THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1955

By LOCKIE PARKER

"the water came riffling over the Some Looks At Books amber-colored stones into dark pockets" or again turning into

PASSIONATE PILGRIM, the ing as they trace the progress at "a brutal wall of water went Life of Vincent Van Gogh by the artist and moving in their de- surging down through the narrow Lawrence and Elizabeth Housman piction of his personal problems. straightaway Gorge." That the (Random \$5.00). This is an earn-est attempt to write a balanced this years, but his neurosis gain-biography on a very controver-ed on him. He became violent at sial subject. The authors in an times and had to be confined. Yet and no great fuss made about the ings about Van Gogh had varied thought and felt like a painter.

over a period of thirty years. Ad- In his periods of lucidity he was miring his paintings immensely, allowed out in the grounds and they began with "an idolatrous nearby country and did some of FERNS AND MUSHROOMS by regard for a misunderstood his best work. Yet people still **Dorothy Stirling (Doubleday** saint." Later as they learned found his paintings strange, the \$2.75). This book is a find for the more about his behavior to his same paintings that are today al- young naturalist. It is more than family and his attitude to wom- most fantastically popular. He a guide book, though there is en, they swung to the opposite was thirty-seven before one was plenty of information for the extreme. In the present volume sold and not long after, he died. amateur collector on different with the new and more complete) What was the connection be- species, when and where edition of the Van Gogh letters tween his work and the neurosis they are to be found, and at their disposal they have tried that tormetned him and shortento give a complete picture that ed his life? That we do not really would do justice to all concern- know, but this honest and matic account of the evolution of ed.

Yet however you tell it, it is information on the man and ar- of these types in that evolution. the tragic and mysterious story tist will interest many of his adof a genius. Born into a Dutch mirers. The book is illustrated mosses developed when the earth family of considerable distinction, with photographs of most of the was mostly rocks and water is Vincent was the son of a poor pictures mentioned in the text. Protestant pastor, the least pros-

THE SOUND OF WHITE perous member of that family. An unprepossessing child, the WATER by Hugh Fosburgh still have so many of the early Housmans see him as always (Scribner \$3.00). This is a joyous struggling for love nad turning story of a cance trip made by plant ancestors not only by im-furious in his frustrations. As a three men down a ariver in the prints in coal or rock but from young man he was offered oppor-big woods of northern New York. living specimens. "Of all the diftunities in business by his uncles The place is designated as "the ferent kinds of plants known towho were art dealers. He tried to conform and did fairly well for there aren't any towns or roads." sils." a time. But he was sure that he The author says the river is

was called to some nobler task nameless on the map until it in the service of humanity. Great- reaches civilization, but people ly attracted to the poor and op- up there call it Big River and pressed he determined to serve there are dozens of local names them as a minister. A taste of the academic training required Rapids, Deep Eddy, Hellhole, brought on another rebellion. Cobb's Rapids, Cobb's Bathtub-Eventually he was allowed to go also some fine tales about that as a lay minister to the coal old lumberman, Cobb. miners in the Borinage, but that Mr. Fosburgh has done his.

did not work out well either. When he was twenty-seven, he share a rich and meaningful ex- Patrol," an outfit christened the when he was twenty-seven, he snare a rich and method and method and the snare a right to the state of preparation, the untook up painting. Once started, easiness as to whether the third, he worked hard at it. The chap- nearly unknown member of the ters dealing with his development party, would fit in, the banter beduring the next ten years, the tween the men, the making and great faith his brother had in breaking of camps, the taste of called Gabriel, served the Pahim, his discovery of the Impres- food, the wild life they saw, the sionists and his friendship with sounds and feel of the woods.

