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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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New Titles for Children and Young People

Alexander, Rae Pace, comp. *Young and Black in America*; introductory notes by Julius Lester. Random House, 1970. 139p. $3.95.

Episodes from the lives of eight black men and women (Frederick Douglass, Richard Wright, Daisy Bates, Malcolm X, Jimmy Brown, Anne Moody, Harry Edwards, and David Parks) describe the stark discrimination and despair of their youthful experiences. This is not new material, but the excerpts in toto have a bleak power that is impressive. Each selection is preceded by an editorial comment that gives biographical information and some background for the excerpt. An appended bibliography gives information about hardcover and paperback editions of the books from which the selections were made.


Like *Christmas Folk* (reviewed in the May, 1970 issue) this describes the festivities of a season in England. The illustrations, gay and charming, show celebrants in Restoration costume; the text is poetic. "St. George's Day/ The troops go out/ All the King's men/ In scarlet and gold/ All the King's horses/ Ribboned, bedecked/ And the King goes out/ In cap of state and crown..." Some of the material may be less familiar to children than were the traditional rites of *Christmas Folk*, but the book has a vernal freshness in its pictures and a mood of gaiety in the text that are appealing.


An unusually good biography, objective in tone and balanced in treatment, written in serious vein but enlivened by the dramatic flow of events. Oglethorpe distinguished himself in Georgia as a colonial leader who abolished slavery, established several towns, had remarkable rapport with the local Indians, and outwitted the Spanish in a territorial dispute. The last section of the book describes Oglethorpe's years after returning to England, where his suspected sympathy with the Jacobite cause and his obvious sympathy for the American rebels put his career in eclipse.


Dependably comprehensive and authentic, another in the excellent series of books on African peoples by a noted anthropologist. The material is well-organized, the writing straightforward and objective, particularly distinguished by the
inclusion of mores and customs in addition to the more usual coverage of history, legends, and patterns of home and community life. The book closes with a chapter on relationships between the Zulu and Europeans, pointing out in matter-of-fact style the poverty and oppression of the Zulu. An index is appended.

Bolognese, Don. *A New Day*; written and illus. by Don Bolognese. Delacorte, 1970. 28p. Trade ed. $4.50; Library ed. $4.17 net.

Not a story of the Nativity, but a parallel in a contemporary setting. Jose and Maria are migrant workers who have trouble getting a place to stay when their child is due. Finding no rooms at motels, they stop at a gas station and are put up in the garage. The baby is born; traveling musicians (hip) help: cowboys, hearing the music, join the celebration; neighbors come with food, people sing and dance; the police chief orders Jose and Maria arrested for disturbing the peace but a deputy warns them and they go off, promising their new friends that when this trouble has passed, they will come back. The illustrations, in dark-bright colors, are tender and gay; the text doesn’t quite come off: it has warmth and action, but the instant gathering of travellers, cowboys, and residents to feast and dance in celebration of the birth of a child to itinerant farm workers is, alas, unconvincing in view of the usual attitude of residents to migrants, the fact that the couple sought no medical help and that nobody else offered to get a doctor seems unrealistic, nor is the statement that Jose and Maria will be back when “the trouble” is over quite comprehensible.


Volume 2 of a two-part history (Volume 1 reviewed in the April, 1969 issue) that takes a broad view of the development of this country and of the American way of life. Oversize, printed in double columns, and profusely illustrated, the book deviates from the usual compilations of facts and dates and discusses the people who influenced patterns of change, the American Go-Getters, Boorstin calls them. These were the energetic, ambitious, and inventive people who had come from many lands and who built the economy, made reforms, contributed to progress by their inventions, organized the farmers, built ever faster means of communication. The emphasis is on movements, regional patterns, national policies, and changing labor conditions rather than on political or military minutiae. Stimulating in its approach, informally written, and acutely perceptive, a lively history of the United States by a distinguished historian. An index is appended.


Although well-organized and replete with information, this description of the capital is weakened by the not-infrequent banalities of the writing. The text gives good historical background, discusses government workers, crime, rehabilitation, cultural life and entertainment, museums and universities. Useful for the visitor to Washington, the book gives some information also about the organization and functioning of governmental agencies. Many photographs and some good maps are included; an index is appended.


In *The Haunted Spy* a weary sleuth met a restless ghost. Here the ghost, Sir
Roger de Rudisill, is the hero in an episode of his own lifetime, four hundred years ago. He solves the mystery of how the church bell of a mountain village rings once each night although it has no rope, and there are never any footprints in the snow. The answer: hermit with a slingshot. The hermit had built himself a cello and had no other way to tune it than by hearing the bell. A convivial fellow at heart, he joins the happy villagers in a final scene. Here the humor is more obvious and less sophisticated than in the first book, and the plot more contrived.

Cagle, Malcolm W. *Flying Ships; Hovercraft and Hydrofoils.* Dodd, 1970. 142p. illus. $3.95.

