



Why don't YOU buy Stocks?

Because you think you can't afford to?

Because you're afraid that there's too much risk?

Because you think a broker won't bother with your \$500 ... saves his service and his help for big customers only?

Or, because you really don't know too much about stocks or how you buy them anyway?

If that's how you feel about investing, we think you'll want to read *"What Everybody Ought To Know ... About This Stock and Bond Business."*

It's written for you—a four-page pamphlet that answers the common questions anybody might ask—answers them in the plainest English possible.

If you've never bought stocks before, we think you'll find those answers interesting, helpful—yes, and surprising, too.

There's no charge for *"What Everybody Ought To Know ... About This Stock and Bond Business,"* of course.

If you'd like a copy, just ask for our pamphlet on stocks and send your request to—

Department JB-81

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE, FENNER & BEANE**

70 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Offices in 97 Cities

Music to My Ears

SCHERMAN'S HANDEL, ORMANDY'S STRAUSS, HALASZ'S WOLF-FERRARI

AS A PURVEYOR of cultivated pleasure Thomas Scherman has made his concerts with the Little Orchestra Society more than well-meaning deviations from the run of routine programs. We had fingers crossed all summer, indeed, that the season-ending "Entführung" was not an accident. Now they can be uncrossed, finally; for the performance of "Acis and Galatea"—Handel's of course—which opened the new season in Town Hall showed that the spirit, discipline, and thorough musicianship of the Mozart was no happy accident. "Acis and Galatea" was even happier, and no accident.

Every community has its cultural blindspots, and New York's, for two decades at least, has had a mote where Handel is concerned. Why that should be so, no one even moderately ac-

have always commanded respect; the attentive pace, alert rhythms, and insistent textual clarity of this performance were, eminently, first things first. This Scherman, we would say, is much less than twenty miles away from his objective.

* * *

Any time the Philadelphia Orchestra engages a score with the latitude for fine orchestral performance offered by Beethoven's "Coriolan" Overture or Strauss's "Heldenleben" or the First Symphony of Brahms, a music lover with a taste for exceptional sound will not willingly be elsewhere. When, as on the occasion of the first Carnegie Hall concert of the season, Eugene Ormandy makes a whole evening of such substantial fare, the absentees can only blame themselves for missing the



quainted with the robust health and tonic effect of his musical Rx could explain. In his presentation, Scherman showed us a Handel of mirth and tenderness, of majestic art and the most unpretentious communication of it. "Bravos" are as uncommon in Town Hall as "Bastas" at the Metropolitan, but the salutation for Kenneth Smith's nimble singing of the basso air "O ruddier than the cherry!" was certainly as much provoked by the dancing fantasy of the vocal line as by the young singer's artful exposition of it. Ann Ayars sang the music of Galatea with purity of sound, and if Suzanne der Derian (Damon) and John Drury (Acis) were somewhat more taxed by their assignments, they were all virtue where purpose was concerned.

The steady progress Scherman has made as an organizer of music is one of the happiest occurrences of the post-war period. His taste and initiative

kind of music-making that is worth going miles to hear.

I can answer only for the Beethoven and the Strauss, for after the sumptuous sound and exhausting gamut of "Heldenleben," more would have been too much. In years gone by one would have paid Ormandy the compliments due him for a masterful presentation of the orchestral detail, and either carped quietly at some insufficiencies of "temperament" or let silence speak for itself. It may be that I am confusing physical impact with emotional truth, but I have seldom heard a more thorough, sensitive, and compelling performance of this score. Every strand of the contrapuntal texture had its ordained color, and it moved from first to last with a sure sense of poetry and drama. One could not help think that this is the most fitting epitaph for the composer now dead a year—and it was written in 1898!

Certainly, there are no Strausses among us now.

The exacting solo violin part — almost a concerto in itself — was the means for acquainting us with the talents of the new concertmaster, Jacob Krachmalnick. Only his predecessor, Alexander Hilsberg, has played it as well in our experience, and the dash, suavity, and highly personal art of the young man should keep his older colleagues on their collective, if less supple, toes. The "Coriolan" was somewhat more a mechanical, less a musical feat, but not for want, certainly, of amazingly thorough preparation.

