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    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


"If you just want to have fun, read some other book," this begins briskly; it isn't intended, that is, for recreation but for suggestions that will require hard work. The format is cluttered: double columns, with some illustrations spanning the two, several kinds of type face, many photographs and diagrams, some of which are cartoon embellishments giving no information or clarification. However, the book does have a wide variety of projects: objects to make and sell, services to offer, projects that conserve or use old objects. Occasionally the compilers seem overly optimistic about charges; for example, the text suggests that since some adults like to sleep late on Sunday, it is possible to have a newspaper delivery service and charge 25¢ and, if you stop at a bakery to pick up hot rolls, you might charge another 25¢, both of these in addition to the costs of paper and rolls.


A boy dressed as a ghost and en route to a Hallowe'en party stumbles into a forest revel of witches, gremlins, and ogres. About to be added to the holiday menu, he invents an impromptu spell that fills the pot with delicious bat stew. The young of all species play games, and a witch gives the boy a ride to his original party. The pictures, with dark mysterious trees and bright figures, are lovely; the story —although it has a concept that should amuse children, the idea that the gremlin progeny are afraid of human beings—is not convincing even within the fanciful framework.


A third collection of "verses and aphorisms intended solely for adults," states the jacket copy of this book, although the Bulletin received a review copy. The selections all have to do with emotions, aspirations, and relationships; each consists of two or three phrases. While the phrasing is often graceful, few of the concepts have much originality: "How shallow / is the pool / of Vanity! / But oh . . . it sparkles!" "A dream and a star / shine best / from afar!" "The art of life / is to love deeply . . . / yet / to remain free." A little on the sweet side.


Presumably alphabet books are for children learning the first tool of reading, but this alphabet book, like Leonard Baskin's, is for anyone who enjoys a beautiful
creation. The letters are shown as solid pieces of rough, grained wood; the facing
5-7 yrs. pages show objects beginning with each letter (no words), and each page has a
different frame of flowers and animal forms, delicately drawn in black and white. The
letters and facing objects are in strong but muted colors, and they are varied and
distinctive: an exquisitely scrolled lock, an old map, an odd nutcracker, a tube of
orange paint on an easel, a meticulously detailed pen point. Nice to have a child's
first alphabet be an introduction to art.

Bachman, Fred. *Hang In At the Plate*; illus. by Harold Berson. Walck, 1974. 104p. $5.50.

The author is the protagonist of a first-person baseball story describing the two
years of his play in the Midget League. For readers who can't get too much detailed
play-by-play sequences, the book should appeal; for others, it may seem slight as a
story. It is weak because there is little that happens outside of game sequences save
the author's worries between and during games about his position, his performance,
and winning the game. He speaks with appreciation of his parents' support and his
manager's sense of fair play, and the writing style is adequate, but there still is no
story line.


Tall tale in the saddle, this spoof of the cowboy story takes place in the Oklahoma
Territory in 1907, in a refuge of bad repute, Goodbye Gulch. Our hero, Luke Gore,
volunteers to take whisky to old man Sheldon. Nobody wants to venture into Good-
bye Gulch—but a presumably dying man's last request for whisky is, of course,
sacred. Luke, more often called Territory, is en route when he meets the lovely
part-Indian, Cherokee Waters, and it's throbbing love at first sight. But Territory and
Cherokee are caught in a terrible last-ditch fight between the retired marshals and the
retired outlaws, one group wanting to take them alive and the other, dead. For those
with a small appetite for horseplay, this may seem long-winded; for those who enjoy
the caricature, it's a romp. There's plenty of action, deliberately exaggerated stock
characters, and an abundance of western lingo. Plot? Immaterial.

(I Can Read Books). Trade ed. $2.95; Library ed. $3.43 net.

Describing one oriole family during the cycle of a year, the text covers courtship,
mating, nest-building, hatching, the care and feeding of baby birds, and predators.

The print is large, the prose rather more choppy than in many books in this series of
books for the beginning independent reader, but the facts are accurate and the book
useful both for the information it gives and as an encouraging reading experience.
The colors of the illustrations are disappointing, the black and orange tending toward
dark blue and gold. Although the bird is now the Northern Oriole officially, it will no
doubt be called the Baltimore Oriole for many years.

Brunhoff, Laurent de. *Babar's Bookmobile*; written and illus. by Laurent de Brunhoff; Book
$3.95.

Four small books (four by four-plus inches) are boxed as "Babar's Bookmobile," those in addition to *Babar Bakes a Cake*, which will be our sample, being a Christ-
mas tale, a concert story, and a story about carrying supplies to mountain climbers.
The books fit the hand nicely and have the double appeals of familiar characters and (usually) a minor disaster, but the style is flat and lifeless. "Babar puts the cake into
the oven. Arthur has taken the milk out of the refrigerator. He is going to make
vanilla icing." The cake bakes, the children keep the birthday-girl out of the kitchen, Babar lets the cake burn. Abruptly, "They all go to the bakery to replace the ruined cake. Celeste is delighted. She blows out the candles in one breath." End of story.


