ILLINOIS
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

PRODUCTION NOTE

University of Illinois at
Urbana-Champaign Library
EXPLANATION OF CODE SYMBOLS USED WITH ANNOTATIONS

R  Recommended
Ad  Additional book of acceptable quality for collections needing more material in the area.
M  Marginal book that is so slight in content or has so many weaknesses in style or format that it should be given careful consideration before purchase.
NR  Not recommended.
SpC  Subject matter or treatment will tend to limit the book to specialized collections.
SpR  A book that will have appeal for the unusual reader only. Recommended for the special few who will read it.

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

** ** **

Bulletin of the Center for Children’s Books is published monthly except August by The University of Chicago Press for The University of Chicago, Graduate Library School. Mrs. Zena Sutherland, Editor. An advisory committee meets weekly to discuss books and reviews. The members are Yolanda Federici, Sara Fenwick, Isabel McCaul, Charlemae Rollins, Robert Strang and Peggy Sullivan.

Subscription Rates: 1 year, $8.00; $7.00 per year for each additional subscription to the same address. Single copy rate: from vol. 25, $1.00; vols. 17 through 24, 50¢. Complete back volume (11 issues): vols. 17–22, $4.00; vols. 23–24, $5.00. Reprinted volumes 1–16 (1947–1963) available from Kraus Reprint Co., Route 100, Millwood, New York 10546. Volumes available in microfilm from University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106. Complete volumes available in microfiche from Johnson Associates, P.O. Box 1017, Greenwich, Conn. 06830. Checks should be made payable to The University of Chicago Press. All notices of change of address should provide both the old and the new address.

Subscription Correspondence. Address all inquiries about subscriptions to the The University of Chicago Press, 5801 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60637.

Editorial Correspondence. Review copies and all correspondence about reviews should be sent to Mrs. Zena Sutherland, 1100 East 57th Street, Chicago, Illinois 60637.

Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois.

© 1975 by the University of Chicago. All rights reserved.

Printed in U.S.A.
Handy loves to play football as much as he detests playing piano, but his mother teaches piano, so he is scheduled to perform in a recital. With that fact safely dropped in, the author proceeds to football, a series of three games between two classrooms. Another plot thread: Handy needs a new football; another, rather frayed, the advent of a cocky newcomer who irritates the other boys but makes a contribution when he is given a chance to join the team. Mix, shake, and you have a football story, but nothing very original. Weak in plot and characterization, the story simply accommodates its various elements: Handy plays in the recital, the new boy is accepted, the teams play ball and one—Handy’s team—wins. The style of writing is pedestrian, and there’s a sexist note in the depiction of Handy’s mother as a woman who thinks football games have “so many innings” but there are game sequences for ever-hungry fans and the story does illustrate good sportsmanship.

Luis had come from Puerto Rico a few months before to live with Uncle Rico, who ignored him most of the time. New York was detestable, Luis thought, with its noisy streets and tough boys. Then he found Central Park and Maggie, and his whole life changed. (Shades of John Donovan’s Remove Protective Coating.) An elderly eccentric, Maggie believed that the zoo animals were her pets, she brought them food and Christmas gifts, and she talked to them. Were it not for the fact that one sub-plot is used (Luis becomes friendly with Carlos, a bully, after Maggie helps heal Carlos’ cat) the extended treatment of one situation would be tedious. There are the values of the friendship between people of two generations and of kindness to animals, but the story line is weak and Maggie’s speech patterns seem overly phoneticized: “They need a bunch ‘a lovin’ and lookin’ after, but it’s worth it. ’Course I got the kid here ta help, but it’s still tough.”

Living alone with her grandfather, Rosalind often found it useful to dress as a boy when she was away from home, for this was Elizabethan England, and rogues were often on the highways. Taken forcibly to London by one of them, Rosalind got away and joined the players’ company of the Globe theater, where—since no women were then permitted on stage—she played girls’ parts as other “boys” did. A wicked cousin was searching for her all the while, knowing that she stood between him and a title. Rosalind, who didn’t know it, feared the mysterious man who had been asking about her. Eventually the matter is cleared by the intervention of Sir Robert Cecil.
and some of the rogues Rosalind had met when she first came to London; the cousin is punished and Lady Rosalind is pardoned by the Queen. Although many real characters appear (Shakespeare, Burbage, Cecil, Essex, and Elizabeth) this is not concerned (except peripherally) with matters of great historical import, but it gives an interesting picture of the theatrical world, the criminal element, and court circles in the period. Characterization is shallow and occasionally stereotyped, but the plot is vigorous and the protagonist lively and courageous.


Most of the many books about pollution accentuate the problems and their causes, giving some facts about pollution control; here the emphasis is on research and solutions, with enough information on problems and causes to explain the need for research and control. Although this can be used for career orientation and gives a broad picture of the work of scientists and technicians in all areas of pollution control it seldom touches on the need for legislation and enforcement (especially in the pollution of air by automobiles) but it is otherwise explicit, with good organization of material, a clear if dull writing style, and good coverage of aspects of the subject. A skimpy bibliography and index are appended.


As it must to all worlds, death will come to the planet Earth. An eminent astronomer discusses the ways in which the explosion of the moon and the cooling of the sun—although billions of years in the future—will so affect the surface and atmosphere of our world that life cannot be sustained. Informative, depressing, authoritative, and fascinating, the book is illustrated with imaginative and dramatic pictures.