* * *

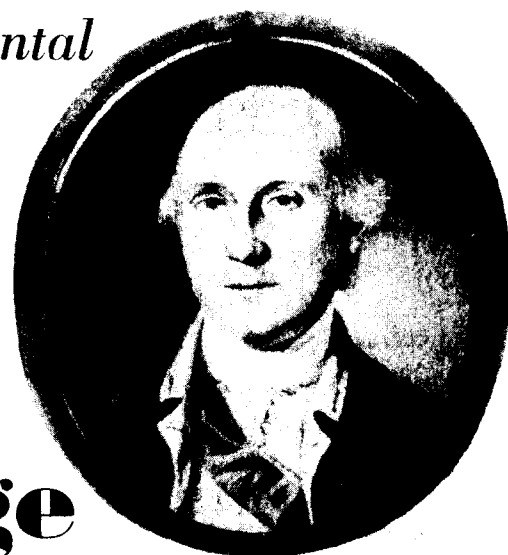
The lavish hand with novelties which has permitted the City Center to acquaint us with such unconventional operatic experiences as "Ariadne," "The Love for Three Oranges," and Tamkin's treatment of "The Dybbuk" in the last few seasons added Wolf-Ferrari's "Quattro Rusteghi" (now termed "The Four Ruffians") to New York's roster of stage works in mid-October. The derivation from Goldoni gave some hint of the farcical content of this treatment of the young partners to a "marriage of convenience"; that they seemed, in spite of all, destined to live happily ever after, was the happiest aspect of the evening.

Wolf-Ferrari's orchestral resource, his ability to spin, weave, or embroider tone in and around vocal writing is everywhere apparent, but one felt, after an hour and a half or two, that texture had usurped the place of proportion, that a good lively anecdote had been stretched, tediously, to the proportions of a dull novel. With or without the English text of Edward Dent—a skilful job of paraphrase, generally well delivered by the company—the enterprise is too much in a single vein of mannered foolishness to sustain the attention for as long as it lasts.

Farce is not the essential skill of the Center personnel, and the shades of emphasis projected by David Lloyd and Dorothy MacNeil as the central pair, or Francis Yeend, Ellen Faull, and Margery Mayer as the female conspirators, or Richard Wentworth, George Jongeyans, and Gean Greenwell as their male counterparts more often clashed than meshed. Halasz presided over the musical effort with impressive skill, though Mstislav Dobujinsky's clumsy decor made Otto Erhardt's direction of the stage action more than ordinarily difficult. Charles Weidman's choreographic interludes were delightfully *con spirito*.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Two new volumes in one of
the monumental
biographies
of our time



George Washington

by Douglas Southall Freeman

VOLUME III—PLANTER AND PATRIOT

VOLUME IV—LEADER OF THE REVOLUTION

WITH the publication of these two volumes, Dr. Freeman's great biography reaches the half-way mark. Here Washington's life as a Virginia gentleman, the rising quarrel with the English, the besieging of their troops in Boston and the bitter campaign of 1775 become vivid reality. These volumes bring sharply into focus all the exciting incident and high climax of those fateful years leading to the French recognition of our independence. "Comparable to Sandberg's or Randall's 'Lincoln' . . . From it emerges a great figure, for the first time thoroughly, clearly and faithfully delineated."—*Saturday Review*

Volumes III and IV Boxed \$15.00

Volumes I - IV Four volumes boxed together \$30.00

LIBERTY AND PROPERTY

by R. V. Coleman

"The story of our history from 1664-1765 . . . an excellent narrative account of the political, military and economic developments of the so-called 'forgotten century'."—*N.Y. Times Book Review* \$5.00