A story in the folk tradition is set in the past and is illustrated with soft, attractive pictures that reflect the artist's interest in early Flemish paintings but show occasionally a jaunty line not unlike the work of Trina Hyman. The writing style is bland and direct, the story line a bit pat. Believing a friend's report that a wish made after rubbing the golden ball atop a church steeple will make a wish come true, little Jan climbs up. He wishes to make a journey possible: his parents are sad because they cannot cross the territory held by a bandit, Lazlo, and visit their kin. Jan has climbed up easily, but he is frightened at the descent and falls part of the way. Nobody in the town can bring him down; Lazlo hears of it and comes to rescue the child. Protected by Jan's parents, Lazlo is grateful and permits them to cross the lands he holds. The new governor of the town eventually asks that he and Lazlo meet, friendship results, and peace comes to all the land.


A baker's dozen recipes are included in a first cookbook, the text illustrated by pictures that have a gaudy mediocrity. Safety rules are included, and endpaper pictures show utensils; only three general tips (hard-cooking an egg, breaking a raw egg, measuring butter) precede the recipes. The recipes do not offer great variety: scrambled eggs, several breakfast or lunch sandwich dishes, three meat dishes, and three fruit desserts. The instructions are fairly explicit and none of the recipes is complicated.

Carrick, Carol. *Lost in the Storm*; illus. by Donald Carrick. Seabury, 1974. 29p. $5.95.

Written in a direct and unassuming style, the story of a dog lost overnight in a storm is illustrated with pictures that have vitality and an appealing combination of careful background detail and a free feeling in the establishment of atmosphere. The solitary stretches of an island beach and the lowering clouds of the coming storm are an effective background for the story. Coming from the mainland with his dog, Christopher has taken the local ferry in order to spend the day with his classmate Gray. When the storm comes up, Christopher spends the night; he's worried about his pet, who has disappeared, and is delighted to find the dog safely sheltering under a flight of stairs the next morning. Just enough drama, just enough suspense for the picture-book format.


In most stories about children who create imaginary animals, the creatures are not visible to anyone else. Here they are all too clearly seen. Virgil, for example, is the size of an ostrich and when people ask Hiram where he got the bird, the explanation is not believed, no matter what story he tells. The truth is that Hiram made him up. Hiram's mother suggests that he unmake-up Virgil; she also strongly hints that he get rid of the snake and the ape who are cluttering up the house, after a few unpleasant incidents. Pressed, Hiram thinks about nothing and his friends disappear; his mother beamingly notes that the house is very quiet. So, the story ends, Hiram thinks hard
and then he hears a rustle. "Goodnight, Harry," he says, "See you in the morning." And Harry says goodnight, leaving his identity a mystery for all time. The writing style is light and humorous, the sitcom theme overextended; the illustrations, ornately page-filling in the florid Seuss style, compete with the story to an extent that diminishes it.


*Everett Anderson* is seven now, not enthralled with school, old enough to remember Daddy wistfully, young enough to find apartment 14A a better place when Mama comes home from work. Grifalconi’s pictures, strong in technique and sensitive in mood, are nicely paired with the twelve poems, one for each month, that describe Everett’s year. "The end of a thing is never the end," says Mama. Everett doesn’t understand; Mama smiles. "‘It’s just about Love’ / his Mama smiles / ‘It’s all about Love and / you know about that.’" Typical of the universality that appeals to children is "September": "I already know where Africa is / and I already know / how to count to ten / and I went to school every day last year / why do I have to go again?"


Susan had never liked dolls, but the very old and beautifully dressed Emelida came as a surprise gift, and Susan loved her immediately. She’d put Emelida in a tree house and had gone back to rescue her when the family drove off after hearing flood warnings, unaware that Susan wasn’t in the back seat behind a pile of blankets. Susan and the doll were swept along when their tree capsized, and it was Emelida that comforted Susan. For, although nobody else could hear her, Emelida could talk, and she advised Susan to enjoy the flood rather than fear it. The story has a happy ending, although Susan sees some grim sights before she is rescued. The book has some positive values: Susan’s courage, a warm relationship between Susan and her older brother, plenty of action and a firm, clean writing style. The element of magic doesn’t conflict with the basic realism of the story, but it adds nothing to it, serving only as a device to cheer Susan at a point when even an imaginative child would probably be less susceptible to fanciful play than at ordinary times.


When Lizzie’s cousins, Charles and Amy, visit her in Vermont they discover that their families have identical paintings of an island called "Carmar-Ogali-Retne," and further learn that saying the name in front of the picture will take them to the island. They agree that Lizzie will come from Vermont and the other two from Paris every Sunday. The story consists of a series of such visits, with island adventures and some difficult resultant situations at home—like Amy’s sweater appearing in Vermont and her aunt’s teakettle in Paris. The author weakens her story by repeatedly having such mistakes queried and abandoned by parents; that is, since there is no convenient way to explain it and still have the magic visits go on, the parents simply stop pursuing sweaters, teakettles, or a Parisian midwinter case of poison ivy. The dialogue is adequate, characterization shallow, and writing style smooth enough but a bit tedious; it’s the plot that is thin and the story has only the element of magic to compensate—no humor, no grace, little depth.

