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

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BULLETIN OF THE CENTER FOR CHILDREN’S BOOKS (ISSN 0008-9036) 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, which are written by the editor. The members are Yolanda Federici, Ellin Greene, Isabel McCaul, Hazel Rochman, and Robert Strang.

Subscription Rates: 1 year, $12.00; $9.20 per year for each additional subscription to the same address; $9.20, student rate. Single copy rate: from vol. 25, $1.50; vols. 17 through 24, 50c. 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. Postmaster: Send address changes to BULLETIN OF THE CENTER FOR CHILDREN’S BOOKS, 5801 Ellis Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60637.

Subscription Correspondence. Address all inquiries about subscriptions to 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.

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**New Titles for Children and Young People**


Addie, twelve, is the narrator of a story set in New Orleans in 1937; Addie lives with two elderly aunts who adored Addie's mother and encourage their niece to revere her memory. A portrait shows that her mother had been beautiful, and the painting Aunt Eveline gives Addie shows that her mother had been talented. Yet there are dark hints about her mother's behavior, and Addie's aunts clearly are not telling all they know. Although some interpolated daydreaming (Addie's glamorous alter ego encounters an equally glamorous suitor) and some sequences with the cook's visiting grandchild seem overwritten and tend to slow the story, it is otherwise very deftly crafted; it gives a vivid picture of an extended family, it is not too heavy with details of place and period, yet strongly conveys atmosphere, it has convincing characters, and it has a sturdy story line that ends with Addie's acceptance of a less-than-perfect mother and an appreciation of the loving rationale for her aunts' deception.


The oversize format for this adaptation of a favorite Andersen tale affords Jeffers a splendid opportunity for lavish pictures that are ornate but delicate, beautifully detailed, with intricate hatching and use of fine parallel lines balanced with a judicious use of white space. The paintings are romantic and pastel without being sugary. The adaptation is shorter and simpler than the original story, perhaps better suited to a read-aloud audience, but it lacks the flavor of Andersen's distinctive writing style.


The soft colors of interior scenes, the strong but delicate tracery of bare trees against a winter sky, and the dramatic quality of the composition combine to give the pictures the usual quiet beauty of Adams' work. The story doesn't have quite the same quality, although it is tender; it ends on a poignant note that is almost saccharine, after a plot in which one pattern is repeated. An old woman, planning to go south for the winter, changes her plan several times when her pet duck is wounded; each time she feels she cannot leave him, and at the close, when the woman dies, the duck—blind and deaf—flies away from the enclosure of a kindly neighbor and alights on the woman's snow-covered grave and goes to sleep.

Catherine is thirteen in 1830, when her journal begins; since the book is in diary form it has no plot, although it is given continuity by one thread: the mystery of the identity of the fugitive for whom Cath has left food and a blanket, and about whom she has ambivalent feelings. She adjusts to a stepmother, mourns the death of her best friend, and records the small pleasures of New Hampshire life: nutting, berrying, sugaring off, as well as her own small problems—like making a quilt in reparation for having given away the one she'd taken for the fugitive slave. Both in the incident of the slave (was she right to be humane, or was her father right in his attitude about upholding the law?) and in many references to historical events, the author gives a good sense of the period and its concerns, and a sense of the peaceful rural community.


Like other books about genetics, this explains genetic inheritance, the functioning of recessive and dominant genes, mutation, and natural selection. Like other books about genetic engineering, it discusses the future possibilities and problems inherent in controlling hereditary traits, and reports on those experiments with plants and animals that have succeeded, such as the development of a bacterial strain that can be used to combat oil spills. What it does in addition is to evaluate with objectivity the often-controversial subjects of the comparative effects of heredity and environment, the relationship between genetic inheritance and intelligence, and the relationship between genetic inheritance and race. The material is logically organized, the writing style clear, the approach scientific; a glossary, a relative index, and a bibliography expand the usefulness of the book. Pity the cover of the book is stodgy and unattractive.


A child describes the bustling streets of a tenement neighborhood, her fear of the dark hallways, the warmth and security of home, and especially the secret places where she can be alone. The text is slight and fragmentary; the illustrations, watercolor paintings, have a fine, free use of color but are often overcrowded or focused on stiff human figures that pull the eye away from the flowing lines of giant flowers or swirls of laundry snapping in the wind.