MR. LINCOLN'S CONTEMPORARIES

An Album of Portraits by Mathew B. Brady

With a descriptive text by Roy Meredith, author of MR. LINCOLN'S CAMERA MAN

"What a wonderful book *Mr. Lincoln's Contemporaries* is! . . . Nothing ever published has done so much to transport me back to Civil War days as this magnificent collection of photographs."—ALLAN NEVINS \$6.00

at your bookseller

SCRIBNERS

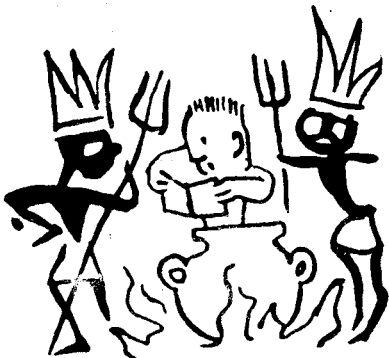


TERESA OF AVILA

by Kate O'Brien

"I write of Teresa of Avila by choice which is passionate, arbitrary, personal . . . Teresa was a saint. She was alarming, she was, if you like, deluded; she was, if you like, mad. But she accomplished a great deal, speaking mundanely; she wrote with sanity, beauty and modesty, about high and dangerous matters; she charmed almost everyone she ever met; she was gay, tender and witty in her letters and in all her writings, and she was as much impeded by small faults and vanities as any saint dare be — as well she knew . . . I propose to examine Teresa, not by the rules of canonization, but for what she was — saint or not — a woman of genius." — *from the book.*

\$2.00



STIMULI

by Msgr. Ronald Knox

" . . . 'Stimuli' that sting the conscience and comfort the soul. In seventy-one pages and a half meditations, written for the *Sunday Times* of London, the English Roman Catholic translator and author has 'refurbished' some well-worn Bible texts and events, unveiled some saints from the shrouds of piousness, and commented with skill and Christian understanding on the ordinary affairs of life." — *from The New York Times Book Review.*

\$2.25

Order from your bookstore

Sheed & Ward's OWN TRUMPET, published every few months, will keep you up to date on our new books. Write for it to Elizabeth MacGill. It comes free and postpaid.

SHEED & WARD

NEW YORK 3

TO BE WISE AND HUMAN

(Continued from page 10)

person would recommend a segregation of classes for various degrees of education; or suggest that the wealthy with independent fortunes might best aspire to share in conducting the affairs of the nation. No contemporary Lincoln would assert the belief that the Negro might not become equal to the white in many important matters.

It is but small consolation that other times were as evil as our own seems to be. It may not help much to understand that the TVA may be as great an accomplishment, on any count, as was Notre Dame de Chartres in its day. It may not be significant to remember with Seneca that "the good things which belong to Prosperity are to be wished; but the good things that belong to Adversity are to be admired." The times are hard, and therefore full of challenge. But they are not times in which to curl up our toes and die or to bury our heads in the sand.

It is, of course, not the human race which is threatened with extinction. It is the civilization which was born and cradled in Western Europe, and which has had such powerful extensions in the Americas. There can be little doubt that it will be better for the other peoples of the world if this civilization does survive. As Barbara Ward reminded us in "Policy for the West": "The ideas and aspirations of Western man are still the most startling thing that has ever happened to the human race. Stalin's views of man and society are by comparison mortally static and archaic." If we live up to our physical and moral capacities this civilization will not be extinguished. Hence it is a time not for despair but for firm confidence and action.

We can base this confidence upon the fact that we are beginning to be aware of the dimensions of the problem. Nature has not changed. Human nature has changed, we can believe, a little. There is much we still do not know about the physical universe; and about ourselves we still know all too little. We still have far to go in all the matters which have been discussed. But the important thing is that we now want to go forward. Again, as Miss Ward has said: "The idea that the sum of things could by human will and action be transformed and remade in the image of the divine took hold of men's imaginations. The static idea of social order began to give way to the revolutionary, to the ideas of a possible perfect society which could be achieved, provided men overcame the

irrational and immoral aspects of their own lives and their own institutions. . . . The divine order ceased to be the sum of things that are and began to become the sum of things as they should be. Try as he would—and to return to the static is always a temptation—Western man could never again drive the fever of creation and transformation and progress out of his blood." This is the all-important standard to which we must rally.

BUT IT is not enough simply to abandon despair and adopt a posture of hope. Even though this is in itself an achievement, we must also work. We must work, not in haste as though the devil were on our tail, but with intensity and devotion and patience and consistency; we must work for a long time and not try to accomplish everything at once by some Herculean device. It is in this way, and only in this way, that we shall finally still the bellow of the Kremlin to the murmurs of a sucking dove.