Samuel Adams didn’t care how he looked, didn’t care if he had to walk everywhere, only cared about his thoughts on colonial independence. Unkempt, Samuel stumped around Boston talking to all who would listen; he wouldn’t ride, not even when he was chosen as a delegate to the Philadelphia meeting. Well, he’d ride a coach—but not a horse. Even when Paul Revere later warned Sam and John Hancock that the British were coming, Sam wouldn’t ride a horse. John Adams suggested that riding was good for one’s health, was a convenient way to get about, was the fastest way to travel—and Samuel wasn’t convinced, not until Adams pointed out that if a declaration of independence were signed, they would be not just revolutionary leaders but statesmen of a new nation. And who ever heard of a statesman who couldn’t ride horseback? And that’s how Samuel Adams was talked into riding a horse; with padded drawers to ease the pain, he rode again to Philadelphia toward a role in history. A postscript by the author gives additional historical details, but her story very effectively describes the start of colonial dissent as she deftly and humorously pictures the reluctant rider. The illustrations have a corresponding blend of raffish, funny details and historical accuracy.

Gay, Kathlyn. *Be A Smart Shopper,* photographs by David C. Sassman. Messner, 1974. 64p. Trade ed. $5.95; Library ed. $5.29 net.

A discussion of the sources of income for children, earned or unearned, and of the ways in which it is used is followed by advice on comparison shopping, watching advertisements, getting reliable service, and taking action as a consumer if fixed rates are high or services are inadequate. The text describes some of the ways in which buying is encouraged: attractive packaging, linkage with a popular person’s name, tie-in gifts. The author suggests evaluation of advertising claims, scrutiny of sales prices (especially markdowns), weighing quality and amount versus price differences, watching brand names and ingredients. The final chapter discusses consumer protection, both by legislation and by watchdog organizations, and concludes with a list of steps individual consumers can take. An index is appended. The text begins with material that is general, occasionally diffuse, but the major portion is brisk and informative.


In the pattern of other books in this excellent series, the text is in first person, with Zoltán Sardi describing his family and friends, life in his village (Gölle, in southwest Hungary), and—through conversations and classroom scenes—something of the history of his country and facts about its cultural and economic facets. Profusely illustrated by photographs of good quality, the book is informative and interesting, weakened somewhat by the repeated use of unnatural translation in the dialogue: “Igen. Yes. Nagyon jó! Very good!”


In a period during which artists were breaking away from traditional patterns of style, especially in painting, much of the art in America reflected the changes in our society both by the subjects of works of art and by the freedom of artistic expression. Glubok has chosen for discussion and reproduction a single work by each of over thirty artists—painters, sculptors, photographers, architects—and she discusses, briefly, the work of the artist and the reproduction shown. While the pictures are in black and white, they do show the breadth and variety of work done in the first four decades of the century.

A story set on one of the Channel Isles, Serq, in the seventeenth century, has a vivid evocation of place and mood; the plot, despite some dramatic sequences, is rather turgid, the characterization strong. Philip, who has come from England to stay with the grandfather he had never met, falls in love with a waif of a girl, Marie. Marie’s aunt and guardian is the evil witch of the island, a leader of the cult that worships the ancient granite statue called the Grandmother Stone, and she is bitterly opposed to any relationship between Marie and Philip. Most of the story has to do with the problems of the love affair and the complex struggle, among the islanders, between the cult adherents and those who oppose them. Better in conception than construction, the book should appeal most to those who like a bit of a shudder while they read. The book was published in England under the title *The Grandmother Stone*.

Greene, Bette. *Philip Hall Likes Me. I Reckon Maybe*; pictures by Charles Lilly, Dial, 1974. 135p. Trade ed. $4.95; Library ed. $4.58 net.

First love has come to eleven-year-old Beth Lambert, who could be the best student in school if she didn’t let Philip take first place. “Beth, honey, you is so smart about most things. How come the good Lord made you dumb about Philip Hall?” Mama asks. There are times when Beth is furious, sure that Philip does like her but won’t say so, and times when he doesn’t even act like a friend; not until Beth has decided to do her best and beat him (and she does) does Philip admit that he likes her. Sometimes. Woven through and around Beth’s innocent romance are some very funny episodes of life in rural Arkansas, warm family relationships, and a good picture of community life. The writing style is deceptively casual, characterization and dialogue are sound, and the protagonist (who tells the story) a resourceful, lively girl whose charm and vitality come through clearly in the deft, realistic illustrations.


It was no consolation to Louis, whose big ears made the boys at school tease him, when his mother said Clark Gable had big ears and always got the girl. Louis didn’t want to get the girl, he wanted to play football even through he was small. One person who didn’t care was his friend Matthew, who liked Louis’ ears because they were all pink when the sun shone through them, another was his friend Mrs. Beeble next door, with whom he played poker. Louis finally realizes that some of the teasing is just standard operating procedure—and as for the bullies, they stop calling him “Sugar Bowl” when they find that Louis is a buddy of the older football players. The problem/solution aspect of the story is firmly realistic and satisfying, but it’s the sympathetic characterization, the ease and humor of the writing style, the perception shown in relationships (particularly between Louis and Mrs. Beeble), and the felicitous dialogue that make the book enjoyable.