An African tale by a Guyana-born author has a rich, poetic quality that is echoed in the brilliant colors and intricate patterns of the handsome illustrations. A prophet who had led his people from famine to a land of plenty decrees that when he dies, the tribe's young men must climb the Nameless Mountain, and that he who climbs the highest shall bring a gift to his people. Three times in the tribe's history, a gift is brought to the people; first they are given the gift of work, then the gift of beauty, then the gift of fantasy, of imagination and faith. "So," the story ends, "with the gifts of Work and Beauty and Imagination, the Juba became poets and bards and creators, and they live at the foot of Nameless Mountain to this day." The writing style is rather grave and ornate, not as direct as most traditional folklore is, which may limit its appeal to some readers and be an added attraction for those who enjoy poetic prose.


The first of a new trilogy is set in the 23rd century, in an England where (as in other Christopher books) a new kind of society has emerged after the breakdown of the civilization we know today. Clive is the pampered son of an influential city dweller, contemptuous of the savages that live outside each of the isolated cities of the world. Falsely accused of criticizing the authorities, he is sent to an island prison, escapes with an American and a Japanese boy to the Outlands and is picked up by Wild Jack, a rebel in the Robin Hood tradition. By the time the book ends, Clive has realized that he prefers the freedom and the self-reliance of the Outlands to the chauvinism of the cloistered city. A colorful setting, a wholly conceived society, strong characters,
Christopher, Matthew F. *Stranded*; illus. by Gail Owens. Little, 1974. 117p. $4.95.

Caught in a tropical storm, the Crossett family’s boat is trapped on a reef after Andy’s parents have been washed overboard. Andy and his dog Max manage to survive on the island because Andy can get at the food in the sailboat and because Max is so well-trained. Andy is blind. The dog is taken off the island by two young men who don’t see Andy or the boat; Andy is later rescued and, just in time, the dog (who has swum back from the neighboring island) is picked up too. The story closes with a happy reunion of all (including Max) at the hospital. The story boils down to very little, although the situation of shipwreck-and-blindness-and uninhabited island is dramatic: boy loses dog, boy finds dog. There are elements of coincidence that weaken the story; for example, the two men who take the dog find the boat and deplete the larder but don’t look for a human survivor (Andy’s sound asleep). And there are too many instances of the dog’s comprehension that stretch credibility, as when Andy takes off his wet clothes and says, “Okay, Max, take me to a small tree. I want to hang these up to dry,” and Max looks about, sees a tree with low-hanging branches, and leads Andy to it.


The third edition of a standard book of pet care has been revised substantially in the areas of diet and health by Vernon Thornton, a veterinarian. The text offers commonsense advice on housing, feeding, training and handling, and is unusual not in the information it gives, although that is very good, but in the fact that it covers such a variety of pets: farm animals, ordinary domestic pets, wild animals, and pets for the aquarium or vivarium. Chrystie’s emphasis is on kindness to animals and respect for them as living creatures. An index is appended.


Possum parents, of course, wish to give their children culturally enriched lives, and Geraldine’s parents decided she should go to ballet school. Her first performance was kindly praised by her parents and her brother Randolph, but her other brother, Eugene, sneered. Then Geraldine tried weaving. She never even brought home a sample. Sculpting? Eugene was delighted to sit for her, but the finished product just looked like lumps of clay. Randolph convinced Eugene that they should ask Geraldine to teach them juggling, since that was one thing she did superbly. And so a Great Idea was born! Geraldine opened a juggling school. Light, lively style and engaging illustrations are a firm base for a story that has humor, good family dialogue, and a strong but not oppressive message, do your own thing.


Once more Mrs. Graymalkin and the magic chemistry set she’s given Kerby help him and his friends in a tight spot. Their team, the Panthers, has been challenged to a street hockey game by the rival Wildcats. If the Panthers win, they get the three brothers (new in the neighborhood and all star athletes) who’ve just joined the Wildcats; if they lose, they cede their clubhouse. A magic potion applied to their hockey sticks puts the Panthers ahead—but after the magic wears off they still win the game. The three brothers announce they are moving away immediately, but Kerby and his pals feel that they are no worse off: they have their clubhouse and they have found
that a new boy on their team who seemed a dud is "all heart." The story is carried by action and humor, since neither the plot nor the characters have much substance.


Lien and her family had come from Vietnam not long before and were facing their first winter. The cold weather seemed to have made Grandmother ill, and Lien was concerned about her—but she was also waiting excitedly for her first snow. She heard her father say something about Grandmother dying, and asked her about it; gently Grandmother told the child to go outdoors and hold her hand up to heaven, and she would know. So Lien did. She went outside and held up her hand, and caught her first snowflake, fragile and evanescent. Looking for the drop of water that had been the snowflake, Lien found a tiny pine seedling. So that was dying, something disappeared and in its place came something else! This is the Buddhist view, the oneness of life and death, and while the story has a quiet serenity and delivers effectively its message of the continuity of the life-death cycle, it may be too sedate for most readers, since nothing happens actively.


A British author bases a short, vivid story on a shipwreck she saw during her childhood, and the incident—seen here from the viewpoint of another child—has a remarkable authenticity of detail and mood. Waking in the early dark of a cold, stormy morning Jim hears the lifeboat gun and sees his father, a member of the crew, go off. The new powered boat hasn’t come yet, and Jim feels that it can never be as exciting as the oared launching of the old boat, but the experience of watching the crew struggling against the wind to reach the vessel in distress, of seeing a drowning, makes the boy realize what a boon it will be to have a lifeboat that can make speedier rescues. Cumberlege’s description of the tension, the fear, and the final exhaustion of the day is beautifully matched by the strong, sensitive illustrations.