We shall not be able to go about our task too successfully if we rely upon intellect alone. When we have time to think, we may or may not be able to act in the way which intellect tells us is just and equitable to all humanity. It is hard enough to conduct oneself thus when the concrete situation is a personal one; it may be quite out of the question if personal interest is raised in a form which requires a quick and spontaneous decision. Then emotion may betray the intellect. In the long run, although we may strive consciously all the time to behave as citizens motivated by religious faith, we shall come nearer to such behavior only when we have rechanneled our emotions as well as trained our minds.

This is not an easy prescription. We must start with the intellect and then proceed through enormous self-discipline until new habits have been formed. Perhaps we shall have to start anew with each generation, but children will more easily acquire emotional maturity when their parents are able to exemplify it, or at least encourage it. The prescription is designed for a slow cure. It is not a new wonder drug.

Is there time? People will differ about this. I believe that there is. The Western world can and will survive its immediate crisis without loss of what it stands for if it is courageous and faithful to its trusts.

Since as individuals we are frail and

imperfect, and since most of us lack self-confidence when we are alone with ourselves, we naturally hope to find some institution to which we can turn for support and guidance. Some of us may even hope that such an institution will provide automatic instructions which we have only to follow to be secure. This would be most convenient if it were possible.

In the twentieth century the two influences which stand out as having any chance to fill this role are revealed and organized religion on the one hand, and, on the other, the philosophy and disciplines of natural science. These are not necessarily antithetical or competitive. But even if they find more in common than is yet clearly seen, it is also fairly certain that they fall too far short of affecting enough individuals profoundly and genuinely to give us hope that they, either alone or together, can produce majority attitudes which will express themselves in the consistently adult conduct that we need. The third force, which can work with them and also independently of them, is our educational system as a whole. Education in the humanities and social sciences in America can no longer afford to be so completely dispassionate as not to seek to distinguish good from evil.

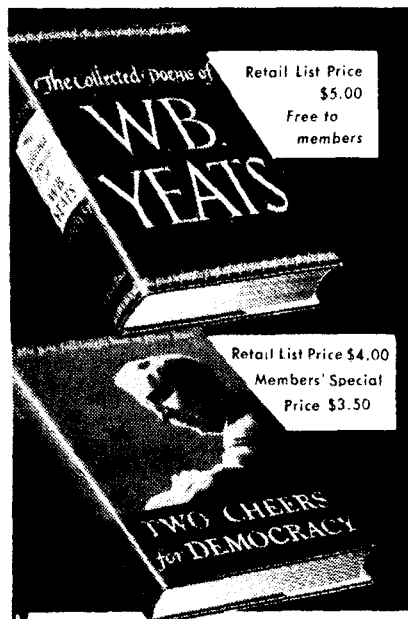
This is risky doctrine: the slightest departure from neutrality opens the door to all sorts of improper invasions of the true province of the university, which is to stimulate learning and keep alive freedom and thought. Nonetheless, sides can be taken without too serious risk. It is time to choose them.

The fact that neither organized religion nor science can go it alone is not a matter for criticism. Many people derive such sincere personal encouragement from revealed religion or formal worship that they can better serve our common task with this encouragement. There are fewer perhaps, but certainly quite as intensely committed, men of science who find a similar encouragement in a wholehearted devotion to science. Though many scientists would deny it, a belief in the purity and nobility of such study, a thorough subscription to the rules of good scientific behavior, is in itself an act of faith.

But there are also many who only think they subscribe to the tenets of religion or science. The churches contain many consistent sinners as well as a few just men. So does the corpus of science. The average churchgoer and the average scientist may have a slightly greater disposition to be a good citizen, a generous human being, a lover of all mankind than the general average. Even this cannot be

The Readers' Subscription

has been created under the editorial direction of W. H. Auden, Jacques Barzun, and Lionel Trilling with one essential purpose in view — to make good books available at real savings.