Virginia Hamilton does full justice to the great artist whose political views and sympathy for the Soviet Union caused disruption of his career in this country. Robeson had been a participant in the Harlem Renaissance, and his quick emergence as a talented actor and singer led him to give up his legal career and devote himself to the arts. Both the warmth of his personality and the passion of his convictions are made piercingly clear in a well-researched and sympathetic biography that gives adequate attention to Robeson’s family life but that focuses on his political ideology,
his struggles as a black artist, and his role in our society. A section of notes, an extensive bibliography of sources, and an index are appended.


All baseball fans will recognize the Throneberry Syndrome in this tale of a club that’s last in the league and of its militant fans who are protesting the demolition of their stadium. The team is the Cobras, the fans are the Vipers, and the Vipers don’t want an expensive new park, they are happy with the old one, the last of the no-night-game ball parks with real grass and ivy on the walls. There aren’t many game sequences, but there are two engaging rookies, one of whom is a switch pitcher, and there’s a ludicrous chase scene in which the embattled Vipers pursue the mayor all over town. The slapstick action and febrile pace, the breezy style and exaggerated characterization are funny, but they’re all just that wee bit overdone that make the humor pall.

Hill, Helen, comp. New Coasts & Strange Harbors: Discovering Poems; selected by Helen Hill and Agnes Perkins; illus. by Clare Romano and John Ross. T. Y. Crowell, 1974. 283p. $5.95.

Although there is little representation here of protest poetry, the anthology does—as the jacket claims—contain much of the best work of poets of the mid-twentieth century. The poems are grouped under such headings as “Looking at People,” “Listening to People,” “Still Lifes and Moving Pictures,” “The Swift Seasons Roll,” and “With a Hey, Ho, the Wind and the Rain.” Most of the selections are brief and lyric, few are humorous. The standard of quality is pervasively high; some of the poets most heavily represented are Robert Hayden, Seamus Heaney, Donald Justice, Archibald Macleish, Theodore Roethke, Mark Van Doren, and Richard Wilbur. Separate author, title, and first line indexes are appended.


Small, myopic, a target for bullies, thirteen-year-old Aremis Slake, a tenement latch-key child, was running from a pursuing gang in the subway when he jumped to the track bed—and that’s how he found his limbo, his hideaway. A miscalculation in construction had created a chamber under New York’s Commodore Hotel. Slake stayed there for four months, his occupation ending with his illness and the announcement of tunnel repair that would mean the discovery of his secret limbo. The story of his tenure is a remarkably taut and convincing account of resourcefulness and tenacity, with something of a Crusoe appeal. The setting is novel (save for Selden’s animals), the protagonist depicted vividly, and the writing style smooth and sophisticated, with Slake’s forays out of his subway home affording variety and contrast.


Recipient of many awards, Horvath is an experienced filmmaker and reviewer; her knowledge of every aspect of technical procedures is matched by her enthusiastic belief that the personal, creative approach is essential. Well-organized, the text discusses film stock, cameras and how they operate, preparing the script, shooting and lighting a film, special effects, using sound, et cetera. This is written in a straightforward style, dignified enough for adult neophytes but simple enough for young readers. The print is unfortunately crowded but this is mitigated by the clean, modern type face. A relative index is appended.

Attractive block print illustrations in quiet brown and blue tones accompany a sedate text that describes the first year of life for four nestling screech owls. They are fed by their parents, learn to watch for predators, learn to fly, and eventually go off to live independently and find mates. This doesn't give comprehensive information nor does it have much excitement, but the coverage is adequate for the primary grades reader, the style is competent, direct, and unassuming; there is no anthropomorphism, and the information is accurate.


Clearly, simply, a single concept is presented in a book that has good integration of text and illustration. Kaufmann explains that creatures that are streamlined move most quickly through air or water, and that man has designed vehicles in imitation of the teardrop, or streamlined, shape. Home demonstrations show the variation in drag among several shapes made from a milk carton, comparing the drag in water and in air. The text is continuous, succinct, and self-contained—an admirable example of a first science book.


While this hasn't more than a wisp of a story line, it does have a puppy and four kittens (and, briefly, a mouse) to appeal to the read-aloud audience just old enough to appreciate the differences in cat and dog behavior. The puppy joins the kittens in their frolics and tries not very successfully to imitate them, with some minor mishaps. Then he hears a parental, "Puppy, come home right now," and goes off, suggesting to his new friends that next time they can all be puppies. Lightweight but amiable.


Kraus at his sunniest, Aruego and Dewey at their most beguiling: Owliver, a small owl, should appeal tremendously to the preschool set and those who read to them. Imitating, role-playing, acting, Owliver impresses his mother with his artistic ability and she gives him lessons in acting and tap-dancing. "Better he should be a lawyer or a doctor," Owliver's father says, and gives him doctor toys and lawyer toys. The engaging owlet uses everything with gusto, and puts on a play in which he has two parts, doctor and lawyer. Both parents are convinced their offspring will follow the bent he or she has selected, but Owliver's choice is a surprise. The pictures are gay and funny and the story is fresh and funny, a nice combination of fancy and reality, written in a blithe, direct style.


