

**"The Supreme Authority"**

**IS WORTH WAITING FOR**

*Be Sure You Get the*  
**MERRIAM-Webster**

**WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY**  
*Second Edition*  
UNABRIDGED

**D**EMAND is heavy and paper rationed, but better to wait for your copy of the MERRIAM-Webster than accept a substitute. Ask for the *genuine* Webster—the MERRIAM-Webster—identified by the circular trademark. Contains 3,350 pages, illustrations for 12,000 terms, and a total of 600,000 entries—122,000 more than any other dictionary. Order now from your bookseller or stationer. He will get your copy as soon as he can. G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield 2, Mass.

**DO YOU SUFFER FROM BAD EYES?**

THE BATES METHOD FOR

**Better Eyesight without Glasses**

By W. H. Bates, M.D.

● With the exercises described in this book, and with an understanding of its method, you may possibly: 1. Avoid usual decline of vision. 2. Raise vision to Army-Navy test levels. 3. Improve sight to the point of discarding glasses. Others have already done it.

\$2.50

Henry Holt and Co., 257 4th Ave., N.Y.C. 10  
**HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY—HENRY HOLT AN**

**The SCREWTAPE Club**

# It Is Later Than Radio Thinks

## There Is Still Only A Nodding Acquaintance with the World of Ideas

HARRIET VAN HORNE

**S**OME day a rich, handsome, strong-minded young man who left Yale in his junior year to start working up from the bottom in his father's glue factory, is going to stumble upon a beautiful, brave girl from the wrong side of the tracks and just leave her there.

In putting this brisk switch to an old sway-back plot, our young man will hitch winged steeds to a broken-down rig that has been stoned and jeered at from every corner. In short, he will establish a new vogue in the daytime serial, and possibly strike up the overture to a whole new era in radio.

For when a thoughtful critic of radio—or even a casual listener—sits down to ponder the question as to what is wrong with broadcasting, it is inevitable that he come up with the soap opera number one on the No-hit Parade.

Radio's other ailments, which I shall enumerate later, range from too much hearty talk early in the morning to too much brassy music late at night.

Adding up the symptoms, it will be seen that radio suffers chiefly from growing pains and greediness. And right now it has somewhat the tremulous stance of Longfellow's Maiden: standing with reluctant feet where art and commercialism meet.

There are hopeful signs, however, that these two streams are not altogether divergent. They may yet go over the dam together. But not until certain fundamental changes take place in the attitude of our broadcasters. Not until the myth of the 12-year-old mind—the notion, that is, that most listeners are little better than half-wits and are happy that way—is banished forever. Not until radio's faith in the almighty dollar is replaced by a faith in the intelligence and integrity

of the people. For then, and only then, will the soap opera go down the drain, its kindred refuse streaking after it.

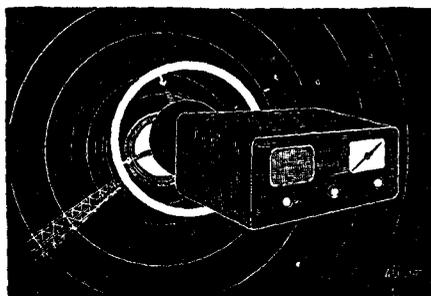
Reasons for the soap opera's bad name are fairly obvious. For one thing these sessions of tears and travail glut the ether a good four hours a day on the major networks. A few of the so-called "better serials" have been promoted to the evening listings in recent years, filling a 30-minute spot once a week, instead of running on, ad nauseum, Monday through Friday. The "more intelligent" audience these modern penny-dreadfuls are supposed to reach so far has greeted them with a decidedly restrained rapture.

Dr. Louis I. Berg, the psychiatrist, who is the most objective and the most vocal enemy of the daytime serial, has made detailed studies of such programs as Young Dr. Malone, Joyce Jordan and Stella Dallas. Maurice Zolotow, reporting on the good doctor's findings last year in *The Saturday Evening Post*, said that these stories of jealousy, adultery, maudlin sentiment and "rankling hatred" are capable of causing nervous breakdown in women who listen regularly. For habitual tuners-in, like hashish smokers, are likely to experience "increased blood pressure, nocturnal frights, vasomotor instability, vertigo, gastro-intestinal disturbances, not to speak of profuse perspiration, tremors and a slight touch of tachycardia," Dr. Berg has found.