A very good survey of the invention, operation, construction, and uses of the two kinds of vehicles for which an increasing number of uses are emerging, especially interesting because of industrial or medical adaptations. The diagrams are excellent (although they are not numbered, the text frequently refers to them by number) and the material well organized and comprehensive. The writing style is brisk. Some of the information is covered in *Transportation of Tomorrow* by Ross, but this is more detailed, discussing uses of hovercraft and hydrofoils for war, industry, sport, and transportation. The book also considers such peripheral problems as legal distinctions in applicable laws, insurance, the use of such craft to solve traffic problems, and the future of flying ships. A list of manufacturers of sporting air cushion vehicles or kits for building them, a glossary of terms, and an index are appended.


Jack’s mother tells him that she is busy, and he will have to help if he wants a pancake for breakfast. He goes to the wheat field to cut grain, takes it to the miller to grind, feeds the hen to encourage egg-laying, milks the cow and churns the milk to get butter, and collects wood for the fire. A last trip to the basement for strawberry jam and the cooking lesson gets under way. After that Jack is on his own. The tissue paper collage is bright and gay, but the story moves slowly, despite the modicum of interest in food-from-source, due in part to the stiff style of writing and in part to the lack of any accelerando in the plot.

Chaplina, Vera. *True Stories from the Moscow Zoo;* tr. from the Russian by Estelle Titiev and Lila Pargment; illus. by Mel Hunter. Prentice-Hall, 1970. 15lp. $3.95.

An engaging collection of anecdotes about animals cared for by the author, who was a zookeeper with particular interest in young animals. *Kinuli,* published by Walck in 1965 (reviewed in the June, 1965 issue) was a detailed report on the lion cub that Vera Chaplina raised in her apartment; it is included here in an abbreviated version, although the longest section of the book. The writing is straightforward and simple, the author’s attitude toward the creatures she cared for both tender and practical. An intriguing book that should have particular appeal to animal lovers.

Clark, Charlotte R. *Black Cowboy; The Story of Nat Love;* illus. by Leighton Fossum. Hale, 1970. 43p. $3.27.

Written in a flat, simplified style: “The cowboys had a few free days before going back to Texas. So Nat and his friend, Cal, had a good time while they could. Nat liked trains. So part of the day they watched the train come into town.” Many of the episodes are the same as those covered in Felton’s *Nat Love, Negro Cowboy* (reviewed in the July, 1969 issue) which, although it has a more difficult vocabulary, has much more substance and is based on Love’s autobiography. However, for the younger reader this does give information about a colorful black figure in the wild west.

First published in England under the title *Library Lady*, the story of a small girl whose devotion to the library and its delights leads to the conversion of her two older brothers (non-readers) and presumably to their breaking away from a gang of delinquents. Ginny, seven, gets a card at the new library and urges her much older brothers to enrol. The boys help her make some paper fish for an exhibit on fishing, visit the library, and tell their friends about the collection of valuable rods. When the rods are stolen, Ginny’s brothers are suspected, but she clears them — the weakest point of the story, since the evidence seems obtrusive at the time it is introduced earlier. At the end, the boys decide to borrow books. Although the message seems to be that books are fun and are to be enjoyed because of educational as well as recreational profit, the message is too bald to be effective, especially since it seems directed at children older than those who will read the book. The writing style is pleasant, and the family relationships are warm and realistic, particularly those between Ginny and her brothers.


A week of days, a poem for each day, and a charming picture of a six-year-old black child whose fears and pleasures have a universal quality. Monday, for example: “Being six/ is full of tricks/ And Everett Anderson knows it./ Being a boy/ is full of joy/ and Everett Anderson shows it.” Or Friday (Mom is Home, Payday): “Swishing one finger/ in the foam/ of Mama’s glass/ when she gets home/ is a very/ favorite thing to do./ Mama says/ foam is a comfort/ Everett Anderson/ says so too.”


Originally published in France in 1969, an adaptation of a Japanese No play, the illustrations effectively combining some of the landscape treatment familiar in traditional Japanese art with the use of heavily-outlined masses of solid color prevalent today. An exhausted pilgrim comes to the door of the elderly Tsuneyo and his wife; at first Tsuneyo says their single room is too small; then he relents and shares with the stranger his hearth and his food. To warm the guest, he destroys the last three of his dearly loved trees, and as they sit about the fire, talks of his devotion to his Prince. No reader of folk tales will be surprised to learn that the pilgrim is indeed the Prince, and Tsuneyo’s sacrifice is rewarded with three wooded estates. The tale is more interesting as a demonstration of the universality of motifs in folklore than it is for itself; adequate in plot and action, it is told in rather heavy style, possible due to translation. There is some discrepancy between the format, which looks appropriate for younger children, and the demands of the vocabulary.


