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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.

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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


A young soldier whose brother has risen to the rank of general is ignored by the latter; weeping because the general does not admit him to a party, the soldier complains, is beaten, and runs off to the forest. The Tsar, lost while hunting, meets the soldier, who does not know him and assumes him simply to be another military man. In the hours they spend together, the young soldier protects his companion and saves his life; he later comes to court and is rewarded by the Tsar—he is given the title of general and his older brother demoted to the ranks. Told in a breezy style, the story follows the typical pattern of folktale ethics; not only does it conclude with a homily about renouncing one's kin, but also shows virtue rewarded. The illustrations are not as deft or imaginative as those Shulevitz did for *The Fool of the World and the Flying Ship,* but they are handsome in detail, Slavic in design, and brilliant in color.

Aiken, Joan. *Died on a Rainy Sunday.* Holt, 1972. 121p. Trade ed. $4.95; Library ed. $4.59 net.

Jane was worried about the fact that her four-year-old daughter seemed so terrified by the babysitter, Mrs. McGregor; she herself found the McGregors arrogant and uncooperative, yet her husband insisted that they stay. And Jane had to get to her job in London, had to have somebody home with little Caroline. The story builds with mounting suspense through increasingly ominous incidents, culminating in murder and fraught with danger to Jane and her child. Constructed adroitly and written with skill, this is a taut and convincing mystery story.

Alexander, Martha. *And My Mean Old Mother Will Be Sorry, Blackboard Bear;* written and illus. by Martha Alexander. Dial, 1972. 36p. Trade ed. $3.95; Library ed. $3.69 net.

The small boy who, in *Blackboard Bear,* used an imaginary bear to solace his rejection by other children, here vents his resentment against his mother by an imagined flight from home with the same companion. Exasperated by Anthony's overflowing tub and the sticky mess he makes in the kitchen while she's mopping the bathroom, Mother has snapped, "One little boy named Anthony had better be in bed—that's all I can say.'" Miffed, Anthony slips out the window and imagines that he is going off into the woods, eating honey with his bear, sleeping in a cave, etc. He decides his mother will miss him, and he's hungry—and the story ends with Anthony picking up the teddy bear that is lying on the grass under his bedroom window. The precise, uncluttered drawings are appealing, the story slight, with none of the impact of Max's imaginary journey-of-irritation in Sendak's *Where the Wild Things Are* and without the explicit satisfaction of *Blackboard Bear,* in which...
the child gets revenge in fantasy and so can better cope with the real situation; here the reader can only assume maternal reaction to the imagined exodus.

**Baker, Betty.** *A Stranger and Afraid.* Macmillan, 1972. 159p. $4.95.

Based on the records of Coronado’s expeditions in the mid-sixteenth century, an historical novel is written from the viewpoint of Sopete, a Wichita Indian youth who has been, with his younger brother Zabe, a prisoner of the people of the Cicuye pueblo, who raided his village. The Spanish strangers who come to the pueblo have heard fabulous stories of gold, and they are ruthless in their persecution, sure that the Indians can lead them to the treasure. Sopete, torn between his desire to go home and understanding of the younger brother who has completely identified with the Cicuye, serves as a guide to the Spaniards. A concluding note by the author points out those parts of the story that are fact. The book is grave, deliberate in pace, convincing as a story and interesting for its well-researched historical background.


A stunning addition to an excellent series of art books is lavishly illustrated with full-color pictures that show paintings, sculpture, mosaics, stained glass windows, tapestry, and architecture. There are architectural diagrams that make clear the evolution of cathedral designs, and photographs of jewelry, armor, illuminated manuscripts, and religious art objects. The text is lucid, well organized, and cohesive. An index is appended.

**Bealer, Alex W.** *Only the Names Remain; The Cherokees and the Trail of Tears;* illus. by William Sauts Bock. Little, 1972. 88p. $5.75.

Illustrated with effective, authentically-detailed pictures in black and white, a history of the Cherokee is as interesting for its inherent drama as it is useful for its historical information. The text describes the life of the early Cherokees, their acceptance of many of the ways of the white settlers, their refusal to join Tecumseh and their joining the American forces to fight the Creeks, their prosperity and peacefulness, their desire for education—and their bitter fate, when gold was discovered in their mountain homeland, of having to leave their lands in Georgia and Alabama, and move west of the Mississippi. Ending the story of a proud people, of the leader John Ross, the teacher Sequoyah, the soldiers who fought with Jackson against Tecumseh, is the sad saga of the long march to Arkansas, the “Trail of Tears” on which so many died.

**Beckman, Gunnel.** *Admission to the Feast;* tr. by Joan Tate. Holt, 1972. 114p. $4.59.

She cannot write to the people who love her most, her fiance and her mother, because what Annika has to say would shock them too much. She writes to an old friend, and her story is grim and pathetic, yet not morbid. Due to a young doctor’s careless remark, Annika has just discovered that she has incurable cancer. She is nineteen. She has fled to the family’s summer cottage to be alone and face her grief; her mother is abroad, but her fiance finds her whereabouts and the story closes with Annika going to meet him. In her long letter, she describes a meeting with her father, whom she had met the year before after not seeing him (divorce) since she was a very small child, she tells her friend Helen about her love affair, she describes the agony she feels and her adjustment to the fact that she is going to die. Translated from the Swedish title *Tillräde Till Festen,* the story may be found depressing by some readers, but it is strong and candid, remarkably varied and well-paced for a monologue, and certainly unusual in its theme.