Those who share the hope of Norwin Corwin (perhaps radio's most brilliant writer) that the soap opera one day will become as obsolescent as the old-time movie serial, may justly ask. Why are these programs allowed to continue at all? And just who, please, listens to them? And again, why?

The cliff-hangers, like the poor, are with us because they are helping somebody to get rich. In this instance, it is the sponsor, who sells more soap. And of course, the networks, which seldom turn down a dollar, and make small pretense to a cultural conscience.

One third of the networks' total revenue comes from the \$25,000,000 spent each year by the serial sponsors. The National Broadcasting Company carries 23 soap operas, and Columbia 21. These absorb about two thirds of the daylight time. And only



two of them have the slightest merit. One is "The Open Door," Sandra Michael's simple, moving story of a college dean and his wholesome, high-minded approach to the problems of young folk in wartime. This is heard at 10:30 a. m. weekdays over CBS. The other serial, and it runs a tired second, is Vic and Sade, heard on both networks a few hours apart. Its literary quality is negligible, but it is forthright and honest, with occasional spots of real humor. Alec Templeton, blind pianist and mimic, who finds the daytime serials every bit as funny as the evening comedy shows, listens to Vic and Sade on both networks. He says it is his favorite program.

As for the other 42 serials, Dr. Berg was not jesting when he observed that the authors "have screened the emotional sewers, drained the emotional swamps" for much of their material.

Who listens to them, then? Well, it is a common saying among radio executives and agency time-buyers that nobody likes the soap opera except 20 million women.

But isn't it just possible—though it's never been whispered in executive circles—that the daytime schedule is so surfeited with the hysterical outpourings of half-witted heroines and their feeble-minded lovers that 20 million people develop the listening habit automatically, somewhat as one does in Nazi Germany? There is nothing else to turn to.

The women's chatter programs offer little that is inspirational or entertaining. And the steady stream of records on most small stations—records that are growing scratchier every day that the Petrillo edict continues—punctuated by commercials that would make a saint spit certainly afford little alternate listening.

Perhaps radio's tycoons expect critical listeners to bear with the soap opera as part of the industry's labor pains, a necessary evil to the birth of a better radio in the bright new world of tomorrow. But a medium of sufficient maturity to produce the Columbia Workshop dramas and "Information Please," an industry with sufficient acumen to recognize the worth of Town Meeting of the Air and Chicago Round Table (both non-commercial) surely ought not to stoop to "The Right to Happiness" and "Life Can Be Beautiful."

Of course, it is to radio's credit that it does continue Town Meeting and the Round Table on a sustaining basis. But with advertisers limited in newspaper space and willing to pay almost any price for air time these days, it does seem that the networks might raise their standards, require that commercial shows measure up to certain specific canons in good taste, lit-

The Thrilling Saga of the G "The Fightingest Thing Afloat!"

# CONDITION RED

By Captain  
**FREDERICK J. BELL, U.S.N.**

If a man in your family is serving on a destroyer you will like this book which tells of their way of life and action. "The book about destroyers that has been needed for a long time."—*Chicago Sun*. Third printing now in stock; the fourth on the press.  
Illustrated. \$3.00



## GREEK LITERATURE in Translation

Companion  
Volumes

## LATIN LITERATURE in Translation

Edited by  
WHITNEY J. OATES  
and CHARLES T. MURPHY

From the rich heritage of the Greek creative spirit, the editors have included extracts from Homer, nine complete plays of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. Introductory notes and appendix. \$6.25

Edited by  
KEVIN GUINAGH  
and ALFRED P. DORJAHN

Similar in typography and format. The selections, chronologically arranged, are from twenty-eight classical Latin authors, representing History, Oratory, Letters, Fiction, Essays, Satire, Poetry, and Drama (four complete plays). \$5.00

## Pageant of Canadian History

By ANNE MERRIMAN PECK

Here is a warm friendly look at Canadians—the story of their rugged struggle to carve a country out of wilderness. A worthwhile acquaintance with Canada's heritage and its people, what they're like, how they live, think and act. Illustrated. \$3.00

## Once in Cornwall

*Legends of Saints and Dragons*

by S. M. C. Author of *Brother Petroc's Return*

In a medieval setting, *Once in Cornwall* relates in a delightful fashion the journeys and adventures of Brother Peter in quest of the legends of his native land. The stories are still told in Cornwall and the author's treatment of the legends is timeless. \$2.00

## Touched by the Thorn

A Novel by MAURA LAVERTY

Author of NEVER NO MORE

"Life in an Irish village in the late twenties and during the present war. The heroine, who jilts her upstanding sweetheart to go off with a no-account concert singer, forms only part of a story that is told with great delicacy and feeling."—*The New Yorker*. \$2.50

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. • 55 Fifth Ave. • New York 3

erary and musical quality, and public service.

