



## MAY PARADE

**W**E POSTPONED a review of a new biography of the Maid of Orleans to May, the month when spring flowers are laid at the base of her statue in Paris and the whole Christian world pays her tribute. Thousands of American boys and girls have seen recently the Ingrid Bergman movie of Joan of Arc. If it fails to bring out all the qualities that made her great, at least it stirs in young people a desire to know more about her.

Easter came to Manhattan with brilliant sunshine and a cool wind. The crowd in the Easter Parade along Fifth Avenue was so great that it drove the indignant pigeons from the street to the trees in front of St. Patrick's Cathedral. In Central Park and along Riverside Drive the fruit trees were bouquets of pink and white. Tony Palazzo's "Susie the Cat" appeared just in time to help New York children celebrate the annual appearance of "The Greatest Show on Earth." Susie's adventures will be reviewed in the June number. In fact, so many good stories about animals have been published this spring that we intend to devote the June number exclusively to cats, dogs, horses, and birds.

The *Herald Tribune* Spring Book Festival announced the winners of its awards May 8. For the younger children the winner is "Bonnie Bess," by Alvin Tresselt, published by Lothrop. For the "middle-aged" boys and girls "Bush Holiday," by Stephen Fennimore, published by Doubleday. For the older boys and girls "Start of the Trail," by Louise Dickinson Rich, published by J. B. Lippincott.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

**THE BELLS OF HEAVEN:** *The Story of Joan of Arc.* By Christopher Bick. Illustrated by Lauren Ford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1949. 246 pp. \$3.

**INGRID BERGMAN'S** "Joan of Arc" has brought to thousands of Americans a new awareness of the greatness of the Maid of Orleans. Many of them will be attracted to Bick's book, which displays on its pale blue jacket a picture of Joan on horseback, holding high her beloved ban-

ner. The young author has shown in his treatment of a well-known story a great respect for things of the spirit and a special devotion to his heroine. He portrays her first as a beautiful young girl and, later, describes the effect on her face of the inner struggle and the physical suffering. The story is true to fact and the bibliography quotes such authoritative sources as Michelet and Anatole France.

Because of the author's endeavor to give as complete a setting as possible to his story, it is slow in getting started, and occasionally lost in descriptions of places and intricate political events. The book is at its best when Joan is allowed to speak for herself. She does so simply and convincingly, stating the commands of her "voices," or expressing her desire to return to humble tasks when the Saints ask her to lead armies and to crown the King. After the coronation of Charles VII, she said to the Archbishop, "I wish now that I might return to my home in Domremy and take care of my parents' sheep." Joan appears throughout the book as one entrusted with a mission and, though frail and human, endowed with superhuman courage and wisdom. It is interesting to note that French writers have frequently emphasized Joan's patriotism and that, during the Resistance, she became again an inspiring figure. The present author, an Eng-



—From "The White Ring."

lishman, puts her religious mission in the foreground. The illustrations, in black and white, stress Joan's youthfulness and innocence rather than her courage and heroism.

—BLANCHE WEBER SHAFFER.

**THE WHITE RING.** By Enys Tregarten. Edited by Elizabeth Yates. With Illustrations by Nora S. Unwin. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1949. 65 pp. \$2.

**W**E SHOULD be grateful to Elizabeth Yates and to her publishers for presenting this Cornish fairy tale, told long ago by Enys Tregarten and illustrated with drawings that have great distinction and beauty of design. An old fisherman, Uter Penscawen, who was really a fairy prince, found a tiny fairy baby on the moors and took her to his little cottage. He could be freed to go back to fairyland only when a fairy who lived as a mortal loved him enough to give up her inheritance and live on earth for his sake. The legend tells how he loved and guarded little Nan until she had fulfilled the fairy law of kind deeds and devotion to him and to the little native birds and beasts that the two of them cared for. The atmosphere and background of the lovely Cornish coast are so vivid that one rather regrets that old Uter is a fairy prince rather than a Cornish fisherman. Imaginative children will especially like the part where he makes Nan wash in the morning dew to shrink to fairy size, and her struggle between love for him and longing to go back to fairyland.

**THE DANCING KETTLE AND OTHER JAPANESE FOLK TALES.** Retold by Yoshiko Uchida. Illustrated by Richard C. Jones. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1949. 183 pp. \$2.25.

**A**N ATTRACTIVE looking book, illustrated with black and white drawings in the Japanese style, this retells folktales some of which are familiar to American boys and girls in an earlier translation. "The Dancing Kettle," "Momotaro," and "The Tongue-Cut Sparrow" have been favorites for many years. Others are less well-known and one or two are completely unfamiliar to this reviewer. They are told simply, in an easy, flowing English that has in it a glint of humor. Atmosphere and background are subordinated to the story. This and their smooth continuity will make them a good choice for a storyteller. Because almost all of the older collections of Japanese folktales are now out of print this is

an important book. There are fourteen stories. One, called "The Wedding of the Mouse," is the Japanese variant of the old Persian tale of "Hafiz, the Stone-Cutter."