Set in the 1870’s on an island off the New Jersey coast, this is a story of moderately rebellious Jane Jones, who loves the isolation and freedom of her life. Papa had become ill and had had to withdraw from academic life to become a lighthouse keeper; he had adjusted better than Mama, who still pined for the city and who was determined to bring up her daughter properly. Mama certainly didn’t approve of Jane’s friendship with Dolly Speers, who came to have lessons with her; Dolly was blowy, cheerful, and free in her ways. Through her championship of Dolly and her resentment against her mother’s dictum that she stop seeing the older girl, Jane was led to disillusionment and a measure of maturity. Friendship with a young widow helped Jane see the satisfaction one could get, too, in accepting one’s lot. The plot is not strong and the characterization is not deep, but the story moves at good pace, the characters are believable, and the period details are as convincing as the well-established setting of the bleak island.


Megan, visiting friends in London, goes to Budapest when she receives a telegram from her father, who is participating in a scientific conference there. The telegram proves to be fraudulent, and Megan is held as hostage while Communist authorities try to elicit information from her father. An attractive young Hungarian who works
Farmer, Penelope. *William and Mary; a Story*. Atheneum, 1974. 160p. $5.95.

In an adroit blending of fantasy and realism, two children share the experience of being transported to other times and places. William is the only pupil who is staying through the holidays at the boarding school where Mary’s father is headmaster; relying on each other’s company, the two children find that whenever they are together and looking at a scene they may find themselves there (they can’t control it) but that it happens only when they are holding the half-shell William’s father had sent. All through the book William hunts for the other half of the shell, and only at the end when he finds it does he admit that he had hoped it would bring his parents—as it does. Farmer excels in the dramatic composition of a book such as this: strongly defined characters, a sustaining theme, a convincing antiphonal structure of real-unreal, and, as background, a strong evocation of place.

Fenten, D. X. *Indoor Gardening*; illus. by Howard Berelson. Watts, 1974. 61p. $3.45.

Although this gives much of the same information as does Anita Soucie’s *Plant Fun* (reviewed in the January, 1974 issue) it gives facts about a greater variety of plants and does not go into as great an amount of detail about each. A brisk, straightforward, and informal style and adequate illustrations provide enough instruction for the beginning plant collector on such aspects of plant care as light, temperature, pruning, soil, humidity, et cetera. This is general information, without—for example—specific recipes for potting-soil extras like humus and bonemeal. Separate chapters deal with foliage plants, flowering plants, food plants, and cacti, with a final chapter on gift plants. Not comprehensive, but a good introduction, with an appended bibliography and an index.

Freeman, Mae (Blacker). *Undersea Base*; illus. by John Mardon. Watts, 1974. 63p. $4.95.

Short sentences and large print are used for a text written in second person, a device that almost cancels by its artificiality any immediacy it may gain. However, the descriptions of a visit to an undersea base, the research conducted there, an undersea walk, and the techniques used to adjust pressure for human comfort and safety are all interesting, and the text is both informative and scientifically reliable.


A series of fictionalized episodes, each highlighting some kind of first aid, is useful but the fictionalization seems unnecessary and the dialogue-used-for-information sounds patronizing. This is neither as well written nor as well organized as Bendick’s *The Emergency Book*: the index is less extensive, the table of contents is less informative (some of the entries, like “The Poison Ivy Picnic,” or “Help, I Have Hiccoughs” do indicate the sort of situations they entail, others do not; as examples: “Michelle’s New Puppy,” “Anthony Thinks Big,” or “The Secret Hideout,”) and frequently the situations belie the title because there are others to help—mother taking a splinter out, a friend getting cold water, etc. This has some utility, since it gives brief and sensible advice on common situations necessitating first aid or advising medical consultation, but it’s weak in format.

Rhody is the youngest of a big family, the only child left at home, and in a moribund rural community that has no other children. She’s lonely. When she runs into a stray dog who responds eagerly to her affection, Rhody is happy; she can’t understand why the dog won’t come into the house, she quickly learns that he hates being tied, and she is aghast when his efforts to escape while shut into a garage almost kill him. She decides to run off with the dog so that he can have his freedom and she can have him—but while she is sleeping, the dog runs away. The story begins and ends with the dog’s point of view, an awkward device; the ending will probably seem pathetically to animal lovers and tenuous to others. The writing style has depth and vitality, and the characters are sturdily drawn; the real weakness of the book is that it is too long for the substance it contains, with the central portion overextended so that what could have been a poignant short story becomes a slow-paced book.


Jay, his sister Cindy, and their friend Dexter again spot and solve a mystery (and prevent a crime) on their own; those adults who help do so at the children’s direction. What they suspect is that a man posing as a new resident, Mr. Manchester, is living in a house that isn’t his and is planning to sell Manchester’s valuable stamp collection. They’re right. They are also improbably acute and self-sufficient. The plot of the story is tailored and the characters either unbelievably shrewd and tenacious (the children) or wooden and stereotyped (the adults) and the slight appeal of the book may be for slow readers who like plenty of action and fast results. Can this be the author of *The Shrinking of Treehorn*?


The Sybil Macintosh who is being addressed by the author throughout this book on manners and grooming is just a bit too gauche and slovenly to be believable, but presumably by the end of the book she has improved so much that she’s her parents’ pride and joy, so much that their behavior and that of Sybil’s friends have improved in response. The pictures have a liveliness and humor that match the writing style, but never become coy, which the text does frequently. Nevertheless the advice is sound and the style may win readers who find more sedate books on etiquette too stodgy.