A distinguished Canadian painter describes life in a lumber camp, his text and pictures based on his own experiences in 1946 and in 1951. The prose is simple but vivid, giving a quite full picture of the work of lumbering and of camp life; Kurelek concludes with a brief comment on some of the changes in lumbering technique and machinery since that time. The pictures are stunning: nicely detailed, nicely composed, soft but strong in use of color. In fact, the book has a rare combination of handsome format, striking illustrations, and an informative text.

Macrophotographs of familiar objects are followed by labeled photographs; this turn-of-the-page format is always alluring to young children, and the book offers—in addition to the appeal of the element of surprise—a stimulus to curiosity and observation. Save for an introductory paragraph, there is no text; this is very much like Tana Hoban’s *Look Again!* which adds two dimensions to the puzzle: it uses a cut-out square, then a picture of the object, and in the latter there is more interest than in *What Is It?* because there are often children involved. Occasionally there is repetition: sets of pages (enlargement and identifiable picture) are, for example, devoted to salt, pepper, and sugar.


A description of some of the market customs of the past, when small weekly market days and great fairs afforded an opportunity for entertainment and social meetings as well as trade, and of the special markets of today: the Parisian bird market, the weekly maelstrom of Portobello Road, the fish markets of coastal Spain, the floating market of Bangkok, the ethnic markets of New York, and many others. Lubell concludes with the suggestion that our supermarkets, which are efficient but dull, might be brightened by adding some of the features that make street markets fun: a section set aside for children, or a coffee shop, or a puppet show, added attractions that exist now in a few supermarkets. The information is useful and the author has made the subject intriguing as well, and the lively illustrations are a great help toward that end. A relative index is appended.


Vern Mansfield, high school football star, decides to quit the sport and become a cross-country runner; he loses his girl and most of his friends, and he encounters continued criticism and just plain nagging from his father. Vern had been bothered by the fanfare and pressure of football, but he’s just as bothered by the resentment of the cross-country team’s leader, Ken, who has a strongly competitive feeling, the very thing Vern dislikes. It takes long weeks, a fight, and a team crisis before Ken and Vern work together for the good of the team; Dad relents (rather suddenly) and comes out to cheer Vern on. While this has many elements of the formula sports story, it is capably written, it stresses practice and training rather than a blitzkrieg triumph, it’s realistic in portrayal of familial conflict, and it is one of the few adequate stories about a minor sport.


Both the stylized, geometric patterns and the palette are reminiscent of Gerald McDermott’s illustrations, but there is more fluidity and softness here, less assertion. The brief and simply told story uses some of the familiar devices of the folk tale: three daughters, three requests for gifts from a father who goes on a journey. The other sisters ask for “silken threads” and “finest pearls,” and Marusha asks for a crystal apple. When she gets it, she sees beautiful scenes in its depths; when her sisters shatter it, she is consoled by her father, “Don’t be unhappy. Imagination is a precious gift.” So Marusha realizes that she can see beautiful things without her crystal apple. There’s little conflict or drama here; the story ends weakly, and there’s little Russian flavor in the text save for the names used.

The authors, who teach a course in radio and television announcing at the New School for Social Research, approach their subject from a practical viewpoint: what training does one need, what skills or abilities or personality can contribute to a broadcasting career, where does one get information or training, how does one go about getting a job in the field? They describe the various kinds of announcing jobs, the equipment and tools used by the announcer, and they provide, in addition to an index and a glossary, such aids as sample newscasts and scripts, exercises that help develop announcing skills, an explanation of hand signals, a list of colleges and universities that offer broadcasting courses, and a pronunciation list that has some odd phonetics: "toon" for "tune," for example. The style is simple, direct, and occasionally has a condescending note, but the text is informative and well-organized.


There were other things one could do on Saturday but Joe really wanted to play baseball. Every time he tried to get in the game, he was rebuffed; every time he was rebuffed, he had dreams of vengeance. Finally, disgruntled, he asked a boy if he could help sail his boat. Result: instant friendship, happy Saturday. The illustrations show Joe's imaginary ventures in a different color; on many pages there are many small, separate scenes of activity. The style is casual and direct, the illustrations frowsty-attractive, the familiarity of the situation appealing, but the plot is slight and on some pages the distinction between the real and the imaginary is not quite clear.


A partly fictionalized approach is used in an oversize book with many illustrations, of which the black and white are precise and those in color rather lurid. The subject is interesting, and while the text occasionally includes statements of dubious accuracy ("... in cold air a mammal's hair lies flat against the skin, holding in the body heat so that the mammal is kept warm.") most of it is reliable. The fictionalization (anecdotes about a smilodon attacking a mastodon calf and the subsequent attempt of adult mastodons to help the calf; an Arsinoitherium protecting her baby against predatory hyaenodonts) may appeal to browsing readers, but this doesn't compare as a source of information to Epstein's *Prehistoric Animals* or Scheele's *Prehistoric Animals.* A pronunciation guide and an index are appended.

Miles, Miska. *Tree House Town;* illus. by Emily McCully. Little, 1974. 30p. $4.50.

A group of animals living on a hill are driven away, one by one, when children build a series of treehouses. At last only one animal is left, a mouse that lives under an oak tree. And that's the whole story, very slight in construction, adequately written, but with little vitality. Without stressing it, the story makes clear the disruption that occurs when a balanced ecological situation is upset, but there are no dire consequences, the animals simply move to the other side of the hill.