#### THE SITTER WHO DIDN'T SIT.

Story by Helen Walker Puner. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. New York: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 1949. No paging. \$1.50.

This is the first picture book, as far as we know, of that growing American institution, the baby-sitter. Mrs. Willburdrive is large, fat, and comfortable, but her "sitting" with Bill and Susan is constantly interrupted by door bells and telephone calls. She is, however, equal to the emergency. These are very amusing drawings, printed in pink, blue, and green.

#### THE TOTEM CASTS A SHADOW.

By Margaret E. Bell. With a Frontispiece by Louis Darling. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1949. 222 pp. \$2.50.

MRS. BELL'S "Watch for a Tall White Sail" was one of the most distinguished "young novels" of last year. In this book she goes on with the story of Florence Munroe and her family, living now in a remote part of the Alaskan coast—a part inhabited chiefly by the Haida Indians. The main theme of the story is the growing conflict between the old generation and the new. Mr. Munroe has the rather out-of-date attitude of the "superior race" toward the Indians. Gregory knows that racial barriers must be crossed. Florence is caught between the two, her emotions further complicated by her own love story. Like the first book, the background and atmosphere of the strange, lonely coast are vividly conveyed. Mrs. Bell has a way of getting into the minds and hearts of young people. There are some tense scenes in the story, and the characters are always consistent. And there is a thoroughly satisfactory ending.

The frontispiece and cover-jacket reproduce a painting of Florence, in her blue dress and long cape, standing beside the Haida totem pole with the snow-capped Northern mountains on the horizon line.

**TREE OF FREEDOM.** By Rebecca Caudill. Illustrated by Dorothy Bayley Morse. New York: The Viking Press. 1949. 279 pp. \$2.50.

THIS is a story that should have a long and prosperous career. Stephanie Venable carried a seed of her apple tree from North Carolina over the mountains to Kentucky in

1786. She planted it in the good, black soil of the land that her father cleared and it sprouted and put out pale, gray-green leaves. Stephanie's tree was a symbol of a new life that the pioneers built in the Kentucky wilderness. This is the story of the Venable family's first year in that wilderness, and it is a convincing, dramatic story. There were seven in the family and all of them stand out as characters, clear cut and entirely different, one from another. There is action and near tragedy in the chronicle and there is, too, humor and a warm sense of family loyalty. As a background to the story the author paints in word pictures of the Kentucky woods in spring and summer and autumn, the birds and the wild animals, the red, muddy roads and the rich virgin soil.



—From "Marian and Marion."

Many readers among the older girls will remember Rebecca Caudill's first book, "Barrie & Daughter." That was a good story, and this is even better.

**MARIAN AND MARION.** By J. M. Selleger-Elout. Translated by Hilda Van Stockum. Illustrated by B. Midderigh-Bokhorst. New York: The Viking Press. 1949. 177 pp. \$2.

THIS is the first translation that we have had from a successful and widely approved Dutch writer of stories for boys and girls. It tells of a young American girl who was shipwrecked on the coast of Walcheren Island not long before the Second World War. Her name was Marian and the Dutch girl who found her on the beach and helped to restore her was named Marion, although she was universally known as Janne. There is a dramatic contrast between the two girls. Marian is an artist, sensitive, intelligent, and ambitious, already partly trained as a professional dancer. Janne is sturdy and independent, quick-tempered and possessive, jealous of anyone who claimed a share in Marian's destiny. There is a con-

tagious humor in the description of Janne's schemes to benefit the American girl and their sometimes disastrous results. In the end Marian goes to Rotterdam to continue her training, leaving Janne to console wise old Tanne, who has from the beginning understood and helped both girls. This is a well-plotted and well-told adventure story. The illustrations are most satisfying.

**THE MIGHTY PEN: A Life of Thomas Paine.** By Hildegard Hawthorne. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1949. 239 pp. \$2.50.

AT a time when the values of military men are stressed, and perhaps overstressed, it is a pleasure to be reminded of a man whose quill pen helped shape the destiny of nations and the upward course of all mankind. There is an amazing timeliness in the work of Thomas Paine, the intimate friend of Washington, Franklin, and Danton. Human liberty was his lifelong passion. It is threatened now as it was then, and the words he wrote more than a century and a half ago still flame in the darkness of tyranny and oppression.