Amy and her friends find the once-pleasant woods littered and polluted; then they meet a dinosaur who helps them clean it up, and soon (too soon, in fact, to be realistic) the woods are filled with animals and flowers. The dinosaur discovers the lake is polluted, and when they go to the city he finds the air filled with smoke. He helps on all fronts, gets stuck in chewing gum on his way back to the museum, and reminds the children that it is up to each of them to help keep the world clean. A didactic book that doesn’t mask its purpose is successful in the sense that it dramatizes for young children the need for action about pollution and is useful as easy reading material, but as a story it is contrived, awkwardly combining realism and fantasy and telescoping action to an extent that weakens the book.
Hopkins, Lee Bennett. *Kim's Place*; and other poems; drawings by Lawrence DiFiori. Holt, 1974. 28p. $4.95.

A collection of poems spoken by a small girl is illustrated adequately in quiet colors. Some of the writing is free, some is in metric rhyme that occasionally falters; some of the poems bear no relation to sex role, like "How do dreams know/ just when to creep/ Into my head/ when I fall off to sleep?" and others are definitely a girl's poems, as in "GIRLS CAN, TOO!" The author seldom achieves sharp imagery but he does have a persistent awareness of a child's concerns and a child's viewpoint.


This seems to be the year of the coyote, with Fox's *Sundance Coyote* (in the December, 1974 issue), Wier's book (reviewed below) and here the story of Reddy, a coyote that had been Susy Zook's pet when he was a pup. Most of the book is devoted to the narration of incidents in which Reddy, by his speed and cleverness, outwits the hunters who are determined to catch him—eventually with a bounty set at several hundred dollars. It proves to be another coyote that is killing sheep, and the head of the Government Predator Control Division points out that "Control" is the operative word, that the division's mission is to keep a balance, not to wipe out a species and so Susy's scoundrel is—presumably—safe. The setting and style are good, the book weakened only by the absence of diversity in the plot and by the occasional attribution of unwarranted thinking ability to the coyote, as in, "Recalling his run with Tige Ralston's hounds, he longed to try himself once more against them," or, "Reddy thought, when a coyote kills a sheep, it is always in danger. It must eat in a hurry, looking up after every gulp."


Not an unusual plot, but unusually well written, this is the story told by Wren Fairchild of her first year in the small town of Sycamore, the year in which she turns fourteen. Wren is just, but just, beginning to be aware of boys and is resentful when her best friend Anna secretly begins to date Tony. Anna, a year older, has been dedicated only to her goal of becoming a singer, her mother—about to marry again after years of bitterness about her husband's desertion—thinks her too young to date, and Tony is a sly and undependable person in Wren's opinion. Tony has indeed dropped Anna by the time she learns that she is pregnant (no explanation of why she waits until she has missed several menstrual periods to tell Wren or take any action) and Anna shares her burden only with Wren. The truth comes out, of course, and Wren learns how much compassion and wisdom her parents have, since they learn of it before Anna's mother does. And Anna learns how much she had underestimated both her mother and her new stepfather. What is unusual here is that the characters are brilliantly drawn, that the first-person format enables the reader to see the situation so convincingly from the viewpoint of another adolescent, and that the book has a balanced treatment of Wren's concerns and interests.


The authors' concern is with "holocaust and transformation," or death and the continuity of living, and they point out that the acceptability of death depends on the psychological context in which it occurs, discussing the differences between Victorian and contemporary society, which tends to be embarrassed and fearful about dying. "Death and the Life Cycle" describes the images and impulses that obtain through the years of childhood, adolescence, adulthood, and old age. Other aspects
discussed are the symbols of immortality, shifts in historical and cultural attitudes, and philosophical and psychological theories and rationalizations in the nuclear age. This is a book for mature readers, more abstract and thoughtful than Langone's *Death Is A Noun* (reviewed in the February, 1973 issue) which is an excellent survey of attitudes, practices, and problems pertaining to death in our society. *Living and Dying* probes deeply into causes, fears, evasions, rationalizations, et cetera. They balance each other nicely. Lifton and Olson provide a substantial bibliography of adult books and an index.


Her cousin felt sorry for Clare. Fourteen years old and there she was saddled with an enormous, dilapidated house, two great-aunts, two lodgers, and very little income. But she didn't understand the way it was; Clare adored the aunts, enjoyed the roomers, and had a sense of kinship with the house, crowded with old family possessions. The aunts had been academicians and liberated women at a time when to be either was considered unwomanly, and they were still concerned with world affairs although unaware of contemporary fads and mores. The story, beautifully written (but in unfortunately small print), has two themes: Clare's concern for her beloved aunts and her recurrent lapses into another time and place, New Guinea, a bond created by her interest in a shield she's found in the attic. These dream-episodes are nicely integrated into the realistic story; the occasional passages in italics that narrate directly, incident by incident, the story of the shield, are less smoothly handled.


A collection of brief poems most of which are clearly written from a child's viewpoint, poems about school and friends, objects in museums, keeping one's room neat, etc. Some of the selections seem very simple, some mildly humorous; a few are lyric, and some, like "Dinosaurs" or "Ocean Dancing," are sharply evocative.


A description of the migrations, mating and feeding patterns, and group behavior of walruses is illustrated by photographs. Most of the text is devoted to an account of a mother and her calf travelling with a nursery herd, with the background material brought in when appropriate. The book is weakened by the occasional introduction of material that seems extraneous, but it is on the whole informative, well-organized, and adequately written in a simple, direct, but staid style. The text is continuous, with no table of contents, index or bibliography.


Softly colored pages, against which the heavy typeface and comic black and white drawings show up well, cite the numbers one to ten. First, they are added, one by one, then subtracted, with a series of ten cheerful animals gathering and leaving the pictures. A good first counting book and a simple introduction to addition and subtraction.


