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     for the special few who will read it.

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New Titles for Children and Young People


An interesting book to browse through, this compilation of articles, obituary notices, news items, and photographs has minor reference use, with subjects available through the index. However, since the material is chronologically arranged, articles on a single topic may be widely scattered, and occasionally an article appears that is not related to an event and may be biographical or retrospective (and often interesting) so that the basic format is disrupted. The text is capably written and the photographs excellent; the oversize book contains some good end-of-year roundup articles. A series of maps, a chronology-digest, a list of the year’s awards, and lists of government officials, sports standings, and economic statistics are appended.

Bacon, Margaret Hope. *I Speak for My Slave Sister; The Life of Abby Kelley Foster*; illus. with photographs. T. Y. Crowell, 1974. 235p. $5.50.

How could a woman who made a spectacle of herself, speaking in public to audiences that included men, travelling with other speakers who were male, serving on committees with men, be other than a Jezebel? Brought up in the firm conviction of Quakers that you must respond to your inner voice, Abby Kelley fought. She fought against slavery, she fought for women’s rights before there was an organized women’s rights movement. She married, and did what no nice woman did in antebellum days: left her husband and her daughter to speak, write, and plead for money for the causes she held to be more important than her own life. The book is admirably researched if rather stolidly written, and it gives a remarkably detailed picture of the whole ferment of nineteenth century reform movements as well as of the indomitable Abby. A divided bibliography and an extensive index are appended.


Nobody else can ever know what is special about another person’s rock, but for the owner it is perfect: just the right shape to fit the hand, just the right size and color and smell. Byrd Baylor gives the rules for finding your rock, and in a fluid, chanting text speaks of the comfort and pleasure of having a perfect rock to touch and hold. Her stripped, clean text is matched in quality and grace by Parnall’s pictures—black, white, and earth browns—which have the same flowing line and restraint of composition.


Marvelously mad and intricate ideas for toys are described in a text that has the aura of a low-keyed sales catalog, and the tone is a good foil for the extravagance of
R the concepts and the illustrations. Some of the toys: a child-size set of alphabet letters, to be matched by each player with a small set of letters; an inflatable flower on which one can climb; a huge balloon for painting large pictures on (after which you can let the air out and send the balloon to an aunt who has never seen a zoo); or a row of huge dolls with a wind-up mechanism that operates a multiple jump-rose for several children. Fun!

Belting, Natalia Maree. Whirlwind is a Ghost Dancing; illus. by Leo and Diane Dillon. Dutton, 1974. 28p. $7.50.

A collection of poems of North American Indians is illustrated with striking stylized paintings. Using acrylics and pastels, the Dillons created muted, glowing colors and have incorporated tribal motifs in their pictures, echoing the dignity, beauty, and reverence of the poems. Sources and locations are ascribed to each selection (i.e. "Yana, California," or "Shoshoni, Nevada and Utah") and the poems are primarily related to myths of creation or explanations of natural phenomena, some very brief, as in "icicles are the walking sticks of the winter winds," and others substantial narrative poems.

Bodecker, N. M. Let's Marry Said the Cherry and Other Nonsense Poems; illus. by the author. Atheneum, 1974. 79p. $4.95.

Daft and delicately detailed line drawings illustrate a collection of nonsense verses that are adroit and amusing, and that should appeal especially to readers who enjoy word-play. A poem called "Botheries and Fluteries and Flatteries and Things," includes the lines, "For the crocodiles are watching from the crockery/ and the mocking birds are scowling in the mockery/ and someone's sure to trick you in the trickery/ to make you laugh and hiccup in the hickory . . ." Sheer ebullience, the poems are too much alike in mood to be best enjoyed in a sitting, but the book is fun in brief forays.

Branley, Franklyn Mansfield. Shakes, Quakes, and Shifts; Earth Tectonics; illus. by Daniel Maffia. T. Y. Crowell, 1974. 33p. $5.50.

After discussing some of the ways in which the earth moves and changes, Branley describes the theory of plate tectonics and some of the corroborating evidence for the concept (proposed years ago, received with disdain, and more recently accepted) that the continents were one land mass billions of years ago, that they drifted apart and will continue to do so; that they move on huge segments, or plates, on which land masses float and collide. While Branley always writes lucidly and authoritatively, here he discusses a topic perhaps too broad and complex to be covered adequately in a text so brief and without division. A bibliography and an index are appended.


Bold collage pictures in oversize pages illustrate a dozen poems chosen from collections of Brecht's poetry. The nonsense element in many of the poems as well as the brusque treatment of serious topics taken lightly may appeal to children, but several of the selections seem pointless unless one assumes a latent content that young children are unlikely to perceive: "Two boys climbing up a ladder/ the higher one is a little smarter/ the lower one is a little dumb/ the ladder falls and down they come." Another example: "One man has money one man is poor/ there they stand, they stare and—'Sure,'/ the poor man says, his voice sounds funny/ 'If I weren't poor, you'd have no money.' "

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Chrys and Cordy, the two friends of *Two Are Better Than One*, are thirteen now and very much impressed by the dramatic ingenuity of their friend Louly, who—although she is almost fifteen—takes the lead in directing the spontaneous plays the girls enjoy. Louly also takes the responsibility for a back yard campout, and Chrys (who is the author) envies her friend's composure and forthrightness; Chrys is shy, especially about the poem she's had published. While the characters are convincing, most of them are not drawn in depth; the book lacks a strong plot line, but it is full of lively incidents and very smoothly written, and it gives a realistic picture of the small adventures, the pleasures, and the problems of a group of children in a small town in 1908.


Full-page woodcut prints, strong and dramatic in black and white, illustrate a collection of spirituals (also printed from wood blocks). Only the melodic line is given, so that even young readers who have no musical training can pick out the notes; some songs have several verses, others only one or two. An attractive book that can be used with younger children or by older readers has a preface that gives interesting background information.


Figgy's grandfather had been adamant about giving up his home and land for a superhighway, and the media had made the most of the taciturn old man, called the Goat Man because he'd once had very tame goats. Now Figgy, who lived alone with the Goat Man, was worried because his grandfather had disappeared. The two friends he'd made since moving into the relocation settlement, Ada and Harold, went with him to the old homestead to look for the Goat Man. Harold, a fat and unhappy boy who has a major role, goes—with nervous courage—to ask the old man, who is making a last stand, with gun, at his old home, to come with him after Figgy broke his leg. For Harold, a turning point. He had coped with an emergency, had played the heroic role of which he'd daydreamed, had seen with new insight the pathos of the Goat Man's ruined life. Byars builds her characterization with exposition and with deft dialogue in fine balance; her writing style flows smoothly and the plot is tightly structured and convincing.