The Canadian wilderness is the setting for a vigorous tale of two young people coping with unexpected problems on a runaway journey. Kimberly, fourteen, had followed her older brother when she learned that he was going off to the woods to visit a young uncle he’d helped the summer before. So there she was — and what could Nathaniel do but take her along on his planned canoe trip to Uncle Seth’s remote cabin? Staunch and determined, the two learn to accept each other’s inadequacies in amiable fashion, arriving at the cabin to find their polarization
fixed. (Uncle Seth, it appears, has shacked up with a woman and is not at all enchanted to see them.) Kimberly has learned that roughing it is not for her, and departs. Nathaniel is just as sure that the simple life is for him; although disappointed in Seth, he arranges for a cabin of his own. The wilderness journey has a felicity of detail that is appealing, the plot is sound and nicely developed, there is action and excitement in the young people's adventures, and the brother-sister relationship is drawn with perception.


At first it seemed wonderful to Henry that he should have three weeks of freedom from school, three weeks in which to recuperate from illness. Then he was bored — until he met Josh and Caleb, who are perhaps the most distinctive pair of tramps in contemporary fiction. Intrigued by their observations on the “ticking” of the town (It’s pulse? Its aura?) and their secrecy about their hidey-hole, enchanted by Caleb’s gourmet meals, by the cumulating manuscript that Josh is and has been writing, Henry spends all his time with these supreme do-as-you-pleasers, listening enthralled to their talk of the Night Train that will take them from Here to There. And when they go off, he is not quite sure that it really happened. Not deep characterization, but marvelously vivid characters; not a strong plot but a strongly constructed story; the people, the dialogue, and the atmosphere have a theatrical quality, as though seen and heard from a distance but caught in a battery of spotlights.


Written in a flat style and often repetitive, this is nevertheless useful because it ties the development of increasingly complex bridges to the existence of men’s needs. From the first natural bridge, a log stretched across a brook, and the idea of stepping stones, came a series of bridges using the principles of suspension or trestles or the fixed cantilever (shown but not defined). Several varieties of movable bridges are discussed, as are some of the bridges built for special use, such as the skyway bridge. The author points out that bridges are a link: between one riverbank and another, between parts of buildings, between states or cities and even between countries. Sketches and brief notes describe some famous bridges in America, bridges of war, oldest bridges in the world, and the bridge of peace between the United States and Mexico.


Hannibal Servatius Serendipity, age 75, loses his job as janitor when the building is condemned; he cannot get another job because nobody will accept his pet goat, until he meets a black man even older than he is (Hezekiah Clinton Mackelgum) who is heading back to his farm in the South. Hannibal gets H.C.’s job and, since there is a strike of construction workers, starts a garden. Late in the book the street kids come along: black and Puerto Rican, tough and cool, they jeer. Quickly converted to horticulture, they all pitch in and festoon the steel skeleton of the building with plants. This is followed by owner-protest, flower—lovers back—lash, and a television interview seen by H.C. who just happens to be within telecast range and who drives up to offer Hannibal a partnership in his farm. There are some vivid moments, no humor, good intentions vis—à—vis human relations and provisions of
constructive outlets for the urban young. The book's strongest point is the author's clear belief that environment-engendered hostility can be conquered by love and patience, its weakest points are the totally saintly Hannibal and his long conversations with his goat: the goat doesn't actually talk, but the reading of its mind produces reactions in Hannibal that are similar to conversational responses. For example, Ag "says" (in italics, to distinguish his comments) "You must have some scheme in mind. I know you." The man answers, "Well, no scheme, not just yet."


"You will get excessively wet," father prophesied, "you will all three of you catch preposterous colds, you will return sneezing, and your mother will take it out on me." But Peter and Mig and their American friend Clint were determined to prove their point: it was possible to get over Hadrian's Wall without being spotted. The ploy is organized and executed with finesse, the triumphant trio happily accosting friends at an archeological dig with their presence. The second - and separate -plot is in the more exciting night adventure the children have when they flee the men who have stolen a valuable artifact and know that the children have witnessed their act. The first part of the book is entertaining, the second tense with suspense; the whole is attractive, markedly British in the erudite badinage of the younger characters and in the quality of the relationships between adults and children.


Awkward but lively drawings illustrate a pleasantly silly story about a nonconformist raccoon. Russle irritated the boss of his gang, Emma Jean Smudge, by doing silly things and being tardy. When the rest of the raccoons were wide awake at night, watching television and having fun, Russle was tired. He found sunshine pleasant, and the colors that could be seen in the daytime; one day he met a boy named Warner, whom he helped in the garden. Then he visited Warner and discovered that people slept at night. All this suited Russle perfectly, so he happily went to live with Warner, occasionally handing out Fig Newtons to his old friends on nights when he had stayed up to watch a late movie. The situation is amusing, the style light and humorous, the plot slim and the ending anticlimactic.


An engagingly silly story, illustrated with charming stylized peasant figures in soft, cool colors. "Marilka was not home. Her parents looked for their little girl," the tale begins. Wailing in acute despair, they wondered how they could live without their darling; the stork, hearing them, pulled out his feathers and began to sob; the cherry tree dropped its blossoms, declaring it would bear no fruit now that Marilka was gone, et cetera. When Marilka, who had simply been off doing a daily chore, appeared, all rejoiced. The author very subtly incorporates both tall tale elements and a dash of noodlehead humor to enliven the story, but the plot is slight and the implication of parental silliness obliquely presented for the very young child.