A nicely sustained monologue half-tells the story, and the pictures do the rest. Two small boys decide (or one announces, rather, and the other follows suit) to
R 5-7 spend the night in the back yard. "If you're not a scaredy-cat follow me!" the older brother says. They collect sleeping gear, food, and a flashlight and go off. The older one begins a horror story about a monster that eats children, the other falls asleep, later waking while the storyteller sleeps, and trails drowsily back indoors. When the leader wakes he is petrified by frightening noises, which prove to be a dog. Too noisy, he decides, and goes in too, muttering to his younger brother, "You came in first, so you're the scaredy-cat." The monster is reminiscent of Sendak, but the frowsty children are pure Mayer, the scope of the tale is just right for a young audience, and humor in the situation and the pictures is not overstated.

Merrill, Jean. *Maria's House*; illus. by Frances Gruse Scott. Atheneum, 1974. 56p. $4.95.

Maria loved Miss Lindstrom, who taught the Saturday art class at the museum, but she hated the latest assignment: drawing a picture of your house. Nobody at art class knew that Maria was poor and lived in a tenement, and she didn't want them to know, so she had drawn a big white house set among large lawns. It looked like a magazine picture, Mama said, but it wasn't true, and art must be true. Maria loved Mama and knew how much she gave up so that there could be art lessons—and so she tore up the picture and drew her own house. And Miss Lindstrom thought it was beautiful. A slight vehicle, but it speaks clearly of the integrity and sense of values that a child can absorb from her parents, it's nicely structured and simply written.


A sequel to *A Boy Called Fish* and *Pete* focuses on the problems of Pete's half-American cousin Ruth, who had come with her family to vacation in her mother's birthplace in Wales. An automobile accident had taken her father's life; her mother and sister were in separate hospitals, and Ruth was bearing the burdens of a whining younger brother and her own feelings of ineptitude in addition to grief. Pete gives physical and moral support while Ruth tries to learn housekeeping and keep track of her brother Tony, but it isn't until Tony runs off to see their sister that Ruth realizes how much the situation has burdened him and how much he means to her. An honest and perceptive story, written with restrained vigor, has solidly drawn characters and relationships.


An imaginative child, convinced that an alligator is lurking under the bed, whispers this frightening fact to her mother. "Now, now, Jill, you just had a dream." A bit later, Jill calls Daddy, who says, "Now, now, don't imagine things, Jill. How could an alligator get under your bed?" Finally Uncle Harry comes in, and he really understands. They have a long conversation about the alligator, his wife and children, his embarrassment at not being able to open a door so that he can leave, etc. Then Uncle Harry pulls the beast out and takes him to the door, explaining to Jill's father that he is sending the alligator home. "Harry, you and Jill are two of a kind," Daddy says. The illustrations do not distinguish between reality and fantasy (Uncle Harry is shown, for example, collapsed under the alligator's weight in one picture) and the writing lacks the humor that makes a similar situation more pointed in Barbara Williams' *Albert's Toothache* (reviewed in the January, 1974 issue) in which it is a grandmother who understands how to handle a child's apprehension when parents take a no-nonsense stand.


A new novel continues the story of the rebellious English boy whose ability as a
pianist has brought him a sponsor who has not withdrawn his offer of a home and
7-10 lessons although Pat has been jailed for assaulting a policeman. Surly and often
withdrawn, Pat is so happy, when he’s released, at being with his girl again that he
drops his guarded behavior, and makes love to her. Ruth finds she is pregnant; her
parents are angry, Pat is stunned, and Pat’s sponsor coldly severs their relationship.
So Pat and Ruth begin their marriage: poorly housed, with Pat’s progress as a
musician halted, a baby due, and no prospects. And they are very happy, with Pat’s
love for Ruth growing, despite their problems. One of their problems is Clarissa, a
violinist with whom Pat had had an affair, who uses her considerable charms and her
father’s eminence in musical circles to attempt seduction. Through all of this Pat
practices, snaps at every chance to perform, and goes through the agony familiar to
almost every performing artist before each concert. This sequel to *The Beethoven
Medal* (reviewed in the September, 1972 issue) is equally effective in the vigor and
felicity of its characterization, its authenticity of setting, its perceptiveness in depicting
the shifting reactions within relationships, and its polished writing style.


The “horse” of the title is a German immigrant, the eight hands belong to the four
Australian children who take Horst under their wings. Horst has bought an old house
which he turns into an antique shop, and the four children help him ready the house
and also guard him against repeated instances of malicious mischief on the part of a
gang of motorcycle toughs. While the situation seems a bit contrived (the failure to
identify or catch the culprits, the complete involvement of the children almost to the
exclusion of other interests, the intervention of the local grande dame) each incident
is convincing, and both the characters and their relationships are solidly drawn; the
additional appeal of the story is in the satisfying development and completion of a
project, as Horst and his eight helping hands turn a dilapidated house into an attrac-
tive and successful home and shop.


It’s a mad, mad, mad, mad book. With cheery ebullience, Raskin has assembled a
cast of dafties with silly names like Figg Newton, Fido the Second (son of a dog-
catcher) and the two main characters, Mona Lisa Newton and her maternal uncle
Florence Italy Figgs. Mona is, of course, a Figg-Newton. All the members of the
family have dreamt of Capri as their Utopia, and when Uncle Florence dies Mona is
convinced that she can find him in Capri. In a shift to fantasy, Mona goes to “Cap-
richos” and finds a happily married Florence—or is it a dream? She wakes in a
hospital. Yeasty style and high humor should appeal to all readers except those who
like their fiction served up with sobriety.