Written in first person, a fictionalized partial biography describes a crucial period in the life of Santiago Ramón y Cajal, who in 1906 was awarded the Nobel prize for medicine for his study of the structure of the nervous system. Into so much mischief that he was blamed for all the small disasters of the town, Santiago was the older son of the only doctor in a Spanish village, a proud, cold man who regularly whipped the boy. Sent away to school, the fourteen-year-old simply got into more trouble. He wanted only one thing in life: to be an artist; his father insisted that Santiago would be a doctor, and a father's wish was law. The events that changed the boy's mind are exciting yet logical, and the segment of Santiago's life (based on Ramón y Cajal's memoirs) has, because of occasional retrospective passages, adequate background. The book has good period detail, a sensitive treatment of relationships, strong characterization, and a vigorous style.

All things are relative, Horatio the cat discovers. Horatio is middle-aged and sedate, annoyed by the frisky kittens and other playful animals who live with him and Mrs. Casey. His owner is understanding, and tells the other pets to leave Horatio alone. When Mrs. Casey goes away to visit her daughter, Horatio discovers that the neighbors who come in to feed him do everything wrong; he runs away and lands at a house where the baby pulls his tail and the older children put clothes on him. By the time Horatio gets home and is reunited with Mrs. Casey, he appreciates the status quo. He even plays with the kittens. The illustrations are attractive and often funny, the story has good structure, a brisk style, and a gentle message about how to treat animals.


"One Monday morning in March," the story begins, "Groundhog was sleeping." His new neighbor, Miss Pigeon, came by with a cake and called out that she had a surprise for him, and bade him wake up. He snored. For each of several subsequent days she added a different kind of clock and placed it in his bedroom, but the cumulating "dingdong . . . cockoo . . . ticktock . . . ring-aling-ling" were ineffective. What finally did it was the susurration of sand in an hourglass. Groundhog woke and wondered what Miss Pigeon was doing in his bedroom. Then she discovered that groundhogs sleep all winter and wake in the spring. "Whereupon Miss Pigeon cut the cake and they all had a spring party," the tale ends. The illustrations are adequate, the story limply concocted, a contrived structure built on the hibernating pattern of the groundhog and alleviated minimally by the cumulating pattern of the clock noises.


If the author's message was meant to be that school can be fun as well as work, the message is received. There's only a thread of a plot, but it's enough to give some focus to the story of a first grade class that plans and mounts a costume party. Jim, who has decided to appear as the strongest man in the world, manages accidentally to upset the "big kid from third grade" who's bullying them while the teacher's out of the room. Joy, cupcakes, and satisfaction all around are evident in the beaming faces of the clown, strong man, princess, monster, hiccup (yes, hiccup), pirate, etc. as the teacher takes a picture to commemorate the occasion. Engaging pictures, good first grade dialogue, and an entertaining array of costumes compensate amply for the slightness of the story line.


Based in large part on actual events, the first-person story of a Connecticut family during the Revolutionary War is told by Tim, a young adolescent whose father is not sympathetic toward the Patriot cause but whose chief purpose is to maintain a neutral attitude. Tim is grieved because his older brother has joined the Patriot army after a fight with their father; he cannot feel a commitment to either side, and after his father has been imprisoned for selling cattle to the British (although it somehow befalls that he dies on a British prison ship) Tim urges his brother Sam to quit and come home. But Sam feels loyalty to his country comes first—and he is executed by General Putnam as a cattle thief, a charge that is untrue. So Tim sees the long years
of tragedy, confusion, hunger, and despair go by with more conviction about the folly of war than he ever has about the Tory or the Patriot viewpoint. The authors explain that they have used contemporary speech patterns because "nobody is really sure how people talked in those days," and while the modernity is occasionally obtrusive, it is never really jarring. Well-paced, the story blends fact and fiction adroitly; the characterization is solid and the writing convincingly that of a young boy concerned more with his own problems and family in wartime than with issues or principles.


A good introduction for beginning sewers, with basic instructions in hand- and machine-sewing, clear explanations and diagrams, and a variety of projects that range from such simple objects as fringed mats and tote bags to easy-to-make articles of clothing. Instructions are also given for making toys, doll clothes, accessories, and articles of home decoration.


Five stories about a mole who has been cast out because he is different, he is not blind. In fact, the fox who proposes to become Maybe's mentor (secretly planning to cheat him) realizes that Maybe is loving and loyal and brave; he is ashamed of his sly plan and takes the doughty little animal into his heart and home. There are four other episodes in the book, each quite distinct, and each a tribute to the kindness and courage of Maybe, the mole. The writing has a gentle affection that never lapses into sentimentality, and it flows with easy grace and a sense of humor, rather than direct humor, in the writing style.


Although this contains much of the informative and anecdotal material that is in other books about dolphins, the book is nicely gauged for the primary grades reader: big print, simple vocabulary, and a division of the text into short chapters. The first chapter gives background information, and the nine true stories that follow are also informative although they are told in narrative form and provide the added appeals of drama and humor.


The year is 1946, the place is the Russian sector of a vanquished Germany, and the story is told by a girl of thirteen whose parents have put her on the train to Cologne, her papers stating falsely that she is being repatriated to her home zone. Self-reliant and self-absorbed, the girl is concerned only with her own safety, as are most of the other refugees, but she is drawn to the old couple in her car. The wife is very ill, her husband very protective; as the long days go by—for the train is halted more than once for dangerous inspections—the young girl and the old man share a secret. The wife has died, and they must hide this so that the body can reach Cologne and the man keep his promise to his dead wife, that she will be buried at home. By the end of the journey the girl has come to realize that it is good to be needed, that the stance of independence she had taken would have brought nothing but loneliness, and that she needs the old man as much as he needs her. The characterization of the occupants of the crowded boxcar is incisive and perceptive, and the author makes the tension and suspense of the journey remarkably real.

Color photographs illustrate a book by a member of the 1967-1969 French Antarctic expedition. Deguine gives some information about the Adelie penguin, which breeds in the summer after migrating from further north, but most of the text describes the behavior of the Emperor, the only penguin species that breeds in the Antarctic during the winter months. Like Thompson in *The Penguin: its life cycle* Deguine discusses mating patterns and care of the young, and also gives information about group behavior, but neither the text nor the illustrations give as much detail; Thompson’s three summers in Antarctica were devoted to research about penguin rookeries. Most of the space here is devoted to photographs, and they are very handsome.