Subdued pastel pictures show an appealing family of white-footed mice from conception and gestation through birth and the first foray into the world outside the nest.
There are a few minor flaws: a reference to mice in the womb "wanting" to be born and free, a turtle speaking once although there is no other dialogue in the book, and one illustration that may be confusing. On the whole, however, the author does a good job of showing the reproductive process, the loving parental care, the other animal mothers and their young (some of which, as the turtle points out, are hatched) and in the background of one episode, a pregnant human mother. The writing is directed and gentle, uses accurate terminology but no unnecessarily difficult words, and even has a dramatic episode to contrast with the flow of descriptive narration.

Monjo, Ferdinand N. *King George's Head Was Made of Lead;* illus. by Margot Tomes. Coward, 1974. 47p. $5.95.

The story of the American revolt against its British rulers is told from a new viewpoint, as the petulant voice of George III gives his account of the unreasonable and disobedient colonists who simply wouldn't cooperate. It is not King George, actually, but the head of his statue, and there really was such a statue (erected, during a temporary respite in taxation, by grateful colonial citizens of New York) that was melted down for lead to make bullets. This is a nice adjunct to the more familiar versions of colonial protest told from the American point of view; there's characterization in the monarch's self-description and the irritable monologue, and there's humor in both the text and the illustrations.


Recovering from an injury, Toren finds that the fur-covered Imbur have cared for him well; the gentle creatures of an alien world explain that he cannot go back to the base his father commands because this is the breeding time of the sork, the vicious, giant bug-eyed monster of the planet. The Imbur do not believe in killing, but use a lulling chant to put the sork to sleep; when a rescue party of humans appears, shooting at the beasts who outnumber them, Toren calls to his father and explains that the Imbur have a better way. So the human explorers of the far planets learn the way of peace. This science fantasy for young readers uses many of the devices familiar to s-f fans, and while it is patterned and is written in static prose, it will undoubtedly appeal to the middle-grades audience for whom there is a dearth of this genre.


A companion volume to Morrison's earlier collections of autographs, *Yours Till Niagara Falls and Remember Me When This You See,* this comprises over three hundred new bon mots, jibes, complimentary verses, and includes some Spanish selections with translations. There are many that demonstrate the self-conscious humor of young autographers who felt comfortable only when taking a dig at a friend's expense, some impersonal quips, a few that reflect the changing times, and a modest number that admit to affection: in fact, exactly what one finds in children's autograph books; this should prove as popular as its predecessors.


Handsome color photographs show a dozen examples of ikebana, the Japanese art of flower arrangement. Munari wisely chooses not to stress the technical aspects of balance and design but to show arrangements that exemplify the restraint of ikebana compositions. Wisely, too, he suggests that the reader not copy them exactly but use
them for ideas that embody the concepts of simple arrangements that use "found" containers (bottles, ashtrays, baking dishes, etc.) of weeds, single flowers, branches, vegetables, and so on. No expensive vases or massive bouquets. Each full page photograph is faced by a paragraph of text, occasionally adding a line drawing. The book itself is handsome, and it conveys effectively both the idea of choosing a flower lovingly and of expressing love by a gift of inexpensive beauty.


A story set in the 1820's has a courageous, take-charge heroine, an element of mystery, a love story, and the dramatic appeals of orphans triumphant and the coming together of those orphans with a grandfather and a home they'd been theretofore denied. Addie and her sister have been part of an act, the dancing Trimble family. Their mother has already died, and when their father dies the two girls decide to go to the home of the grandfather who had disowned his child for marrying an actor. They find their grandfather dangerously ill and living in a household of strangely assorted people. Warned not to reveal their identity, the girls befriend the old man in secret; Addie, in fact, nurses him back to health and saves him from the machinations of an evil cousin. This is that old-fashioned thing, a romantic novel that's pleasant to read; style and characterization are more than competent, and the plot meaty but not too intricate.


A colorful and romantic story of feudal Japan has as a protagonist Takiko, daughter of a samurai who was a hero in the early days of the long power struggle between the Heike and the Genji clans. After her father's death, Takiko's mother weds a potter, an ugly and kind man, and they send the girl to live at court. Beautiful and vain, Takiko will not come to help her mother because she has fallen in love; she is punished by both guilt and misfortune. No fairytale ending here, but a bitter loss and a slow acceptance of a scarred face and a peasant's life—yet the ending isn't all sad, because Takiko finds love of another kind. The battle scenes are vivid, the details of court life convincing, the characters drawn with some depth; this is unusual and stirring historical fiction.


Although there are several firm threads of continuity, this story of the 1920's has no real plot line. Pip lives with her mother and brother in a California valley town; her parents are separated and she goes, each summer, from the freedom of her mother's house to the rigid, if well-meaning, father who doesn't understand her. Pip's life is filled with highly individual adults, among them a guru, an astrologer, a health food addict; her life at school is depicted with insight and sympathy. The writing style and characterization are polished, perhaps too sophisticated for the reader of Pip's age, but this is like the best sort of collage, the sum greater than the adroitly crafted parts.


