PRODUCTION NOTE

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EXPLANATION OF CODE SYMBOLS USED
WITH ANNOTATIONS

R  Recommended

Ad  Additional book of acceptable quality for collections needing more material in the area.

M  Marginal book that is so slight in content or has so many weaknesses in style or format that it should be given careful consideration before purchase.

NR  Not recommended

SpC  Subject matter or treatment will tend to limit the book to specialized collections.

SpR. A book that will have appeal for the unusual reader only. Recommended for the special few who will read it.

Except for pre-school years, reading range is given for grade rather than for age of child.

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BULLETIN OF THE CENTER FOR CHILDREN'S BOOKS is published monthly except August by The University of Chicago Press for The University of Chicago, Graduate Library School. Sara I. Fenwick, Faculty Representative; Mrs. Zena Sutherland, Editor.

Subscription Rates: 1 year, $6.00; 2 years, $12.00; 3 years, $18.00; $5.00 per year for each additional subscription to the same address. Single copy price: $1.00. Checks should be made payable to The University of Chicago Press. All notices of change of address should provide both the old and the new address. Subscriptions will be entered to start with the first issue published after order is received. Address all inquiries about subscriptions to The University of Chicago Press, 5750 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60637.

Please send editorial correspondence, review copies and all correspondence about reviews to Mrs. Zena Sutherland, 5835 Kimbark Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60637.

Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois.

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PRINTED IN U.S.A.
New Titles for Children and Young People


A fine anthology that comprises eighty poems from and about cities the world over; written in the last half-century, the selections are varied in style, form, and mood. The poets write of the city and its pressures, its people that are sad or gay, aloof, afraid, or angry; of the shouting children and the silent subway riders, the gangs, the ghetto, the vitality; the destruction and construction. There is little levity, some bitterness, chiefly vivid imagery. The contributors include many lesser poets and some who are distinguished: Brooks, Pound, Eliot, Rilke, Hughes, Yevtushenko, Lorca. Author, first line, and title indexes, brief biographies, and notes on the selections are appended.


Pleasantly illustrated, and written in a simple but rather flat style, this is a book designated as a read-aloud book by the publisher. The biography of Diogenes seems not likely to appeal to many young children, although the style and format are appropriate for that audience. For the independent reader who might be interested in the subject the book is superficial. Many of the pictures are painted in the style of a Grecian frieze, the human figures in stylized postures.


A good history of American labor unions, from the first abortive efforts of the Lowell mill girls to the massive structures of today. The book begins with a dramatic account of the Homestead strike in 1842, moves back to view earlier efforts, and goes on to describe Sylvis, Powderly, the Knights of Labor, the I.W.W., the Haymarket affair, Pullman, Debs, Gompers, Lewis, the A. F. of L. and the C.I.O., the recent investigations of union corruption and the sentencing of Beck and Hoffa. The writing has flair and pace; the tone is objective, but the sympathy is for organized labor. The illustrations are fascinating: reproductions of old cartoons, posters, journals, photographs, paintings, and lithographs. A bibliography and an index are appended.

A fascinating description of Kenya's emergence from British rule as well as a good biography of the Kikuyu child who became spearhead and symbol of his country's fierce battle for independence. After years of living in Great Britain with his white wife and their son, Kenyatta (an author of growing repute and a leader-in-exile of the growing resistance movement) returned to Kenya at the age of fifty-six to find himself acclaimed a hero. The rising power of the Mau Mau, which the colonial government waited in vain to hear denounced by Kenyatta, soon erupted into savage attacks. A new governor ordered the arrest of resistance leaders, and Jomo Kenyatta, from his cell, was unable to prevent the open conflict he had so long feared: racial war. Eventually the government was forced to recognize the status of their prisoner, who denied both communist and Mau Mau affiliation, and he was released after years of exile. Two years later Kenyatta became prime minister. Faced with all of the problems of any leader of an emergent nation, Kenyatta had also to cope with adverse reaction to his multiracial policy. Although the book has passages of turgid writing, it gives both a comprehensive and objective picture of the career of Kenyatta, his status today, and his ebullient personality. A list of suggested additional readings and an index are appended.


A fanciful story that uses a familiar science fiction theme: going back in time to participate in the lives of one's ancestors. Here James and Lucy have no idea that the child to whose help they come is, indeed, a great-grandmother. They have come to a deserted estate with their mother, who is to act as caretaker; they meet two unhappy, orphaned children who admit to being ghosts and who prevail upon Lucy and James to come back to their own time. This, they say, is the only way to change the pattern of events. Some of the sequences are dramatic and convincing, but the story—even within the fantasy concept—is not convincing in some major aspects: one of the ghosts can be present (in his own time) in the flesh while also watching as a ghost, but the ghost children don't do this; and the dilemma of an ancestress saved from death to grow up and become a grandmother is never reconciled with the tombstone of her as a child that exists in the present.

