

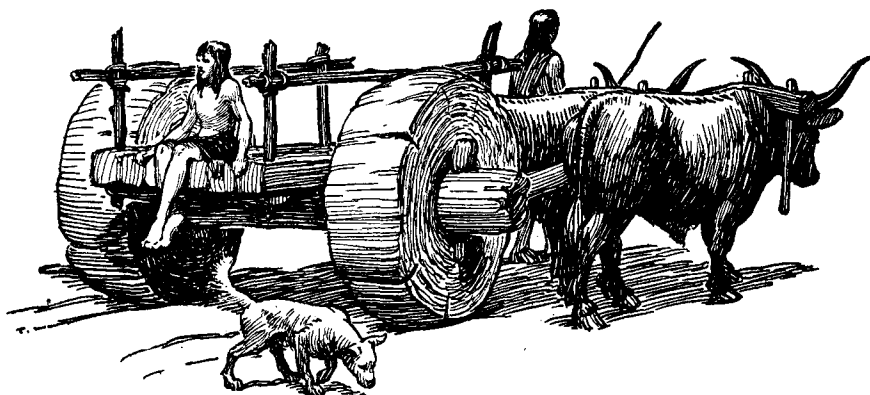
below the club-house, but to save climbing they have built an elevator into the hillside and in that you ride some seventy feet to land almost on the steps of one of the cocktail bars, with time for a quick drink before you start on the second nine. Again, to save energy, they have driven a tunnel through a hill connecting the 5th green and 6th tee." (Golf: Hollywood division.)

AS FAR as writing style goes golf books usually adopt either the deadpan approach or the breezy tone. I generally suspect when the latter style is adopted that the book is ghost-written, or has been given some "editorial assistance." Jimmy Demaret's *"My Partner, Ben Hogan"* (McGraw-Hill, \$2.95) had the editorial assistance of Jimmy Breslin and Harry Grayson, and is so breezily written that it's practically wind-swept. However, the saga of Hogan, who came back from near-dead to become the greatest golfer of our day, is a stirring one, no matter how it's told or who tells it. Demaret, a former "Master's" champion, is not too modest to tell something of himself and his own method of play. As a sort of turnabout to Locke's comments about American golf courses, he has this to say about Carnoustie, where Hogan won his British Open championship: "The British golf architects allow history to overawe them, in my opinion. Instead of placing bunkers where a bad shot is penalized, as they do in this country, the British let the obstacles remain exactly where the gophers made them centuries ago." Demaret couldn't quite get over sending a drive 280 yards down the middle of the fairway and landing in a big trap. That sort of thing would naturally never be tolerated on an American golf course.

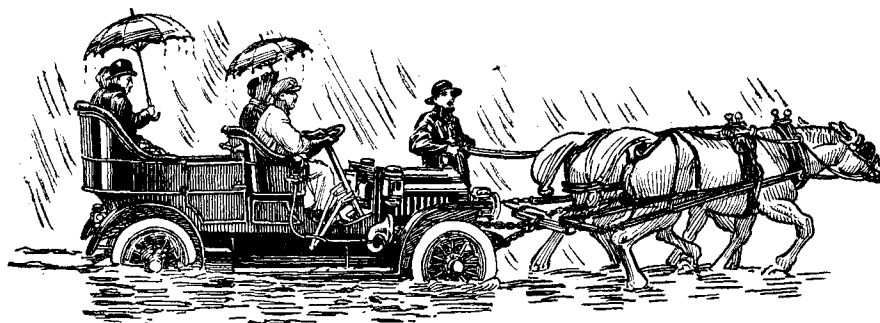
As an antidote, if one is needed, to the talky anecdotal approach of Demaret there is Joe Novak's textbookish *"How to Put Power and Direction in Your Golf"* (Prentice-Hall, \$5.95). Novak is the pro at the Bel-Air Country Club, and obviously knows how to talk to some of those movie moguls. "I believe," he says, "that with a definite, orderly pattern the execution of a golf shot can become easy, clear, and simple." However, there are those who believe that in golf, as in the movies, a formula isn't quite enough. Maybe the element of inspiration is needed, too. For instance, I found Step No. 3 in Novak's formula definite and orderly, but not too useful. "We find," he writes "that the pick-up action of the right hand is stopped by the downward thrust of the left hand, and the club can be carried only a short distance from the ball,



Steam velocipede of 1868 proved useless since firebox was too close to ground.



Solid wheels on fixed axles were early high point in wheel's development. The new axles enabled wheels on opposite sides of cart to turn corners at different speeds.



Spoke-wheeled Maxwell touring car of 1908 cost \$1,750 new. It had three speeds forward, but to get from high to low or back again one had to shift through second.

far enough to form approximately a forty-five-degree angle." Nevertheless, Novak has obviously learned something from some of his pupils. His book comes with a 3-D viewer and 3-D illustrations so that you may see, in perspective, how he hits the ball. Well, let's hope the first 3-D golf book does as well as "Bwana Devil."