The sprightly and articulate heroine of *Freaky Friday* reports another fantastic adventure that seems completely believable; Mary Rodgers has to a remarkable degree the ability to blend fantasy and realism. Spiced with humor, sophisticated dialogue, and an unusual mother-son relationship, the story is, in the British sense, a "good read." Boris is Annabel's friend and neighbor, a level-headed boy whose
extravagant, eccentric mother needs (in his eyes) reform as well as tender loving care. One of the things he does in his mother’s absence is to refurbish their apartment, a ploy that brings about her wrathful rejection of his attempts to change her life and a subsequent clearing of the air from which all hands benefit. But how does Boris propose to pay for all this? Ah, there’s the fantasy: he has an old television set that gives the next day’s news, which enables him to know race results, forestall crimes, predict stock market changes . . . the possibilities are endless, and *A Billion for Boris* takes advantage of many of them.


Tim Ryder, youngest winner of the Grand Prix, becomes involved in even more danger than that of racing when he incurs the resentment of somebody who has committed murder. Tim’s already stumbled on one murder victim, the man who has sponsored Tim’s team and whose death creates additional problems for the team. While there’s little doubt from the first about the identity of the murderer or his motive, there is some suspense about Tim’s safety and the apprehension of the criminal. There’s a great deal of racing talk and some sequences of hurtling action, stock characters, and a rather stodgy writing style, but the story, first published in England, should appeal because of the authenticity of detail and the ambience of danger on and off the track.


Tidy drawings of urban scenes and interiors have a modest appeal that is matched by the free verse in which a small girl describes imaginative play with a younger brother, events at school, reactions to the changing times of day, and other familiar phenomena of daily life. The poems are pleasant but only rarely open illuminating vistas. The first poem, for example, is, “The shades of / two windows / across the street / were just / pulled up. / It’s morning and / the building is / opening its / eyes.”


Although the writing style is fairly pedestrian, this is a biography that gives balanced treatment to Dunbar’s childhood and his adult life, that discusses his work and those who influenced it. Dunbar’s status and his role as one of the first eminent black writers is more firmly established than is his personality, but the book is useful and interesting as one of the few written about Dunbar for children. Some photographs and an index are included.


Hooray! The characters who delighted readers in *The Cricket in Times Square* are back—not Chester Cricket, who’s still in his rural retreat, but Harry Cat and Tucker Mouse, still residing in comfort in a drainpipe in the Times Square subway station. Here they adopt a bedraggled puppy, and their problem is that their darling grows too big for the drainpipe. So Harry Cat sets about wooing a supercilious Siamese whose master might be induced to take the pup in and save him from a life with the gang of raffish strays that hang out in Bryant Park. Everything about the book is appealing: the humor, the dialogue, the characterization, the yeasty style, the setting, and the beguiling illustrations.

Mildly but with persistent plaintiveness, a small girl describes her feelings of loneliness when Mama goes to the hospital to have an operation. She can't find her green socks (Mama could) and she's too young to be allowed in the hospital, and the sight of Mama's half of the bed, empty, is depressing. At last Daddy announces that Mama will be home in three more days, and a massive campaign to put welcome signs all over the house is mounted by a very happy child. Very simple, very natural, the single situation is expanded just enough to make an impact, not enough to bore the reader; the illustrations have the same direct approach—touched with poignancy—as does the story.


Josh dislikes the military academy to which his parents had sent him when they were divorced, and he's unhappy because neither of them invites him home for the holidays. Asked to visit by an elderly teacher, Mr. Wicker, Josh meets the ghost of a black boy, Matthew, who has lived in the house since Civil War times. Matthew is even more unhappy than Mr. Wicker about the house being torn down to give access to an airport—and the story ends with Matthew gone. Mr. Wicker leaving, demolition imminent, and Josh resigned to his lot. The book has good style and a potentially interesting situation but little plot development; it is weakened by the fact that there is lack of focus: the plot elements do not obtrude on each other, but they don't quite mesh either. The title refers to a wind toy, something like a weathervane, that Josh has carved as Mr. Wicker's Christmas gift.


Beautiful, beautiful. A text as hushed and simple as the still, cool hour it describes is almost a poem of dawn. And the pictures, in soft, dark blue that springs into lush, brilliant green and blue when daylight comes, are lovely and evocative. An old man and his grandson sleep, curled in blankets, by the shore while the mountains are reflected, immobile, in the motionless water. The sleepers stir as a slight breeze ruffles the grey-blue water; they silently pack and launch their boat, gliding into the middle of the lake. The sun's rays suddenly bring the colors of the day. That's all, and it's glorious.


Comic drawings in cartoon style sound the note for a big, breezy book of poems, almost all humorous; some are nonsense poems, some have a pointed message, and most of them are both funny and sensible, often expressing the fears or dreams of childhood. The rhyme and rhythm of Silverstein's writing indicate the appropriateness of the collection for reading aloud to younger children as well as for the independent reader in the middle grades.


A science teacher examines various aspects of the ways in which animals adapt to the dark: why some species see better than others (and why some have eyes that seem to glow) and why some hear better; why some colors are more easily seen than others, the phenomenon of bioluminescence, the animal life in dark caves, the special
abilities of nocturnal predators, et cetera. An interesting compilation of material, the book is written simply and clearly, adequately illustrated, and indexed.