“Actually, it is all over but the shouting, because the battle has been won,” says the author, writing of our country’s long record of resistance to adoption of the metric system. Industries that once fought bitterly are now converting, many schools teach the metric system as well as the old one (and some teach only the metric measurement) and in many industrial and scientific areas it is used exclusively. Every major country but the United States can exchange products and information based on metric standards. We must convert—although there will be a period of confusion and expensive change—and the author points out (as do Donovan, Moore, Ross, and Stover in their books, also reviewed in this issue) that one group of beneficiaries will be the school children whose period of learning will be shortened because of the simplicity and uniformity of a decimal system with standard prefixes. Deming gives a history of the development of systems of measurement and of the controversy in the United States, explains the metric system and its advantages clearly in a well-researched text, and gives many examples of the effects that conversion will have on business and on the individual. Tables of metric units, conversion tables, a bibliography, and an index are appended.


Yes, another grandmother book, but different from the rest; this has the same warm feeling as Borack’s *Grandpa* and adds a conflict-resolution. Joey brings his friend Eugene to Grandma’s for a meal, warning him that she is always cooking and that she “talks funny”. She insists on calling Eugene “Eugeney” and she is so pleased by his appetite that she invites him to help her bake. Joey, meanwhile, is dolefully finishing his spaghetti and feeling pangs of jealousy. Eugene gets a coffee-cake “doll,” and Joey frowns—but then Grandma produces a super-cake for her Joey. “Hey, Joey, I love your grandma!” “Me too!” Nice in itself, and attractively illustrated, the story’s bonus is that it can help a child adjust to the ideas that there’s nothing wrong (far from it) with people who have a foreign accent and that differences (in manners, in food, in home decoration) are interesting rather than peculiar.


Since 1889, when the United States received prototypes of meter bars and kilogram weights, which were declared, four years later, by the then Secretary of the Treasury to be the fundamental standards of length and mass, our country has been
resisting a shift to the metric system. Now that Great Britain is converting, we are the only major country of the world whose system of measurements does not match that of others, a particular handicap in international trade. Our scientists have used the metric system for years. Easier to learn, easier to use, with a uniform terminology, the metric system has—as the author shows in comparative listings—great advantages over our own. Donovan gives a history of the proliferation and confusion of systems and terms, the emergence of metric (International) standards, and the protest against its adoption here. The text explains the system and discusses the problems of conversion as well as the merits—one of which is that it would make children's learning of arithmetic much easier. Competently written by the author of the adult title, Prepare Now for a Metric Future, the book is not as well-organized as is Stover's text, reviewed below, nor as smoothly written as Meter Means Measure by S. Carl Hirsh (reviewed in the May, 1974 issue). Conversion tables and a relative index are appended.

Duvoisin, Roger Antoine. See What I Am. Lothrop, 1974. 28p. illus. Trade ed. $5.95; Library ed. $5.11 net.

In turn, each of the primary colors, black, and white boast about their beauty; Yellow scolds Blue and reminds it that without yellow there would be no grass or leaves of green “when I dance with you.” Blue says, “The three of us are very clever, together we become brown.” Then one group of illustrations is shown as a set of sheets, each in a single color, just as such sheets are pulled for color proofreading. At the end, the separated colors are united into a full-color picture in delicate, bright pastel tones. A cat, Max, sits on a corner of each double-page spread and comments on how silly a blue cat looks or how nice a brown one does. The dialogue of the colors seems contrived, but the book teaches primary colors and the combinations into secondary colors, and it does show the way color-separated sheets are brought together, although the text does not make clear that this is a step in book production.


A continuous text describes the life of one prairie dog family with two sets of young, and the communal pattern in which they participate. The father uses a separate burrow, but his pups may help repair it, or he may visit or guard the burrow of his mate. Different barks are used to inform members of the community of danger or safety, with a male who acts as chief taking the initiative in instigating communal action. While the text has some errors of style and some informational material (man's extermination of animal life in the past and the resultant upset of ecological balance) crops up in the middle of the narrative structure, the book gives valuable facts about a little-known animal, with enough narrative framework to pinpoint interest and with no anthropomorphism.


Line drawings, black on beige pages, include on almost every page a narrow frieze of onomatopoeic words that imitate the various sounds made by a horse's hooves as it goes at various paces and over various surfaces. A very small knight goes off riding (klippity klop) and crosses a bridge (klumpity klump) and so on, until he comes to a cave on a hill; when a dragon peers out, its bellow bursts across the page. The knight departs with dispatch, reversing the hoof-patterns sounds, all the way back to the castle, where the drawbridge shuts with a “KLLLLANG!” and the story ends, “Whew! Going adventuring is a fine thing . . . but being safe at home that's a fine thing too.” The reversing of pattern appeals to children, as does the opportunity to
participate in making the hoof sounds, and the book has a blithe simplicity that is engaging—yet it has an adventure, a climax of action, and a satisfying, problem-solving ending.


First published in England, a science fantasy that is firmly meshed with reality, written with a flair for dialogue, and—although it uses a device familiar to readers of the genre, the planetary visitor masquerading as a human being—unusual in plot. It's unusual because the dea ex machina (U.F.O. type) is a sweet little old lady who presents herself at Tim's door. She's Great-Aunt Emma; she says to Tim's mother, "You remember me, Millie!" And Millie remembers. It's Tim's younger sister who first suspects the ever-beaming Emma and calls her "Grinny," and at first Tim, who tells the story in his diary, thinks Beth is being nine-year-old silly. Beth and Tim, with the help of a friend, outwit the menacing Grinny, and (because the phrase "You remember me" has hypnotized each adult) the children's quest is logically without adult help. The nicely crafted story has suspense, action, and a frisson here and there.


Jimmy, age eight, looks up to his sister Mary, four years older; she always thinks of exciting things to do and she likes to play with him as well as with friends her own age. One day when a new friend is with Mary, looking at her stamp collection, Jimmy comes into her room and Mary snaps, "Get out!" That night he dreams that he has thrown the album down the eleven steps of the staircase and it has vanished into a hole below. Next day when Mary can't find her album, Jimmy worries, feels it may be his fault. Mary invites him to go to a stamp collectors' meeting. Together they hunt for the album and find it. Freeman, whose adult writing has included many books on psychoanalysis, apparently has built her story on the phenomenon of the guilt feelings that follow a dream of revenge, which is sound enough, but what she fails to explain is the crux of the story: WHY does Mary suddenly snap at her brother? Her invitation the next day is clearly reparation, but it is frustrating not to know the motivation for the earlier behavior; one can assume that it may be because of the new friend, but one doesn't know it. The book may be useful as a launching pad for discussion.


