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Coming September 8th
Art in the United States in 1962
By Katharine Kuh



brought out a book of singularly dull letters, and W. Somerset Maugham, in a magazine autobiography, managed to come up with such tasteless writing about his former wife that he made, in one article, an entire host of ex-fans. Two good autobiographies stood out like beacons. One was Martin Levin's "Five Boyhoods"-the childhood stories of Howard Lindsay, Harry Golden, Walt Kelly, William K. Zinsser, and John Updike-and the other, extraordinarily enough, was a book called "Veeck—as in Wreck," the autobiography of the courageous, one-legged stormy petrel of the Cleveland Indians, St. Louis Browns, and Chicago White Sox. If you want to know what the Messrs. Weiss, Webb, Topping, et al, are really like-how the Yankees are \$1,500,000 ahead of another club before the season even starts-this book is your meat, potatoes, and dessert. Don't miss it.

Elsewhere in the book field, the Bobbs-Merrill people have a book coming out next fall with a title which apparently has everything. It's a pretty simple title, too, when you come right down to it: "Women in the Life of Jesus."

On the magazine front, it was the month when *Time* magazine discovered Society—in a cover story written by the former Religion editor of that magazine, who, after three marriages, was apparently promoted to "Modern Living." "In," *Time* said, were Costa del Sol, Barbados, the Greek Islands, Sardinia, Southampton, the Colony, the Côte Basque, the Caravelle, and Venice after June 15 or in late September. "Out" are Costa Brava, St. Tropez, Jamaica, and Venice any other time. And "21," *Time* said sternly of the restaurant that never picks up checks—not even for Timeditors discovering Society—"hasn't been "In" for years."

Chess Corner—No. 74

AT THE Curação Candidates' Chess Tournament, 1962, the over-all rivalry of the grand masters from the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, and the United States encompassed a more particularized competition—the quartet of games between the Americans Bobby Fischer and Pal Benko.

In the game below, White's intentions are clear: castle long and storm the Black King's fortress with Pawns and pieces.

In this game, however, it was Benko, playing Black, who obtained a beautiful position and mounted a crushing attack against White's King. Then, disdaining a perpetual check, Benko under time pressure missed the best ways to press his advantage, and White suddenly developed a counterattack, which culminated in a Queen sacrifice and checkmate of Black's King.

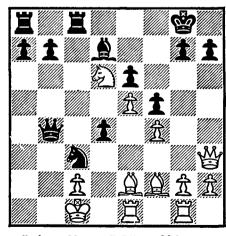
FRENCH DEFENSE

R. Fischer White			P. Benko Black		
1	P-K4	P-K3	7	Q-N4	0-0
2	P-Q4	P-Q4		B-O3	P-B4
	N-QB3	N-KB3	9	Q-R3	BxN
4	P-K5	KN-Q2	10	RxB	N-B4
	P-B4	P-QB4	11	B-Q2	N-B3
6	PxP	BxP	12	N-N5	O-N3

Black threatens to win a Rook with 13 . . . NxBch. At this point it is hard to determine whose attack will win. From now on the tension mounts.

13	0-0-0	B-O2	18	K-O2	O-N5ch	
	N-Q6			K-B1		
15	B-N5	N-Q5	20	QR-KI	l NxPch	
16	B-K3	N-K7ch	21	K-Q1	N-B6ch	
17	BxN	OxPch	22	K-B1	P-O5	

23 B-B2 KR-B1?



Perhaps 23 . . . B-R5 would have presented White with more problems.

24	B-Q3	N-R7ch	28	K-Q2!	P-KR3
25	K-Q1	N-B6ch	29	P-N4	PxP
26	K-B1	R-B4	30	RxP	K-R1
27	Q-R4	R-R4	31	QxPch	Resigns

If 31 . . . PxQ, then 32 N-B7 mate.

-At Horowitz.

TRADE / Minds

IN THEIR ANNOUNCEMENT of the winner of the Houghton Mifflin-Esquire Fellowship award (given to Ellen Douglas for her novel "A Family's Affairs"), the sponsors included a map of the United States showing the geographical sources of the manuscripts submitted for the contest. In a footnote, the sponsors stated: "This does not presume to be a distribution map of talent, but the figures are interesting."