Based on historical documents, this story of Indian-white conflict during the Civil War has a quiet and convincing intensity, drama and danger, and an abrupt, bitter ending. Destitute, angry at the treachery of the whites with whom they had been dealing, the Santee tribe under the leadership of White Lodge raided a Minnesota settlement, killing the men they could catch and taking women and children prisoners. A small group of Teton braves, pitying the prisoners, pleaded for the captives and traded valuable goods for them, their effort aided by White Lodge's son, Black Hawk; the Tetons were amazed that the captives felt affection for some of the Santee, and the captives equally amazed at the altruistic compassion of their rescuers. A final episode describes a mass hanging of some Santee, their executioner the father of some of the rescued captives.


While less subtle and more slapstick than Steig's earlier books, this has some of the same quality of nonsensical situation combined with a bland writing style that assumes it is perfectly ordinary to have as a hired hand a talking ass that wears glasses. The story line comprises a series of minor calamities as Farmer Palmer, a pig, goes to market to sell his produce and buy gifts for his family, and then makes his star-crossed way home. This hasn't the narrative quality of Steig's stories about Sylvester, Roland, or Amos and Boris, but its fun, there's wit in the writing, and the illustrations are engaging.

Weiss, Harvey. Model Cars and Trucks and How to Build Them; illus. with photographs, plans, and drawings. T. Y. Crowell, 1974. 74p. $5.50.

No expertise is needed to follow the clear and comprehensive step-by-step directions in an excellent book for the beginning hobbyist of any age. Weiss describes the tools and materials needed, giving advice on using them, and he stresses the fact that the reader need not adhere rigidly to details of projects shown in the book. Instructions are given for a variety of models: racing cars, trucks, tractors, derricks, and even a large model that can be ridden. There are separate chapters on special techniques, such as making wheels or finishing and painting. Photographs and diagrams are well-placed and informative. A very model of a model guide.


Marcia is pretty, placid, and not very much of an intellectual, and although she tries to live up to the expectations and standards of her stepmother, she doesn't really care about culture or college. Marcia likes bright colors and wants to work in a beauty parlor, and she knows that her stepmother disapproves of Raymond, her boyfriend. Marcia's a little bothered herself by Raymond—she finds him apt to get edgy and frustrated when they start making love—and when he confesses to impotence, she knows that he loves and trusts her, and she decides that she can't keep up the family pace, doesn't want to, and will marry Raymond. The characterization is strong and consistent, and the complexities of relationships within the family are beautifully developed. Wells is particularly adept at dialogue, using it adroitly to develop both the story line and the characters in a story that is sensitive and candid.
There are few historical records about Guarneri del Gesù, one of the great violin makers of the 18th century, so Wibberley wisely chose to make his protagonist an orphaned apprentice, Thomas Soli, who tells the story vividly and convincingly.

Thomas sees Signor Guarneri first as a troubled man whose home life is burdened by some unspecified parental disgrace, who is given to bouts of drinking and extravagance, whose workshop and its products are inferior to the more successful Stradivari family. As time passes, Thomas learns that Guarneri is a genius whose instruments, despite inferior woods and less polished finish, have tones more beautiful than those of other, more popular violin makers. Woven through the book is some fascinating information about violin making and the Cremona artisans, and about Thomas' own career as a singer and a suitor. This has elements of music history, of biography, of fiction—and all of them are smoothly meshed in a story written with distinctive style, rich with unobtrusive period detail and dialogue, and lightened by humor that emanates from the youthful zest and wit of Thomas.

The vibrant colors and stylized designs of Wildsmith's paintings are handsome as ever, and they combine nicely with the softer, more realistic animals to good effect—but in The Lazy Bear the stylized elements are used in rather repetitive fashion. The story line is conventional, adequate for holding interest but ending on a didactic note, and written in a simple but stiff style. A bear finds it fun to coast downhill in a wagon but tedious to push it up again; he invites animal friends for a ride and demands they push the wagon up while he rides. Tired of this, the others send the wagon hurtling down a steeper slope of the hill, and they laugh at him. Then the bear pushes the full wagon up the hill until his friends feel that he's had enough. After that they share the work as well as the fun. One illogical note: the others have been "too frightened to argue" when the bear first looked fierce and demanded transport up, yet they feel able to insist later that he push them uphill.

A young tiger, zoo born and used to people, decides that her life's ambition is to be a children's nanny, so she goes to an employment agency. The agency is dubious, but its customers are enthralled, and so the tiger becomes Tiger Nanny, a strict but loving guide and guard to the three spoiled children of a movie star. Tiger Nanny, muffled in clothing, even gets aboard a plane so she can convoy her children to Matsumundu, where the star is making a movie. The plane is hijacked, Nanny and her children are captured because they have secretly added a royal baby (heir to the throne of Matsumundu) to their entourage, and together Nanny and her children outwit their captors. The situation is appealing although there are moments (Tiger Nanny taking a cab to visit her mother at the zoo and discussing with her the impending flight) that strain credulity even within the bounds of the fantasy. American children may find the dedicated-nanny a less familiar and possibly less appealing figure than the British children for whom this was originally written, and the end sequences are almost farce—and yet there's lots of action, lots of humor, a bubbly writing style, and some attractively lively, scribbly drawings.
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