When radio tries deliberately to educate, it usually is pretty dull. It calls in specialists who lecture with all the verve and spontaneity of a fish belching bubbles. The success of a program like the highly controversial Town Meeting—which probably will be sponsored this year—has failed so far to point a moral.

Here is education, yes. But here, too, is exciting entertainment, food for

thought. No casual dialer could tune in three minutes of some of these heated sessions—such as the debate on the fourth term—and not find it compelling listening.

**I**F there is any hope of radio one day occupying its rightful niche in our political, social, and artistic life, it must begin now, gently and good-naturedly, to lift the level of the average taste. In the extended democracy and the expanded economy promised us after the war, radio is going to find itself with new and serious responsibilities. And it is going to have to deal with ideas, like it or not. It might as well begin now to think!

Tell a radio man these things, and he'll nod assent—adding only, "But is it commercial?"

Last year the answer would have been "no," a sad and ashamed "no" that would have ended the argument. Today there are hopeful signs that the industry is trying its wings in a proud new flight: as patron of the arts. The New York Philharmonic Orchestra has acquired a sponsor and for a 90-minute program, which makes it the more remarkable. And the NBC Symphony, for the first time in its distinguished history, joined the commercial ranks last year.

Maxwell Anderson has said that no nation is truly a nation until it has a culture which "deserves and receives affection and reverence from the people themselves." Here is shining proof that radio can shoulder its responsibility in the flowering of an American culture—and still show a profit, which, after all, is clearly its primary *raison d'être*.

The renaissance of good music in the past ten years is attributed largely to radio. Record sales have risen 400 per cent in this period, attendance at concerts has climbed steadily, and across the country, schools and colleges have evinced a new and active interest in music. Morton Gould, one of our most talented young composer-

conductors, says this fact has impressed him deeply on his visits to the hinterlands. "The whole town turns out for a concert," he reports. "And the whole town buys the instruments and music for the local band."

Dr. Frank Black, music director for NBC, declares that in two decades radio has saved opera, concerts, and the symphonic organizations of this country. "Had radio not come to the rescue," he writes in *Variety's* anniversary issue, "it is dubious that any of these industries would survive today and good music, as such, would be facing extinction."

Today we have more than 30 operatic companies in this country, Dr. Black continues. Twenty years ago we had four, and none of them was over-prosperous. But radio has made the nation opera-conscious. This consciousness first was felt on Dec. 25, 1931, when a performance of "Hansel and Gretel" was broadcast from the stage of the Met. Broadcasts have continued to this day, and draw an enthusiastic audience.

Moreover, continual repetition on the radio of Beethoven, Bach, Brahms, and others has made their music dearly familiar to a surprising number of people. People who might never have listened to good music in all their lives were it not for radio.

Perhaps radio's influence in promoting good books never will be weighty, though a few programs on the air at present ("Invitation to Learning" and "Words at War") aim in that general direction. But there is no reason at all why radio cannot develop a dramatic literature of its own.

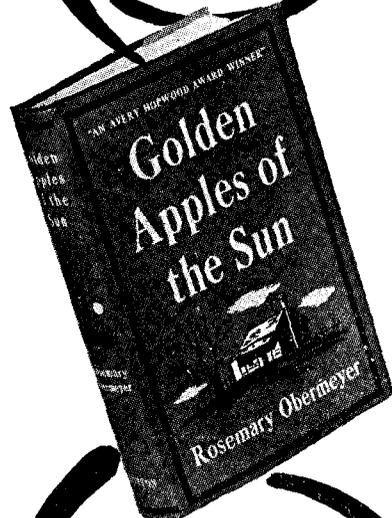
Possibilities in the field of opera and musical comedy, written especially for radio, are almost too exciting to contemplate. The promises of television, which will be a practical reality within a year after peace time production is resumed, should attract the brightest literary and musical talent in the country. The very fact that radio is able to give a special dignity to the spoken word should inspire some great writing, both prose and verse, in the next decade.