Bloch, Marie Halun, tr. Ivanko and the Dragon; An Old Ukrainian Folk Tale; from the original collection of Ivan Rudchenko; tr. by Marie Halun Bloch; illus. by Yaroslava. Atheneum, 1969. 45p. Trade ed. $4.95; Library ed. $4.57 net.

From the Poltava region of the Ukraine, a patterned example of the genre, a bit stilted (whether in the original or because of the translation) and illustrated with pictures that have a poster-like simplicity of design, lovely costume details, and clear, bold colors. An old and childless couple are delighted when a sapling turns, overnight, into a baby boy; Ivanko grows to be a handsome youth who goes fishing in his golden boat with a silver oar. A dragon, overhearing the rhyme used by Ivanko's mother when she calls him to a meal, tricks the boy into answering; she is in turn tricked when he evades the cooking pot; she again almost catches...
Ivanko, but a kind gosling gives him a ride home. A pastiche of familiar themes, quietly told, occasionally awkward but often lightened by touches of fun in the illustrations as well as in the story.


A book of photographs that show a Puerto Rican boy, newly arrived in New York, who is adjusting both to the move from country to city and to the atmosphere of Spanish Harlem. The text is contrived, often seeming to be adapted to the photographs; it has none of the fluidity or depth of Burchard's writing for older children. The slight theme is Chito's growing awareness that he is beginning to like the neighborhood, and (in an attenuated process) he finally realizes why: the people. Probably the book will prove useful for urban children, Puerto Rican or not, but it is unmistakably dull.


Engagingly illustrated, a good first science book in which the story and the information about spiders are smoothly integrated save for some rather obtrusively informational dialogue with an adult. The style is light and humorous, the facts accurate, the illustrations perky. Harry and George zealously guard their pet from the interfering advances of a little sister; Harry tells Polly that she can see Wolfie (a wolf spider) if she brings him a hundred flies. The boys learn about spiders and about how to take care of Wolfie from a worker at the Nature Center; going out one dark night to give Wolfie some water, Harry finds Polly, also visiting Wolfie, a consolation. Next morning Polly is thrilled by permission, at last, to feed Wolfie.


Although some of the pictures seem posed, most of the color photographs of an Indian child in the Arizona desert are lovely, with the yellow mist of paloverde or the green, fluted columns of the giant cacti. "Small Papago Indian, girl of the desert people," grandmother says, "I will walk with you . . . that you may know the desert and hold its beauty in your heart forever." The child speaks of the quail coveys and the darting roadrunner, the small, wise animals and the flamboyant desert flowers. This is not really a story, it is not a documentary of the Papago or of the desert, but it gives a feeling of the peaceful life and of the color and beauty of the dry land's flowering. An appended list of page references gives names of plants.


"Discovered in a cave on the Mesa Verde this AZTEK JAR at least one thousand years of age. Will sell." That was the lure that drove Abraham Candle to join the fast-talking Mr. Malone on his expedition to find Indian artifacts. Since his father died, Abraham hadn't quite known what to do with himself; he still boarded with the widow Stent but was too young to get a regular job. In the still caves where Indians had lived so long ago, the boy felt a strange reluctance to disturb the dignified
desolation of the remains of a people, and in new sensitivity he grew
toward maturity. He had wanted to grow wiser, and to have it show on
his face—and it did. The writing style is distinctive, the setting—Colo-
rado in 1893—vividly evoked, and the characterization perceptive. The
one weakness of the book is that the story is periodically interrupted
by stories Abraham's father had told him (printed in italics) that are
disruptive.

Coatsworth, Elizabeth Jane. They Walk in the Night; illus. by Stefan Martin.

Like the dream sequence of Lynd Ward's Wild Pilgrimage the stark,
NR dramatic woodcut illustrations have a quality of fantasy. The text, too,
4-5 has that quality, the prose occasionally giving way to poetry:

"She sat in the boat almost beyond

hope

or fear

or even wish

And just then she saw the horses! They were . . . ."

and the prose resumes. Alida is a little girl who, on her mother's birth-
day, goes to pick water lilies in the African dawn; the boat drifts and
Alida is off on a long journey. Rescued by natives, she realizes that
four of the men are gambling and that she is the prize; the evil leopard
man (all are masked) almost wins by cheating, but the kindly old antelope
man is the victor and wins the child, later taking her home to her
family. Whether this is real or a dream, it has an unfortunate connota-
tion: the white child threatened by the natives, the hint of the old white-
goddess caper in such statements as, "... the men stood about, staring
in silence at Alida, at her long yellow hair, at her white dress, at the
little ring on her hand. They looked at her as though she were something
rare and precious . . . ."

by Robert Andrew Parker. Viking, 1969. 256p. Trade ed. $5.95; Li-
brary ed. $5.63 net.

The editor warns, in his amusing preface, that this is a collection
R that reflects only the collector's choices; although the poems are grouped
5-9 by topic (spring and blossoming, flowers and gardens, "Summer's Sweet-
ness," "Wind, Rain, and Storm") there is no careful balancing of material.
The anthology has some very familiar selections and some unusual ones;
the contributors are chiefly British or American (although there are
some translated poems) and their life-dates span more than a thousand
years. A well-chosen assortment of delights. Separate author and title
indexes are appended.