Photographs and drawings, lavishly used and fully captioned, show in alluring detail the range of folk sculpture found out-of-doors: weathervanes, carousel animals, gravestones, trade signs, snowmen and scarecrows, and—among the most decorative—manhole covers. The text is written in a casual, conversational style and is both entertaining and informative; the book is intriguing in itself but also useful for those interested in American history, in art, or in the relationship between creative expression and the culture and/or period from which it emanates.

Goffstein, M. B. *Me and My Captain*; story and pictures by M. B. Goffstein, Farrar, 1974. 23p. $3.95.

Liebestraum, doll-size, is the theme for a sweet but not simpering story that consists of the monologue of a small wooden doll. On the windowsill below the shelf on which she stands is a model of a boat, and the doll daydreams about the captain. "He would notice at once that I have a ship in a bottle and a collection of sea shells,
and ask me to marry him. She would then invite him to dine (plaster food always looks fresh and inviting) and later there would be something to tell him about when he returned from sea (doll baby appears, complete with cradle). The pictures are tidy, the text is brief, and perhaps because both are so matter-of-fact the fantasy is the more appealing and effective.


A psychologist and director of a family research program, Gordon moves from a debunking of sexist ideas about the characters and roles of boys and girls to the area of sex education, describing sexual intercourse, menstruation, nocturnal emission, and masturbation. The writing is direct, informal, and candid; the author makes no judgments, pulls no punches, and he concludes with the fact that all human beings are of equal value and should have equal opportunities—pointing out that both boys and girls can have many interests. This doesn't explore either physical differences or social attitudes very deeply but it serves well as an introduction.


A superb biography of Fitzgerald. Greenfeld achieves that most difficult task, the depiction of a tragic, even pathetic, man without bathos. The writing style is dignified, the tone candid, with less drama than compassion in describing Fitzgerald's desperate striving for accolade and acceptance, his weary efforts to extricate himself from alcoholism, professional stagnation, debts, and the heavy burden, in later years, of a broken marriage and his wife's insanity. This is what every biography should be, a balanced and objective evaluation of a subject's personal life, personality and work; that it is written with perception and polish is a bonus. A list of books by Fitzgerald, a list of suggested readings about him, and an index are appended.


Kevin had asked Mama to bring a boy home from the hospital and was not pleased when she came home with a girl. Aunt Mildred unwrapped the baby, and "It was a girl, all right, 'cause her fingers were way too small. She'd never be able to throw my football to me." Neighbors and relatives came to see the baby and ignored Kevin, even Uncle Roy didn't swing him around the way he always did, and Kevin didn't like the way Mama and Daddy looked at the baby. "Like she was the only baby in the world." Kevin's pangs of dethronement are assuaged by Mama's reminding him that she was a baby girl once, that Uncle Roy had loved and protected her, and that Kevin was now a big brother like Uncle Roy. The story ends with Kevin showing off his sister to his friends. There have been many books like this, in which a child's jealousy is overcome and he or she accepts a sibling, but there's always room for another when it's well done, and this is: the story catches that wistful pathos of the child who is feeling displaced. Although the conversion is suspiciously easy, it's not unbelievable, and Steptoe's vibrant pictures (too bold in style for good close viewing, but marvelous at a distance) catch the tender mood of the text.

Gripe, Maria. *Julia's House;* with drawings by Harald Gripe; tr. from the Swedish by Gerry Bothmer. Delacorte, 1975. 116p. Trade ed. $5.95; Library ed. $5.47 net.

A sequel to *The Night Daddy* is in the same format, with chapters written alternately by Julia and by Peter, the young man who stays with her each night while her
mother is on night duty as a nurse. Julia is older now, her affection for Peter complicated by some ambivalence about their relationship. This is a less cohesive book than the first one, with Julia’s loyalties divided between Peter and her teacher and friends at school, with Peter’s interest caught by a small, silent boy who watches him; each is a little jealous of the other’s divergent interests. There is just enough of this conflict to impinge on the major plot line, the threatened demolition of Julia’s house. Albeit less cohesive, the writing evinces such a genuine understanding of a child’s concerns, it is so fluent and perceptive, that the book makes an incisive impact.


The nameless small girl who is speaking is staying with her grandparents while her mother’s in the hospital; she has stayed there before and knows them well, but she’s not met Great Grandmother before, “She’s new to me.” (No explanation for this.) Great Grandmother does things slowly, but she knows how to do many things, and she teaches the child how to tie her shoes, a skill that is both an accomplishment and a gift to Mother because it will help her. While this pedantic note is struck several times and the whole text has an aura that’s a bit sugar-coated, the book does portray a pleasant relationship between a small child and a very old person. It does seem to overlook the grandparents in whose home all this occurs, and the writing has none of the charm of Tomie de Paola’s Nana Upstairs and Nana Downstairs, which pictures the same situation.


Intended for the beginning collector with little or no knowledge of classical music or of the artists who record it, this is a useful compendium of facts and opinions, although there is perhaps more here than a beginner might need or want. A record reviewer for Scholastic Magazines, Hemming prefaces his well-annotated list of “Fifty Composers and Their Major Works,” which includes pronunciation of names and advice on recommended recordings, with a series of interviews with musicians, each of whom responds to the proposition that a beginner who can afford only five or six records should buy . . . . . . . and why. The latter section gives such varied opinions that it may be of less value than the author’s summary of the suggestions. A final section discusses major music makers on discs and tapes; a glossary and an index are appended.


An oversize book is lavishly illustrated with full-color pictures that have a high sense of design and incorporate stylized details. The stories include “Ali Baba,” “Momotaro,” “Little Burnt Face,” “Pecos Bill Meets Paul Bunyan,” and other familiar tales, plus a Biblical story, an Arthurian selection, et cetera, constituting a conservative collection of tried-and-true material. Since the sheer bulk of the book and the scale of illustrations militate against group use, this seems best suited to home collections, as the stories included would be available in most libraries.


It was a marvelous plan, Josh thought. His former camp counselor, Dusty, would be the leader of the bicycle camping trip and Dusty’s friend Muff would use one of
her family's farm trucks as the supply truck. Best of all, the girl with whom Josh was smitten, Helen, would be one of the group. But Helen had to have a tonsillectomy and her sister Cassandra turned out to be not only unlike Helen but—in Josh's opinion—a freak. A natural food nut. Insisted her name was Crane, not Cassandra. Mixed with the irritation of getting along with Crane were the many joys of being with friends, camping, seeing the sea for the first time, and feeling that he could cope with trouble—and by the end of the trip, Josh realized he had even learned to enjoy Crane for being different, the very thing he'd found irksome. Primarily this is a sunny vacation story filled with small adventures and new experiences, but—as in the earlier books about Joshua Cobb—there's a realistic steady growth toward maturity as Josh learns to compromise, not to prejudge. The writing style has vitality, the characters individuality.