The pigeon started it by telling the Happy Lion that she had heard a zoo visitor comment on what a rich life the lion had. It seemed perfectly clear that he should make a will, but as the raven (knowledgeable because his ancestors were lawyers) pointed out — he owned nothing. Not true, said the lion’s friend Francois, the Happy Lion had a great treasure. The animals, excited, began quarreling; the lion calmed them. And so they guessed: the Happy Lion’s treasure was his loving heart. Although the tale ends in a veritable frenzy of kissing among the beasts, the light style and tone keep the whole from being saccharine. The message is love, the tale amiable, the illustrations engaging.


In Pablo’s village, the Papago Indians had no contact with white men, so he knew no English. Stoically he accepted the fact that he must go to his grandfather’s village and learn the lore that would prepare him for leadership; less stoically he faced the fact that there the Papago boys knew English, knew all about the white man’s world. Written with sober dignity, the book is chiefly devoted to Pablo’s years in the government school beginning with his first dismay at the mores that are offensive, perpetrated in ignorance by the white staff. As time goes by, Pablo acquires a conviction that he must bring understanding and change to his people, and as the book ends he realizes that they are not yet ready to accept his ideas and that he must learn even more before he can stay with them and effectuate changes. The author does not plead for understanding, but her empathetic sensitivity is a testament to its need.


A story based on the characters in a deck of cards, the busy and colorful illustrations using the figures just as they really appear, so that the author-artist is manipulating flat surfaces. Only when the Jacks are jousting in armor are they shown in action, and the medieval stiffness is not inappropriate. The story is not very substantial: all of the royal figures give birthday gifts to the Jack of Hearts, the powerful King of Spades warning that nothing can stand against the Ace of Spades. But when the knights are jousting, and the Ace of Spades is thrown onto the field, it is robbed of its effect (causing the horse to rear) by being covered with the Ace of Hearts. The King of Hearts dubs his son, “Sir Jack, the bravest knight of all.” And there the tale abruptly ends.


A description of a year in the life of the wild snow goose begins with the spring migration from California to an Alaskan bay. The gander and his mate produce a family of five, teach them to care for themselves and to be wary of the predators of the region, and join the fall migration. Hampered by a fire, threatened by hunters, trapped by an oil slick (and rescued by students from the University of Washington) the geese make their way to California, stopping at a wild life refuge. The writing is direct and clear, the living pattern broadened to include ecological aspects, and the illustrations dramatic in black and white.


Perfect friendship casteth out gourmet luncheons. What Joey really liked was
peanut butter and jelly sandwiches, and he had a new lunchbox to carry it in. But Anthony was his best friend, so Joey left his lunchbox at home and dutifully ate with Anthony in the cafeteria, not enjoying chili—or melted cheese sandwiches—or, especially, fish. On fish day Anthony ate his lunch out of a paper bag. Next day, Joey, a wiser if not sadder boy, brought his Green Hornet lunchbox. With two peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. A simple but engaging tale, a familiar situation of wanting to do whatever your best friend does and learning that it isn't always possible. Or even enjoyable. The illustrations, economical of line, are sprightly and quietly humorous.

Greene, Constance C. *Leo the Lioness*. Viking, 1970. 118p. $3.95.

There is a point in every young person's life at which he discovers, as Tibb does in her thirteenth summer, that "people and things are not always what they seem. I know that people you think are strong sometimes turn out to be weak...when the chips are down, I turned out to be mean and small and almost didn't go to Carla's wedding." Carla was the girl who had been Tibb's adored baby-sitter, and it had come as a real blow to learn that she was pregnant. It had been a traumatic summer. When your older sister and your best friend can think of nothing but boys, it is hard to be flat-chested and have big feet. Tibb's only consolation is that she was born under the sign of Leo, and is therefore strong, forceful, steadfast "and practically everything good". Not an unusual theme, the adolescent girl who grows into a more mature person, but it is handled unusually well here. The writing is convincingly that of a teen-ager, the problems are universal and imbued with a humor that does not lessen their importance, the dialogue is excellent and the relationships are drawn with sympathetic understanding.


In this anthology of nature poems, the compilers say in their preface, are words that "may yet prompt us to discover our Eden before we destroy it" and it is with this in mind, as well as the intention of showing what modern poets feel about nature, that the compilation was made. The selections are arranged through the cycle of the year—although many pertain to no special season—and have been chosen with discrimination. Sources are cited; and author-title index is appended.


Not a story but an ode to friendship. The small girl who describes her family, her teacher, her friend Steffie, bedtime pranks, and the bedtime story (told to father) records the spectrum of activities in a child's day. Much of the focus is on her friendship with Steffie (she's white, Stephanie is black) but this is not primarily an interracial book. It is permeated with candor and some humor ("Our teacher is beautiful. She wears glasses..." is accompanied by a picture of a plump, dowdy, middle-aged woman whose loving kindness is apparent) and has a mild, appealing, homely quality.