Cooke, David Coxe. The Great Monster Hunt; The Story of the Loch Ness Inves-
tigation. Norton, 1969. 112p. illus. Trade ed. $3.95; Library ed. $3.69
net.

Stories of the Loch Ness Monster have been told in Scotland for hun-
dreds of years, but it was not until the 1930's that official recognition
was given to the reported sightings of a creature living in the deep and
icy waters of the loch. The authors traveled through the region gathering
information from natives, visitors, and the staff of the Loch Ness Phe-
nomena Investigation Bureau; most of the book consists of taped or re-
ported accounts of sightings. The accounts are often alike, of course,
but it is that cumulation of evidence, plus the photographs, and the echo-
sounding and sonar-sounding experiments that give credence to the the-
ory, clearly espoused by the authors, that a monster or monsters exist
in the murky depths of Loch Ness. The material is quite fascinating, and
there seems no reason to have included a chapter on Scottish legends
and black magic, a chapter that serves only to suggest that the Loch Ness
monster may be in a similar category. The writing is crisp, business-
like, and objective; photographs show the site of investigations, people
interviewed, and the monster itself. An index is appended.

De Narvaez, Cynthia. My Dear Dolphin; photographs by Jerry Greenberg. Ameri-
can Heritage, 1969. 64p. Trade ed. $3.95; Library ed. $3.79 net.

A fascinating account, illustrated by engaging action photographs, of
the two-week visit of a mother and four children to a Florida pool used
for a show by dolphins. The family persuaded the trainer to let them en-
ter the pool in off-hours; this is a diary kept by Mrs. de Narvaez that
reports on the dolphins' behavior toward and with the children, ages four
to eleven. The high intelligence of dolphins and their gentle, protective
behavior toward people has often been described, but the book is given
added impact by the children's delight and growing love for the person-
able mammals.

Eicke, Edna. The Children Who Got Married. Windmill Books/ Simon and
Schuster, 1969. 30p. $3.50.

A very slight book, the pencil-sketch illustrations competent techni-
cally but ineffective, and the story (reproduced in childish handwriting)
describing two children who pretend a wedding, after which father goes
out to look for a job and mother stays home with the children, three toys.
The dedication is, "To my editor ... who wrote the story." There may
be a modicum of stimulation for imaginative play, but the play-marriage
is a rather humdrum performance.

Erwin, Betty K. Go to the Room of the Eyes; illus. by Irene Burns. Little, 1969.
180p. $4.95.

When the Evans family moves from their country home into Seattle,
the children find a brittle, yellowed piece of paper that seems as old as
the house itself. "Go to the room of the eyes," it says—clearly a clue to
treasure. The children are sure they hear mysterious footsteps above
their bedrooms, and it seems possible that the intruder is the same man
who is frightening one of the younger children by threatening to take
away a stuffed toy she's found. The solution to the mystery is implausi-
ble and overly complicated, and the book would be more successful were
it less ambitious. It includes themes other than the mystery (an inter-
racial friendship, adjustment to a new school) and seems crowded rather
than balanced. There is an element of suspense, and the writing style is
adequate, with some humor and with realistic family relationships.

Fenton, Sophia Harvati. Greece; A Book to Begin on; illus. by Joseph Low. Holt,
1969. 45p. Trade ed. $2.95; Library ed. $2.92 net.

An introductory history of Greece, primarily devoted to ancient times,
but briefly bringing the material up to the end of World War II; comments after that are general rather than historic. The book is unpaged and not indexed, but it gives many facts in a simply written, continuous text. The style indicates use by rather young readers in the beginning of the book: "Hundreds of years passed. Then the Stone Age men made a great discovery." whereas the subsequent language is more difficult: "He claimed that he wanted to teach the barbarian peoples the Greek way of life: to cherish freedom and to hold their heads high in pride." The illustrations are attractive, the colors used being those of Greek pottery; the artist has achieved a resemblance by using white lines scratched into the tempera of his painting.


The special gift of Paula Fox is that of seeing from the child's viewpoint and maintaining that viewpoint while feeling the sympathy of an adult and the detachment of an artist. Her children move our hearts because they are so true, yet there is neither sentimentality nor pity in her writing. Ivan's mother is dead, his father a rich and busy man, the housekeeper kind but preoccupied with her own family. Sitting for his portrait, Ivan finds in Matt, the artist, and in the elderly Miss Manderby who sits and reads aloud a warm comfort he has never known. This curious but completely believable trio goes off to Florida, and there Ivan meets a girl his own age who becomes a dear companion—the first person who has ever wept to see Ivan leave. But when he leaves, he has a new confidence in people; in part this is due to his friend, in part to the fact that he has been able to talk to Matt about his mother; he is indeed ready to bridge the gap between himself and his father. Skilled writing, and an engrossing story.