Lewis and his little sister go out on a wintry day, take a bus, go shopping, come
home, and have tea. The illustrations (with one exception) reflect the text accurately,
as the expedition is halted repeatedly by Lewis’s problems with clothing: his boots
become unbuckled, his jacket unzips, his hood falls back, and he can’t get his clothes
off. Mother suggests it might be easier if he took his mittens off. Lewis has two slices
of cake at tea because he feels he’s had a hard day. The story is slight and has no
change of pace, but it has the familiarity of a frustrating event that brings a smile of
recognition.

Sasek, Miroslav. *This is Historic Britain*. Macmillan, 1974. 60p. illus. $6.95.

Another in the series of oversize books filled with beautifully detailed pictures of
sights and sites of a city or a country. Sasek’s text is, as always, packed with facts that would be interesting to a sightseer, and the book can serve as an adjunct to a historical unit of the curriculum, but the primary appeal is visual: carefully detailed and accurate paintings in restrained color of the period architecture found in castles, cathedrals, and historic buildings throughout England, Scotland, and Wales.


The story of a crucial summer in the lives of a group of adolescents is told by Camilla, who has fallen in love with Phil, a newcomer to the group. Phil and Camilla date, he kisses her, she’s thrilled—but he doesn’t really seem to respond. And then, at a party, Phil and Jeff, who’s been Camilla’s lifelong neighbor and friend, prove to have a homosexual relationship. Camilla is stunned and disbelieving, trying to be understanding—but she’s heartsick, both on her own account and because the reactions of some of the group are so vicious. This goes farther than other books in explaining the homosexual relationship since Jeff is willing to talk about his love for Phil, about the fact that it is not merely physical, and since Camilla can discuss it with her mother, a psychiatrist. The story ends with the deaths of Phil and Penny (with whom he’s forced to go out on a date) but this car accident is not used as a convenient device, since Jeff later tells Camilla that he’s met another man, but nobody will take Phil’s place. The story is written with dignity and perception and is balanced by family and peer relationships.


Selsam’s writing is always informed and lucid, and her experience as a science teacher enables her to assess accurately the scope and vocabulary of a book for the intended audience. Wexler, whose photographs have illustrated so many of the author’s books on plants, has outdone himself here, the full-color pictures of plants in bloom contrasting dramatically with black and white pictures—often with plant parts cut away—of stages in the growth of bulbs, corms, tubers, tuberous roots, and rhizomes. Each type is described separately, with explanations of how the plant reproduces, how it stores food, and how the self-contained flower bud sets within the plant. This is an example of the best kind of science writing: clear and informative, with the text and illustrations nicely integrated.


A delightful mingling of songs, stories, and games, and even instructions for dance steps is illustrated with strong woodcut pictures in black, rust, and white. The first story, for example, has within it a song that includes solo and group response; another, “Purrrr Ce!” uses a chorus after the story has been told. There are action and humor in both songs and stories; the Luganda words for the songs, all traditional music from the Baganda people of Uganda, are given with English translation, so that the words can be understood but sung in the original. Children can use the book alone, and it is ideal for group use (especially with younger children) under adult guidance.


A biography written in a grave, direct style is illustrated with many photographs of the sculptor’s work, and a few of his studios. While the book has a subdued tone, it is candid about the unhappy aspects of Noguchi’s life and makes a very strong state-
ment about the isolation and dedication of the artist. Noguchi's mother, an American, moved to Japan when her son was two although his Japanese father had left them. Always conscious of being only half Japanese, the boy did not feel he belonged wholly to either culture. Sent to the States when he was eleven, Noguchi was displaced by the war and felt rejected by his mother; always he felt that he was alone, and in many of his sculptures there is a sense of isolation and strength. Much of the text describes Noguchi's years of study, of moving toward his own style, and of his techniques in working in different media. An interesting and unusual biography, this should be of special concern to readers who are students of any art form.


Rather slow of pace, but appealing in the familiarity of its activities and satisfying in its conclusion, a story of a child's frustrating day is illustrated with bright, neat, small-scale drawings. It's a very hot Saturday, and Sara is waiting for Daddy to take her to the beach; he calls to say his car has broken down. Mother, who is writing poetry, suggests Sara take her little sister to the park and sail her boat on the pond. It's so hot the ice cream they buy melts, Elizabeth wanders off while they're watching a parade (a policeman helps find her) and just as they get to the pond it begins to rain. A total loss? Not at all, for the rain cools the children, they have fun sailing the boat in flowing gutters, and they come home for a three-way cuddle with Mama.


In the early days of America, there were few specialists. Most of the furniture was made by men who were farmers or blacksmiths or millers who could turn a hand to many tasks and whose furniture was simple, at times crude, and functional. In time there were craftsmen who specialized and whose techniques and styles reflected those of the past. Watson describes and illustrates in detail the tools used in furniture-making, with clear pictures of—for example—each step in making a comb-back Windsor chair or a scrolled cornice. One chapter is devoted to woods, another to tools, another to woodworking methods; the discussion of all of these facets of furniture-making is prefaced by a description of the world in which the early artisans lived. This isn't a book for the general reader to browse through, it is much too detailed and too concerned with a special interest, but for those who are themselves hobbyists or craftsmen, or for the student concerned with history—especially the history of the colonial period—the book should be valuable despite the rather heavy writing style. The illustrated glossary, the bibliography, and the index add to the book's usefulness as a reference tool.


