



ADVENTURE

JULY and August are the months when boys and girls get more out of a good book than at any other time during the year. On days when the rain falls and only the more daring spirits venture out of doors, on days when the shade of a cool porch or a spreading tree is more enticing than the glare of sunlight, in periods of rest that follow active sport they read to enjoy and the love of reading develops, as it should, in an enriching leisure.

Here, the editor of *BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE* and two of her reviewers offer some good adventure stories that they have selected from the year's output. They are for both boys and girls, and they cover a wide age range. —MARY GOULD DAVIS.

BUSH HOLIDAY. By Stephen Fennimore. Illustrations by Ninon MacKnight. New York: Doubleday & Co. 242 pp. \$2.50.

This unusual story tells the adventures of Martin Haddon, an American boy who went alone from Melbourne, Australia, to the remote "bush" to stay with the Macleods on their ranch—"Tangari." It is a well-told story with interesting characters and a background unfamiliar to most American boys and girls. The scene when Martin is lost in the bush and manages to take care of himself until help comes will appeal to young people who have had Scout and woodlore training. The romance between Martin's mother and the glamorous owner of a nearby ranch is somewhat unreal, but both Martin himself and young Penny Macleod are likable and convincing. The illustrations by an Australian artist clarify the bush country that is so well described in the text. The book won the *Herald Tribune* award for the best book for older boys and girls published between January and May 1949.

SEA BOOTS. By Robert C. DuSoe. Illustrated by Arthur Harper. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 186 pp. \$2.50.

This won an honorable mention in the *Herald Tribune* awards—and deserved it. It is a vigorous, well-written tale of tuna fishing in the Gulf

of Mexico. Young Pedro Fernandez, the son of a fisherman, stowed away on the *White Star* and, during the long, strenuous voyage, became a member of the crew and a fisherman in his own right. Pedro is an appealing character, and the captain, Sparks, the radio man, Smitty, the cook, Canero, who caused so much trouble aboard, and even Zippo, the ship's monkey, are all lively and interesting. Mr. DuSoe is the author of "Three Without Fear." Both stories have a lasting value.

HOLIDAY MOUNTAIN. By Lloid and Juanita Jones. Philadelphia: The Westminster Press. 208 pp. \$2.50.

The scene of this story is a camp in the Rocky Mountains where a family of five live all the year round, taking paying guests during the season. The responsibility of it all falls on Tom, the oldest boy, when his father is injured in an accident. Payment is due on a mortgage and Tom, his mother, and the two younger members of the family set out to run the camp, make and sell the Christmas wreaths, and pay off the mortgage before their father comes home from the hospital. The background and atmosphere of this mountain retreat are excellent and every character in the story rings true, including Bungry, the huge St. Bernard dog. It is a fine story of family unity and courage, with a dash of humor added to make it more entertaining.

THE BELLS OF BLEECKER STREET. Written and Illustrated by Valenti Angelo. New York: The Viking Press. 186 pp. \$2.50.

Against a background of Greenwich Village we meet young Joey Enrico, who has an Italian father and an Irish mother. It is in the closing years of the Second World War and Joey's father is fighting with the American Army. It is a vivid, humorous tale of a typical New York boy whose world is bound by Bleecker Street and Sheridan Square. It is, too, a valuable record of the war's end and the coming home of the soldiers. It is generously illustrated with Va-

lenti Angelo's characteristic drawings.

THE SIGN OF THE GOLDEN FISH: A Story of the Cornish Fishermen in Maine. By Gertrude Robinson. Illustrations by Frederick T. Chapman. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 207 pp. \$2.50.

One of a series of historical novels for boys and girls, this tells the story of Chris Toney, the son of a Cornish fisherman who, in the seventeenth century, comes to what is now Portland, Maine, and starts there a fish-curing plant like the one that they had left behind in Cornwall. This reviewer can remember no other story of these hardy, adventurous men and women who came to the New England Coast to make their living from the sea. It is good to have this one, not only for its historical value but for its vital characters and its fine continuity. Format and illustrations are most satisfactory.