Zilda had lived with her aunt Amy since her parents died, and now—because Amy had been ill—they were staying with Granny. One day a small door, papered-over, came bursting open and a boy appeared in Zilda's attic room; Robert had been prowling through passages of the attached houses and had not realized he was trespassing. Together the children explored the old houses and discovered a huge storage room with a gypsy caravan. It belonged to Robert's uncle, who said a gypsy had left it with him; it was moved to Robert's grandmother's estate when the coachhouse the room was in was sold. To make a long and contrived story short, the mystery of the caravan's ownership was solved when Zilda's aunt was offered a country home in which to recuperate, and a job (she'd lost hers), and Zilda discovered her own name on the wagon. She had never been told that her dead father was a gypsy! All ends tied, the improbable plot concludes with everybody happy in an English country garden. There are some affective scenes, and the style of writing is quite good, but neither the characterization nor the story line is of the quality of the author's previous books.

An intriguing selection of stories, poems, articles, and letters from the best-known children's magazine ever published, the material grouped by seasons and the authors including some of the most famous writers for children: Alcott, Kipling, Pyle, Wiggin, and the editor of the magazine, Mary Mapes Dodge. There is also a selection of the work of child contributors in the St. Nicholas League, including such Honor Members as Bennett Cerf, Rachel Field, and Edna St. Vincent Millay. Although the book's primary audience is the young reader, it has both nostalgic appeal and professional interest for adults. Appended are author and artist, title and artwork, and subject indexes.


Profusely illustrated with photographs of prints, paintings, and sculpture (many in full color) a good overview of life in the Renaissance. Despite the index, the topical arrangement means that the book has only minimal reference use (no citations for France or England, for example, although there are entries for Cambridge, London, Paris, and for individuals) but it gives a broad picture: the way people traveled, the changing status of women, the love of rich display, means of travel, et cetera. The first section, "Panorama of an Age," is written in an awkward if-we-were-there fashion, but succeeding chapters are straightforward in style.


A better-than-usual anthology of mystery and detective stories, some of the contributors minor writers in the genre, others (Christie, Queen, Chandler) eminent in the field. Each story is prefaced by a singularly unattractive illustration and a page of interesting information about the author, the type of story, or the background for the particular story.


Pleasant but quite pedestrian illustrations show that Jimmy and Joe are black and white, both denizens of what appears to be middle-class suburbia. They go ghost-hunting, finally finding evidences of a ghost in a new home; the perpetrator of thrown objects and odd flopping noises proves to be a seal escaped from the zoo and having a bath in a tub (in an apparently empty house, so that the seal appears to have run its own bath). Mystery solved. The antics of the seal may provide some amusement and the interracial friendship is commendable even if contrived, but the book is notably weak in writing style ("They saw a brown rabbit and a red fox. They saw a green frog and a yellow duck.") and uncon vincingly peopled by beaming, agreeable adults; for example, the boys go down the street and run into Mr. Jones, the grocer, standing in front of his store. "Good morning! Here is a big red apple for each of you."


A gentle story, simply written and illustrated with clean-lined, almost naïve drawings. Goldie Rozensweig carves her dolls so that each one has in her face something of the sweetness of the dollmaker. Goldie lives alone, shy and industrious, happy in her work. One day she buys a
costly lamp; her friend chides her for this and says, "You know, Goldie, I think you must be a real artist ... Because you're crazy." Dejected, Goldie goes home and broods about her extravagance—until she dreams that the maker of the lamp, an unknown artisan in far-off China, tells her that he made the lamp for her; she wakes, and goes to her beautifully painted lamp and feels a deep contentment. This is how Goldie herself feels about her dolls: with infinite love, she has created something for a person who will receive joy.


As impressive as it is dramatic, a detailed account of the Florentine tragedy of 1966, when the rain-swollen Arno inundated the city, leaving in its wake irreparable damage and destruction. The photographs record the grim scenes of swirling streets and mud-soaked art treasures, and the text—written with infinite passion and compassion—creates vividly both the terror and the courage of the Florentines and of the visitors from all over the world who shared in the rescue work with spontaneous heroism. The latter sections of the book describe, separately, the intricate and sophisticated techniques being used to repair paintings, books, and statuary; the book ends on a note of sobriety, as the author comments on the later cavalier treatment of those students who gave so generously of their time and energy, and on the fact that the Italian government has done little or nothing about prevention of a recurrence of the event. End-paper maps show the major sites mentioned in the book.

Holl, Adelaide. One Kitten for Kim; illus. by Don Madden. Addison-Wesley, 1969. 29p. $4.35.

Not an unusual theme, but handled with a light touch and considerable humor. Told that he may keep only one kitten out of a litter of seven, K-2 Kim goes off with a wagonload of pets. A neighbor takes one, but worries about her goldfish's safety; Kim takes the goldfish. Another neighbor offers to exchange her noisy parrot for a quiet kitten, et cetera. Kim comes home triumphantly announcing that he's found a home for every single kitten ... but his wagon is packed full of an assortment of new pets. Some of the story uses pictures instead of words, an appealing device for a read-aloud audience. The illustrations are not outstanding, but they echo the vigor and humor of the story.