In the last two of a series of eight books published simultaneously, Laurie Newman makes new friends at school and is asked for her first date. The series is designed for high interest-low reading level, and each brief book gives a bit of background and presents one problem that is solved. The writing style is pedestrian, occasionally careless ("At noon, she and Robin hurried to meet Sue and Jody in the Mall, the three girls who had become her best friends at Emerson.") and the characters are superficially drawn, but the series may be useful for slow older readers, since
the books focus on high school students and their concerns. An additional appeal: Laurie is sports-oriented.


Wier describes the first three and a half years in the life of a male coyote, beginning with his first lessons from his mother in hunting food and evading predators. There is no sentimentality, no anthropomorphism, and the book is impressive for the minute details of both the coyote's behavior and the environment in which he lives. What may limit the appeal of the story is that, while there are tense moments, there is little variation of pattern (as is found, for example, in *Sundance Coyote* by Michael Fox, reviewed in the December 1974 issue). The coyote hunts, feeds, escapes foraging beasts and men, and mates, in a convincing but repetitive narrative.


Winner of the 1974 *Guardian* Award for children's fiction, this is the fourth in a series of historical novels about Mantlemass, the home of the Medley family. Here the widow Lilias Godman, who conceals the fact that she is an illegitimate daughter of the family, opens an iron foundry near Mantlemass and sends her daughter away when she suspects the girl is in love with a man who may be one of her kindsmen. When Lilias confesses to her father, Piers Medley, that she is his daughter, she also learns that Robin, her daughter's love, is adopted and that there is no bar to the young people's marriage. The plot is substantial and the characterization strong, but it is the powerful evocation of the place and the time (a forest in Tudor England) that are most remarkable.

Wolberg, Barbara J. *Zooming In*; Photographic Discoveries under the Microscope; photographs by Lewis B. Wolberg. Harcourt, 1974. 64p. $7.75.

The curious and beautiful details of natural structure are revealed by photomicrographs in black and white, with the degree of magnification cited at the end of each explanatory caption. The text is divided under such headings as food, plants, animals, cells, and minerals; save for a minor error (fern "sorti" instead of "sori") the information is accurate. The illustrations are very handsome, albeit not as dramatic as many magnified color pictures are. An appendix discusses microscopes, light sources, preparation of slides, filters, et cetera, so that the reader can understand both the principles and the processes involved in making the microphotographs in the book.

Wolf, Bernard. *Don't Feel Sorry for Paul*; written and photographed by Bernard Wolf, Lippincott, 1974. 96p. $5.95.

Photographs of superb quality illustrate a text written with candor and dignity, describing Paul Jockimo, a seven-year-old who was born with malformation of hands and feet. Paul requires three prosthetic devices. The book describes his activities at home and at school, his riding lessons and participation in a show in which he wins a ribbon, his seventh birthday party, his visits with prosthetic specialists and doctors and rehabilitation therapists. There are moments of discouragement, but the common sense and courage of Paul's family, his own determination and vitality are paramount. At the end of the story, another child's mother says to Mrs. Jockimo, "How does he do it, poor kid? I can't help feeling sorry for him." Paul's mother speaks quietly of the joy that Paul has brought, of what a happy child he is, and concludes, "No, don't feel sorry for Paul. He doesn't need it." No mincing of words, no sentimentality, no appeal for sympathy in this text. It's a fine way to
acquaint readers with the problems of the handicapped; even more, it is a beautifully conceived book.


Libby, staying with Aunt Paula during Easter vacation, is in Grand Central Station and overhears a young woman in a telephone booth say something about bombing the Federal Reserve Bank. Aunt Paula agrees that Libby must report the incident, and Libby then plans to go back to the station—but she doesn’t need to: she spots the woman on a bus, jumps on, and follows her. Aunt Paula is with Libby when she sees the woman a third time, and she follows her to a hairdresser’s and reports the woman’s name to Libby, who then resumes the active role, and so becomes instrumental in saving the woman’s baby from kidnapping, ultimately helping to break up a kidnapping ring and perhaps forestall a bombing. The writing is competent, the dialogue adequate, and the book has action and suspense, but the plot is too intricate and too dependent on coincidence to be convincing.


A nicely illustrated book gives information about bells, including legends, a great deal of historical material, facts about how bells are cast and about bell-ringing and change-ringing. The text is adequately organized and is printed in one broad column, with italicized notes in the broad margin, a format that is minimally awkward for smooth reading, especially when the marginal note is not related to the text next to which it appears. The writing style is competent; the final chapter includes some poems about bells; a bibliography and an index are appended.


The four Astin children are disappointed in the house their parents have taken for the summer, a gloomy little house that makes them all uneasy. Clara, the oldest, becomes intrigued by neighborhood gossip about the former tenant, said to have been a witch. Maybe, she thinks, the surly handyman, Hooker, thinks there is a witch’s treasure. Clara buys a book on witchcraft and uses a spell to make a canary disappear. And it does. The same spell seems to work on Hooker—but both the bird and the man are restored to the scene, and the shed that masks a hidden cellar room where all of the witch’s equipment is hidden burns down just before the family leaves. Is it all due to witchcraft? Apparently it is. The setting and the writing style are effective, the plot, which seems overextended, not convincing—but the story has suspense and the appeal of the occult.

Young, B. E. *The Picture Story of Hank Aaron*; illus. with photographs. Messner, 1974. 64p. $4.79.