Senor Lion and his wife, hungry, decide to give a party to mask their plan to trap Senor and Senora Goat in a roasting pit. All the animals come in pairs save for Senor Goat and Senor Dog; suspicious, the two flee the pit. Senor Lion gives chase and is balked when the dog swims across a river. Senor Dog taunts the lion and urges him to throw a haystack at him; the lion does, and finds some fur in his paw, since the goat had been concealed in the hay. Senor Goat, now safely on the other bank, is happy enough to be safe, even minus his tail. And that is why goats have stubby tails, the "why" story ends. Illustrated with rough, vigorous pictures, the story is weakened by the introduction of minor animal characters who contribute nothing to the plot and are an impediment to its pace.


Dark Elk, a young Cheyenne, had been with the Oglala Sioux at a government agency until he joined Crazy Horse. Knowing what agency life did to his people, aware of the record of broken treaties, Dark Elk joined in Crazy Horse's fight against the white man although he wanted in truth only to live in peace with his beloved Lashuka. When she is killed in the Battle of Little Big Horn, Dark Elk wants only to fight. To be free, and to fight. He ends his story with the death of Crazy Horse, "After that I stopped trying for freedom, because it didn't seem to mean much. It means whatever the winner wants it to mean, and nothing more." A poignant book, and a powerful one, its bleak ending balanced by the tender love story, its note of dismay by the stirring hopefulness of the battle. Well researched and written with strength and dignity, an outstanding historical novel. A bibliography is appended.


Benet's pioneer describes the joys of his life as boy and a man on the vanishing frontier. Sturdy, direct, sentimental without sentimentality, the poem is deftly illustrated with engaging and vigorous pictures. Although it is suitable for any age, the format may restrict older readers; the book is a very good choice for reading aloud to children in the primary grades.


An exciting survey of recent research in marine pharmacology is written in a matter-of-fact style informal enough to avoid dryness. A first chapter describes the evolution of the seas and its creatures and plants. Succeeding chapters discuss such fascinating subjects as the red beard sponge, which yields a substance with high potential as a broad spectrum antibiotic; the hagfish, from which scientists have extracted and are testing eptatretin, which can control the beating of a heart; the sea cucumber's holothurin, which has possibilities as a cancer inhibitor and an anesthetic, a poison antidote from an electric eel, another cancer inhibitor from a common species of clam, and many other substances of enormous medical importance. An index is appended.


Free money? The shabby old man must be far gone, Cool thought; old Breathing Man lived in a storm drain, and he wanted to hand out money to the neediest people of Dogtown? But it was true, and Cool soon had an office set up and found
that it was hard to make decisions about beneficiaries, hard to fend off losers, harder still to cope with the frustration and vengefulness of some people. The problem is solved by Cool's aunt, who has long been a foster mother and suggests that Breathing Man buy some old houses and set up a series of foster homes. The writing is casually smooth, dialogue excellent, and characterization vivid if not profound; unlike Bonham's other stories about the black citizens of Dogtown, this is less a biting study than an excursion into escape fiction despite the plight of some of Cool's cases.


Succinct and direct as always, Franklyn Branley demonstrates in this excellent book for young readers that he has become as skilled in writing for this audience as he is authoritative in his field. While there is no extraneous material in this description of the evolution of the earth through the long millennia of whirling dust, heat, and rain, the text has an almost lyric cadence and is imbued with an appreciation of the slow, slow passage of time during which the earth formed.

Brewer, Sally King. *Cookie Art; The Don't Eat Cookie Book*; by Sally King Brewer and Charline Hardin; photographs by Jeff DeBevac. Schmitt, 1972. 30p. $4.95.

Not a recipe book, but a craft book, this fact being indicated by the title; the text begins with no explanation—although the instructions to shellac cookie surfaces is given several pages along. Photographs show some techniques of decoration but are chiefly devoted to finished products. Instructions for mixing and baking are fairly clear but do not include the decorating as a step to be taken before baking. No safety precautions are mentioned, as they are in the Moore cookie book, reviewed below.


A good introduction to the ecosystem of the cave is handsomely illustrated with pictures in black and white and in cool, dim colors. The text describes the ways in which caves are formed, the stalactites and stalagmites that so impressively grace some caves, and the forms of animal life that have adapted to the various zones of darkness. Simply written in a direct and unpretentious style.


A new edition of an old favorite has endearing pictures (some new) that capture the ingenuous quality of a charming story of the love between mother and child. Restless, the little bunny decides to run away, and his mother says she will find him, he's her little bunny. For every escapade the bunny offers, mother has a pat answer. "Shucks," says the little bunny, "I might just as well stay where I am . . ." Mother bunny says, "Have a carrot." Pure sunshine.


Cartoon-style drawings illustrate a cookbook that has a wide variety of recipes. The book gives many dishes that are more sophisticated than those usually found in a cookbook for children; it gives both British and American measurements, but doesn't always translate British culinary terms, frequently directing the user to set the oven at 400 degrees F, "Gas Mark 6" or saying that an omelet is one that...
Portuguese children look forward to for their pudding. End papers give safety regulations, written in a slightly condescending style. The cooking instructions are given within the cartoon frames, a mixed blessing, since the juxtaposition of picture and text at times is helpful but often visually distracting. There is a table of contents but no index. The book is large, the print not large enough; the pages lie, helpfully, flat.