Our belief

in the importance of a certain literary audience is implicit in our association with The Readers' Subscription. It is the audience that by taste and training finds its pleasure in what used to be called serious literature—in the novels that are not "universally acclaimed" but continue to be read decades later, in the poetry that is "strange" until all the anthologies reprint it, in literary criticism, in cultural history, in biography.

It is this audience that makes possible the publication of those works of imagination and intellect which, whether or not they become immediately popular, are of incalculable influence. And this audience alone can insure the continued appearance of such works at a time when, because of economic pressures, their publication is daily becoming more marginal to the plans of commercial publishers.

This, then, is the audience we are undertaking to serve. We do not presume to say that each book we choose will be a classic. But it will be a book that we honestly admire and enjoy.

THE EDITORS

W. H. Auden
Jacques Barzun
Lionel Trilling

THE BOOKS offered here, *The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats* and *Two Cheers for Democracy* by E. M. Forster, typify the kind of books that The Readers' Subscription will present — works whose importance is in direct relation to their literary excellence, not their position on the best-seller list.

It costs nothing to join the Readers' Subscription — indeed, you save money immediately. You may begin your membership by accepting, free, *The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats* (retail price \$5.00), and by ordering as your first selection, at \$3.50, *Two Cheers for Democracy* (retail price \$4.00).

As a member, each month you will receive a copy of *The Griffin*, the publication of The Readers' Subscription which features reviews by the editors as well as original contributions by other leading writers. After reading these reliable reviews, you will be able to accept or reject monthly selections of books that the editors believe to be outstanding in current literature. And with every fourth selection that you accept you will receive a valuable bonus book of your own choice.

Savings on monthly selections may run as high as 25%, and your over-all savings realized through the receipt of bonus books, will surely exceed 40%. For the opportunity of enjoying these extraordinary services and savings, you simply agree to accept as few as four selections during the first year of your membership.



THE READERS' SUBSCRIPTION, INC.
35 W. 53rd ST., NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

PLEASE enroll me in The Readers' Subscription. I am to receive, free, *The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats*. As my first selection send me *Two Cheers for Democracy* by E. M. Forster at the members' price of \$3.50 plus 25c for postage and handling. I agree to accept three other selections during the first year of my membership.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____
STATE _____ SR

"20th Century Literature in America"

a new series

FICTION

THE MODERN NOVEL IN AMERICA, 1900-1950

By Frederick J. Hoffman

Starting with Henry James and the art of fiction, this critical survey traces the progress of the American novel. The author shows that most American novelists—from Theodore Dreiser to John Steinbeck—have been more interested in life than Jamesian art. It has only been in the last few years that novelists are once again coming to realize fully the importance of technique. Among other authors discussed in detail are Ellen Glasgow, Willa Cather, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway and William Faulkner. Bibliography and index. **\$3.00**

DRAMA

FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN DRAMA, 1900-1950

By Alan S. Downer

Within the short span of fifty years the American theater has moved from the boisterous clichés of light melodrama to a serious art form of true American origin and inspiration. When did this move toward genuine American drama begin? How has it developed? Where does American drama stand today?

Alan Downer's excellent appraisal of the American theater starts with the melodramas of Clyde Fitch and shows how early serious works, such as William Vaughn Moody's *The Great Divide* and Eugene O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon* were to make possible the later finish and sophistication of a Tennessee Williams or an Arthur Miller. Bibliography and index. **\$2.50**

POETRY

ACHIEVEMENT IN AMERICAN POETRY, 1900-1950

By Louise Bogan

American poetry in 1900, says Louise Bogan, poet and critic of *The New Yorker*, was imitative, sentimental and "genteel." The subsequent struggle of the poet to establish himself as a serious creative artist has been achieved only against severe handicaps. Along with a discussion of foreign influences, the importance of public reaction, and the role of the "little magazines" on the development of American poetry, Miss Bogan presents sharply drawn studies of thirty or so individual poets, from Ezra Pound and Edward Arlington Robinson through Carl Sandburg and Amy Lowell to Wallace Stevens and W. H. Auden. A selected anthology of modern American poetry completes this work. Bibliography and index. **\$2.50**

Also coming

Three subsequent volumes, to be published in Spring, 1952, on Non-Fiction, Short Fiction and Criticism will complete this series. Additional information will be sent on request.

