*
by André Maurois (G) *
2. *Lord Vanity*
by Samuel Shellabarger (F) **
3. *Time and Time Again*
by James Hilton (F)
4. *The Power of Positive Thinking*
by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
5. *Life Is Worth Living*
by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
6. *From Here to Eternity*
by James Jones (F)
7. *Désirée*
by Annemarie Selinko (F)
8. *The Adventures of Augie March*
by Saul Bellow (F)
9. *Flying Saucers from Outer Space*
by D. E. Keyhoe (G)
10. *Beyond this Place*
by A. J. Cronin (F)
11. *Too Late the Phalarope*
by Alan Paton (F)
12. *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*
by Alfred C. Kinsey (G)
13. *Come, My Beloved*
by Pearl Buck (F)
14. *A Man Called Peter*
by Catherine Marshall (G)
15. *The Unconquered*
by Ben Ames Williams (F)
16. *The Voices of Silence*
by André Malraux (G)
17. *The Caine Mutiny*
by Herman Wouk (F)
18. *Fire in the Ashes*
by Theodore H. White (G)
19. *The Spirit of St. Louis*
by Charles A. Lindbergh (G)
20. *Gone With the Windsors*
by Iles Brody (G)

PARTICIPATING PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Atlanta (Ga.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N. Y.), Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Des Moines (Ia.), New York (N. Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. Louis (Mo.), Salt Lake City (Utah), Washington (D.C.).

* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

THE HEALER



AND THE SCIENTIST

By DANA W. ATCHLEY

The art of healing and the science of medicine were once separate and often antagonistic functions. Today the old art and the new science are merging ever more closely. This fusion and its effect on doctor and patient are discussed here by one of America's leading physicians, Dana W. Atchley, professor of clinical medicine at Columbia University and a long-time staff member at New York's Presbyterian Hospital.

THE pace of human progress has notably accelerated in the past half-century and the practice of medicine offers no exception. The medicine that I learned on the wards of a university hospital in 1915 presents almost as sharp a contrast to that taught today as would the 1915 variety to that of Hippocrates 2,300 years earlier. During these four decades the old art of healing has at last been fused with the young science of medicine. By the art of healing I mean the skilful and creative dispensing of any type of relief to the sick of body or heart. Like all the arts, it can be measured only in terms of the inspiration which it evokes. The science of medicine, on the other hand, includes all of the rich and demonstrable results of the application of man's intellectual faculties to problems related to his health. The art of healing is as old as recorded history; the science of healing is relatively young and only lately stands on its own feet. Medicine as a whole came of age when the stature of the science grew large enough for it to combine with the art in mutual under-

standing and respect. This new medicine is still adolescent, but it is alive and growing, and it exerts an influence far ahead of its years.

Man's urge to heal and comfort his neighbor is a basic human trait and the relief that comes from the sharing of pain and fear is almost universal. The ailing are highly susceptible to the art of the healer, no matter what his methods. These methods are unbelievably varied; they invoke the entire spectrum of man's faith and his superstitions; they run from the valid and sound to the dishonest and harmful. A richly endowed human being in the role of healer can offer his ailing fellow man an extraordinary amount of relief though he may have no comprehension of the disease processes involved. This very lack of knowledge evokes an authoritarian approach which highly intelligent patients, skeptical in other areas, welcome in their healer. Repeatedly the absurdness of a guarantee is obscured by a burst of wishful thinking, leading even the more sophisticated into the attractive pathway of pretended infallibility.

Reassurance is the physician's primary obligation, and it can be accomplished without the implication of spurious powers. A sounder and more permanent foundation is built by the exhibition of genuine interest and by an obvious desire to be helpful. These qualities and the loyal concern they imply are basic necessities alike for the grossest charlatan and for the best trained physician; they need no background of preparation; they are fully effective in the most untrained hands. But the more sensitive healer offers even richer rewards for his fee than authority and reassurance. Foremost among these are sympathy, of which many are capable, and compassion, a far rarer quality. For sympathy is given, hence may be simulated, may unconvincingly arise from a sterile heart; compassion is felt, and its depth and integrity establish a mood that calms and reassures almost wordlessly but with full conviction.

THOUGH he have no medical training, the genuinely talented healer can understand the personality and environment of his patient. A combination of hearsay, shrewd questioning, and intuition can develop a remarkably complete picture of an individual, his temperament, the stresses of his life, his strengths and his weaknesses. Advice so guided may be of such value that the patient's life is happily altered while nature is curing the ailment that led him to seek help. For those whom nature cannot cure understanding and compassion offer a measure of peace to the troubled heart. These gifts that the healer may