Dan Morton, a young policeman who has had special FBI training, is chosen to impersonate a student in hopes of finding the source of the heroin sold to the students at Scott High. With little trouble he finds the pusher. While the subject of addiction among adolescents is an important one, the story is so slight and contrived as to give no new insights or even to create suspense in the outcome.


Dan’s father has just been killed in Vietnam, B. D. (the girl he admires) ignores him, he’s still a non-achiever in school, his mother has a suitor, his cousin is hiding out (escaping to Canada because he’s been framed on a murder charge in the South) and his best friend is irritated because Dan is drifting away from him. The cousin escapes with the help of some young activists, B. D. indicates some affection, and Dan begins to feel life holds some promise. The characters (almost all Puerto Rican or, like Dan, black) are believable if not drawn with depth, but the story seems laboriously put together—a series of situations—and the writing style is awkward, particularly the dialogue.


A detailed description of the parts and functioning of a Super 8 camera and of filming methods and techniques precedes the step-by-step explanations of how several films of different kinds might be shot. The book concludes with a discussion of the various things that can go wrong and how to prevent or correct them, and the planning and preparation for shooting a film. Although the book gives sensible information, it does not give full and balanced treatment, and the captions for photographs are not always helpful. There is no index. Helfman’s Making Your Own Movies is more simply written and cohesive; some readers may prefer one of the many adult books on the subject.


A class of animal children is told by their teacher, “Don’t let anyone steal your summer!” and then he tells the tale of another teacher, “mean and nasty”, who put everyone to sleep on the last day of school. They dreamed of all the pleasant pursuits of summer (this is the bulk of the story) and woke up to find themselves back in school on the opening day. Angry, the class in the story-within-a-story tied up their teacher and put him on a freighter bound for the North Pole. The listening children wonder how their own teacher could make up a tale like that, and they erupt from the classroom rejoicing in their own freedom and the prospect of the vacation ahead of them. There’s some appeal in the spectrum of vacation pleasures that are contained in the inner story, but there’s little point to the plot, and no humor in the writing; there is some humor in the illustrations of animals sunbathing, surfriding, and playing baseball, but not enough to carry the book.

Daisy, her older sister, and her parents are on a Christmas holiday in Mexico, in a story set early in this century. Filled with self-doubt, Daisy is a gentle child who refuses to go to see a bullfight, who is enchanted by a blind street-singer, and who feels a new sense of independence and courage when she surveys the countryside from the vantage of a mountain-top ruin. Daisy has had an adventure: lost in the city, she has been taken in overnight by the street-singer and his wife, who haven't known quite what to do with the rumpled child who spoke no Spanish. The setting is intriguing, the plot episodic, the writing style sedate but graceful; while the episodes provide some action, the absence of a strong story line and the rather tenuous ending may limit the book's appeal for some readers.


Based on scholarly works and in large measure on the writings of Herodotus and on archaeological records, this history is written in a vigorous and often conversational style. Chapters are on aspects of the culture, usually, with such headings as “Instant Art” “All the King’s Men” (the military), or “How the Empire Worked and Played,” or are historical and broad. The pictures of art objects and architectural details are stunning, many in color. The book concludes with a summary of the contributions of the Medes and the Persians; a list of source materials suggested for further reading and a relative index are appended.


A brisk and businesslike text, broad in scope and larded with commonsense advice, is enlivened by occasional humorous remarks. The book begins with the history of the vehicle, describes different kinds of bicycles and how to choose the right one for each individual, how to buy, adjust, and care for a bicycle, how to ride for maximum efficiency and safety, and how to observe rules of the road and precepts of courtesy and safety. It describes the construction and operation of the vehicle, discusses the joys of bicycle-riding, and surveys some of the group and competitive aspects of riding as a sport. Useful and interesting. A glossary and an index are appended.


An anthology of black poetry, much of it written by young people in junior or senior high school. Many of the selections are deft; comparatively few are stirring. While useful, the book hasn't the impact of Adoff's anthologies, of Hayden's *Kaleidoscope*, or of the young people's writing in *The Voice of the Children*, compiled by Jordan and Bush. It would be more useful were there an index to the poems; they are grouped under five headings but not accessible by first line, author, or alphabetically by title.


A story set in Kenya, where the author lived for six years, is vivid in its evocation of the profusion of feral life and convincing in its plot. Twelve-year-old Karen yearns for a wild animal pet, and dreams of the beautiful leopard she has seen in a tree. She eventually rescues some cubs from a leopard's lair, and brings them home.
after an exciting adventure in which she falls while climbing and is caught on a ledge with a vulture. The book is given variety by having some chapters told from the viewpoint of the leopard, and gains animation by the introduction of two visitors with whom Karen and her brother have some minor adventures. The characterization is not deep, but the characters are convincing, the dialogue natural, and the details of animal life, both in the wild and in an African Game Park, absorbing.

Ernst, Kathryn F. *Danny and His Thumb*; illus. by Tomie de Paola. Prentice-Hall, 1973. 30p. $3.95.