SONG OF THE PINES: A Story of Lumbering in Wisconsin. By Walter and Marion Havighurst. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 205 pp. \$2.50.

This is one of the best and most honest stories that this reviewer has ever read of a boy from another country who became a citizen of these United States. When a friend of his father's gave Nils Thorson in Norway a handful of American earth, Nils put it into his pocket and started out with the Svendsen family to make his living in the forests of North America. The story takes him across the Atlantic and through the water-route from New York to the West. Fresh in treatment, convincing in background, without sentimentality, it is a tale of adventure that never flags. It is sure to be widely read by American boys and girls. We wish that it could be translated into Norwegian. There could be no better bond between the two countries than Nils's story.

A SUMMER TO REMEMBER. Written and Illustrated by Erna M. Karoli. New York: Whittlesey House. 128 pp. \$2.

When this author and artist was "half past ten," just after the First World War, she was sent from her home in Hungary to a Swiss mountain town to regain the strength and health that she had lost during the war years. The story of her summer with the kindly, generous Swiss family is a familiar one to the children of the Second World War. It was not only health and security and

the beauty of the mountains that Margitka found in Switzerland. It was, too, the understanding and sympathy of the Swiss people and the gaiety of their way of life. This is a moving, well-told story that is especially timely today.

MISS QUINN'S SECRET. By Dorothy Aldis. Illustrations by Rowena Fry. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 164 pp. \$2.50.

Miss Quinn is the town librarian in a small city in Indiana. She interests the boys and girls in the past history of the countryside and helps them establish a museum. A good story illustrated with attractive drawings.

ERIC'S GIRLS. By Gladys Malvern. Illustrated by Corinne Malvern. New York: Julian Messner. 244 pp. \$2.50.

Eric is a Dutchman who lived on a farm in Connecticut when Peter Stuyvesant was mayor of Nieuw Amsterdam. His daughters, Henrietta and Jane, succeeded finally in persuading him to leave the farm and go to the city, where all sorts of exciting things might happen. Their hopes were justified. This is the story of their first year in Nieuw Amsterdam, of the siege by the British troops, and the final Dutch surrender. It is also the love story of both sisters, so different in character. It is an historical romance that will appeal especially to older girls.

HILLHAVEN: By Mary Wolfe Thompson. Decorations by Allan Thomas. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 280 pp. \$2.50.

Teen-age girls have learned to expect convincing, well-told stories from Mary Wolfe Thompson. They will not be disappointed in this latest book. It deals with the comparatively new and fascinating profession of occupational therapy. The story opens with Trudy Wescott's first day as an occupational therapist at Hillhaven Hospital, not far from her home in the Midwest. Trudy has difficulty adjusting herself to the demands of her job, pleasing her supervisors, striking the right balance between detachment and enthusiasm in her work with the patients. But her father and mother had worked hard to give her a professional training, and she was determined to make good. Threads of romance and mystery are introduced into the story, but subordinated to the main theme—that of giving a true picture of occupational therapy and the place that it holds in medicine today. —EVELYN R. SICKELS.

PAINTED PORTS. By C. Fox Smith. Illustrated by C. Walter Hodges. New York: Oxford University Press. 212 pp. \$2.50.

IT IS almost inevitable that this sea story be compared with "Treasure Island" and just as inevitable that it suffer by comparison. The tale is well written, the atmosphere vividly conveyed, and the characters well drawn, but the book, as a whole, lacks the well-integrated, unifying plot that makes the Stevenson classic such absorbing reading. It depends, rather, upon a series of exciting incidents to hold the reader's interest. Barty Dale, whom the reader met in an earlier book, "A Ship Aground," signs as an apprentice aboard a sailing ship that belongs to the East Indian Company. No sooner has the ship left the London port than misfortune befalls Barty. He is unjustly accused of stealing, and a series of adventures follows which end when, a castaway, he is miraculously picked up by the same ship on which he first sailed from London. The ending is improbable, but this is good reading. The make-up is excellent and the drawings by C. Walter Hodges admirable.

