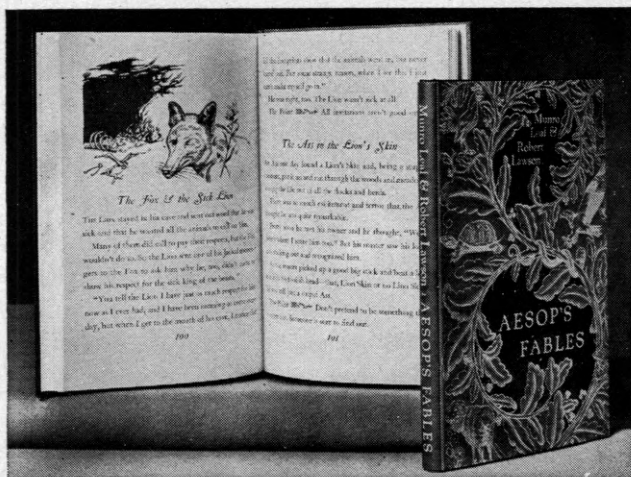


THE *Monthly Magazine* OF
THE JUNIOR HERITAGE CLUB



THIS ISSUE IS PRINCIPALLY ABOUT

Aesop's Fables



THE STORY OF THE BOOK

THERE WAS ONCE A TIME when the people who lived in Athens wanted to change their king. This was many centuries ago, centuries before the birth of Christ. Athens was then, as it is now, a city on the Greek peninsula. But Greece was not yet a country such as it is now, and the people in the various cities had their own rulers. The ruler of Athens was a king named Peisistratus. The people didn't like Peisistratus much, they were bored with him, and they wanted to exchange their king for another king.

At that time, Peisistratus had a visitor. The visitor was a man named Aesop. Peisistratus held a dinner party for Aesop, and at that dinner party Aesop proceeded to tell a fable.

This is the fable which he told:

The Frogs, who were living a free and easy life, all got together one day and asked Jupiter to let them have a king who might watch their morals and make them live a little more honestly.

Jupiter was in a pretty good humor that day; so, with a laugh, he tossed down a log and said, "All right, there is a king for you."

Arts degree in English and also the 125-pound boxing championship.

During my summer vacations from Maryland I had worked as a ranch hand in Montana, gone to an Army camp with the R.O.T.C., and shipped out on a British freighter to Ireland. I was the only "Yank" on board, and it was a good work-out at getting along with people.

Harvard led to three years of preparatory school teaching and coaching, two in Massachusetts and one in Pennsylvania, and then I did what I had threatened to do since I was in grammar school, which was to go and play with the printed word.

I went to New York and wangled my way into book publishing, doing a little bit of everything that has to do with the selecting and the publishing of books. I wound up as one of the directors of the Frederick A. Stokes Company. Meantime I started to have more fun, in 1934, by writing a book for children called *Grammar Can Be Fun*.

I had done some silly sketches to show what I thought the *illustrator* might do, so the book would be understandable to very young children. Most of the people who saw them thought they were amusing, so I ended up by illustrating the book myself.

I've been writing and scribbling those drawings ever since and I honestly can't think of a more pleasant way to make a living.

I married Margaret Pope of Washington while I was still going to college and she is still the best judge of what I do that makes sense and that doesn't. She is beginning now to have some help in her judgment because we have two sons: Andy, who is seven, and Gil, who is five. If I can satisfy all of them, I feel pretty safe in turning another book loose on the world.

In 1935, one rainy Sunday afternoon, I wrote a little story for my friend Robert Lawson to illustrate, and that was the birth of Ferdinand, the bull who came out as a book in 1936.

He has been a lot of fun because he has made people smile and chuckle in twenty different languages. About the only person I know of who didn't like him was Adolph Hitler, who had copies