Danny sucked his thumb. He did it whenever he had to wait for his mother, whenever he had a haircut, whenever he was thinking; he enjoyed it most of all just before he fell asleep. One day, right after school started, Danny decided that he didn’t enjoy it so much any more: he was tired of his mother’s reminding him it would make his teeth stick out, his friends didn’t suck their thumbs, and he was busier and had less time to do it now that he was in school and had so many activities. After a time the bump on his thumb disappeared and he rarely thought about thumb-sucking. A laudable message, but the book has a static quality that is intensified by the pictures, also sedate. The shift from almost-constant thumb-sucking is not convincingly effected by “... one day ... Danny decided ...” and comes early in the book, so that there is little focus or climax.


A simplified explanation of two fungi, mushrooms and molds, is accurate but not comprehensive. The text describes the way in which reproduction occurs, and suggests some easy home demonstrations of how molds grow and how spores fall from the gills of mushrooms. The book is adequately illustrated, the text written in a more sedate style than most of the books in the fine “Let’s Read and Find Out” science series.


If there was one thing Paul didn’t want, it was to be as conforming and conventional as the older brother who was held up as a model. The only person who had been sympathetic was Gramp—and now he is in the hospital. It is there that Paul meets Jenny, an odd and fanciful creature who intrigues him. They are friends, almost in love, and Gramp has died by the time Paul finds out that Jenny has a history of mental illness. They go to a party, Jenny takes drugs and has to be hospitalized again. Paul knows she may never recover, but he also knows he wants always to be near her. He will go on with his own life—and wait. The story has a subdued quality that makes the characters move as if they had no volition, almost as though the scene in which Paul and Jenny drop acid suffused the book. The characterization is adequate, the plot slow-moving.


An oversize book is illustrated with spacious, simple pictures and tells a story that is just the right length and complexity for a first read-aloud story. Hamilton Duck goes to the pond for a swim and finds that the surface is hard and slippery; in fact, he falls down. Friendly Fish swims up to investigate the noise and bumps his nose. It occurs to H. Duck that the hard stuff must be ice, that winter has come, so he waddles off to the barn for a nap in the hay. Just enough of a contretemps to give the simple story vitality, just enough silliness to give it humor.

Brought up in a conservative, well-to-do Puerto Rican home, Felisa Rincon was thwarted by her father's insistence that she stop her schooling, although he had agreed that she might become a doctor. Her mother left, tired of her husband's infidelity, and Felisa became the housekeeper, sent to a farm and put in charge of her younger siblings. She was unhappy, but it was probably her years at the farm that roused her concern for the poor and gave her experience in management. In 1932, women were given the vote, and Felisa, after spending some years in business and marrying, found her interest in politics leading to participation. She had previously refused to run for mayor but in 1946 agreed to serve the remainder of an unfulfilled term, and was, with some rocky shoals in her professional career, a successful and popular mayor until 1968. Much of the book is devoted to an account of her years in office; it is an impressive record, both because Felisa Rincon de Gautier has been a vigorous person in the public service, and because the biography incorporates much Puerto Rican history. The author's tone is mildly adulatory, but she writes with vivacity and color. A bibliography and an index are appended.


A sequel to *Time-Ago Tales of Jahdu*, in which a small black boy comes to stay each day with Mama Luka until his parents are through work. And each day Mama Luka tells Lee Edward stories about the hero figure Jahdu, tales in the folk tradition. The Jahdu stories are told with consummate skill, and the framing narrative has a warmth and substance that are a firm base for the tales. Mama Luka is worried because she has been told she will have to move, and Lee Edward is so upset that he seeks—and gets—reassurance from his father. Relieved, Lee Edward is inspired to concoct and tell his parents a Jahdu-tale of his own. Skilled writing, taut structure, and deep affection between the child and the adults of his world, "a fine, good place called Harlem" make this a distinguished book.


Delightfully illustrated, a book that takes the reader on a nature hike also gives instructions for making a back pack, a bow and arrow, and a dip net, and some facts about collecting specimens. The author-artist comments on birds, water insects, and fish—with little attention to plants and animals. Useful for nature study, and attractive in format, the book is weakened by an occasional inadequate description ("Yes, you can eat those little red berries. They are rose hips . . ." but no identifying picture acts as a safeguard so that the reader can tell which little red berries) and by the coy remarks to the reader: "Would you like to make a bow and arrow? You should make the bow first because it's the hardest part."

Hodges, Margaret, ad. *The Fire Bringer; A Paiute Indian Legend*; retold by Margaret Hodges; illus. by Peter Parnall. Little, 1972. 31p. $5.50.

Most primitive peoples have legends about man's learning to know and use fire; this retelling of the Paiute has a spare dignity that is beautifully echoed by the economical grace of Peter Parnall's illustrations. The coyote is the true hero of the tale, as he helps the Paiute boy who is his friend alleviate the winter suffering of his tribe. Choosing the hundred best runners, who are stationed at intervals
along the trail to the mountain of the Fire Spirits, Coyote steals a burning brand, runs to the first station, and passes the fire on; the runners speed along in relay fashion, the Fire Spirits chase to no avail. And ever after, the boy has been called the Fire Bringer; ever after, Coyote has had a yellow singe along his sides.


