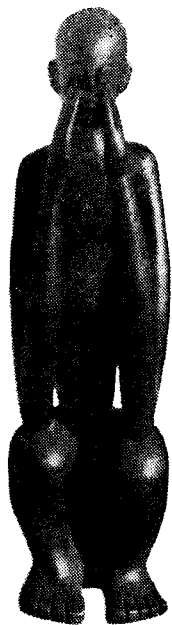


HAITI: *The Black Republic*



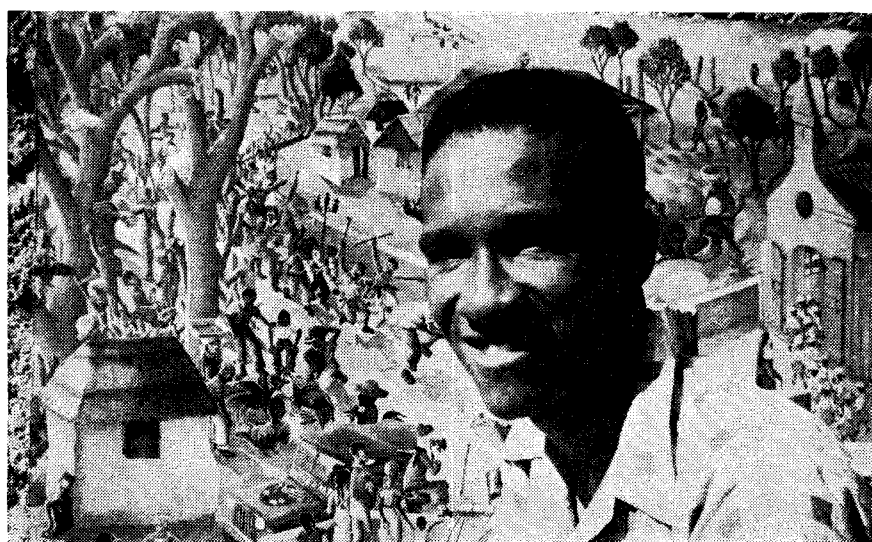
SELDEN RODMAN, who certainly gets around, has distilled his nine trips to Haiti into "*Haiti: The Black Republic*" (Devin-Adair, \$5), 168 splendid pages of history and guide information about possibly the most arresting 11,000 square miles of our hemisphere. Not a subject has been bypassed: Columbus's discovery in 1492, the revolts of Toussaint L'Ouverture, Christophe, and Dessalines, the country's people, politics, and, of course, *vaudou* are discussed thoroughly, if briefly. At once a poet and art critic, Rodman, who played an admirable role in directing the magnificent murals in the Cathedral St.-

Trinité in Port-au-Prince, does a particularly valuable service in chronicling the renaissance of art in the country. Altogether it's a book that should have been around a long time ago, but wasn't, and Rodman has done everyone, Haitians as well as Americans, a good turn by writing it. For the tourist there is a first-rate batch of information about what to see, where to go, what to eat, etc., that could have been assembled only by someone who knows Haiti inside out. Illustrated with forty-eight half-tone illustrations, some samples of which are reproduced on this page.

—BERNARD KALB.



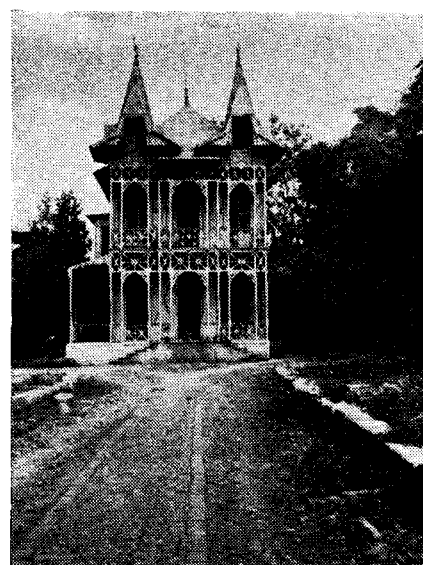
Vaudou participant in "possession."



Wilson Bigaud paints *haircuts*, dice-games, cock-fights.



Haitian poets—"poetry is . . . a man's capacity to . . . reflect his world."



Port-au-Prince chateau.