Amply illustrated, an informative and simply written text is divided by topic rather than chapter, the brief topics listed in the table of contents and grouped so that all of the facts about harmful bugs, about beneficial ones, and about methods of pest control are in sequence. The reproductive cycle and appearance of each pest is described, as are ways to cope. (Slugs and snails love beer and will drown themselves in it!) Most of the pests described are bugs, but the author includes other garden destroyers. She explains the need for maintaining an ecological balance, the dangers of spraying with pesticides, the ways in which beneficial ladybugs or praying mantises can be ordered from an insectary, and gives instructions for using sprays when they must be used. Well organized and useful, the book concludes with some information on sources for research reports, a bibliography of sources, and an index.


Jackson doesn't describe, step by step, the way a news program is put together and who does what during that process—but he gives all the other information a reader who is considering broadcast journalism might want. The book describes the way the industry functions, the various editorial and technical jobs (and approximately what they pay) and the training for them, traditional ways to get a foot in the door, opportunities for women and minority group members, unions, the comparative advantages and disadvantages of working for network or local stations, et cetera. The writing style is colloquial and vigorous, occasionally touched with journalese. There's one amusing error: "My only criteria at that moment was that whatever I chose, it had to be fun. Salary was secondary. After a quick mental inventory I realized that all I was able to do (that somebody might pay me for) was type and write a grammatically correct sentence." Sources of information about courses and stations and an index are appended.


A discussion of medical training and fields of medical specialization is written in chatty prose; the text is not smoothly continuous but moves briskly from one topic to the next, treating each briefly—often in a paragraph. The subject matter is dealt with authoritatively, but this is neither as well-organized nor as useful as Diane Seide's *Careers in Medical Science* (Nelson, 1973), which is more fully indexed, gives sources of information about medical careers, and discusses both salary range and institutions for areas of specialization. This has a one-page index and a bibliography.
Klein, Norma. Naomi in the Middle; pictures by Leigh Grant. Dial, 1974. 53p. Trade ed. $4.95; Library ed. $4.58 net.

Her sister Bobo, seven-year-old Naomi says, "is very smart and usually quite bossy. She knows a lot of things I don't. That's because I'm only seven." When the girls learn that Mommy is pregnant, Bobo is not pleased; she thinks two children are enough. Naomi also has doubts: what will it be like to be the middle child? On the night their sister is born, Bobo and Naomi stay at Grandma's and somehow, even though they are so big, both have a turn at sitting on Grandma's lap and being loved. This isn't the usual adjustment-to-new-baby story, but a very funny and ingenuous book that catches exactly the innocent shrewdness of a child of seven, and the dethronement theme is nicely balanced by a spectrum of familiar events: shopping for a birthday present, making valentines, playing a trick on April Fool's Day with Grandma holding up her end and being convincingly flabbergasted.

Lasker, Joe. Tales of a Seadog Family. Viking, 1974. 27p. illus. $5.95.

This may just be more fun for readers-aloud than the read-to, since there are allusions to be enjoyed by the adult. For example, in this chronicle of generations of a sea-going family of dogs, one episode about a whaling expedition begins, "Call him Fishmeal." The pictures have, as the text does, bits of source material, and they are both humorous and attractive. The text is silly and rollicking, lightly briny, and has enough amusement and variety provided by the episodes so that the audience won't feel they are missing things like the full impact of "Fishmeal."


A journalist-photographer, Jason Lauré had joined the long trek from Calcutta to Bangladesh in 1971 after the fall of Dacca; a year later he returned to interview and photograph a cross-section of the children of Bangladesh. One is a Bihari whose family's wealth and business were commandeered by the authorities; another is an orphan of eleven who serves as foster mother to the many children of a teacher; a third is a country boy who came to Dacca and earns a meagre living as a rickshaw wallah... ...and all of them, living in a country with a literacy rate of less than 20%, an abysmally low standard of living, corruption, inflation, and little food, are tough and resilient—the hope of a nation that lost most of its potential leadership in a mass extermination of intellectuals during a bitter war. Very occasionally, Lauré wanders from the interviews to discourse about customs or to provide background; for the most part, the text consists of descriptions of the children, their reports of wartime experiences and their present situations, and their hopes—or fears—for the future. The photographs are interesting although not outstanding either as documentary art or as sources of information; the text is candid, moving, and dramatic, as bitter an indictment of war as it is a defiant statement of courage.


Child of a white man and a mother whose ancestry was Chippewa and Potawatomi, Maggie is eight when a raiding band of Sauks kills her father and stepmother in 1827, and she is shunted, a miserable little captive, from tribe to tribe. Now using her Indian name, Flying Bird, she finds her grandmother, grows up, and is the mother of two children and a loving husband when her step-brothers show up and force her to go home with them. They have been horrified that she is "living in sin," but they treat her as an inferior and a servant, and Maggie runs off to join her
husband and become Flying Bird again. When her husband is killed, Flying Bird travels alone to a white man, an Indian trader, who had told her he would want her at any time, and she finishes her life as Maggie Cameron. While this gives some insight into the conflict that surrounds and is felt by a person who feels allegiance to two cultures, the episode in which a reluctant Flying Bird is taken away by her stepbrothers ("He and Ben took hold of my arms, and again I was swiftly carried away from those to whom I belonged.") is not convincing, and the story line is weakened by repetition. The characterization is adequate, the style rather ornate.

Levy, Elizabeth. *Lawyers for the People; A New Breed of Defenders and Their Work.* Knopf, 1974. 120p. Trade ed. $4.95; Library ed. $5.59 net.

Biographical sketches of nine men and women who believe that lawyers can work for changes that improve the society, rather than for the status quo, are included in a book that is based on interviews. The major part of the text is devoted to the cases and causes which the lawyers who have defended the poor or worked for the public interest have championed: the rights of the young, the consumer, the prisoner, the home owner, the welfare recipient, the activist. Each of the nine lawyers has a special field of interest, so the book has diversity as well as giving a broad and exciting picture of the growing segment of the legal profession that is making a commitment to justice for all, often at great personal sacrifice. Good colloquial style, good reporting.