Chants and poems, some so brief as to be impressions, have been chosen from the songs of the Eskimos and Indians of North America and are illustrated with handsome drawings of art objects and artifacts. The selections are grouped regionally: Eastern Woodland, Central Plains, Northwest Coast, and Eskimo. The song-poems reflect their cultures; all are interesting, many are beautiful, some dignified and strong and others delicate in their tenderness. A lovely example of the reverence for natural things is the Tewa song, "Weave us a garment of brightness/ That we may walk fittingly where birds sing/ That we may walk fittingly where grass is green/ Oh, our mother the earth/ Oh, our father the sky."


Interesting pictures of prehistoric marine forms and their modern descendants, and some facts about the evolution of fishes are presented in a book that has little value because the continuous text is poorly organized, without table of contents or index, and marred by the fact that there is poor integration of text and pictures.


An interpretation of history from the black viewpoint begins with a note to the readers, "This is a book we make because we think there was two times, Reconstruction and the Civil Rights' Era, that still be hanging us up, bad... We taking the facts up front because the front is where we're at." The text consists of a dialogue, printed in the style of a drama script, between two boys and illustrated profusely by photographs and reproductions of newspapers, advertisements, old prints, etc. While the idea of such a history in colloquial speech is good, the format makes the speeches seem so long and contrived that the book is weakened. The pictures more or less illustrate the period being discussed, but there are many exceptions, particularly in the first part of the book, where contemporary figures appear. A list of five books suggested for further reading is appended.


Fannie Lou Hamer was picking cotton on a Mississippi plantation when she was six years old, left school after sixth grade to work full time, and never took a single course in leadership training. But she was a natural leader and a woman of courage; when, in 1962, she was threatened with loss of job and home if she insisted on registering and voting, she not only did so, but urged her neighbors to follow suit. Jailed and beaten, she turned to Martin Luther King for help, and became a public figure in the ensuing publicity. Her initiative and compassion prompted her to found the increasingly successful Freedom Farm Cooperative. The biography is simply and capably written, although it is somewhat distracting to have the subject referred to as "Mrs. Hamer" and "Mrs. Fannie Lou"; the illustrations are awkwardly proportioned.

Profusely illustrated with photographs of Mayan architecture, art, artifacts, and ideograms, a handsome book gives a vivid account of the impressive achievements of the Maya Indians of Central America. The text describes the social, educational, religious, political, and recreational patterns of the past and the artistic and scientific accomplishments of the Maya. A second section is written in narrative form; it follows first a young man, then a young woman, through a full day, and incorporates many of the facts about the culture that are given in the first part of the book. Competently written and well-researched, covering the same information that is in Von Hagen's *Maya: Land of the Turkey and the Deer* but adding the appeal and the informational value of the photographs. A bibliography, a glossary, and an index are appended, as is a list of major Maya sites and museum collections.


Every Friday at seven Robert, the attractive boy from the next farm, showed up at Esmeralda's front door. Did he like her? He ignored her at school. Or did he just like her mother's cooking? Robert is miffed when Esmeralda spends one Friday night at Margaret's house, and it is clear that Margaret has asked Esmeralda only because she knows that Robert is her neighbor; she has a crush on Robert. Esmeralda discovers this, and she is delighted when Robert turns down Margaret's party and shows up as usual on Friday night. Passably well written, but the characterization is superficial, the flavor musty, and the pace tedious.


Amusing cartoon illustrations show Marina and her friend Adam in imaginative play. Marina, bothered by Adam's statements that she has to be the nurse, not the doctor, and has to play stewardess to his pilot, complains to her parents. In each case, they assure her that women doctors and pilots exist. Then Adam wants to play at being President. That's a poser; Mother and Daddy admit there hasn't been a woman president yet, but point out what important work is done by Mrs. Gandhi and Mrs. Meir. Marina announces to Adam that she is going to be the first woman president and he can fly her to places where she will give talks. Adam agrees, if she will then fly him to give his talk. Peace and equality are achieved, and both presidents give a delicious banquet of candy, gum, potato chips, etc. The illustration shows an impressive state banquet, a light touch that is sustained through both the text and the illustrations of a very pleasant story that makes its point in a convincing manner.


Illustrations of small, precise figures in black, white, and grey convey the snow-wrapped stillness of winter in a simply written book that has a sedate and gentle text. Wild and alone, a small cat watches children play. Too wary to approach people, the cat eats the scraps they leave for him. Each day he lets the children come closer, and finally the cat is ready to be touched, and stroked, and taken indoors. The house is warm and comforting, the cat and the children wait for "the good green days to come." Slight as the story is, it is realistic in depicting feline behavior and tender in the affection and restraint shown by the children.
Suzanne ("Zanballer") Hagen didn’t want just to be a cheering fan, or even a cheerleader—which the principal had suggested as a more appropriate activity for a young lady—but to play ball. Football. When the girls’ gym was closed for repairs, Zan convinced the coach to let her team use the lacrosse field. With the support of the coach, they even played the boys’ team; a win in an overtime game brought newspaper publicity and an invitation to the football dinner. The story has some good game sequences, some moments of humor, and a brisk pace; if the team’s success is due in part to the behind-scenes advice of a male classmate, it’s still a triumph for sports-loving girls. The diary-entry chapters (both Zan’s and those of Rinehart, the offstage coach) give a considerable amount of game information, but they aren’t convincing as diary entries: too long, too fully detailed.