Two other recent golf books—"Play Golf and Enjoy It" (Greenberg, \$2), by Louis De Garmo, and "Enjoy Your Golf" (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.95), by Leland Gustavson—take the position that golf is fun, a thesis which is debatable. Since the vast majority of golfers in this country aren't going to break a hundred anyway, books of this type fill a definite need. We duffers might as well relax, and be good sports. Mr. Gustavson's book has

EDWARD TUNIS is a fellow who believes that man's aspirations are well expressed by man's first great invention, the wheel. So, early next month he is publishing a picture book called simply "Wheels" (World, \$3.95), a book in which Mr. Tunis seems to have sketched almost every wheeled vehicle which has ever existed, including the first Egyptian sledge on captive rollers, the first solid wheels with rotating axles (and with fixed axles, below), and right on up through history with Chinese wheelbarrows, self-moving wagons, and, finally, the American jeep.

a helpful section on golfing etiquette, explains the rules, and offers some advice on how to keep the game from being too nerve-wracking. One way, evidently, is to remember always that you're a human being first, and a golfer second. Mr. De Garmo seconds this attitude, too.


Nobody has asked me, but if some beginner were to ask me which of the new books on golf he ought to get hold of I suspect I'd bypass all the tomes by the big pros, and tell him to try Mr. Gustavson's modest little book. Should he wish to dip further into the vast accumulation I'd suggest Herbert Warren Wind's "The Complete Golfer." If those shouldn't help his game the usual advice—"Get yourself a good pro"—is probably the most sensible.

The Saturday Review

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beg you to call them off. Every month the letters and the demands increase. You may be promoting animosities in your little charges that will last the rest of their lives. You are giving me a jumpiness that makes me go out of my way to bypass a school building. And you are making me seriously consider shooting the postman. Please keep the letter paper out of their dear little hands.

—JOHN STEINBECK.

Albert Einstein

ONE of the greatest men who has ever lived is dead. I never knew Albert Einstein terribly well, but whenever I saw him I knew that I was in the presence of a man who towered above most of us both mentally and morally. Indeed, hearing him talk at the conference table or in the quiet of his library or as he strolled across the grounds of the Institute of Advanced Study taught me something about true greatness and about what it can mean to be at peace with the world and with one's conscience.

Albert Einstein's monumental contributions to our understanding of the universe are so well known and appreciated that little more than mention of them need be made here. His death cuts short his further contributions to our knowledge, but the existing work will be revered for as long as men and books exist.

Albert Einstein loved the public but disliked public relations. He believed that a person's beliefs should be spoken unashamedly and that his actions should be dictated solely by his conscience. "Never do anything against conscience," he once stated, "even if the state demands it." Although he was a pacifist he believed that one must resort to violence whenever militant fascism arises, and this permitted him in clear conscience to sign the now-famous letter to the late President Roosevelt which led to the beginning of the atomic-bomb project. But he was opposed to the use of the bomb against Japan, and during the ten years of the Atomic Age in which he lived he devoted a large part of his time to work for peace.

As a result of these efforts he was sometimes accused of being a "naive old man" who was "an unwitting tool of Communist-front organizations." But those of clear vision saw what history will show—that his outspoken and honest ideas arose from deep thought and a genuine concern for his fellow human beings.

A genius is a rare thing. Albert Einstein was even rarer for he was a genius who possessed a heart and soul.

—HARRISON BROWN.

A Plea to Teachers

SWEET teachers of grammar and high schools, you have with the best and highest intentions released a monster. I am sure that you know not what you do, but I am equally sure that I speak for many writers in begging you to lay off.

When I was in school I dreaded term papers. Now I dread them even more. The whole thing began a number of years ago and slowly grew lathered with an irresistible flattery.

"Dear sir": (the first letters started) "Our class is studying novels and I have picked you. I can't find anything about you so our teacher said I should write you. Please tell me how old you are and where you were born."

There was something kind of winning about it. I was pleased that someone was interested in how old I was and where I was born. I answered that letter and then another and another. Apparently the idea occurred to lots of teachers. More and more letters arrived until it became necessary to make a form letter saying where I was born and how I was married and had two children and liked my eggs straight up.

This went on for some time and then an ominous change crept in. The letters began to be like this: "I am writing a paper about you. Write and tell me what is your philosophy of life. How did you get started writing? What do you mean in your book 'The Eagle's Nest'? Write me at once or my term paper will be late."

As the peremptory tone entered the number of letters increased. "My teacher told me to write for the story of your life, so sit down and send it and please hurry."

A little anger began to seep into the letters from my pen pals. I was

obviously the cause of their having to write a term paper and the hell with me. Also the number of letters increased—ten-twenty-thirty letters a week. The attitude became—"O.K., Max, so you write a lousy book and I get saddled with a term paper. It's your fault so you write the paper."

And as the numbers grew the demands grew. Now they wanted essays, short stories, biography—originals—not old stuff. I was rapidly becoming responsible for their grades. "I need 100 points and if you don't answer I won't get them."

More and more teachers took up this charming game and they could always find me through the publishers. To have answered one-tenth of the letters would have taken every waking hour.

Now, apparently, the competition is getting rough, because a new tone has entered. The letters begin with outrageous flattery which even I can't believe and they end—"My teacher says if you don't answer I won't pass."

THAT tears it. I had a hard enough time getting through school myself and I'll be damned if I'm going to go in for coaching now. And I'm not alone. A whole slew of writers are getting these letters.

The trouble is that you want to answer. Every earnest letter writer thinks he is the only one who has ever done it. And if the student dislikes you for making him write a term paper, the dislike turns to hatred if you don't answer or answer inadequately. One correspondent, an old hand, ended his recent hustle thus: "And I don't want none of them form letters. I want the real stuff."

Dear Teachers—Sweet Teachers, I