To some suburbanites, Liston says, "the price of keeping out the poor is eternal vigilance." When slums are demolished, the poor are not welcome in the suburbs, and their advent into relocation neighborhoods often results in new slums. The intricacy of the problem of housing is due to financial, social, racial, psychological, medical, and other factors; neither crime nor illiteracy nor unemployment exists in vacuums. Liston describes the failures of some renewal plans or housing projects and the success of others; he discusses the nature of the real estate market and how it affects and is affected by other facets of the society. Various kinds of governmental plans are discussed, including tax relief, subsidies, and mortgage guarantees, and the book concludes with a discussion of some of the alleviatory methods that have been proposed and with an admission that the problems are going to take a long time to solve. Objective, well-researched and written in a serious, candid, authoritative style. A bibliography and an index are appended.

McHargue, Georgess, comp. *Little Victories, Big Defeats; War as the Ultimate Pollution.* Delacorte, 1974. 186p. $5.95.

This is not a collection of stories about battles or even about victories and defeats in the usual sense but about attitudes toward war, the effects war can have on an individual's life, the conflict between friendship and patriotic loyalty, et cetera. A few of the selections have humor; most of them have a high narrative sense, and some are effective because they are satiric or scathing. The collection is rich in its diversity of mood, subject, and style and is effective as a denunciation of war, in which, as McHargue concludes in her prefatory remarks, "every military victory . . . is defeat of even greater magnitude, not just for the 'losers' but for everyone."

Marion, T. J. *Pictures without a Camera.* Sterling, 1974. 48p. illus. $3.50.

A "How-to" book that has photographs of the interesting results of photograms made by the author gives instructions for single and multiple exposures, developing
and printing photograms, and using various kinds of materials. All of the photograms are made by using chemically coated paper and ordinary light bulbs or sunlight. The requirements for paraphernalia for developing and printing indicate that the book is intended for serious hobbyists rather than the neophyte; safety warnings are given when needed. Although the instructions are adequate, the text is written, often, in solid blocks of print from which step-by-step processes must be extracted; there are few illustrations of methods or techniques. The usefulness of the book is limited by the very small print.


This is one of a series of books about football teams (others are the Baltimore Colts, Dallas Cowboys, Green Bay Packers, Kansas City Chiefs, and New York Jets) written by Ms. May and published simultaneously. The text, illustrated by photographs, describes the team's record, focusing on major games, spectacular plays, and outstanding players; the book is not a complete account of team history, but it has plenty of action of the kind that sports fans enjoy. Simply written, the series should be useful for older reluctant readers; there are no explanations of terms or plays, so the books are best suited to readers who already understand football.


Two brief wordless tales are slight but amusing, quite similar, and printed so that one must turn the book upside down to read the second story. In one, a bear assembles a tattered wardrobe, is laughed at by an elegantly clad goat, and arranges a switch of costume. In the other a bird finds a top hat, is laughed at by another bird who then appropriates the discarded hat as a nest; the first bird reappears and indignantly takes and dons his hat, which proves to be concealing a baby bird. The pictures are funny, but neither they nor the concepts of the stories show Mayer at his best.


There's no need to review a new edition of a classic, but the word should be gotten all around that Hilda Scott has added color to Shepard's illustrations in the nicest possible way, with firm delicacy and restraint.


Like the other books on the metric system reviewed in this issue (see Deming, Donovan, Ross, and Stover titles) this gives an explanation of the system, discusses the problems of conversion, and gives many examples of areas of our lives that will be affected. Although there are some minor weaknesses in the material (a word that is split separated by two pages, a caption that is confusingly like the text because of the type-size and placement, a table not adequately labelled) the text has good organization, clear explanations, and competent writing style. This gives less historical background about measurement systems than do most of the other books, but it has many tables of equivalents and many opportunities for the reader to practice using metric measurements. A relative index is printed in very, very small type.

Resentful at having had to leave her friends in Denver, Jennifer is lonely in the country home that so delights her parents until she finds a hideaway in the barn loft, a secret place all the nicer because there are pigeons there. Then she discovers Rob, who had helped the former owner care for the birds, and she helps him, keeping his visits to the loft secret because Rob’s father has forbidden him to come there. Rob and Jennifer are anxious for the return of Homer, a pigeon that’s been sent to Oregon, partly because his mate is pining, partly because they are worried about him. The climax of the story, predictably, is Homer’s return and Jennifer’s pleasure in her friend’s joy as well as her own. There’s little depth of characterization, the only adult character who is portrayed to any extent being almost a caricature; the pace of the book is slow, the plot rather tepid, but the writing style promising.


Joel’s mother, a harried widow, didn’t want her only child associating with Brady. His family was nothing but trash, she said. But Brady was fun, and Joel secretly sought him out, even tolerating his friend’s silly idea that the ring he had found was magic. It wasn’t, of course, but somehow everything Brady wished for seemed to come true, like those free doughnuts, when they had no money. To be sure, they unexpectedly earned them by helping the driver of the bakery supply truck. Still, that sort of thing seemed to happen every time. The story ends rather inconclusively: Joel’s mother lends Brady’s family a hand without telling her son after he has rebelled against her strictures; then Joel finds that Brady has moved away suddenly, leaving his “magic” ring as a farewell gift. It’s a realistic story of friendship values opposed to parental standards, and it’s nicely told, but the ending is weak, capitalizing neither on the mother-son relationship that has been deftly built nor on the themes of friendship or belief in magic.


A story set several millennia in the future envisages a world in which intelligent beasts who can communicate and make simple tools live in a world in which the men who used to cage them have gone—save for a young boy, Jony, and his half-brother and sister. Because he finds and explores old buildings of men, the animals whom he calls “the People” drop him from their clan and put a ring around Jony’s neck to remind him that he is—as they once were—a thing. When a space ship with some of their own kind lands, the three human beings and several of the People are captured; Jony reestablishes himself as a clan member by fighting the men, escaping after freeing the beasts he loves, and choosing the life of simplicity he prefers. This is in part a plea for accepting animals as living creatures with abilities and rights, in part an adventure fantasy; the first theme is treated in a not wholly convincing way and the second, while convincing within the framework set by the author, is written in a heavy and slow-moving style.


While this is primarily a book for adult students of folk literature, it contains twenty-four familiar fairy tales that should intrigue young readers as well, although the print is small, and—since the stories are given just as they were first published in English—in some cases the vocabulary and spelling are obsolete. However, the tales themselves are of perennial appeal and the illustrations (Bewick, Cruikshank, Dore,
Dulac, Greenaway, Rackham, and Rex Whistler pictures have been selected) are enchanting. But all of these aspects will appeal to older readers, and for them the introduction to the text and the headnotes for each selection will afford profit as well as pleasure. A list of sources for background information, a list of sources of illustrations, and an index are appended.