A pictorial catalog of the occupations of mothers and grandmothers is attractively illustrated with pictures that are alternately in color and in black and white. The idea, very much like that of Eve Merriam’s *Mommies at Work*, is one that will win approval on the feminine liberation front, and should appeal to children for its diversity. One of the pictures may be slightly confusing to literal children, since the double page spread shows a woman directing children across the street while she holds up traffic. The left-hand page reads, “My mother is a policewoman,” the facing page says, “She used to drive a taxi,” and mother appears again—but in the same picture. Most of the captions are direct: “Mothers fix pipes . . . Do research . . . Grandmothers build big houses . . .” and so on; the pattern is broken by a picture of a mother who is an animal trainer; it is a minor weakness that the text does not say so but reads, “Tiger, tiger, cool and bright! Open wide. Do not bite.” You try explaining to a six-year-old what is “cool” about a tiger!


If you have the very best parents in the world and you fear that they are so busy working for you and playing with you that they may get tired and cross, what do you do? Ben, Kate, and Matt decided the answer was to take a long trip around the world to give their parents a rest. The bland quality of the tall tale is evident from their first divulgence of the plan. “If you go on a long trip you will wear out the soles of your shoes,” mother says. Ben, who is ten and the oldest, says, “Do not worry, I HAVE A PLAN—we will walk on our heels.” Father thinks it would be only kind to give them the car, but the car soon stops dead. So they bury it, naturally. They have some placid, silly adventures, and return with a fine car a kindly old gentleman has given them. Called the best children in the world by their joyful parents, they refuse the title. That would be stuck-up. They are content to be second-best. “But I think they were the best,” the author concludes, “What do you think?” Mild and amiable nonsense, delightfully illustrated.


Kathi wanted to be a detective; she learned from the boys that “Theodore” was missing, but they wouldn’t say who Theodore was and they spurned “a dumb girl detective.” Kathi turned to her friend Mr. Hashimoto for help when she heard
about the cat Measles' trouble. With a parrot and a parakeet in the house, Measles was being accused of harming the smaller bird. With Hash San's guidance, Kathi discovers that Measles has been telling the truth, he never harmed the parakeet; it was the parrot, who was jealous. The animals' owner decides to give the parakeet away, so Kathi takes it to a parakeet fancier and the bird turns out to be the lost Theodore. While there are few stories at this reading level about girl detectives, the book is weak in so many ways that it has little value. The talking cat seems out of place in an otherwise realistic story (no other animal talks; Measles talks only to Hash San and Kathi), there is no reason why Hash (so-called because Hashimoto is a "long, hard name to say") should reinforce the stereotypical ("Ah, young friend comes to visit old friend.") and the story turns, unconvincingly, on coincidence at several points.

Lightbody, Donna M. Let's Knot; A Macrame Book; illus. with photographs. Lothrop, 1972. 126p. Trade ed. $4.95; Library ed. $4.59 net.

A book of instructions for a popular craft is written simply and clearly, the basic information about individual knots followed by step-by-step instructions for many projects. The photographs are explicit, usually adequately labelled, and the book concludes with a glossary (which states that not all terms used are in the book), a metric conversion chart, a list of craft publications, a list of supply houses, a bibliography of sources and another of suggested readings, and an index. While older readers may prefer one of the many adult books on macrame (which are more complete and detailed) the open format, the simple writing style, and the easiness of most of the projects make this an excellent choice for young beginners.


First published in Sweden, the story of a determined five-year-old is illustrated with lively drawings that show perky Polly's adventures on oversize pages. Her older brother and sister have such fun riding their bicycles that Polly insists she can ride one too. On her fifth birthday, she is disappointed: no bicycle. She craftily urges a friendly neighbor to take a nap, and goes off with an old bike that is in Mrs. Berg's shed. Trying a downhill ride, Polly takes a spill and loses the birthday bracelet from Mrs. Berg. Gloom, double gloom. But then her father appears with a second-hand bike just her size. Rapture, total rapture: the birthday is special, after all. The story has a hint of the didactic, but is saved from the worst aspect of didacticism by the fact that Polly is so firmly self-centered a child, and perhaps will appeal to the audience for this read-aloud book precisely because she goes right on bellowing and getting her way rather than either getting punished or becoming wiser and meeker.


Even before the present trouble in Ireland, the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, July 12, was a day fraught with tension between Catholics and Protestants. While the increasing hostility between two groups of children, in a story set in Belfast, is convincing, the ending—in which the children, appalled at the lengths to which violence has carried them, spend the 12th together in amity—is not. The pace and plot are animated: Sadie and Tommy, Protestant, see a Catholic boy, Kevin, painting "Down with King Billy" on a wall, retaliate later with "No Pope Here." These first skirmishes lead to planned reprisal and Kevin's sister—who has been less hostile than Kevin—is hit by a brick and hospitalized. Not a great
story, but a good one, and for American readers one that may clarify to some extent the bitterness rampant in Northern Ireland today.