In a recent issue of *Variety* dedicated to radio, Norman Corwin expressed the hope that the nation someday might weary of the gag marathon that constitutes today's comedy. Perhaps then, he said, we shall realize that the richest humor in the world has not yet been tapped. Mr. Corwin had in mind "the highly civilized comedy of Lardner, Thackeray, Voltaire, and humor in the vein of *Punch* and *The New Yorker*." Perhaps if we grow to this attainment, he remarked, we shall no longer require a studio audience, bludgeoned into good humor by an elaborate prologue of high-jinks and

The new  
**AVERY HOPWOOD  
AWARD WINNER  
(FICTION)**

is now the new smash  
hit. Recommended  
by the Book-of-the-  
Month Club, the  
Catholic Book Club,  
and critics and read-  
ers everywhere.

**\$2.50**

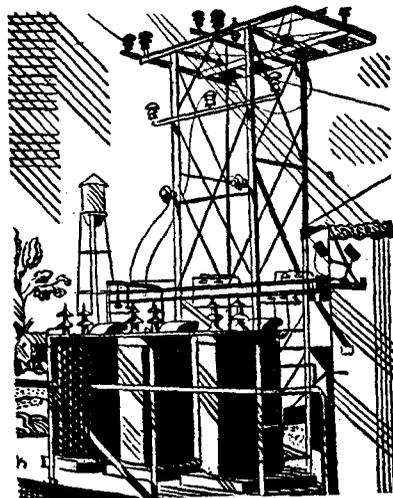


"Enchanting . . . the story  
will go through your heart  
like music through a still  
room."—*N. Y. Herald Trib.*

**Golden Apples  
of the Sun**

E. P. DUTTON & CO. · N. Y. C.

Join the **SCREWTAPE Club**



burlesque comedy, to roar and applaud each quip, be it funny or sad.

The increasing number of programs that do require audiences is proof that radio is outgrowing itself. The medium is being strained. We are more than ripe for television, and more's the pity that the war has delayed its coming.

Perhaps it will take television, too, finally to knot the death noose around the neck of the daytime serial. It is enough to hear these outpourings of unrequited love, domestic upheaval, treachery, dishonor, mayhem and God knows what else, but can you imagine "seeing" them?

**I**N reviewing its accomplishments of the past year, radio cannot attach too much importance to one fact. It finally got that cigaret wrapper off to war. (And one of the Broadway wags was musing only the other day, "D'ya suppose Lucky Strike Green has finished his basic training yet?")

That done, radio now might turn its attention to eliminating certain other ugly plugs that mar the little minutes between programs. It has been said time and again that radio is selling its birthright for a mess of spot announcements. True, these help to pay the rent at the small stations, but for the opulent networks to air these abominations, for a few coins even occasionally, cannot be forgiven.

Since commercials are a necessary evil if radio is to continue at all, we see no reason why they cannot be trimmed, sponged (or, in some cases, scrubbed), dusted lightly with humor, and served up with a crisp sprig of common sense—all as an integral part of the program's continuity. We should like also to see the end, once and for all time, of the fear technique in radio advertising: Do you need money? Are you going to have a warm coat next winter? Do you suffer from backache, neuralgia, rheumatism? Surely this scare-'em-and-sell-'em method has lost its impact by now, in view of the deeper and more immediate fears besetting listeners.

If radio wants to grow up, it is imperative that it rid itself of the endless transcribed playlets, featuring gravel-voiced actors who grunt and groan, simulating all the ills you'll fall heir to if you don't buy this or that nostrum, along with the jingle singers who mostly jangle. All, every last one, should be relegated to the same sunny limbo as the Cherry Sisters; to the Elysian Fields where the tall corn grows.

Some advertisers, radio also must hang its head to confess, have taken shameful advantage of the war. "If you are patriotic you will buy a war fur coat now at Moe Minsk's," runs

one blurb. Or you will dazzle your war-worker husband with a bright, new lipstick called Patriot Red. Or you will keep fit with "an amazing new combination of magnesia and mineral oil." Or you will bash in your sweet old Auntie's head with a meat axe because Radio, the monster in the house, is driving you raving, roaring, ranting mad!