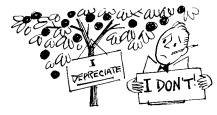
They are. All the talk about a literary wave in the Deep South needs a stiffer examination, even though the winner hails from there. Heading the list of sources is not the South, but New York with 287 manuscripts, followed by California with a total of 192. Moreover, while 16 were submitted from San Francisco and 7 from San Jose, not a single page fluttered in from Hollywood or Los Angeles, allegedly centers of writing talent. On the other hand, Greeley, Colorado, submitted 2, as did the new state of Alaska.

whenever a writer wants a subject that is a sure bet, the legend goes, he eeds only to write about dogs. In pursuit of this legend are two new books: "The Complete Book of Dog Training and Care," by J. J. McCoy (Coward-McCann), and "The New Standard Book of Dog Care and Training," by Jeanette Cross and Blanche Saunders (Hawthorn). Since books about Lincoln and doctors are supposed



to have the same good luck as dog books, George Stevens, former editor of SR, came up with a title some years back which has since become part of the legend: "Lincoln's Doctor's Dog." But John Porter, writing from Lime Rock, Connecticut, says that since books on the Civil War and the F.B.I. now seem to have the same status, a sure smash hit would be a book called: "Lincoln's Doctor's Dog Goes to Gettysburg—for the F.B.I."

of diet (SR, May 26) which he claims started him writing again after a tenyear layoff has stirred up quite a bit of mail. His method was simply to drop cholesterol. Now we learn from Leonard Lyons that Marilyn Monroe and Susan Strasberg have followed the same path, and have persuaded Tennessee Williams to do so, too. Upton Sinclair, in his eighty-fourth year, has his own special diet according to the New York Post. Three times a day, he cooks himself some brown rice and adds fresh fruit and dried figs, pineapple juice, powdered milk, and comoil. He eats it with raw celery for a chaser.



writers have to keep their machinery going some way, even if by means of brown rice. As noted in the "Income Tax Guide," by Arthur C. Strasburger (Tax Digest, Inc.), breeding or dairy cattle have a useful life, for depreciation purposes, of eight years. For breeding goats, it is five years; for work mules, ten; and for nectarine trees, fifteen. But writers, according to tax experts, are not allowed to depreciate.

BUT WRITERS DO HAVE REASON to be grateful at times. Antonio Micocci sends a reminder that his friend Baynard Kendrick dedicated his book "The Flames of Time" (Scribner) in this way:

"To: The Bank of Romney (69-192), Romney, West Virginia, without whose help this book (and my others) would never have been written."

ONE THING WRITERS ARE ALLOWED

to do is set up rules for other writers to follow. Isaac Singer, whose recent novel "The Slave" (Farrar, Straus) has received respectful attention, holds some opinions on the subject, even though he believes rules are made to be broken. Five of Singer's rules are:

- (1) Say less than can be said of a subject. You can never exhaust a theme. All you can do is exhaust the reader.
- (2) Never think that the reader has less understanding and depth of mind than you. The chances are that what you consider profound and new is for him already obvious and banal.
- (3) Give him facts, not commen-
- (4) Wisdom is never new. Don't try to be wise.
 - (5) Never fear the sensational,

the perverse, the pathological, the mystical. Life has no exceptions. The exception is its law.

THE CREATOR OF THE FAMOUS detective Philip Marlowe, the late Raymond Chandler, had his own views on the craft of writing. He said: "A writer who hates writing is as impossible as a lawyer who hates the law. Plotting may be a bore, even if you are good at it. At least it is something that has to be done in order to get on with the real business. But a writer who hates the actual writing, who gets no joy out of the creation of magic by words, to me is simply not a writer at all."

SLOPPINESS TENDS to be a characteristic of writers. But rather than moan about it, Elinor Goulding Smith, wife of the "Where Did You Go—Out" Smith, has taken advantage of the fact to write the forthcoming "Great Big Messy Book" (Dial). It's a collection of delightful suggestions for people who can't even open a hard-boiled egg. And it's probably the first book printed with black fingerprints on every other page.

ANOTHER TENDENCY of writers is to grow old gracefully. In his mellow book "Author! Author!," P. G. Wodehouse



at the age of eighty-five writes that he is glad the hot blood of his late seventies has cooled. The thought that he'll never need to wear a paper hat at a party again is a pleasant one. "Your kid of seventy-five," he writes, "is full of juvenile prejudices, but we octogenarians are able to take a broader, kindlier view. If there is a better world . . . I have yet to hear of it."

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1478)

ROSS:

GRACE COOLIDGE AND HER ERA

Mrs. Coolidge was obviously much more contented than he during those days at The Beeches. She had her friends, her community work, her flowers and dogs, her letters, her books, her Double-Crostics. And she followed baseball; Calvin did not share this interest.