Like Listen to a Shape (reviewed in the January, 1980 issue) these books comprise a poetic and provocative text and handsome color photographs of plants, animals, and landscapes in the changing seasons. The texts and pictures are beautifully combined, a pleasure to read and see, an encouragement to sharpen the reader's powers of observation and appreciation of beauty in nature. In Touch Will Tell, Brown
focuses on texture: the velvety petals of pansies, the way air can vary from a caressing breeze to a bracing wind, the sharpness of icicles or cactus, and the ways in which creatures touch to express love or seek security. In *Walk with Your Eyes*, the emphasis is on seeing small things, seeing imaginatively, being curious about and open to the world around us. Some readers may wish the objects in the photographs were identified.


The first time it happened, John was in the woods with Cindy, and suddenly all the colors around him changed, as though the scene were a photographic negative—and after that Cindy seemed different: cold, and watchful. That was the start of a series of strange blackouts in Cloverdale, events that made John and his grandfather wary of everyone around them, suspicious that there were alien presences who were taking over the bodies of people they knew. Even John’s mother. In a science fantasy that is a smooth blend of fantasy and realism, Bunting has structured a convincing, fast-paced story that has logic within the parameters she has set for her characters.


Cameron uses a series of suppositions (if mice could fly, if mice could swim, etc.) to posit situations in which mice are in conflict with, and outwit, cats; usually it’s a group of mice versus a group of cats. Example: “If mice were like elephants/as big and strong/they would play with the buses/and ride them along,” and a clutch of terrified cats is seen cowering as a huge mouse lifts a brick house to peer under it. The rhyming is occasionally faulty (“down” and “ground,” “manner” and “hammer”) and the book ends quite abruptly with one fragmentary incident. What saves it from mediocrity are the vigor and humor of the illustrations, which are comic strip in tone, but more deft and imaginative in execution than the usual cartoon style.


The story is told by Mike, who doesn’t want to share his best friend Rob, yet resents the fact that Rob wants his own way almost all the time. There’s no direction to the book, and little story line; it consists of a series of incidents in which Mike, Rob, and a few other boys play, squabble, and compete for attention. Not badly written but diffuse, the book ends with Mike’s decision that he still wants Rob, despite his domineering pattern, as his best friend.


Kellogg’s slightly frowsty black and white drawings add humor to a plotless picture book. The text consists of young Pat’s diatribes about his much older sister, who finds him messy, irritating, and slovenly. Pat the Brat, she calls him. Pat finds it irritating that Jill preempts the bathroom, is frightened by the worms from his worm farm, and is able to stay up later than he, or that she is able to decide what television show will be seen. The story is adequately written, but it doesn’t go anywhere (It ends with, “You know, moms are usually right,” after Mom has said, “You two really deserve each other.”) and the focus on hostility and bickering, with no change or contrast, no attempt by Pat, Jill, or their parents to achieve a moderation of the hostility, seems both gloomy and unrealistic.
While any compilation of material about real animals will undoubtedly appeal to many children, this is rather a hodge-podge of information; some of the facts or anecdotes are about individual animals (animal actors, police dogs, dogs trained to help handicapped people) and some are about groups or species of animals, usually in programs such as communications experiments with primates or retrieval training for dolphins. Some are used in sports, as in the chapter on donkeyball. The writing style is pedestrian, rather flat in tone, albeit given some variety by anecdotes about individual animals.

Out of gas and stalled in a blizzard, Daddy had gone to get a can of gas, leaving Mary Rose and Jo-Beth (ten and seven) to wait; Jo-Beth has to go to the bathroom, so the girls walk until they come to a library, and they hear the librarian (who doesn’t know they’re in the building) tell their father, who has come back and is frantically hunting for them, that they are not in the library. Given the unlikely fact that they are silent at this point, the rest of the story is credible, for the girls spend a night locked in the library. They are frightened, and call the police, who think it’s a prankster; they call again and the line goes dead because of the blizzard. Hearing moans overhead, they discover the librarian, injured in a fall; they help her, and they suggest that the exhibits they’ve enjoyed downstairs would be a basis for a children’s museum. In the morning, the power comes back on, and Daddy appears. The style is unimpressive, but Clifford creates believably the eerie atmosphere of the dark building and the girls’ mingled fear, curiosity, and excitement.