From the mental institution where he has been receiving therapy since his suicide attempt, Cody writes the story of his eighteenth summer. He is doing this at the behest of the doctors, and he occasionally digresses to make a comment about his therapy. In brief, he had come home disillusioned after a freshman year at college, having been jilted by a girl. Home is a small town in Wyoming with a loving and loved family—but a best friend who had been in jail for rioting while at college—and with a spectrum of municipal debacles over which both Cody and his friend Barney despair. Sworn to silence, Cody broods about Barney's decision to burn himself so that his death will shock the town into decency. Everybody is worried about Barney, but it is Cody who cracks up. It is believable enough that the accumulated pressures in his life
should cause this, and the things that worry Cody and Barney are the concern of thousands of today's young. The characterization is good, but the book has a heavy portion of lengthy conversations that slow the story and do not always clarify the issues.


The three stalwart young Australians of Euloowirree Walkabout (reviewed in the September, 1968 issue) who conquered all obstacles in their path are again confronted with a problem—this time, on the home front. In search of a theatre in which to mount a play that one of them has written, Hamish, David, and Bottle meet a gentle retired minister who has taken on the task of caring for neglected boys who are children of divorce. When Allen Madden dies suddenly, the boys take over the responsibility for the institution, having to combat the authorities, hostile neighbors, and their own parents who are anxious to help, whereas the young men want to do it on their own. As in the first book, the appeal is in the brisk dialogue and wit; the writing is light and graceful, the relationships (especially between each of the three and the youngsters who become particularly attached to them) are both touching and convincing, and the characterization is good. In the previous book, the protagonists coped with a series of unrelated situations; here the story is more cohesive, with the crises and problems arising out of aspects of a single situation or out of individual reactions to incidents in that situation that arouse personal conflict.

Kirn, Ann, ad. The Peacock and the Crow; From an Old Chinese Fable; written and illus. by Ann Kirn. Four Winds, 1969. 26p. $3.95.

A Chinese fable explains the peacock's tail and the crow's black feathers; retold in a static style, the story describes the attempts of peacock, then a "dull yellow like an old hen" and the plain white crow, to adorn themselves for the tiger's wedding. They steal some paint and Crow paints beautiful eyes of blue, green, and yellow on the peacock's tail. In sheer vanity, Peacock spills the paint so that Crow cannot match his splendor; only the black paint is left. Choking at the sight of his reflection, the crow caws. Ever since then, crows have been black and have had a harsh voice; ever since then, all birds know that the handsome peacock is a false friend. The illustrations, muted in color and rather repetitive, are—like the retelling—lacking in either sharp weakness or strength; both are unexciting but adequate.

Kumin, Maxine W. When Grandmother Was Young; illus. by Don Almquist. Putnam, 1969. 64p. $3.86.

A not-quite-nostalgic vignette of city life in the 1920's; the neighborhood is the North End in Boston, and the illustrations show the heterogeneous population, the busy streets, and the typical features of an urban apartment of that period. Grandmother Kate's activities are a rather tenuous basis for what is primarily a description of the post-World War I era, and the plot appears only near the end of the book, when Kate's mother decides, despite her husband's disapproval, that she is going to vote. She even has her hair shingled; Father shows his recognition of the changing times by capitulating and buying a gadget he has said will
be only a passing fad: a radio. The illustrations are attractive, the text rather subdued but simply written.


A blithe story, with humorous illustrations that have vitality and that glow with bright, clear colors. In the small Italian town of Bonsi, the diligent inhabitants never took time to relax or play. One such industrious citizen was Mrs. Poggi, who cleaned the town hall and who decided one day to wash the long-unused holiday flags. Seeing the bright banners snapping on the laundry line (the crenellated roof-edge) the town baker concocted a magnificent cake that said, "Today is a holiday all day." The Mayor rushed for his band-leader's uniform, the puppet man put on a show, the whole town had a ball. When Mrs. Poggi came out to take in the flags, there was a great protest; she explained that it wasn't really a holiday. Yes, thundered the crown below, it was... "They're celebrating a washday," said Mrs. Poggi to herself, but she wisely held her tongue, joined the dancers, and never told the truth—and the holiday has been observed every year since. The style is yeasty and the author avoids the common pitfall of having his characters use a phrase in their own language and repeat it in English. When Mrs. Poggi says, "Benissimo!" the meaning is made evident by the context.