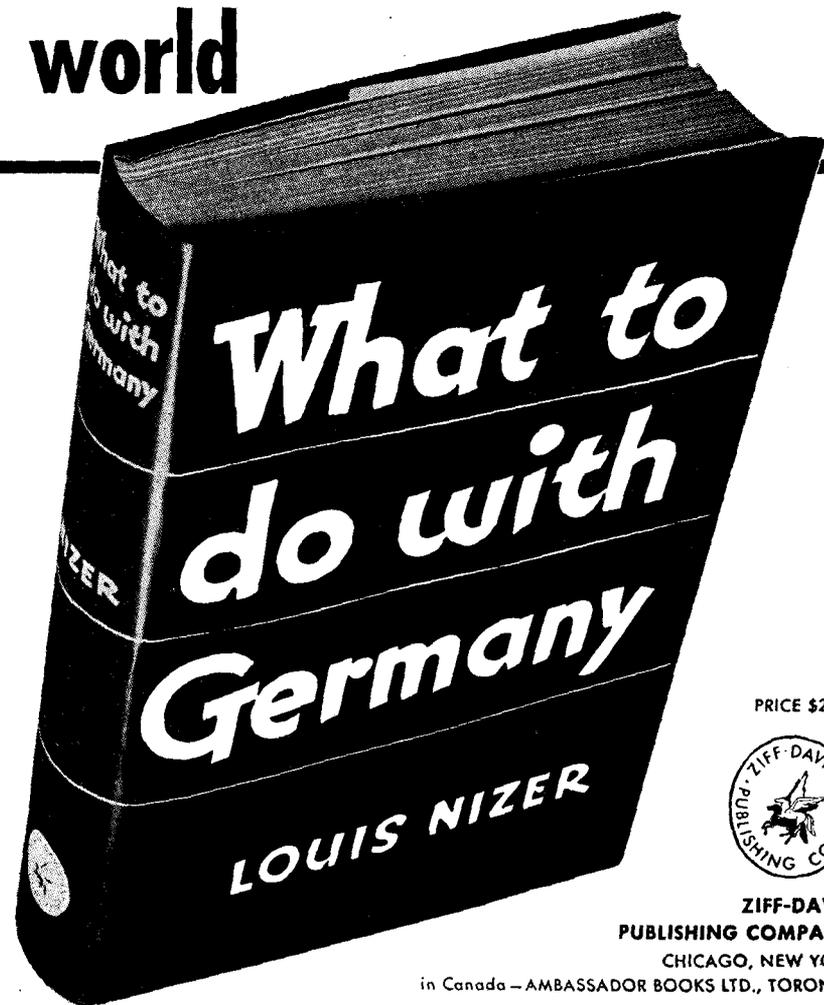
In the pre-Pearl Harbor days, before Eddie Cantor was recruiting WACs, one of the blackest marks against radio was its determined ostrichism. It watched the destruction of Republican Spain, German rearmament and aggrandizement, the increasing violence of anti-Semitism all over the world, dishonorable Munich, and finally, the blitz, refusing steadfastly the while to take sides.

When war finally broke over our unconcerned heads, radio, our most powerful weapon of psychological warfare, was unprepared. For months it floundered in a sea of words, words, words. Its hopes were high, its intentions honorable. But that was not enough. Slowly and sorrowfully radio learned that morale music and plugs for scrap iron drives and dramas about midnight disasters at sea did not, per se, constitute an impetus to victory.

But out of much sound and fury, many blunders and a few bravos, have sprung some splendid war shows. There is no denying that the public has been enlightened, unified, and heartened by radio. Public energy has been directed into channels where it can do the most good. And that's important.

And nobody, no matter what he

## A grim forget-me-not for an easy-going world



PRICE \$2.50



ZIFF-DAVIS  
PUBLISHING COMPANY  
CHICAGO, NEW YORK

in Canada — AMBASSADOR BOOKS LTD., TORONTO

thinks of soap operas and low comedy shows and recipe recitals, ever is going to forget the millions and millions and millions raised in radio's war bond drives.

The challenge of wartime living has given radio the courage to face some of our urgent but heretofore "touchy" domestic problems. CBS recently aired a documentary program showing the cause and effect (and the menace to democracy inherent therein) of race riots. Colored and white actors took part in the drama, which was brought to a ringing close with a pungent, forthright talk by Wendell Willkie. It was a bold step. But it will make easier the steps that must follow if radio is to shoulder its dual responsibility: to the arts and to democracy.

