

**ROADS TO CHILDHOOD;
VIEWS AND REVIEWS
OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649015412

Roads to childhood; views and reviews of children's books by Anne Carroll Moore

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ANNE CARROLL MOORE

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ROADS TO CHILDHOOD

VIEWS AND REVIEWS OF
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

BY
ANNIE CARROLL MOORE

NEW  YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

TO
CAROLINE M. HEWINS

Who has passed on to children of many races the rare gift of a companionship with books based on friendship rather than on desire for knowledge.

and
To all my Friends

2037413

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ROADS TO CHILDHOOD

CHAPTER ONE

ROADS TO CHILDHOOD

*And the little roads of Cloonagh go
rambling through my heart.*

EVA GORE-BOOTH.

CORNISH road has fallen in, fallen in,
fallen in;
Cornish road has fallen in;
Where has it gone to?

I sang the words under my breath to the tune of London Bridge. A new road built to shorten the distance from one Maine village to another had sunk overnight—had vanished from the face of the earth. People drove from far and near to see the place where the road had been. Old inhabitants proclaimed once more the folly of building new roads to save time. It was far better, they said, to take time to climb over a mountain and feel safe than to risk a road built over a swamp.

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I was a very little girl when the Cornish road fell in and my imagination feasted on the incident in all its dramatic possibilities. What had become of the road? Could it have fallen all the way through to China or did it stop falling somewhere between countries? What kind of people were riding over it and were they riding on ponies? Would the road ever rise again?

I firmly believed that the road would rise again and fervently prayed that I might be on hand to see it happen. Fortunately for me "Every Child" was still unborn and no volumes of complete pictured knowledge, no sterilized journeys through bookland, obscured those delightful pictures of my sunken road.

I had always loved the Cornish road for its woods and rushing brooks and, most of all, because it led straight on to the White Mountains. From its open stretches on a clear day I could see Mount Washington white with snow. Beyond the White Mountains lay the world, but I felt in no haste to explore it, I was too fearful of missing something vitally inter-

esting at home. The Cornish road from this time on became my favorite road. It was the high road to the world and a piece of it had fallen under an enchantment. No wonder, since the story of *The Sleeping Beauty* was my favorite fairy tale.

From my father I learned that the new Cornish road had fallen in because not enough water had been drained from the swamp; that it was quite possible not only to build strong roads across swamps, but even to build houses and barns, churches and schools upon them. Our own lovely old world garden and the great field behind it had been an alder swamp, he said. Even the tall pine trees which sheltered the garden from the north wind had not stood there forever, planted by God at Creation, as I had supposed. The pine trees and all the other trees had been planted by my father at the time the house was built and when my eldest brother was a little boy. But men, I learned, were often in too much of a hurry to see a thing done to spend time and thought in