In the 2-4-6-8-2 form of cinquain verse, selections by children who live "in and around urban areas", The names and locations are given, but not the ages of the young writers. The poems are grouped by seasons and the photographs are good.
There is considerable variety in the quality of the verses, many of which have no trace of an urban setting: there are poems about baseball, dreams, seasons, etc.

Hsiao, Ellen. *A Chinese Year*; written and illus. by Ellen Hsiao. Evans, 1970. 64p. $3.95.

Born in China, the author describes her year in a small town; she and her family had come for grandmother’s funeral, and it had been decided that two children should be left there for a time to comfort grandfather. The text is simply written, its continuity broken by topical headings; despite the episodic structure, the book has an easy, conversational flow. The details of family rites and funeral observances, of New Year festivity and school games, of learning to use an abacus and sing her first English song are told by Ai-lan (Ellen) with unpretentious directness. The illustrations include decorative cut paper designs (a Chinese folk art) and drawings in black and white.


Crisp, informative, and direct, this companion volume to *The Operating Room* (reviewed in the September, 1970 issue) is well-organized and is illustrated with clear photographs. The text describes some typical emergency room patients and the care they receive, discusses the staff and equipment of emergency services, and reports on the handling of a community disaster and on a volunteer rescue squad, specially trained, in an area that has no hospital nearby. The book closes with some advice to those who may be unacquainted with emergency room care, a list of some of the terms and titles that may be encountered in an emergency room, and an index.


A really fine book for the beginning chess player; although there seems an undue stress on the relationship of each piece to its real-life equivalent (the pawns were pikemen who fought side by side, the knight’s move can be remembered as the charge of a leaping horse, etc.) the concept gives the book an added dimension. Each piece and its moves are explained separately, and a blitzkrieg game is illustrated. There are illustrations of games-in-process, with questions and answers about possible moves and why some are preferred. The clear diagrams are very helpful, as is the proceeding from basic moves to more and more complicated problems.


Blest be the author who, having a limited amount of information to give, gives it without padding. Here, in a good introduction to the topic, the author describes the three kinds of chipmunks and discusses their habits and habitat, with brief mention of mating and reproduction. The illustrations are adequate, the text simple enough for independent readers or for reading aloud to younger children.

Larrick, Nancy, comp. *I Heard a Scream in the Street*; Poems by Young People in the City; illus. with photographs by students. Evans, 1970. 141p. $4.95.

From class magazines, workshops and community centers, student newspapers and college poetry projects, from young people in twenty-three cities, Nancy Larrick has chosen almost eighty poems that testify to the perception, vision, and candor of the young. There is little humor or gentleness: the poems are fierce in
statement of condemnation or pride, sometimes rough in structure but often impressive. The author’s names are given but not their ages (the range was fourth grade through high school at the time of writing) and the material is divided into five sections: “People Pushing and Rushing”, “Walk Down My Street and See”, “I Walk Through Crowded Streets and Ask, ‘Who Am I?’”, “I Dream of Blackness”, and “I Am Frightened That the Flame of Hate Will Burn Me.” Author-title and first line indexes are appended.


Jimmy’s brother had offered to take care of a friend’s pet mice, but it was Jimmy who did most of the work — and did it gladly, enthralled by the tiny creatures. Then came baby mice, and still more baby mice: 34 of them by the time the owner returned, and by then Jimmy had had his fill of caring for pets. Written in a lively, easy style, this is both a good family story with the relationships handled with warmth and humor, and a palatable exploration of responsibilities. The story is told by Jimmy, whose candid comments on little brothers, fertile mice, visiting cousins, and other phenomena of home life are completely diverting and natural.


First published in 1965 under the title *Die Omama im Apfelbaum*, the story of a small boy who feels underprivileged. Everybody else has a grandmother, and grandmothers take you to the merry-go-round or buy toys or knit caps just for you. So Andi invents one. His parents remonstrate gently when he talks of their joint adventures, and his older brother and sister tease him. Then a gentle, affectionate old woman moves next door, and she confesses that she yearns for her grandchildren in Canada. So she and Andi make a pact: she will be his everyday grandmother, and when he’s in the apple tree he will go on having magical adventures with his other grandma. The sequences in which Andi has imaginary adventures are almost slapstick, but most of the story has a quiet, ingenuous quality; the writing style is smooth, the translation competent, and the family scenes realistic.


Text and illustrations are placed sideways on each double page spread, affording the illustrator an opportunity to show graphically the strata investigated by Dudley (a good bedtime staller) and his father (a model of patience). What, Dudley wonders, if a monster is under his bed? They look. “The coloring book I lost last week!” Marbles, a pencil, a dime... Finally Dudley climbs back in bed. But there’s just one more thing he wonders about: what’s under the rug under the bed? So it goes, until Dudley has learned that what’s under is the floor, below which is the kitchen ceiling, below that the cellar ceiling, below the cellar floor, et cetera. The writing has the appeals of humor and rhyme and the book itself (it doesn’t tell a story) the great appeal of sorting out one’s environment.