## A hungry fish The Editor; He'll grab LIVE bait and look for more!

That's what THE WRITER helps you prepare.

THE WRITER is a practical magazine. It tells no tall tales of easy money and overnight success. It is content to give you straight talk from editors who know what they want, and first-hand tips from outstanding writers. Among recent articles have been:

- NOTES ON PLAYWRITING  
By Howard Lindsay
- WHAT WE BUY By Marc A. Rose,  
Senior Editor of READER'S DIGEST
- GET OUT OF THAT STORY  
By Wallace Stegner
- MURDER IS A RATHER SERIOUS  
BUSINESS By Todd Downing
- THE CASE FOR PART-TIME WRITING  
By Helen Peavy Washburn
- WHEN IT COMES TO LIGHT  
VERSE By Dorothy Quick
- PULP-PAPER FICTION  
By James Francis Dwyer
- CHARACTERS AND HOW THEY  
GROW By Marcia Davenport

Up-to-the-minute lists of manuscript markets and prize offers are published in each issue.

If you agree with us that writing for publication is NOT EASY, you'll welcome the intelligent help of writers who have earned success.

### Special Introductory Offer

5 Months of THE WRITER for \$1.00  
(Regular rate \$3.00 a year)

Clip your dollar to this coupon and mail today

THE WRITER  
8 ARLINGTON ST., BOSTON 16

I enclose \$1.00 for five months' subscription to THE WRITER.

Start with the ..... issue.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

The next five years should see some great developments in international broadcasting. Here the war has hastened rather than retarded a trend that was inevitable from the day the first flash encircled the globe. Daily reports from correspondents overseas, and 'round-the-world talks by President Roosevelt, Prime Minister Churchill, and King George, are only the beginning, and a small beginning it is, in view of what lies ahead.

A CLEAR hint of things to come is the current Sunday series, Trans-Atlantic Call, sponsored jointly by CBS and the British Broadcasting Company. Interviews from London's Hyde Park one week, over-the-fence talks with Kansas farmers the next, have performed an incalculable service in acquainting the "little peoples" of the two nations with each other's habits, hopes, and beliefs. NBC recently added a similar series, with theatrical stars putting on a well-knit, smartly-paced show from two great nations.

It is not going too far afield to envisage international hookups with the farmers of a dozen nations discussing their common problems. Or the coal miners, or the statesmen, or the housewives.

It may take many years before all the peoples of the world become literates, despite the evangelism of Henry A. Wallace. But at this moment, hundreds of thousands of illiterate Chinese are listening to their village radios. Wherever American troops are quartered you will find both transmitters and receivers. The war is hastening the coming of age of millions of people who will grow increasingly eager, as radio opens new vistas to them, to

know what is going on in the world.

The magazine *Common Sense* last summer outlined plans for a station WORLD to be set up after the war. William B. Lloyd, Jr., proposed that "a system be established requiring each country to grant permanent authority for an international commission to establish and operate at least one ordinary broadcast-band station in every broadcast area." He concedes that this might mean a delegation of a part of our national sovereignty, but adds, Why not? "The world would have the right to talk to us, but in return we would gain the right to address the rest of the world."

It must be added that all this talk of global radio is predicated on one thing—world peace and some kind of strong, international government. Otherwise it is easy to see how international radio might be the springboard to another war; a war that would start with mere words.

Yet global radio, if managed properly, might just as easily be the final, glorious step in making this One World.

International forums, international quiz shows, comedy programs, concerts, operas, and debates heard 'round the world, should do more for promoting world peace than all the reciprocal trade treaties ever seen in the dreams of Cordell Hull.

Until two thirds of the citizens of the world cease grinding bayonets and dropping bombs, it will be difficult for most of us to glimpse the vision of Tennyson: "Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue."

But the day will yet come. And radio, if entrusted to kindlier hearts and larger minds, will hasten it.

## Help Me, Friend

By Valentine Olsen

PHILOSOPHY decrees that I, in fearing death  
Must fail its ultimate.

Yet, how can I deny my fear of all unknown?  
Relinquish all the beauty of a winter-gaunted tree,  
Or Heaven-bodies sprinkled through the haze of night?  
Never more to lose myself in thought,  
Nor know myself in laughter?  
Never love with selfless love  
Or even selfish love?  
Forget the shiver in the ice of anger  
Lose the fiercest joy of constant battle-living—

No reason in my fear—  
My mind will mock at this constriction of the heart.  
Of all my fears, this one alone  
Is not to be controlled:  
Terror seizes at cold emptiness of death.  
Help me, friend, to reconcile myself  
With loss of everything I may have known.