—E. R. S.

A SUNDAE WITH JUDY. By Frieda Friedman. New York: William Morrow & Co. 192 pp. \$2.50.

JUDY MARSHALL'S father owned a candy store and warm-hearted, outgoing Judy spent most of her time in it. When pretty Mayling Lee came to live across the street, Judy swept her, too, into all her activities. They wanted to help Mr. Fenton, who had lost his job and could not pay the rent just when a new baby had been added to his large family. So Judy decided that the children in their school would give a show and charge admission. The show was a great success and when it was over, with the performers as special guests, Judy was allowed to concoct for each one the most elaborate sundae she could dream of, using anything she wished in her father's store.

This is a real and delightful story



—From "A Summer to Remember."

of a friendly New York community with the typical neighborhood stationery-candy store as its center. The happy mixture of people of different races and background all working together for common ends can be found in few other places in the world. It is such a book as this, with its matter-of-fact acceptance of differences and its pleasure in all sorts and kinds of people, that will strengthen and foster the natural, unprejudiced attitude of normal childhood.

—RUTH HILL VIGUERS.

SECRET OF THE SAND HILLS. By Kitty Barnes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 245 pp. \$2.50.

IN THIS, as in so many English tales, a mother has to dash off for a far-away part of the world, leaving her children in England. In London, the five young Burringtons have a celebration with their mother before she leaves to join their father in Ceylon. They then become involved in a mystery which follows them all the way to Chipping Langton and their grandfather's house. Henry, the observant one, had noticed a missing finger on the hand of a stranger at Victoria Station. He also notices that on the hand of Simonds, the butler at his grandfather's house, the same finger is missing. When grandfather told them that they could explore the sand hills, Simonds told them to keep away. They go to the sand hills and the beach, however, find there a lovely, abandoned cottage, and watch as an airplane mysteriously circles from time to time. The mystery develops to a satisfying denouement. Kitty Barnes's skill in writing and her well-drawn characters lift what might have been just another mystery story out of the ordinary.—R. H. V.

FORTY-SEVEN KEYS. By Erick Berry. New York: The Macmillan Co. 200 pp. \$2.50.

A NOVEL deviation from the "play within the play" motif is this story of learning to write a story. Honoria Cathcart, a high-school senior, was the lucky girl who got the part-time job of secretary to Eleanor Monk, the celebrated author. Mrs. Monk had come to Ammon to get local color for a series of stories of small-town people. It was Honey's love for her town and her knowledge of its people that made Mrs. Monk select her. To her it was more than a job with a famous writer. It was her big chance to learn to write herself. As Mrs. Monk became more involved in the life of Ammon and the two of them shared in the production of the school play, Honey learned that there was no one secret to success in writ-

ing. Throughout their relationship she took notes on the things that she learned, and these "Writing Notes" come at the end of each chapter.

The story, very amusing and full of suspense and action, proves the points that Mrs. Monk made; building the plot step by step, making the characters act consistently, selecting and emphasizing incidents that have a bearing on plot and characters. As an entertaining supplement to Erick Berry's and Herbert Best's "Writing for Children" this is a success. As a career story which entertains even as it instructs, it is better than most. It could quite conceivably spur an aspiring writer to acquire knowledge and discipline before attempting to write a book.

—R. H. V.

MOVIES SHOES. By Noel Streatfield.
Illustrated by Susanne Suba. New York: Random House. 274 pp. \$2.50.

THE heroine of this latest of the Shoes Series starts out with the handicap of being not merely the middle child in the family, but the only plain one and the only one without unusual talent. Jane has become used to considering herself plain and untalented, taking it for granted that she will never impress anyone in any way. The result is that she presents the least amiable heroine that this reader has met with in a long time. It is easy to understand Jane and to sympathize with her—but one longs to shake her! When the Winter family went to California for Mr. Winter's health each member of it, with the exception of Jane, was ready to make the most of the life there. Jane could only mourn her beloved cocker spaniel which she had left in England, convinced that nothing in California made up for him.