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rapids like the Dandy Pat where

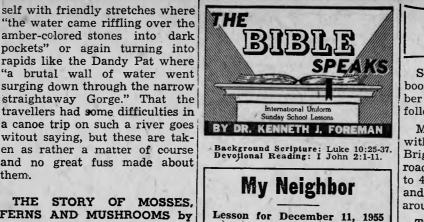
THE STORY OF MOSSES, excellent photographs of many. More unique is the author's drathoughtful presentation of new plant life on earth and the place

How the algae, liverwort and here a vivid story of the thrust and power of life. And how remarkable that along with the mil-

types, so that we can know these

James W. English (Holiday \$2.75). Christianity is unknown, even so Here is a book for Boy Scouts that rings true to life. Even before I looked up the author, I was sure that he must have had | Who is My Neighbor? firsthand experience. He has given us some of the funniest episodes from his ten years of hik-

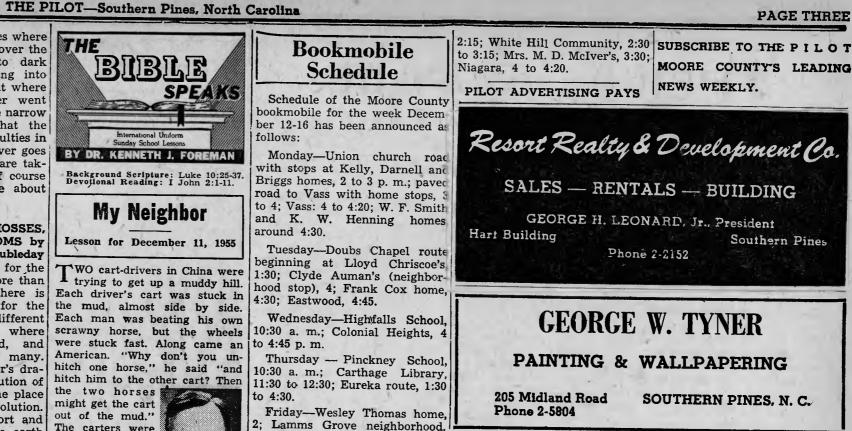
best, and a good best it is, to all accredited to the "Tailbone ing and camping with youngsters Scoutmaster challenged them to Scoutmaster challenged them to hard lines and to think,-Outside "get off their tailbones and do those lines I have no neighbors. something." How they did get Inside the lines, yes, we underinto action, how they met a burro rents' Dinner and undertook to thyself" is a commandment not earn merits in beekeeping make too hard to understand, for we Gauguin are excellent, convinc- Dominating all is the river ita book that is good scouting and know what it is to love ourselves, lots of fun. Peter Wells' lively



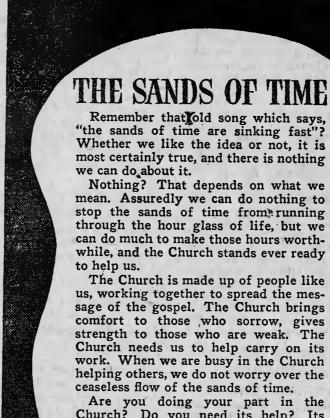
TWO cart-drivers in China were trying to get up a muddy hill. Each driver's cart was stuck in the mud, almost side by side. Each man was beating his own scrawny horse, but the wheels were stuck fast. Along came an American. "Why don't you un-hitch one horse," he said "and hitch him to the other cart? Then

the two horses might get the cart out of the mud." The carters were

Now if those two Chinese carters had been father and son, or brother and brother, they might have thought of helping each other, for in China nothing is too us are inclined to draw pretty stand pretty well what neighborliness is. "Love thy neighbor as



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ceaseless flow of the sands of time. Are you doing your part in the Church? Do you need its help? Its





astonished. They had never thought of that. But they did as the stranger said, and sure enough they both

got to the top of

the hill. That true Dr. Forentan story, told by a missionary, shows two things at once. One is that in countries where Christianity has had a chance to get around, some simple Christian ideas get taken for granted, such as help-

ing your neighbor when he is in TAILBONE PATROL by trouble. The other is that where simple a thing as getting together to pull out of the mud, comes as a strange new idea.