# The Case Against Gandhi?

INDIA AGAINST THE STORM. By Post Wheeler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1944. 350 pp. \$3.50.

Reviewed by MARK GAYN

POST WHEELER'S "India Against the Storm" is an odd book. I enjoyed its lush prose and imagery, its literary mechanics in marshalling a vast amount of facts, its vigorous pace. But I was also filled with wonderment, for it is a vitriolic and intemperate book, belying every one of the adjectives bestowed upon it by its blurb writers.

The task Mr. Wheeler has apparently set before him was to destroy India's "case" for independence by attacking Mohandas Gandhi. He wages this attack with fervor and very little subtlety. Gandhi, to Mr. Wheeler, is "a queer little old man in a loincloth and pebble spectacles, a wizened and tooth-lacking gnome of a creature with the aura of a popular sainthood about him." Gandhi is also overbearing, naive, vain, publicity-seeking, and downright psychotic. Mr. Wheeler quotes the statement of a British judge who passed a jail sentence on Gandhi: "In the eyes of millions of your countrymen you are a great patriot and a great leader. Even those who differ from you in politics look upon you as a man of high ideals and of noble and even saintly life." But behind the quotation, Mr. Wheeler's sneer is ill concealed.

Having demolished Gandhi, Mr.

Wheeler proceeds to take apart Gandhi's followers, from Nehru to the students ("crackpot young politicians with bitterness in their souls, the baiters of the street and debaters of the Assembly"). And Mr. Wheeler dismisses India's Nationalists as a thoroughly despicable lot, who have used the Congress "wholly for inflammatory and destructive ends."

Whether by design or chance, Mr. Wheeler, while devoting his attention to blasting Gandhi and his associates, makes no great effort to present their case. Nor, for that matter, does he present Britain's side. By the time he is done with Gandhi, the Nationalists have no case, and Britain therefore need not defend her position.

Mr. Wheeler does make an effort to keep up the pretense of objectivity.

But sometimes he fails, and then his statements sound strange and shocking on the lips of an American diplomat: "It was the students that bothered me most"; or, "For my part I would defend the maharajas with my blood;" or (at the sight of a table filled with food at Lord Linlithgow's palace) "a long table that looked so invitingly English after some of our culinary experiences . . . that I almost burst into tears."

But the book is not all a wasted effort. Though his interpretation (to my mind) is warped, Mr. Wheeler has gathered an amazing amount of facts on India's history and leaders which would be useful on any bookshelf. But the reader would do well to flank "India Against the Storm" with such books as Krishnalal Shridharani's "My India, My America," H. N. Brailsford's "Subject India," or Kate Mitchell's "India."

## FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 35

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 35 will be found in the next issue.

CDEFG HDE IJGKL MN IKN  
KJG OEPQRSKQC EU LKQN  
CDRQPF HDROD GFOKVG  
CDEFG HDE IJGKL EQWN MN  
QRPDC.—GWGKQEJK.

—GIPKJ VEG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 34  
ENGLAND IS THE PARADISE  
OF INDIVIDUALITY, ECCEN-  
TRICITY, HERESY, ANOMALIES,  
HOBBIES, AND HUMOURS. SO-  
LILOQUIES IN ENGLAND.

—G. SANTAYANA

Classic literature is always modern

## THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

THE great literature of the Greeks and Romans has remained alive throughout the centuries because of the deeply satisfying pleasure it has given to each new generation of readers. The *Odyssey* of Homer, the poems of Ovid, the philosophy of Plato, the adventures of Aeneas — these are old friends of the classroom. But many other books, by both familiar and less well-known authors, provide reading as stimulating today as it was two thousand years ago. The witty dialogues of Lucian, the brilliant comedies of Aristophanes, the travels of Strabo, and the botanical discoveries of Theophrastus, founder of modern botany, are only samples of the wide range of subjects included in the LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY of over 360 titles.

In the LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY the original Greek or Latin text is printed on left-hand pages with a line-for-line translation on facing pages. Write for a descriptive catalogue. The price is uniformly \$2.50 a volume.



HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS  
CAMBRIDGE 38 MASSACHUSETTS