Simon and Ruti Farid, whose father is on the embassy staff in London, are kidnapped for political purposes as is a classmate who happens to be with them, Neil Stanley. Locked in a suite of rooms, the three are treated well but fear that their captors will kill them if the government does not grant their demand, the release of three imprisoned hijackers. The children make some abortive attempts to escape, and they are successful in foiling the one man who is hiding them when police surround the house, but their accomplishments are realistic. The story is taut in construction, smoothly written, and moderately suspenseful but lacking variation of pace or intensity.


A combination of story and game is illustrated with busy, colorful pictures most of which spread across facing pages like a frieze. The game is to find one odd misfit in each picture, and the misfits are easy enough for a small child to spot: a cash register in the park, a cow in a toy shop, a carousel horse in a farmyard. The story (Peter eats, goes to school, visits the park, toy shop, farm, and a fair) is contrived and compresses too much in a day, and it doesn’t explain how the protagonist gets home from the farm to which he’s gone on a train, but it has great variety, and settings that should appeal to the young child and be useful for the understanding of environmental concepts. The misfits provide fun, and also contain the idea of sets and matching.


Published for the first time in the United States, a book that won the prize for the best Australian children’s book of the year (original title in 1972 was *Piccaninny Walkabout*) is a translation of an Aborigine tale by Raiwalla. Raiwalla acted as interpreter for the author, a photographer, and his anthropologist wife, who were living with the tribe, and his story is about two real children. Nullagundi and Rikili, a ten-year-old boy and his younger sister, play with their friends, go off into the bush looking for their parents, stay the night when they are lost, light a fire and are found, and participate in a celebratory corroboree when they return. The children are beautiful, the photographs of good quality, and the book gives interesting information about the Aborigines’ way of life—particularly the ways in which children’s play prepares them for the responsibilities and tasks of maturity. One page layout, in which the text is split into two columns horizontally and also divided vertically by a picture, may confuse readers, but other pages are nicely laid out; occasionally the text reads stiffly, as when the children’s mother says, “I do hope they’re both all right,” but on the whole the text reads easily and smoothly enough, although it is more a documentary than a narrative.


There is always a special pleasure in reading aloud a story that has conversational cadence, and in the story of a gosling that is both silly and resourceful there’s humor
and ingenuous simplicity as well. Tucked in for the night, Little Goose steals out for a night ramble; she sees the moon covered by a cloud and wakes the farmer with her squawking; it happens again when she sees the moon reflected in the pond and decides it has fallen. When she’s caught by a fox, Little Goose squawks, but the disgruntled farmer won’t get up a third time. However, Little Goose uses her wits and outfoxes the fox, going home to a maternal spank and cuddle. Cooney’s illustrations are most attractive, with many pictures of trees silhouetted against a quiet, moonlit sky and one marvelous picture of the farmer smugly pointing at the moon, firmly ensconced in the sky. A charming book.


Moose and Goose poke their heads out of a mass of foliage and discover that a very small red roof has blown down in the wind, and in it is a very small mouse who doesn’t know his name and has lost his mother. Moose and Goose volunteer to search the town and discover Little Nobody’s identity. Do they just ask? No, they read signs. There’s a square green thing that says “Phone” and it has no red roof. “You are a phone,” says Goose, “my good friend Phone.” Little Nobody protests that he is not a phone. He also protests that he is not a bus, not “Mail,” and not “Stop” or “Go.” Then they find a sign that has blown over, and it says . . . “snow”? “a snow”? No, it’s upside down, and it says “Mouse,” and out comes Mother Mouse. Kisses and gratitude all around. The play with signs and the nonsensical name-hunt are amusing, but this is really variations on a single-gag theme.


Based on a special television program, this is a cozy book, a bit old-fashioned and sentimental, but not unduly so, and any tendency to sweetness is alleviated by the brisk writing style and the saltiness of the characters. Set on a Nebraska farm in 1947, the story is told by eleven-year-old Addie, pert, pigtailed, and bespectacled. Having heard the teacher talk about the friendship shown at the first Thanksgiving, Addie decides to bring a holiday dinner to her father’s arch-enemy, Mr. Rehnquist (one of whose charms is a horse called Treasure) and she then secretly visits the crotchety old man. When Rehnquist dies, he leaves the horse to Addie. Her taciturn father, who had resisted Addie’s efforts to coax him into buying a horse in the past, doesn’t want to keep Treasure—but (who’s surprised?) he capitulates. There are classroom scenes for variety, a sympathetic handling of a child’s reaction to death and to her first funeral visit, a warm relationship with the grandmother who keeps house for her son and motherless Addie, and a no-nonsense portrayal of Dad.


More than the other books about the metric system that are reviewed in this issue (see Deming, Donovan, Moore, Stover, and Zim entries) this is concerned with the development of measurement systems, the advent of the metric system developed by the French in 1795, its spread as an international standard, and the debate and resistance in the United States. There is a description of the metric system, but little about the problems of conversion and few examples of the use of metric measurement. The appended tables of units and equivalents, a glossary, an index, and a bibliography add usefulness. While this is less likely to give familiarity with the metric system than the other books, it does give ample historical background; like the
others, it speaks with conviction of the system’s advantages and of this country’s need to adopt it.


A beautiful book in every way, *A Home* is illustrated with reproductions of watercolors by a distinguished Swedish artist and designer of the late 19th century. Alternating with full-page pictures that have the sunny charm of a Bonnard, the verso pages describe Larsson’s life and work, with a right-hand column (clearly differentiated from the text) that comments on the pictures and gives background information. In an era when interiors were gloomy, Larsson painted his rooms in soft, bright pastels and designed his own functional but light and graceful furniture. The period details of the pictures are charming, the draughtsmanship impeccable. The text, first printed in Sweden in 1968, describes the family activities, the artist’s wife and children, and the ways in which he decorated and beautified his home. It also gives, as do the right-hand columns, a considerable amount of information about Larsson’s technique. Although the text may not be of interest to very young readers, the book will—like any art book—undoubtedly be enjoyed by them as well as by children who can read the text and by adults.


A comprehensive history of art, from cave murals to pop, covers most major artists and their work; while Ruskin discusses to some extent the backgrounds of the periods and/or countries in each chapter, the bulk of the text is devoted to analyses of art styles and techniques, the work of the artists of the period, and the ways in which they were influenced or in which they influenced each other. The title is misleading if one reads it as meaning “history as it can be seen in works of art,” a fact that is even more obvious in examining almost any sequence of illustrations. However, the writing is fluent and authoritative, and the many illustrations are of excellent quality. A bibliography and an index are appended.