Shortly after the Winters' arrival in California, however, Jane, through a dog she befriended, came to the attention of a film director who saw in her the very child that he needed for the part of Mary in "The Secret Garden." Once she had accepted her luck, Jane was again full of importance. Again she was disappointed. At the studio school she was just one more child—not a leading lady. Her friendship with a boy in the cast whom she admired for his unusual influence over animals helped her most.

Miss Streatfield has drawn on her first-hand knowledge of motion pictures in the making to make her story of an English family in Hollywood both authentic and interesting. Her skill as a writer has increased since the first of the Shoes books. This one is particularly well developed. The characters and the situations are completely convincing.

—R. H. V.

the Phoenix Nest

BALLADE OF DEAD GENTLEMEN (A Double Ballade Royal)

O tell me now in what dim, hidden way
Dreams François Villon, long-lamented dean

Of balladeers? (Where darts the interplay
Of Villon's fine precision with his keen,

Incisive pen?) Where now are his eighteen
Companions of the Cockle Shell?
(Deny

Not some of these were thieves, but sanctify
The name of Villon, as he waits upon
The scaffold)—Where, that curve of lazuli?

Mais où, mes amis, sont les neiges d'antan?

Where is Regnier de Montigny, distraït,
As Villon, smiling through barred mezzanine,
Recites "Ballade des Pendus"? Where, his gray
And weeping mother, clutching a Beguine?

"Les Testaments," in what locked magazine?

Where now the priest, with crucifix raised high,
Absolving each of those about to die?
Where is the choir, chanting in antiphon,
And echoing the penitential sigh?
Mais où, mes amis, sont les neiges d'antan?

Colin des Cayeux—where is he, I pray?—

"Old Colin," chosen friend and go-between,
To whom Villon dispatched "a scrawl" that day

He and the others were to die. Serene,
That ballad—brisk and gallant; brave in mien:

"Commend François to grace once more, and try

To gain the King's last-moment pardon! Why,

One time the little Princess d'Orléans,

Again, Louis himself saved Villon.

I—
Mais où, mes amis, sont les neiges d'antan?"

Where, now, is Villon's like? And where, like gay
Abandon in the face of death; the sheen

Of noble words; the courage, now, to say:

"We die tomorrow, then? This doom, I ween,
Is fit. Afraid to die? Ah, no! Foreseen
Beyond the night, beyond the darkened sky,
Beyond the curve of heaven, I espy
A greater loveliness when this is gone."

Where can be found so fearless a reply?

Mais où, mes amis, sont les neiges d'antan?

"Life was not made thus perfect to betray

Our love of life; nor was the crystalline

Fabric of youth designed as tourniquet

To bind desire. Abundantly we glean,
Who have lived fully. Should Fate intervene

Once more, we of the Cockle Shell descry

In that God-given respite, not a sly, Ill-gotten vantage, but a benison—
For of itself a noose may not untie."
(*Mais où, mes amis, sont les neiges d'antan?*)

Where is the poet able now to sway,
Our sympathies in like straightforward, clean
Experience of freedom from dismay?
Where is the ballad-making indigene,
Undriven by stark bitterness or spleen?

He has been throttled by the ones who cry,

"The world! My comrades, it is all awry!"

Where slumbers now the calm *sine qua non*

That marks the zenith faith must occupy?

Mais où, mes amis, sont les neiges d'antan?

L'ENVOI

Friends, where are ringing words that now can vie

In courage with that valiant last goodbye?

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 797)

CORNELIA MEIGS: THE VIOLENT MEN

Jefferson sat in misery before the Congress hearing his phrases repeated, twisted, questioned, turned inside out. Could this passage be misconstrued, was that one too severe or would we have any friends left after this Declaration?