Although no single aspect of this junior novel is handled unrealistically, it fails to convince. Cammy, who tells her own story, feels rejected by her father and his new wife; her mother and newly-acquired stepfather, with whom she lives, seem to exclude her. She has one good friend, Katy, but yearns to belong to the "in" crowd; she knows her parents and teachers are worried about needed education legislation but couldn't care less. Cammy's induction into the high school elite causes her to lose Katy, annoy her mother, and slip in her grades. Her eyes are finally opened to the fact that the gang's daily "shopping" is always partly shop-lifting and to the fact that the weary why of their existence is dull, dull, dull. Her resistance to knowledge of the educational crisis and her obtuseness in the face of obvious thievery makes it hard to believe that Cammy can get good grades when she studies (she eventually does) and could any girl really have no idea at all that a boy (rejected at first and later appreciated) likes her?


A very good biography in which Cleopatra is seen as an intelligent woman rather than a siren, an important figure but only one figure in the complicated pattern of Mediterranean politics. Even as a child, Cleopatra was aware that her greatest enemies were within the palace and that she could rely on nobody as she could on herself; even while she was at the height of her influence with Caesar and with Mark Antony she knew that that influence was transitory. Written in a serious but not heavy style, with strong characterization and a broad view of historical patterns. A bibliography is appended.

There is little question that the author has the cadence and humor of a skilled storyteller; there is little question that this is a vehicle for hostility. Some of the tales are of African origin, some from the time of slavery, others from the recent past; some are of larger-than-life heroes, some about cunning animals, some about cunning human beings. There is no story that concerns white people in which they are not pictured as venal or stupid or both.

Livant, Rose A. **Julie's Decision**. Washburn, 1969. 150p. $3.95.

Fifteen years old, Julie had been living with her grandmother in Georgia; when Gram died, she went north to live with the mother she'd not seen for five years. Gram had said her mother was irresponsible and had written a letter giving Julie permission to try, for a month, the new arrangement. If it didn't work, she could come back to Georgia and go on working as a servant to the Lloyds. What Julie found was not only a flighty mother but a neglected little sister; her mother immediately went off on a trip, leaving Ruby in Julie's hands. She made friends, black and white, in the housing project but felt rejected by her mother, yet when the Lloyds came to see her, Julie decided to stay, convinced that her mother and sister both really needed her. The book has some strong points: Julie, who is Negro, has no immediate trouble with prejudice, but she finds it exists in the project; her acceptance of an inadequate and immature but well-meaning mother is a sign of maturity. The weaknesses are just as marked: a superficial treatment of some major relationships, and a cluttering of the story line with several sub-plots: the operation of a Head Start program, a boy friend, the problem of a disfigured teacher at the school, the snobbery of Julie's boy friend's sister.


Twelve years old, the twins had long since given up playing with dolls, but when they saw the battered old doll in the window of an antique store, both were strongly drawn to it. Elizabeth, the fanciful twin, felt sure that the dreams and visions she soon had were attributable to the doll; Jane, the practical one, resisted this belief in mysterious magic. But both girls had the same dreams, and they soon began to realize that a malicious ghost was at work. Their search for a solution ended with Jane moving back in time to cope with the danger of the restless spirit, a danger from which her twin sister saved her. Well written, but not quite convincing; the realistic aspect is excellent—although the twins seem immature for twelve—but the fanciful is often awkward.

Manchel, Frank. **When Movies Began to Speak**; illus. with photographs and line drawings by James Caraway. Prentice-Hall, 1969. 76p. $3.95.

A history of the industry from the time of *The Jazz Singer* to the advent of the large screen, the impact of television, and the competition of foreign films. A sequel to *When Pictures Began to Move* (reviewed in the September, 1969 issue), this describes the outstanding directors and the days of the great stars, the formula pictures, thespectaculars, the
wartime films, the international film festivals and their influence on Hollywood, unions and censorship, and technical progress. The writing is informal and straightforward, the photographs interesting. A quite lengthy bibliography and an index are appended.

Mann, Peggy. The Clubhouse; illus. by Peter Burchard. Coward-McCann, 1969. 71p. $3.86.

A third story about Carlos, the enterprising youngster who lives in a heterogeneous New York neighborhood. Although the story line differs in each book, the theme is the same: all it takes is a catalyst (Carlos) and the community will support a self-improvement project whether the improvement is physical or in the area of human relations. Here Carlos is just showing off to a younger cousin from the Bronx when the clubhouse of which he is so proud (a room in a burned-out building) is preempted. It is Moriority, genial proprietor of a soda fountain, who sponsors a new clubroom, suggested by Carlos but—at the owner's insistence—for the Negro boys as well as the Puerto Ricans. Purposive, but adequately written and certainly useful.


Most girls are anguished at the prospect of changing schools for their senior year, but Kathy looked forward to it. She had never been a joiner and had few friends; she preferred the company of her parents to most of her peers. She also was thrilled at the thought of a year in England, where her father would be an exchange teacher. The story of that year, and of Kathy's learning to be emotionally independent, is in many ways an interesting one: the family relationships are drawn perceptively, the setting is interesting, and the changes in the protagonist are gradual and believable. The weakness of the book is that it is permeated with bits of information, as though the author had kept a notebook based on her own visit and determinedly used those observations as part of Kathy's experience. The Americans seem real; the British characters are stiff.