A revision of a 1961 publication, Ben-Gurion’s biography has been brought up to date by some new photographs, added entries in bibliography and chronology, and the addition of several new chapters. Like the earlier edition, this is both an excellent biography and a useful supplement to the study of Israeli history. The final chapter, “Portrait of a Rebel,” analyzes Ben-Gurion’s personality, his accomplishments, his impact on history. A relative index is appended.


First published in Switzerland, a picture book about an owlet is illustrated with handsome pictures in subdued colors. The text is fairly patterned: a family cares for an injured tawny owl, the bird grows tame and must learn to fend for itself, and the time comes when Tillo the owl flies off to join his kind. This doesn’t have the charm of MacArthur-Onslow’s *Uhu* (which is for the middle grades readers but can be read aloud to younger children) which is written with an informal, affectionate tone in first person, but has a rather stiff style. Nevertheless, there are some incidents that should amuse children in *Tillo,* and the story demonstrates both a concern for a pet’s welfare and a respect for its needs and rights.

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The Woodwards were a happy family. Orin was fourteen and Victor ten the
October day the car skidded after avoiding a driver in the wrong lane, the day that
their mother was killed. And after that, their father slowly, steadily immersed himself
in drinking until he knew that he might lose his job, knew that he must get help. The
story ends on a realistically hopeful note, but for all three Woodwards it has been a
slow painful, adjustment—not only to bereavement but to the ways in which each of
them reacted. It demands the skill of a writer like Mary Stolz to write a story so
honest and perceptive that the nuances of shifting relationships and the conflicts
between love and resentment are solid and believable enough to compensate for the
lack of action - no lack is felt.

$4.50.

The metric system is easier to use, more precise, and more compatible with the
practice of the rest of the world than the English, or "Customary System," which
even the English have abandoned. Like the books by Deming, Donovan, Moore,
and Ross (all reviewed in this issue) this explains the metric system with its
standard prefixes and suffixes, its uniformity of terminology and other advantages; it
also describes the difficulties there will be in the slow period of conversion: the costs,
the inconvenience, the conflict that will obtain until the conversion is complete.
Stover makes it clear that we must, as the only major power whose measurements
are not interchangeable with others, convert. His enthusiasm is restrained, but—like
all of the other writers about the metric system—his message is clear. The material is
written in an informal style, and the material is logically organized. A bibliography
and a relative index are appended.


A rhyming text is illustrated by cartoon-style pictures and has a didactic do-unto-
others theme. Hulda is a Viking child who is angelic unless she can't get her own
way, in which case she has furious temper tantrums. Told that she can't go berrying
because the giant footsteps of a troll have been seen, Hulda turns dusky red and
screams until the house shakes. She goes off anyway, and the troll, after saving
Hulda from a ferocious bear, goes sobbing to his mother because he's only three and
Hulda's thrown her bucket at him. Troll Mama shows up, Hulda screams, troll
departs, Troll Papa appears, Hulda screams, Troll departs, Troll brings the whole
blueberry patch to Hulda's house. Hulda becomes a pleasant and soft-spoken lady
after that, because "The kindness of others puts kindness in you." The story is weak
despite the appeals of adventure, danger, and the trolls, both because it is contrived
and because the verses don't always scan.


A story that has elements of suspense and romantic adventure is set in the Aus-
tralian opal fields. Living alone with his shiftless father, Ernie Ryan hides gems he
finds when he has a lucky strike; he is stunned with dismay when he finds his cache
gone. Willie Winowie, an Aboriginal friend, helps Ernie track down the thief in an
exciting and dangerous hunt in which the boys are trapped in a mine. Ernie escapes,
and later discovers that Willie has been taken to an Adelaide hospital and is in a
coma. Heartstuck, tired of the greed and deceit of the opal hunters, Ernie packs his
belongings and sets off for Adelaide. He does not know that Willie has died. Thiele
creates the setting with harsh realism, constructs his tale deftly, and creates believable characters in a fast-paced story that is just as evocative as Mavis Clark’s Spark of Opal, which also includes friendship with Aborigines, and which has the same setting.

Ungerer, Tomi, comp. A Storybook. Watts, 1974. 91p. illus. Trade ed. $4.95; Library ed. $6.95 net.

Ungerer’s ebullient, sophisticated pictures, often comic or grotesque and always original, illustrate six stories: his own offbeat version of “Little Red Riding Hood,” Jay Williams’ “Petronella,” Gag’s adaptation of Grimm’s “The Wishing Table,” Bernard Garfinkel’s version of Grimm’s “Clever Gretel” and of the folktale, “Changing Places,” and Andersen’s “The Tinder Box,” rewritten by somebody in a style far inferior to that of the standard translations. Garfinkel’s changes do not improve the stories. “There once was a cook called Grethel, who wore shoes with red heels, and when she went out in them she gave herself great airs, and thought herself very fine indeed,” in the Lucy Crane translation, for example, establishes character, where Garfinkel’s “On her day off, when she dressed up to go out, she would put on her best red leather shoes and her brown velvet hat with one large feather,” after which she looks in the mirror and says, “Very nice. Very nice. You are a fine girl, Gretel,” which gets around to this same point rather tediously. It is true that the more contemporary language may appeal to some readers more interested in comprehension than style, but on the whole the stories seem to have sacrificed more than they have gained. Ungerer’s version of “Little Red Riding Hood,” whose grandmother is mean and cranky, a retired diva whose voice has gone sour and who beats and bites her grandchild, is more grotesque than comic, and it ends with Little Red Riding Hood marrying the wolf, having many children, and living happily ever after.

Vestly, Anne-Cath. Hello, Aurora; tr. from the Norwegian by Eileen Amos; adapted by Jane Fairfax; illus. by Leonard Kessler. T. Y. Crowell, 1974. 135p. $4.95.

As the book’s jacket says, “Pioneers never have an easy time,” and Aurora and her father suffer more than Mother because Mother is away at her law office. Father, who is a doctoral candidate, keeps house and takes care of Aurora and the new baby. Everybody had known this in their old home, but in the huge new apartment complex to which the family has just moved, several snooping ladies are horrified. And so are most of the children Aurora meets, although one boy who competently cooks and shops for himself and a working mother takes Aurora’s situation for granted. The story, first published in Norway under the title Aurora in Blokk Z and adapted for American readers from the British translation, would be interesting from the feminist viewpoint alone, but it has much, much more to offer readers: it is written in a smooth, casually deft, and lightly humorous style, it has good characterization and warm family relationships, and it gives a sympathetic picture of the child who has just moved and is adjusting to other children and their life-styles. A nice book, too, for installment reading to children too young to read it independently.
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