Another in the publisher’s series of “Open Door Books” in which each autobiographical volume is written by a member of a minority group and is
career-oriented. The career in which William McCalip found his life work is that of the group social worker; as a former prisoner and drug addict, he had been sent to a center for rehabilitation and group therapy, asked to remain as a member of the staff, and is now head of a drug abuse center operating a program under the aegis of the state of Illinois. The writing is a bit selfconscious and banal, but it is simple, informal, and convincing. Several pages of career guidance information are appended.


For motion picture buffs, a good addition to Manchel's earlier and more general books on the development of the medium. Brisk and comprehensive, the survey of horror films begins with the fantasy films of Melies at the turn of the century, describes German innovations and the assumption of a major role by Hollywood. The text is spiced with photographs and anecdotes of cinema history: the techniques used in filming *King Kong,* the artful makeup of Lon Chaney, the several versions of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* A bibliography and an index are appended.


An urban neighborhood, a racially mixed group of children, and the mild suspense of a game have appeal, but the story line is slight and the reiteration of names burdensome. Carlotta's father has promised a triple-dip ice cream cone to the child who is last to be found in a game of hide-and-seek. One by one, each of the children is found, with the unnamed speaker counting them off: "Now Igor & Su Lu & Rico & me are looking for Bernie & J. J. Jones, Jr. & Dagmar & Jenny & my short-legged sister, Annabel Lee." Several pages later, "Five kids looking for six kids hiding — for Dagmar & Jenny & J. J. Jones, Jr. & Roberta..." 


An olio of science fantasy, adventure, and brotherhood is illustrated with flamboyant Tiffany-pop illustrations in which the heroine appears as a coffee-colored face and hands surrounded by blue hair (father's black, mother's white; both have normal hair) until the last picture: Alala, grown up and married to a Manchurian prince (with a kit of children each reflecting a racial strain) now sports a cleavage as she is about to take what appears to be a pill. The story is laboriously devised. Alala discovers how to enter a television screen at the age of seven when she hops in to take over the role of Cinderella, returning home (off-screen) to put two glass slippers under her bed. The teletrips and adventures go on and on, with Alala participating in and changing various children's classics, landing on the President's lap while he is addressing the nation, et cetera, until her worried father catapults her into violent programs and ends her taste for fantasy travel. Alala retires, years pass, and the Manchurian Prince comes along.


Things had been different before Pa lost his hand. Now he couldn't hold a job and had become a drunkard, and Ma was always unhappy, bitterly saying Richie was a bum just like his father. The Puerto Rican boys in the housing project into which the family had moved were hostile until their leader, Cesar, and Richie had a
fight. Then he was in, and somehow he felt that things weren't so bad now that he had a friend. The picture is bleak and powerful, but the ending (Richie and Cesar going off on a bus ride, Richie happily feeling that he isn't really trapped by his environment) is not convincing and the book gives a static impression: like a fictionalized case history, here is a family trapped by circumstance and despair, with no real reason to expect improvement.


Two labelled pictures on each page afford small children the pleasure of recognizing familiar objects or learning new ones. Some of the illustrations may not be perfectly clear (is every bow a hair ribbon?), some of the pictures show objects that are not necessarily in the home environment (a rabbit, skis), and some of the objects are toys (rather than real machines or vehicles). On the whole, however, the book should be useful for extending vocabulary and for classifying objects. Several pages addressed to adults suggest various ways in which the book can be used to play games, the clues given by the adult (who says, "I spy...") stressing color, shape, size, function, etc.


A better-than-most mystery story set in the English countryside. Two cousins are witness to a man's jumping off a train and later find, in a pocket, a message in code. They realize that the prying woman who questioned them on the train has set her chauffeur on their trail, but can't understand why. Although the solution, when it emerges, is a bit of a letdown, the story itself is strong in pace and suspense, with one of the cousins taken prisoner by the chauffeur, escaping via chimney, and being chased up the stairs of a lighthouse. Tight in structure, deftly concocted, with good characterization and dialogue.

Pugh, Ellen. *Brave His Soul*; written by Ellen Pugh and with the assistance of David B. Pugh. Dodd, 1970. 144p. illus. $4.

For readers with a particular interest in history or in exploration, this should prove particularly interesting, since it both deals with an unusual theory in history and treats it with documented objectivity. The theory that there was a Welsh prince (Madog or Madoc) who, revolted by civil war and competition for the throne within his family, exiled himself and came to the North American continent in 1170, is disputed — yet the author presents convincing evidence that such an event was probable, especially in some of the physical attributes and cultural traits of the Mandan Indians. Chapter notes give sources; a bibliography and an index are appended.


A revised edition of the book first published under the same title in 1946 by International Publishers. The new illustrations are an improvement, with the substitution of photographs for drawings of the chick hatching out of the shell. The writing is simplified in one way: some of the longer sentences have been broken down into separate sentences for easier reading. In the way the material is handled, the new edition is more sophisticated, without the trace of oversimplification that

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was in the earlier book.


A simple but quite adequate explanation of the digestive process, with attractive illustrations that only occasionally veer from the factual — such as a conventional heart-shaped symbol in a diagram of the circulatory system. The text does not give all the facts or terms (there is no mention of enzymes) and it does, in some instances, move into peripheral areas, but on the whole it is a competent, simplified treatment of a phenomenon about which most children are curious.