At Your Bookstore, or Write To:

HENRY REGNERY COMPANY
20 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, Illinois

proved. What is certain is that being a churchman or a scientist does not guarantee these attitudes; and failing to be either does not guarantee that one will not hold them.

The failings of the church are familiar to us all, but we may be less aware of the comparable failings of science. Of these the principal one is its frequent refusal to admit that there are many areas of human behavior, and these among the most critical, that science, as now informed, simply cannot touch. There are a few scientists who are overly sanguine as to what scientists could do if they tackled any given problem. This professional immodesty is matched by the naive modesty of numbers of non-scientists who bow to science as if they believed in its infallibility. Most scientists, and those who have had a chance to observe their conduct in broader non-scientific affairs, would reach a more temperate conclusion.

The pursuit of science, no matter how faithfully, does not guarantee universal wisdom, nor even wisdom greater than that of other equally gifted and observant people. The scientists who participated with many non-scientists in the decision of whether or not to drop the atomic bomb over Hiroshima could be carried only a little way by their explicit knowledge towards the final moral, political, and entirely non-scientific decision. The question now is not whether they judged rightly or wrongly, but that they had to come to this judgment only as men, no better and no worse than their colleagues in the discussion, no better fitted or more poorly prepared to be wise or human. Western Christians or Western atheists would not have been very differently conditioned for this decision. A Hindu might have been.

In his "Physics in the Modern World" J. Robert Oppenheimer gives us a fair warning on this point:

We become fully aware of the need for caution if we look for a moment at what are called the social problems of the day, and try to think what one could mean by approaching them in the scientific spirit, of trying to give substance, for example, to the feeling that a society that could develop atomic energy could also develop the means of controlling it. Surely the establishment of a secure peace is very much in all our minds. It is right that we try to bring reason to bear on an understanding of this problem; but for that there are available to us no equivalents of the experimental techniques of science. Errors of conception can remain undetected and even undefined. No means of appropriately narrowing the focus of thinking is known to us. Nor have we found good avenues for extend-

ing or deepening our experience that bears upon this problem. In short, almost all the preconditions of scientific activity are missing, and in this case, at least, one may have a melancholy certainty that man's inventiveness will not rapidly provide them. All that we have from science in facing such great questions is a memory of our professional life, which makes us somewhat skeptical of other people's assertions, somewhat critical of enthusiasms so difficult to define and to control.

Thus, though religion and science both possess insights which can help to direct us, and which need to be remembered by all of us (for example the sense of dedication and the understanding that there is something greater than ourselves), neither one nor both together will be enough to guarantee the continuance of our civilization. The further thing needed cannot, as Oppenheimer says, be scientifically determined. It is then permissible to hazard a personal opinion.

Low as may be the precision of the humanities and social sciences, there still are many things which education in these fields will have to do for people of the West. Most of them are summed up in the ringing words of Winston Churchill; "I say that the flame of Christian ethics is still our highest guide. To guard and cherish it is our first interest, both spiritually and materially. The fulfillment of Spiritual duty in our daily life is vital to our survival."

But the phrase "Christian ethics" leaves something out. We need to add to it some wisdom from the Greeks, some values from Israel, some insight from Buddha. The time has gone by when "Christian ethics" can be carried to every corner of the globe with sword and prayerbook, even if the accounting ledgers are now to be left behind. The answers for this troubled world are not to be found in a universal pilgrimage to one church, or even to Christian churches altogether. Instead we must come to a common human understanding in the face of a system which is based on fatalism, cynicism, and an applicable ethic. Those who follow Christian ethics need abandon nothing. But they may need to add something.

It would be too long a sermon to indicate all which must be added. Let us concentrate on one factor which symbolizes all. What it is not is very well expressed in a verse from a hymn of my childhood which I have never been able to forget because of its assumption of superiority:

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

We need desperately, and from childhood, to know other peoples through their own eyes. Then we will learn:

There is no fundamentally greater good in one race or people than in any other.