A story that reflects the social conditions of the times, this is set in England early in the nineteenth century, when the poor were at the mercy of their parish, the mills were turning off adults to employ still-cheaper children, and no laws protected the poor or the orphaned. The four Daker children, newly orphaned, were destined to be sent to the mills and were rescued by a fourteen-year-old stranger, Jonathan, who used his acquaintance with gypsies to help the children travel north. While the story is primarily a social study, it is written with enough verve and has such strong characterization that it stands on its own as a dramatic entity. Jonathan, a disciple of Robert Owen, is the spokesman for enlightenment and conscience, and Owen himself appears and is instrumental toward the close of the book, his mill community a model of contrasting beneficence within the limitations of that time.


A survey of various phenomena, movements, and personalities in the history of spiritualism is written in a lively style and with an open mind. The text discusses clairvoyance, extrasensory perception, mind reading, mediumship, materialization, precognition, spirit control, and other phenomena of the movement, with many anecdotes that intrigue and with some accounts of fraudulence. A glossary of terms, a bibliography, and a relative index are appended.

Maki, John M., ed. *We the Japanese; Voices from Japan*. Praeger, 1972. 221p. illus. $7.50.

Like other books in this excellent series, this comprises excerpts from books and magazines, short stories and official documents. An introduction gives some historical background and discusses the relationships between Japan and the United States. The book includes many excerpts from textbooks, giving a considerable amount of information about industry, political structure, and economic problems; the answers to a questionnaire indicate young people's attitudes and interests. The volume contains very little fiction; the many articles from high school magazines are written at a level that is impressive, interesting in relation to the fact (noted by the editor in his introduction) that the literacy rate in Japan today is almost 100%. A bibliography and index are appended.


Excited at first by his uncle's invitation to come to New York, ten-year-old Juan is dismayed when his widowed mother tells him that he is to stay there, that he will have opportunities he cannot get in Puerto Rico. Homesick and lonely, Juan feels even worse when his first encounter with other boys brings only misunderstanding due to his being unable to speak English. Not until he goes to Spanish Harlem to buy groceries does Juan encounter friendliness. He meets Carlos (*When Carlos Closed the Street*) and becomes a member of his ball team. Realistic in its setting, the story is slow-moving; sympathetic in approach, it is neither an unusual picture of adjustment nor does it have any depth of characterization.


Beautiful examples of batik are shown in color to lure the reader into the patient
intricacies of an ancient art form. The author, an Australian batik artist, gives some background information about this art in the Eastern world and the spread of its popularity in the Occident. The instructions are clear, although the book would be more helpful to beginners with better correlation between the step-by-step instructions and the illustrations. Instructions are given both for specific projects and for techniques; any suggestions for specific tools, waxes, or dyes are contained within the text, as are references to the sources of supply.


The second volume of the author's history of slavery begins with a description of slavery in Africa before the white slave traders came, when slavery was an institution that did not deprive slaves of other Africans of all their rights or isolate them from the enslaving society. The European slave trade, begun by the Portuguese, which flourished in the American colonies, was quite different. The major part of the text here is devoted to the slave trade in the colonies that became the United States, but there is also discussion of slavery in Latin America and among the American Indians. The final chapters describe the slavery that exists today and the problems of eradicating it. Comprehensive, carefully researched, written in a serious, straightforward style, this is a most impressive addition to the literature on the subject. A lengthy bibliography and a relative index are appended.


In a sequel to *Song of the Empty Bottles*, ten-year-old Thaddeus becomes conscious of pollution when he and his friends are taken on an overnight trip into the mountains by a social worker at a settlement house, Mr. Andrews. Thad, who plays the guitar and composes, writes a song about pollution and about the help it would be if everyone were to bundle newspapers for recycling. It is that song, played on a radio program by a friend to whom Mr. Andrews has given the tape, that succeeds in making Thad's neighbors cooperative after house calls and posters have failed. Although the story is written in a tepid style, the message is worthy and the picture of an urban community realistic. The illustrations show an attractive black child and his comrades; the words and music for Thad's song are included.


An anthology of African prose and poetry of today is illustrated by African artists and is divided into sections entitled "Mother Africa," a compilation of poems; "The World of the Spirits," which includes interpretations of traditional lore; "Village Voices," with some experiences of young people and excerpts from contemporary novels; "People of the City," in which a play and some short stories reflect cultural change and conflict; and "The African Personality," which includes excerpts from books and short stories. Save for the poetry, each selection is prefaced by some information about its writer, and sources are cited at the ends of the selections; notes on the artists are appended. The book gives a sampling of the rich variety and talent of African writers and a forceful picture of the impact of change on a multi-faceted tradition.


Cunningly detailed illustrations echo the humor of a fanciful read-aloud story from England, the writing blandly matter-of-fact. Arthur, the church mouse, had
a happy and peaceful life: he could practice his crawl stroke in the font, he enjoyed loud organ music, and the church cat, Sampson, had listened to so many sermons about meekness that he was never hostile. However, Arthur was lonely, so he invited the town mice to live with him and they made a pact with the parson—a weekly cheesefest in return for odd jobs. All went well until Sampson, dreaming, chased some mice and disrupted a service. The congregation was irate, the parson sadly announced a general eviction. The situation was saved when the combined efforts of Sampson and the mice foiled a burglar, and they all were invited to stay on. It’s the touches of sophistication and humor that burnish a tale not extraordinary in basic plot.