Moore, Lilian. I Thought I Heard the City; collage by Mary Jane Dunton. Atheneum, 1969. 30p. Trade ed. $3.75; Library ed. $3.59 net.

Seventeen short poems are illustrated with collage of undistinguished quality. The selections do not all reflect city life ("Shells," "Rain Pools," "To a Red Kite") although they may have a connection (the rain pools are on a city street, the kite is in a park) but all are either urban or universal. The subjects are not out of the ordinary (summer rain, foghorns, pigeons, a snowy morning; no element of people, their problems, relationships, or urban pastimes) but the poems are all agreeable, quite deft, and occasionally vivid in imagery.


A broad overview of Africa's history, geography, peoples and their languages, and present turbulent status, with particular emphasis on the latter. The earlier part of the book is heavily saturated with facts and place names—useful but not eminently readable. The history of foreign domination and of the growth of nationalist ideology and the consequent bids for independence is well written, however, and candid in the dis-
discussion of inter- and intra-national affairs. Some of the illustrations are oddly placed (a page of musical instruments in a section on contemporary education and youth organizations) but most are informative as well as attractive, and several useful maps are included. An extensive divided reading list and a relative index are appended.


The story of Lisa is told by Betsy Goodman, one of a trio who are Lisa's classmates and who are concerned about the fact that she is losing her sanity. Lisa herself has said so, and her parents brush it off; the three girls set up an informal plan for therapy sessions, hoping that it will work. It doesn't. Lisa swings, pendulum fashion, from calmness to violence and depression, her parents only believing her condition when she walks through a picture window and is hospitalized. One of the girls (Elizabeth, who has been through the same thing) brings in a psychiatrist and the book ends on a hopeful note, which seems not quite warranted. There is enough girlish prattle from Betsy to keep the book from being morbid; in fact, the writing has considerable flair and vitality. Although Lisa's condition as it develops is convincingly pictured, and her parents are so characterized that their obtuseness is believable, it seems dubious that the entire faculty of the school (in which a good deal of the action takes place) would refuse to take action and that only Lisa's friends do so.


There have been several books about high school dropouts, but few about the college student who abruptly leaves school as Fogarty did in his first year of graduate study. His mother put up with his loafing about, but was disturbed; Malone didn't mind Fog hanging around his garage, but couldn't understand why he didn't want a job; even fifteen-year-old Paul, who looked on Fog as his mentor, was baffled by such inertia. Fogarty, who has secretly been working on a play, goes to New York to watch rehearsals, lives through a disastrous performance at the Storefront Theatre, and goes off to think. He looks fruitlessly for work and suddenly is smitten by the realization that there is a place for people who love books and care deeply for children, that his whole relationship with young Paul has been that of pupil and teacher—and so he teaches. Very well written, economically cast, thoughtful, and timely.


With a few pages of commentary that give historical background or explanations that will make pictures more comprehensible, this is primarily a sketch book, the selections topically grouped and briefly captioned. Some of the illustrations are informative, some merely decorative; on the whole, the book gives considerable coverage of Vietnamese costume, folkways, holidays, etc. There are some sketches of Americans in Vietnam, soldiers and civilians, all being helpful to the natives; the final section of text notes that the Vietnamese people, caught in the middle of the struggle, want peace above all, and ends, "They may get their wish. In May, 1968 peace talks started in Paris. Perhaps by the time you
read this book, the war will be ended." The pictures are high-caliber magazine illustration rather than art.


A sedate story, competently written but slow-paced and not wholly cohesive; the illustrations are attractive in sophisticated black, brown and white. Grandma May was famous for her watermelon pickles in the West Virginia mining country near Big Loop, and she made her very last batch for David to take west. David's mother, tired of the hard life and the dangers of mining, had persuaded her husband to go on ahead to the lumber country to find work. All across the country by train and plane, David guarded his jar of pickles—only to smash it when he ran happily to his father. The first half of the book describes the life in Big Loop and the decision to go west, a few pages are devoted to the summer in which David misses his father, and the rest of the story is about the trip; the long, slow beginning robs the journey of importance.


A very good family story, set on Bennett Island, the title based on the welcoming call of Grand Banks fishermen. Geordie, twenty, hoped to earn enough by his fishing to keep the family together after their parents died. Each of the six Camerons has problems of his own: Lucy has to take over mother's role and give up her own marriage plans, rebellious Penn drops out of school and marries; fourteen-year-old Genie is coping with her first serious boy-girl relationship, and the twin boys of ten suspect that the older ones want to send them away to relatives. The immediate problems are solved realistically, and the relationships are handled with finesse; characterization and dialogue are natural and convincing.