Certain people may have achieved certain kinds of progress. It is their duty to share the progress as fast as possible with all other peoples who want it but never in a paternalistic way, and never primarily for the profit of the one who has already attained it. (All the high points of progress have not, by the way, been achieved by the Western world and certainly not by the people of the United States.)

If we bear these basic principles steadily in mind and are persistent in our own beliefs we shall prevail. We shall need in America to be zealous in preservation of our internal liberties, zealous in extending the freedom of education to young Negroes and young Navajo Indians, zealous in insistence upon a consistent morality in our statecraft, zealous in seeing to it that the manner of our quest for immediate objectives does not turn them into dross when they are attained. *We must seek for everyone else in the world exactly what we seek for ourselves, no more and no less.*

To imagine the total significance of this easy sentence is not itself easy. But if we can slowly bring ourselves to this level of thought and aim we need not worry if many of us are no longer able to accept the physical miracles of revealed religion. We need not worry that science will probably never be able to explain the greatest miracle of the universe; namely, that it is. On a more pragmatic level, we need not worry that we will not know very much about human personality before you and I have left this earth. We may still go forward together, content in the miracle that we have ourselves wrought.

The clue to all this seems to be in a simple dictum. In "Leviticus," and later on again and again in the Bible, we are enjoined to love our neighbors as ourselves. To make love for our neighbor effective, perhaps even to make it possible to love our neighbor, we must first know our neighbor. To gain this knowledge in a large and restless world will be extremely difficult. But the search is all-important.

With this knowledge science can yet be applied for the benefit of all men. Without it science is likely to be applied for the doom of many of us. The decision as to whether we are or are not to gain the knowledge and use it is not a decision for science, which in such matters is neutral. It is our decision, the decision for each of us, effective only if we make it our own.

James Michener

whose bestsellers **TALES OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC** and **RETURN TO PARADISE**

established him as the greatest living writer on Asia and the

Far East, now brings you

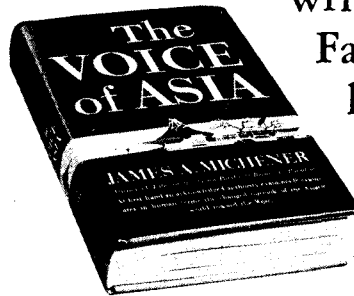
his report on what Asia

means to America

today—and how the

people of Asia are

reacting to our policies.



The Voice of Asia

by **JAMES A. MICHENER**

\$3.50 at all bookstores, **RANDOM HOUSE, N. Y.**



The ENCHANTED

An incredible tale of the Maine woods, by Elizabeth Coatsworth

"A masterpiece. One of the most exquisite fantasies in years, and, I venture to think, an American classic. A perfect story."—*Vincent Starrett, CHICAGO TRIBUNE*



Illustrated, \$2.50.
At all bookstores,
PANTHEON BOOKS

The ENCHANTED

On December 1, 1951

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

will publish its greatly expanded Christmas Book Number—a shopping guide for gift books.

Advertising closing dates:

November 16 for complete repro copy

November 9 for copy to be set

The world's greatest
adventure story,
newly made into
English verse

THE ILIAD OF HOMER

Translated by
RICHMOND LATTIMORE

THE first duty of a translator is to translate, rather than to paraphrase or adapt—and this is a translation, close to the sense and idiom of Homer. It permits the reader to capture the speed and flexibility of the original poem, the representations of all moods and motions—slow deliberations and shocks of passion, calm and storm, the hammer strokes of battles, the conversations of friends.

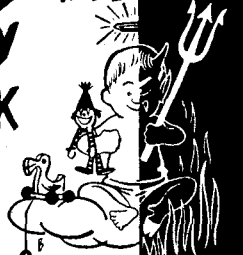
But this translation is written in the language a poet would choose for his own work today, so that it strikes with the impact of a new heroic poem in English.

Mr. Lattimore's introduction includes a résumé of general facts about Homer, an outline and analysis of the story of Troy and the *Iliad*, and an explanation of Homeric style and of the principles of translation employed.



At all bookstores, \$4.50
THE UNIVERSITY OF
CHICAGO PRESS
5750 Ellis Ave., Chicago 37, Ill.