Despite a staccato style, a book that explores lightly some of the emotions and reactions of a small boy. Carl, who speaks, is a twin; he is slow and rather timid while Eddie is brisk and confident. The boys and their older brother live with grandparents (no explanation given) and are affected by their relationship with each other, depressed when the adults quarrel and relieved when the quarrel is over. Carl is teased about a homemade sweater, is pleased at his own performance in school and helpful to Eddie, who can’t write as well; he feels benificent when he helps Grandma, and he clearly looks up to his big brother. The illustrations have action and humor, and the book can be used nicely (as the author suggests in a preface for adult readers-aloud) as a base for discussion of a child’s emotions.


As in other books about the astute ten-year-old sleuth, Encyclopedia Brown, this is a series of short mysteries, each of them solved by the boy detective, each ending with a query as to how he knew the solution. The answers, with full explanation, are given at the back of the book. The writing style is lively and humorous, and there is a challenge for the reader, but the book is weakened by the fact that Encyclopedia will on occasion pursue an investigation when he already knows the answer: for example, in “The Case of the Kidnapped Pigs”, one of the two children who report their prize pigs kidnapped gives his telephone number as “ZA 4-7575”. Since the telephone dial has no “Z”, he is immediately suspect — yet Encyclopedia rides six miles to talk to the four boys that the real culprit has said he suspected.


Michael’s father had always refused to go to the parade on Anzac Day. He didn’t want to remember bombing Dresden, he said. Usually Michael went with Grandma, but she was sound asleep, so off he went alone — to be given a lift by the neighbors, who had complained that he was too old (thirteen) to be out in the yard naked and who scolded him this time for being too scantily clad for the weather. Disgruntled, Michael goes to the beach — and meets a loquacious, inquisitive girl of nine. Some bullies see them swimming, tease Michael and threaten him, there is a fight in which Michael wins, and the balance of power shifts in his relationships. The book ends with the girl gone and Michael home, explaining his absence and his appearance to his grandmother. The long, detailed scene at the beach slows the book, although it explores with sensitivity the reactions of a thirteen-year-old to boy-girl relations, adult attitudes toward child behavior, and Michael’s apprehension about the other boys. Southall never fails to write well, but this lacks the impact of most of his
earlier books and it touches too many areas to have cohesion.


A series of small books introduce basic geometric shapes, their chief asset being the repetition that breeds familiarity. Their chief appeals to the child are the jingling rhyme and rhythm, and the fun of ferreting out, from the busy details of the illustrations, the shapes being described. Unfortunately, the shapes are not always exact (chocolate custard and pansies are not really triangles) nor always easy to see. The text is occasionally confusing: in the book on circles, for example, it is stated that "A circle is round/ A circle can roll/ A marble's a circle/ And so is a hole." Then the word is used in another sense: "a circle of friends", then a third: "sea gulls that circle." And in another book, dancing is "square" in a barn. Each book gives an oblique description of the shape ("A square is a shape/ It contains/ It defines/ It is made of four corners/ And four even lines." In none, however, is the definition accompanied by a single clear drawing of the shape.


An evocative story of Norman England, based on the actual founding of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Lovel, the witch's brat whose grandmother had been a healer, is a small crippled boy who, stoned by the villagers, takes refuge in a monastery where his knowledge of herbs is used and extended. When Rahere, the King's Jongleur (who founded the hospital) calls Lovel to join him, Lovel goes — and finds in his profession a satisfaction that makes it a joyful bondage. The story has strong, taut structure and good characterization, but is most distinguished by the colorful and consistent picture of an historical period.


Although this gives a realistic picture of a Puerto Rican neighborhood in New York City and presents the common problems that arise in urban redevelopment, it is neither unusual in approach nor distinguished in style. The ending is believable but pat: how many displaced families in a minority group move with celerity into a large, clean apartment on a tree-lined residential street? Juana knows that her old neighborhood is crowded and ugly, but it is familiar and she dreads leaving it. Their move is precipitated by a fire (caused by her brother's careless pot-smoking) discovered by her dog (whose illness is a divisive sub-plot) and Juana is quickly made to feel at home in their new apartment when a neighbor of her own age welcomes her. At times the author uses Spanish phrases naturally, letting the context provide clues for the reader who is not Spanish-speaking; at other times there is an awkward repetition of such phrases in English, quite jarring in conversation when Juana's mother speaks in Spanish to her daughter and repeats the words in English. The illustrations are attractive.

Vlahos, Olivia *New World Beginnings*; Indian Cultures in the Americas; illus. by George Ford. Viking, 1970. 320p. Trade ed. $6.50; Library ed. $5.96 net.
A lucid discussion of theories and findings of archeologists and anthropologists prefaces a text that is scholarly in its research background and approach but written with simple directness. Recently scientists have shown that men lived in the new world almost forty thousand years ago, that there were succeeding waves of migration from diverse points of origin, and that some peoples may have migrated during the interstadial (warm) periods that punctuated the fourth glacial stage. The text is divided into sections that describe the cultural patterns of various groups on the two continents: “Hunters”, “Fishermen”, “Gatherers”, “Farmers”, and “Empire Builders.” The extensive bibliography, divided by chapters, cites adult material; an index is appended.