He was born an English Quaker and early became a tax collector. In that capacity he saw and learned to hate the system that allowed a blood-sucking nobility to live on the poorer people. He dared to petition Parliament for reform, but got nowhere. Then he met Benjamin Franklin, who saw eye to eye with him and persuaded him to emigrate to America. Landing in America when the first Continental Congress was in session he became, on Franklin's recommendation, editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*. His first crusade was against Negro slavery, then the Battle of Lexington set him on fire for American liberty. In 1776 his first book, "Common Sense," called for independence, denounced the divine right of kings, and pointed out the ethical and financial benefits that would follow separation from England. Its appeal was tremendous, especially as it was written in a style that could be understood by everyday people, and it swept the country, influencing whole colonies, notably the Carolinas, to join the fight. And it did much more than was at first realized to create sympathy for America in France. Its sale was enormous, and Paine turned over all the profits to the cause.

Paine was no soldier, but he took his turn at it. As aide-de-camp to General Greene he saw at first hand how desperately low was the morale of troops and civilians. During odd moments in camp he wrote the first



of the "Crisis" papers, giving sound reasons why all was not lost and showing the gains that would surely reward united action. It struck home everywhere. Washington had it read aloud to the troops on Christmas Eve before crossing the Delaware, and declared repeatedly that it had made victory possible. In recognition, Congress appointed Paine Secretary of Foreign Affairs. In that office he exposed the crookedness of Silas Deane and stirred up a mighty row in Congress. But he held the confidence of the majority and was appointed Clerk of the Assembly.

After the war he worked hard to keep the states together and then, naturally, plunged into a defense of the French Revolution. His "Rights of Man," published in England while he was visiting there, nearly upset the British Government. Officials incited mobs to burn the author in effigy, his books were banned, he was charged with sedition and sentenced to death—when captured. But the French revolutionaries had already made him an honorary citizen of France, so he crossed the Channel and joined the Gerondist or moderate party. As the Revolution progressed he protested its increasing violence and begged for the life of Louis. When the Jacobin party triumphed he was arrested and escaped execution by a fluke of fortune. His old enemy, Gouverneur Morris, then U. S. Minister to France, neglected to work for his release, for which he never forgave George Washington, and he was held until James Monroe succeeded Morris. On the day he was arrested he finished the first part of his last great book, the "Age of Reason." In it, among other things, he stated his religious convictions; in substance a firm belief in God and a deep hatred of established religion which was, in his opinion, a tyranny of the clergy over the lower classes. He was instantly branded as an atheist, an injustice that persists to this day in some quarters. He became the target for one of the foulest mud-slinging campaigns in all history. His last years, spent in the United States, were comparatively quiet.

This is not an exciting book, in the usual sense. The author has deliberately avoided dramatizing the episodes that might so easily have been made sensational. Such restraint and good taste are rare, and pleasant to discover in these days of raucous thrillers. It is a book with a mighty message for young readers, who will soon be "the common people"—the immensely important common people in whom Thomas Paine believed and for whom he did so much.

—MERRITT P. ALLEN.

## For Older Boys and Girls

### The Squire of Ravensmark

By Edouard Sandoz  
Illustrated by the Author

This is a colorful, action-filled story about a young English squire who fights for knighthood and a fair maiden in the medieval French wars. The author, also a noted illustrator, knows the Middle Ages well and brings that robust period to life in an unusually convincing way. "I finished it, practically in one sitting because I couldn't find a good stopping place. What an exciting story it is!"—Frances Sullivan, *Wichita City Library*. Ages 10 to 14. \$2.50

### Celia's Lighthouse

By Anne Molloy  
Illustrated by Ursula Koering

Celia Lughton Thaxter, the nineteenth century poet, spent her early years in a lighthouse on the Isles of Shoals, where her father was keeper of the light. In this warmly-told biography Anne Molloy shows how the imaginative young girl developed into a distinguished poet in this unusual setting and found happiness in marriage with her handsome tutor. A remarkably perceptive book, especially, appealing to older girls. Ages 11 up. \$2.50

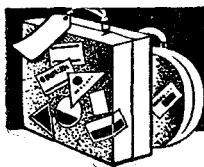
### The Story of Medicine

By Joseph Garland, M. D.  
Illustrated by Erwin H. Austin

A well-known doctor and editor is the author of this fascinating and comprehensive story of medical and surgical practice from primitive times to the present. Beginning with the tribal witch doctor, Dr. Garland traces the development of medical knowledge from superstitious ignorance, through the great periods of early experiment and research, to the latest wonder drug discoveries. The book was written especially for the teen-age, but will be enjoyed also by older readers. \$2.75

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY • PUBLISHERS





# BOOKED for TRAVEL

## SO ROAMS THE ROSE

THERE isn't anything we'd rather hear about than a trip around the world, so we called up Billy Rose, the author, a couple of days after he flew in from a 35,000-mile junket to hell and back. "Call me next week and I'll dish with you," Mr. Rose told us over the phone. The following Thursday, before the dust of Punjab had been brushed from his shoes, the two of us were in the Ziegfeld Theatre on Sixth Avenue, dishing together like old school friends.