DON'T MISS
BERENSTAIN'S
BABY
BOOK
for laughs!



\$2.00 at all bookstores
MACMILLAN

HISTORY OF LIBRARIES, by A. Hessel, tr. with
supplementary material by Reuben Peiss.
200 p. \$4.00.

This is the best short history of libraries available.

THE SCARECROW PRESS
3341 Prospect Ave. N.W. Washington 7, D. C.

FICTION

(Continued from page 20)

man decides to leave the church, however, the good faith of the clergy whom he abandons and the trust of his parishioners is challenged. It is probable that few who make this choice, however seriously they may have considered the step, anticipate the fury of controversy inevitably aroused. Certainly the Reverend Grantham Page did not. An inspired preacher and affectionate pastor of his fashionable, "Low" Episcopal parish in Philadelphia, released by the death of his wife from an unhappy and unsuitable marriage, all his doubts as to the teaching of the church are crystallized by the realization that, as a priest, he cannot marry the beautiful divorced woman whom he loves. His resignation from the clergy comes just as he is about to be offered a bishopric, and the reactions of his superiors and peers in the church, of his friends and family, to his decision, provide the dramatic interest of this novel.

Obviously the intention of the author is to present the conflict as one of intense religious significance, but it can be so only if the man engulfed by it is of deep intellectual and spiritual power and unquestioned integrity. Unfortunately Dr. Page emerges as a charming but superficial man, determined to have his own way at whatever cost. By drawing every "High" churchman as silly and hypocritical, the author has made the supposed conflict meaningless, and some of the thoughts attributed to her hero are so childishly offensive as to do real harm to the liberal cause within the church, the cause which the novel purportedly champions.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

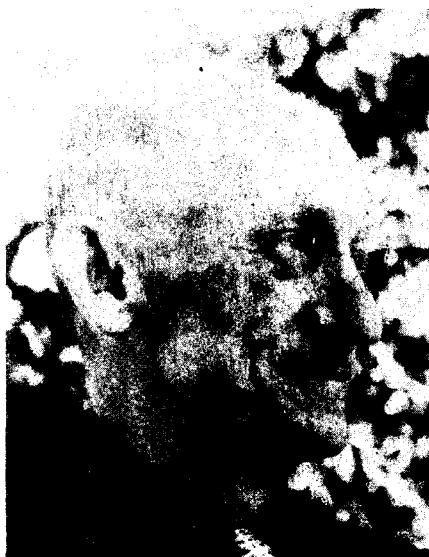


Eunice Pollard Williams—"controversy."

THE GABRIEL HORN. By Felix Holt. Dutton. \$3. Tight-fisted and pious, Uncle Zack and Aunt Soph were the sort of kinfolk who couldn't tolerate seeing a young widower "raise a boy like he is an Injun, living in the woods and tramping from place to place." Uncle Zack invited Big and Little Eli Wakefield to the Jackson Purchase country in hopes of sending the boy to school and settling his father in the tobacco business. When Zack and Soph brought Miss Susie to visit for an evening Little Eli knew "they were trying to make a match of their own whittling." But Big and Little Eli were thinking only of Hannah Bolen, the bound girl who had helped them out of trouble and to whom they'd become so quickly attached. Unlike Miss Susie, Hannah wasn't the kind of woman who would object to Big Eli reciting the Scriptures as if they were adventure stories nor to his blowing the Gabriel Horn, from which "the sound poured out like blue smoke from a gun muzzle, sharp as flint at first and then spreading out full and mellow to die far away on the light wind." After Hannah disappeared Little Eli knew Miss Susie was getting her hooks pretty deep into Big Eli because he agreed to sell their dog Faro, who had been with them for as long as Little Eli could remember. It was kind of a close shave, but Big Eli finally proved he was not a man who could disappoint his son.

"The Gabriel Horn" is an enchanting story of two comrades who believed that love and freedom were the most important things in life a man could have. Their wonderful adventures on the Kentucky frontier are certain to delight you.

—JOSEPH M. GRANT.



Felix Holt—"an enchanting story."