A biography illustrated by good action photographs gives some information about Aaron’s childhood, the early prowess that earned a berth with a sandlot team, and the years with the Indianapolis Clowns and minor league teams before he joined the Milwaukee Braves. The pace of Young’s description of Aaron’s career broadens at the close of the book, moving from homer to homer (rather than from one highlight or seasonal statistics to another) as the record-breaker draws closer. Big print, easy-to-read style and balanced coverage of personal and professional aspects of Aaron’s life are strong points. A chart of Aaron’s batting record is appended.

"I met a man the other day ... an old man," the speaker begins, and he asks the man where he lives. "Here, right here in Canada," the man answers, and then tells the story of how he came many years ago from the old country to the New World. Like other colonists he found the land fruitful and beautiful, peopled by Indians; he watched the battle on the Plains of Abraham in 1759, he saw the coming of the railroad. Then he goes back to describe the voyages of the early settlers. He had come with Cartier. He is asked "where the country's going," and he replies to the listening children, "... You are the answer. Wherever you go the country will go."

The story gives a convincing picture of the trials of the long voyage and the promise of the new country, but the material is not well organized, and the long monologue could do with some contrasting writing. The man’s age may be the cause of some confusion, since there is nothing to indicate the period in which the dialogue begins; it is not made clear whether the man is meant to be a symbol (since he came with Cartier and also mentions railroads) or whether only part of his story is told as an eyewitness.

Young, Jim. *When the Whale Came to My Town*; photographs by Dan Bernstein. Knopf, 1974. 35p. Trade ed. $3.95; Library ed. $4.99 net.

A boy describes the sick whale stranded on a Provincetown beach, and the unadorned simplicity of the prose is a perfect vehicle for the poetic picture the writing evokes, a picture of the sensitivity and compassion of a child. The photographs show the lonely beach and the reach of water, the massive form of the dying creature, the townspeople gathered in a semicircle of curiosity, and the boy hovering anxiously, going home to dream whale dreams, coming back to the shore in the morning to keep his vigil. Readers may be caught first by the oddity of the occasion, but they cannot—even if unwittingly—help but feel the loneliness of the alien creature out of its element.


Not a survey of the field of medicine but of medicinal products, this discusses the various ways in which medicines are used (taken by mouth, injected by a hypodermic syringe, etc.) and the care with which dosage is decided. Zim describes the dangers of careless use of over-the-counter drugs, while recognizing the usefulness of these for the treatment and relief of symptoms and minor illnesses; he discusses such groups of drugs as antibiotics, tranquilizers, anesthetics, analgesics, etc., in relation to the illnesses for which they are prescribed. The book contains much sensible advice, and the material is authoritative and well organized; the writing style is not difficult to read because of complexity, but it is sedate and the pages quite solid with close although large print. A single-page index is appended.


Despite the statement of the jacket flap, the text does not begin with an explanation of the overall plan of the metric system, but gives a few facts about it in less than a page before moving into examples of familiar aspects of daily living expressed in metric terms—but there are no familiar figures with which to compare, and to state that the height of the pyramid at Khufu is 145 m or that the speed of a wren in flight ranged from 15 to 30 km/hr is not necessarily informative. The text then moves to
historical development, and then to the various units for measuring time, weight, properties of matter, et cetera. The text is continuous, badly organized, and diffuse; it gives some facts but cannot compare in clarity and coverage to Branley's *Think Metric!* (reviewed in the November, 1973 issue). A one-page index is appended.


A lonely, elderly man who packs fish at Billingsgate Market, Tom Codley is devoted to the duck he has rescued from an oil slick on the Thames. "Do I 'ear a DUCK up 'ere?" says the woman who lives in the flat below—and decides he is a brave, kind man. And so old Tom's life changes; by the time his duck is ready to go off and join her kind, Tom and the curious neighbor are on the verge of matrimony. Love has brought love. A quiet, pleasant, rather old-fashioned story, nicely told and illustrated with delicate, precise drawings.


Newly illustrated, the book published in 1958 under the title *The Night Mother Was Away* now has softly tinted drawings that echo the gentle quality of the writing. Unable to sleep on a summer night, a small girl comes downstairs with her father after announcing that she is thirsty, hungry, and hot. Father reads to her, plays piano, takes her for a walk; they sit in silent enjoyment of the sights and sounds and scents of the night; they go home and have a snack, and then the child goes to bed and quickly falls asleep. It isn't easy to establish mood in a book for children of the preschool group, but Zolotow achieves both a lulling sense of the night's still beauty and of the security of the relationship between father and child.


Breathes there a person who hasn't been irritated by a friend who criticizes everybody? Here the dialogue between Judy and Bertha, as they walk their dogs, shows Bertha carping at every other friend of Judy’s, and replying to Judy’s defensive statements with a contemptuous "... you like everyone." But Judy has the last word. This hasn’t a strong line, but it’s true and—in a wry way—amusing, and it may even be an eye-opener for other unhappy carpers. As usual, Zolotow sees and tells clearly and directly. The artist uses an intriguing device: on the pages that have text are the small figures of Bertha and Judy, usually tangled in their dogs’ leashes, and on the facing pages are pictures of each friend they discuss, first as Bertha sees each girl (usually frowsty and disagreeable) and then as Judy sees Jean, Marilyn, Helen, and Mary—nice people.
BIBLIOGRAPHIES

To order any of the items listed below, please write directly to the publisher of the item, not to the BULLETIN of the Center for Children’s Books.


“Canadian Books for Children in English.” Autumn 1974 issue of _In Review_; Canadian Books for Children. Quarterly publication; $3 for 3 years. Make checks out to Treasurer of Ontario; mail to Administrative Services Branch, Ministry of Colleges and Universities, 7th flr. Mowat Block, 900 Bay St., Toronto, Ontario M7A 1B9, Canada.