We located Mr. Rose in his office, an expansive living room decorated with hunter green walls and a piano upholding pictures of Bernard Baruch and Eleanor Holm Rose. Three windows bled with flowered draperies looked out on Sixth Avenue. Radio City stretched out of the cheap flats in the foreground. From behind a wall covered by a dark green curtain came the chatter of castinets. Alone in the meadow of a fluffy green rug was a circular table of paneled wood. Inside the horseshoe, like the newspaper slotman of an opulent dream, sat Billy Rose. What we could see of him was covered in blue-striped shirt sleeves, a gray polka dot tie, and narrow brown suspenders. Two telephones were on an auxiliary table at his right. Near the phones were a pair of miniature riding boots. One held cigarettes, the other held a lighter.

"I need publicity like a woman needs three obscenities," Mr. Rose said. After we had mustered a mountain of persuasion, however, Mr. Rose did volunteer to say that he decided to go around the world because he

was tired. "After all, I was busy with a few chores. A, I operate a messy nightclub; B, I run this rather imposing theatre; C, I write the column; D, I did a five-a-week radio show; E, I wrote a book, and F, I've got a young bride."

He reached for a cigarette. "I hadn't had a real vacation for ten years, and last November I was tired." One of the phones rang. "Chester, sweetheart," Rose said, "I've been staring at a stack of mail six inches taller than I am. And we have guests coming in. While we were traipsing around the world Eleanor must have asked 200 people to stay with us. Binnie Barnes is with us now. Wonderful girl. Nothing dull about her. Chester, I'll give you a tinkle."

Mr. Rose got back to us. "The schedule we finally laid out for the trip looked something like D-day plus one. I went to a travel agent and said, 'I want to take a vacation.' He said, 'How much time have you got?' I said, 'Let's take a look at the map.' I took a red crayon and checked all the story-book cities on the planet I thought we'd like to see. It involved about 35,000 miles. First we drew up an itinerary with one- and two-day stopovers. When I showed it to Eleanor she was skeptical. So we eliminated some stops, and made an agreement not to spend less than four days or more than eight in a town."

The telephone rang and Billy told somebody he was planning to put on the aquacade at the Festival of Britain, scheduled to open in London May 1, 1951. Then he told us how he contacted Pan American, purchased a

pair of tickets around the world. "It came to \$6,000 or \$7,000," he said. The travel agents made hotel reservations all over the world, in places like the Copacabana Palace in Rio and the Great Eastern in Calcutta. Billy added a small luxury item—a car and chauffeur to meet their plane at every airport.

"Juan Trippe then sent out a mimeographed instruction letter to every Pan American station manager to give us the visiting fireman's welcome. For instance, we got off a plane at Wake Island, and the Pan American man was there. He gave us a tour around the island, and we had lunch with him in a Quonset hut. It was the best meal of the whole trip. It ended with baked Alaska. Imagine baked Alaska on Wake Island. When we admired some sea shells some seafood was served in he said, 'I'll send you a dozen.' When we got back there were a dozen shells waiting for us. Pan American rides again."

BILLY snuffed out his cigarette and reached for another. The worst handicap for the average traveler going around the world, he said, is customs clearance. "You can waste an hour or two in customs. Your carefully packed bags can look like something thrown out of a burning building, if no one is there to vouch for you. In Rome a darling white-haired man from the travel bureau took us through customs, and we never opened our bags. In Buenos Aires Ambassador Bruce was down to meet us."

The telephone rang and Billy made arrangements to have DeWitt Wallace up for lunch. He lit another cigarette and said, "At nine out of ten spots our arrival was front-page news. Sometimes we were front page throughout the visit. Even an old hamfat like myself was bowled over."

What he called the "most endearing reception" was given the Roses at Mexico City. "We flew in at eleven o'clock at night, and as the plane taxied up we heard music. Outside there was a thirty-piece mariachi orchestra and enough flowers to take care of a fresh grave. That attracted hundreds of Mexicans. In the reception committee we found Mario Cantinflas, the Charlie Chaplin of Mexico, Jacques Gellman, the producer, and A. C. Blumenthal, an old chum buddy of mine, who came to get us with a motorcycle escort and a Government car. He put us up in a staggering suite full of flowers at his Reforma Hotel. Two days later when we got to Panama Brodie Burnham, editor of *La Nación*, met us at the airport, took us to the hotel, showed us the town, and took us to a party



Tokyo Rose plays the samisen for wife, Eleanor Holm Rose, and assorted motion-picture executives at a geisha party in the Japanese capital.