A delightful story about an industrious mouse who sought, and found, a path to fame and fortune by his initiative and diligence. Broderick got the idea from a book on surfing (he was an avid reader) and made himself a surf board from a tongue depressor. Hundreds of wipe-outs later, he felt proficient enough to travel to the east coast for some rough surfing; a young man so admired him that he became Broderick's manager, and together they traveled the world giving performances to the plaudits of millions. This gay story is told with a straight face in polished style, the illustrations matching the deftness and humor of the writing. Appended is a brief list of other books about famous mice from other publishers—a courteous gesture.


Not to be confused with the Gibson title reviewed above (Rogues' Gallery), this is a sophisticated spoof of a crime story with a double-identity theme. The characters are animals: Hoimie-the-Stoat, master criminal; Reynolds of the municipal police, a dashing fox; Matou, the tomcat, who goes straight. Hoimie, thief extraordinary, has of course been mas-
querading as the urbane society dilettante, Ermine. The ending is highly moral, quite tongue-in-cheek, and the story amusing; the style and vocabulary will make this a difficult book for most readers who are young enough to have an interest in animal stories.


Double trouble. Fran is already depressed because her best friend has gone to summer camp; now she finds that the two boys who always tease and bully her are in the summer drama school to which she has so much looked forward. Also there's Veronica, the know-it-all new girl. But the techniques of acting and mounting a play prove fascinating, and Veronica turns out to be a good companion. The writing style is moderately good, the characterization a bit wooden save for the family scenes; the theatrical background is appealing.


An attractive and useful round-up of craft projects associated with the holidays; those included are holidays most widely observed in the United States (with the exclusion of patriotic holidays) according to the preface, many of them of foreign origin. The material is grouped by seasons, with suggestions for group activities preceding the body of the text. Written with crisp clarity, the directions for craft projects are easy to follow; the information about each holiday is succinct, usually giving both the origins of the holiday and a description of the way or ways in which it is celebrated. A list of materials is included; a bibliography, activities subject index, and an index are appended.


The story of a boy in New York's Jewish ghetto during the depression era. Richard didn't have much use for his father who couldn't hang on to a job, was morose, and drank. Not like cousin Jack, who was a fight manager with a classy car, always full of fun. Mom made excuses for Pop, even after he disappeared, but Richard couldn't accept his father—until he was asked to come to the hospital and identify the man there, and then he realized how much Pop meant to him. The setting rings true, the characters are believable, and the writing style competent, but the story moves slowly and with little change of pace.


A slight but amusing story about some silly animals, the illustrations showing the three protagonists in white against busy, stylized green and gold scenes of a tropical rain forest; when the rain comes down on schedule each afternoon, the other animals turn pale green, while the potto, pig, and parrot turn blue. The three friends try various devices to keep their tea strong and their biscuits crisp, finally hitting on the idea that if one starts with too-strong tea and too-hard biscuits, the rain will make them just right. The dialogue (in balloon) functions as a refrain to the dialogue of the text, always consisting of
a comment from the pig on the tea, from the parrot on the biscuits, from the potto on the party ("Ruined!").

Rhodes, C. O. Let's Look at Musical Instruments and the Orchestra; illus. by Norma Ost. Whitman, 1969. 64p. Trade ed. $2.75; Library ed. $2.06 net.

First published in Great Britain, a quick survey of the instruments used in a full orchestra, with some material about the emergence of each from earlier forms. The illustrations are unattractive, especially those of musicians, save when they show the instrument only. The information that is given is useful, but there are several facts omitted that would, if included, have either clarified or amplified the text. Although there is discussion of classification (is a piano a keyboard instrument or a string instrument) there are no definitions. There is no seating chart for the orchestra, although there is a section on the conductor and the symphony. The appended index may confuse the user: the references under "Double-bass cello" are to "double bass," "double-bass, or contra-basso," and "double basses" . . . not a double-bass cello in the lot.


First published in England under the title Gumble's Yard, the story of some slum children who show their mettle when they are temporarily deserted (although the children cannot know it is only temporarily) by adults. With the help of a friend, Kevin and Sandra pack up the two younger children and take refuge in the Yard, an empty warehouse, to avoid being taken to an institution. Kevin, who tells the story, describes his involvement with some criminals who also want to use the Yard, the dangerous confrontation, and the arrival of the police, just in time. Realistically, there is no pat ending; the delinquent, shiftless father and his mistress come back and a young curate advises Kevin to return to the fold: it may be the Jungle (the slum neighborhood) but at least it is a home where the family can stay together, and there may be slovenliness and neglect, but there is no cruelty. The milieu is deftly established, the characterization and dialogue are good, and the plot has pace and suspense.


An engaging and humorous nonsense story, told in rhyme and illustrated with raffish deftness. Enthroned on his bench, a curmudgeon of a judge hears a prisoner plead that he didn't know that what he did was against the law, but that he had seen a horrible beast. "This man has told an untrue tale. Throw him in jail!" Each additional prisoner adds to the story; each infuriates the judge. Dénouement: the horrible beast, exactly as described, appears and swallows the judge, leaving five complacent prisoners making no comment, but looking entirely satisfied.
Reading for Librarians

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