Individualists of Old Miss

"Hallelujah, Mississippi," by Louis Cochran (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 240 pp. \$3.50), contains the recollections, most of them fond, of a boyhood spent in the Deep South. Here it is reviewed by Hodding Carter, editor of the Greenville [Miss.] Delta Democrat-Times, whose most recent book is *"Where Main Street Meets the River."*

By Hodding Carter

FOR me reading Louis Cochran's "Hallelujah, Mississippi" was like taking a drink of cold spring water on a drought-ridden July day. It's good to be reassured, if only in retrospect, by this tender, vivid, and, within its self-imposed limits, accurately delineated story of a Mississippi hill town and its people.

Hallelujah is not a true name, but all else is true in these sometimes humorous, sometimes idyllic, sometimes pathetic recollections of a Deep South community not long after the century's turn. Louis Cochran doesn't say that what he sets down is all of the truth. He is faithful reporter enough—and to spare—not to do that. What he is telling us is that part of the truth which his memory cherishes; and since most Southern writers and other writers about the Southern scene have so often kept to the seamy other side of the truth this is good reading for everyone who has questioned the monotonously one-sided erosion of place and people that is the hallmark of much that has been written about the South.

"Hallelujah, Mississippi" is first of all a book to smile with and remember with, often to admire with and sometimes to commiserate with. It concerns mostly that breed of men and women, as independent as hogs on ice, who preferred, and whose descendants largely still prefer, the small farm and the small-town citizen's individualism to a more ordered, orderly, and profitable existence.

But this is no sociologist's tract. Not often have back-country-bred and emancipated sons written more lovingly and convincingly and with less condescension than has Louis Cochran. Few have had as good a vantage point, the Green Country Store, which his teacher-turned-general merchant father ran so success-

fully. Even Macy's and Gimbel's might have learned from Cochran père, who knew people.

"When weighing up groceries," he told his clerks, "always hold back a little. . . . It pleases a customer to see the merchant add a little more to his purchase until the scales balance. But it makes him mad to see the merchant take anything out of the bag."

I don't know whether the chapter on the Green Country Store will be thought better by other readers than my favorite, which has to do with revivals. But never in the history of religion or what passes for it has there been as hilarious and sad a story as Brother McInnis's unsuccessful try at converting Old Sid, the unconvertible.

LOUIS COCHRAN is a tale-teller in the best hill tradition. He draws his stories out in the right places and cuts them off when and where they should be. The yarn of the itinerant printer, turned small-town editor, who couldn't escape his past is sure-fire drama; the reminiscences of the manless old maids of his boyhood have a sureness that avoids the maudlin.

And so on through a surprisingly wide range: The reasons why of the cotton tenant system, the nature of small-town lawyers and courts, the especial role of the country doctor, the daring young men of the community socials. You'll like the story of the rake who recited the poem about the little lass in the babbling brook, and the square-dance calls; and the recipes that will convince you that Southern cooking deserves a better place than the monstrously bad highway eateries have won for it.

Mr. Cochran deals lightly with Southern social problems, particularly those arising from racial differences, and this is probably just as well. Instead, he accents interracial friendliness, which is also a considerable part of the truth. He deals even more lightly with Southern political aberrations, and this is to be regretted, even though the little he has is sound.

But there is no quarrel to be found with or in this book, only delight and nostalgia and understanding. It deserves at least as much consideration as did the long-limbed, persevering, God-fearing, and very American people with whom it deals.



Atzerodt—"cowardly little man."

Abe's Last Hours

"The Day Lincoln Was Shot," by Jim Bishop (Harper. 305 pp. \$3.75), tells in detail of the events leading up to the assassination of the President on April 14, 1865. Professor T. Harry Williams of Louisiana State University, the reviewer, is the author of *"Lincoln and His Generals"* and other books.

By T. Harry Williams

SOMEBODY has said that the producing of books about Lincoln has become a business, a big business that supports, among other people, authors, publishers, and book reviewers. Whether business or scholarship, profitable or unprofitable, the writing of Lincoln books continues year after year. Nor is there any sign of cessation. The subject seems inexhaustible, fascinating to authors and readers alike. We have single-volume biographies and multi-volume biographies and one-volume condensations of the plural works. Apparently the "Lincoln and" theme will never be mined out. Several years ago there appeared a volume entitled *"Lincoln and California,"* which pointed the way to forty-seven other books. Now timed to celebrate Lincoln's 195 birthday in proper fashion, Harper has offered Jim Bishop's book dealing with Lincoln's "last day," which may mark a new road to countless books. It looks like a good year.

"The Day Lincoln Was Shot" treats of two themes: (1) the activities of Lincoln and other people in the Government on April 14, 1865, and (2) John Wilkes Booth and his fellow conspirators in the plot to kill the