Illustrated with misty, romantic pictures in soft colors, an abbreviated retelling of the tale which Madame de Beaumont made popular in her adaptation of Madame de Villeneuve’s Beauty and the Beast. The style of the retelling is gentle and dreamlike, with a gratifying harmony between the illustrations and the story of the beautiful young girl who is prepared to sacrifice her happiness to save her father’s life, and whose compassionate kiss breaks the spell that binds the prince who has been her captor in the guise of an ugly, beastlike creature. The author’s explanation of the sources of the tale and of the revision she has made is appended.

Phelan, Mary Kay. Mr. Lincoln’s Inaugural Journey; drawings by Richard Cuffari. T. Y. Crowell, 1972. 211p. $4.50.

A detailed, carefully documented account of Abraham Lincoln’s departure from Springfield and his journey to Washington to take the oath of office as President. The trip, a rambling tour through seven states, is given immediacy by the use of present tense and is given suspense by the foreknowledge of an assassination plot uncovered by the Pinkerton agency and kept secret even from Lincoln until he was close to the Baltimore engagement during which the plotters hoped to kill him. The account is filled with instances of Lincoln’s kindness and his homely wit. A bibliography and an index are appended.


“What’s your name, sonny?” said a complete stranger who saw Ralph on the street—and that’s how Ralph got into television. He looked just right for a commercial, and all he had to do was eat some chocolate pudding. “Well, kid, what’s it taste like? . . . Terrific, huh?” “Tastes like shoes,” Ralph said. They kept trying, Ralph kept being candid. Finally, they gave him some strawberry ice cream, which was delicious. To Ralph’s dismay, when he later saw the commercial, there he was saying “WOW” (which he’d said about the ice cream) to the awful pudding. Lively drawings accompany this very funny story, and it might even help convince children that television commercials cannot always be taken literally.


First published in Germany under the title Alles über Osterhasen, a nonsense book written in parody of the didactic instructional book is illustrated with sprightly and humorous pictures. The text gravely explains the habits of Easter rabbits: their schooling, the ways in which they must cajole chickens to give them eggs, their
methods of distribution, etc. The tone of the writing is mock-serious, a good contrast
to the illustrations; the appeal of the book may be lessened by the fact that it is a
collage of descriptions rather than a story, although a brief story is included.

159p. $3.95.

Remember Veronica Ganz? This is her daughter's story. Mary Rose has been
named after Veronica's sister, who died in a burning apartment building when she
was a child, and Mary Rose Ramirez idolizes the memory of her aunt, having seen
the newspaper pictures of the girl who alerted other people in the building at the
cost of her own life. Now Mary Rose and her family are living at Grandma's while
they look for a new home, and she is very anxious to find the one thing the first
Mary Rose left behind—a box of "treasures." When the box is found, Mary Rose
begins to understand something more of the family heroine; she learns still more
when she overhears a conversation between her mother and her uncle as they discuss
the past and the night of the fire. Woven through and around the story of Mary
Rose is a rich and perceptive picture of the intricacies of family relationships, a
picture peopled with vivid characters. Particularly telling: the obdurately prejudiced
grandmother, who repeatedly makes slurring remarks about Mary Rose's father
(Puerto Rican) and then asks, "But what did I say?" when her daughter remon-
strates, who has made a saint of the dead Mary Rose, and who blindly idolizes
all her grandchildren.

Schiller, Barbara, ad. Hrafkel's Saga; An Icelandic Story; ad. and retold by Barbara Schiller;
wood engravings by Carol Iselin. Seabury, 1972. 64p. $5.50.

One of the mightiest of the ancient chieftains of Iceland, Hrafkel had sworn to
kill any man who rode his great stallion Freyfaxi. When, in a moment of crisis,
the son of his neighbor Thorbjorn did so, the boy was slain by Hrafkel. Thorbjorn
refused the chieftain's offer of compensation, entered suit at the Althing, the General
Assembly, and won. Offered his choice of death or being outlawed, Hrafkel chose
the latter and set up a new homestead in another part of the country. Years passed,
and Hrafkel heard that Thorbjorn's nephew had returned after seven years abroad;
his pursued the man, killed him, and offered his victim's brother the same choice
he himself had had: death or dispossession. Thus Hrafkel revenged himself on his
enemy. The author explains in her introduction that this type of story, the family
saga, is the unique contribution of Icelandic literature. Her retelling, based on cited
sources, is nicely balanced between the strong cadence of the heroic style and a
direct narration.


Pages filled with delightful drawings, in pairs, that illustrate objects or concepts
like fast or slow, young or old, over or under, heavy or light, dark or light, and
so on. There is no print on the pages save the headings. The book may require
adult interpretation in many instances, since some of the pictures may need translation
simply because objects are unfamiliar (a washer and a dryer look alike and
not all children have seen such machines, used to illustrate wet and dry) or because
the picture itself is not quite clear (a tiny store next to a supermarket—for "big"
and "small"—may not look like a separate building to a child; the difference in
color between the bread in one toaster and in another is not marked). Useful for
development of awareness of differences, yet limited by the subtlety of some examples, the book is not the best choice for learning opposites, but it is probably the
most attractive.
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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete. (Signed) Jean W. Sacks, Assistant Director.