Misfit-finds-niche stories are not rare, but to have a firefly’s maladjustment solved by a factor inherent in urban environment is. Blithely told, the story has humor in style and concept, and the illustrations erupt with flashing color and vitality. Torchy’s problem is that his light is too bright. He just can’t produce a moderate, normal twinkle. “Nonsense,” says his mother. “Any one can twinkle. All you must do is take your time about it.” “Nobody is perfect,” Owl says. “Look at it this way. There are many kinds of light in the world. You should be proud of yours....” But it is in the night lights of the city that Torchy finds his metier; exhilarated by the dazzling lights, he exceeds himself — and finds, homeward bound, that all he has energy left for is a modest, run-of-the-mill twinkle.


A true story of World War II, the photographs showing the author in uniform as a military nurse, and Shurik as a merry and charming child. Kyra Petrovskaya had been an actress before the war; serving in a hospital during the siege of Leningrad, she had adopted the homeless orphan and had convinced the hospital authorities to let Shurik work there. The author’s experiences while serving as part of a medical patrol unit at the front are no more dramatic and chilling than are her descriptions of the besieged city and its starving people. Most impressive is the recurring evidence of indomitable courage and quick compassion.


Awkward but vigorous and funny, the illustrations show Miranda thoughtfully standing on her head while she quizzes her four-year-old brother about his night fears. George is four. He has a lion and a tiger and a skipping worm under his bed and he can’t sleep. Miranda scornfully explains that there are no lions and tigers in the middle of Kansas, but when she goes to bed she knows that there are Pilgrims. Stern and minatory, they appear and force her into drudgery. “Lazy,” says one, and “Besloth,” says another. She wakes to play the role of comforter to her brother, offering him her bed. “Watch out for the skipping worms,” says George. Many children have Pilgrims or skipping worms under their beds, but this should evoke sympathy even in those more fortunate. The tone is light, the situation familiar.

“The day starts out like every other day. You allow yourself plenty of time...”

(Frenzied home scene, a la Price cartoons) “You start off to school with your lunch money safely in your pocket.” (Coins carelessly tossed in gaping pocket) A little wrestling and playground activity follow, with more frenzied scenes of shoving lines and messy desk, etc. The money has disappeared by lunch time, and the school office (to which this is an old problem) lends you lunch money. And you wonder how you could have lost yours. The illustrations are very funny in themselves and as a contrast to the delusory restraint of the text; the lesson may not be clear to the protagonist, but it certainly will be to readers. Slight, but pointed and merry.


Twenty years ago John Harding's plane had crashed on the Swiss-Austrian border during World War II. He never knew the name of the old woman who had hidden him in her barn, nor had he learned the name of the village. Seeing the still-familiar scene on a travel brochure, he came to Silberfeld with his family, all of them greatly disappointed when they found that the woman didn't remember him. His son James, invited by friends to stay on when the family went back to England, was left stranded when his hostess became ill — and he craftily decided to stay on alone and hide in the barn. With little money, his week alone was studded with obstacles, particularly because the old woman (now senile) thought he was his father and insisted on hiding him. The small adventures of the week are believable, colored by James' meeting with the man who had led his father to safety years ago; the setting is appealing, and the story has pace, vitality, and a smooth writing style.

Zim, Herbert Spencer. *Trucks*; written and illus. by Herbert Spencer Zim and James R. Skelly; illus. by Stan Biernacki. Morrow, 1970. 64p. Trade ed. $3.75; Library ed. $3.56 net.

Illustrated with clean-lined, tidy drawings and diagrams, placed and labelled with care, a good discussion of trucks and trucking. Construction and variations thereon, the three kinds of truck engines and the two kinds of brakes used, fuels, safety measures, and other such mechanically fascinating facts are given, but the authors also provide considerable information about the training for truck drivers, working conditions, and maintenance; there is brief mention of the Teamsters Union. The index, with illustrations starred, is useful for access to pictures of truck types or parts, but not adequate in making the text accessible.


“Blow it in good health”, Maxel's grandmother said when she gave him a bubble pipe, so Maxel blew and blew. The bubble became so large that Maxel was trapped in it; the police couldn't get him out nor could the fire department. Finally a rhinoceros and other horned animals were brought from the zoo to prick the bubble, Maxel was rolled outside, and — the bubble burst, having gone over a tack. Maxel's grandmother quickly brought another pan of soapy water, gave Maxel the bubble pipe, and said, “Maxel, so you shouldn't waste a rhinoceros, blow, darling, blow.” The story, illustrated in bold colors, combines a nonsensical tall tale with a humor that is pure Jewish-mother. Some of the dialogue is scaled more to the older child than to the picture-book audience (“So why are you standing there? A future tax payer is waiting for a rhinoceros.”) and children may question the ending.
Reading for Librarians