In a sequel to Dear Lovey Hart, I Am Desperate, Carrie Wasserman, high school sophomore and eager reporter for the school newspaper, copes with a southern belle who (temporarily) preempts Carrie’s boy friend Chip, the paper’s editor. She also learns that one checks sources in investigative reporting when she and Chip print an expose that’s based on false evidence about corruption in purchasing practices for the school cafeteria. In one very funny incident, Carrie—who tells the story—describes her reactions when the southern belle gives a dinner party complete with drinks, which Carrie isn’t used to; like much of the book it’s humorous, but it’s better than a dozen lectures on drinking. If the book has a flaw, it’s the pervasiveness of the flippant humor, but readers should enjoy Conford’s good ear for teenage banter and her understanding of adolescent concerns.

In the same illustrative style as the author’s Freight Train, this picture book without text has the bold, clean use of space and the solid blocks of color that make posters effective. Here the pictures follow a large truck from its loading station to its destination, and Crews introduces road signs and many highway scenes that show other trucks, a truck stop, and the intricate road system on which the big red truck travels. Easy to follow, informative, and handsome.

The stories are grouped by region, with tribal sources ascribed, in a nicely varied selection that includes pourquoi stories, creation myths, humorous tales, and stories of tribal heroes. Some background material is provided, as is a section of notes and sources.


Although the police are brought in at the end of the story, this suffers from the most frequent flaw in juvenile detective fiction, the accomplishment by children of solving a crime that has baffled the authorities. It’s because of a challenge from a hostile bully that Dan, a Conan Doyle fan, announces that he will solve the mystery of a stolen painting by the time school resumes after a half-term holiday. With the help of three friends, all of whom expose themselves to danger, he and they find clues that lead Dan to deduce the villain, understand how the crime took place, and prevent a murder. The writing style is adequate; there’s no real mystery but there is a modicum of suspense; the plot is not credible.


An oversize book begins with a profusely illustrated, lengthy (fifty pages) introduction that is addressed to adults, a puff piece about Disney and his productions. The songs that follow, grouped by films from which the songs came, in the order in which they were produced, contain some mediocre music and some (not many) that gained, or even kept, great popularity. The arrangements are fairly simple, with guitar chording included; unfortunately, most of the songs deserve the obscurity into which they have passed.


Duvoisin uses the story of two bears to inculcate gently the concept of protective coloration in nature, as a polar bear, Snowy, travels south; Snowy has been told by a gull of the lovely flower-studded fields and the green forest where the brown bear, Woody, lives. His white fur, he is aware, stands out against the green. Worried, he climbs some rocks, falls, and lands on Woody; they wrestle until the gull tells them to stop fighting and help each other. Woody throws himself on top of Snowy to hide him from hunters; when winter comes, Snowy hides Woody, whose brown fur stands out against the snow. When it is time for Woody to seek his winter cave, the friends say farewell and Snowy departs for the Arctic. While the trek south may give erroneous ideas to the lap audience, the story is appealing because of its simple, direct style, its theme of mutual help, and its illustrations, delicate in hues, strong in line and texture.


Like many other novels about contemporary native American life, this explores the cultural conflict between the traditional patterns on a reservation and at the white school that Marta, Cultus, and Angie attend. Each adjusts differently: Marta is proud
of her Indian heritage, Angie is ambivalent, and Cultus is in hostile rebellion. They are cousins, all of them living with their grandmother, the author's strongest character; although Cultus gets into trouble, is sent to a Group Home, and is taken to court, the story line is less important than the exposure of a spectrum of attitudes chosen as solutions by adolescents who have the burden of cultural conflict in addition to the usual problems of the teen years. Dyer writes with sympathy but not a great sense of narrative.


A poor widow, in this folk-like tale set in old Russia, eked out a living by doing housework for the town's rich families. One day, when all she had was a bit of brown flour and an egg, she made seven popovers for her seven children before she went to work. Each popover begged that it not be eaten, and one of them cried, so the children decided they would go hungry; after this, a series of gifts appeared: seven overcoats, seven pairs of fine boots, a samovar, and some wonderful food. When the widow Vorovskova's employers got together to talk about the china and boots and clothing that had been stolen from them, they deduced that she had been a thief and had her jailed. The children asked the popovers for help and were shown where strawberries grew under the snow; this convinced the tradesmen of the fact that the widow was innocent, that there had indeed been some magic involved, and she was freed. The story is adequately told, combining some familiar folktale devices and motifs, but it has a rather tepid quality, especially in the dialogue; the illustrations are placid and pleasantly bucolic.


A lawyer explains the ways in which the laws protect minors in such areas as employment obligations, property rental, signing contracts, and making major purchases, as well as those rights and benefits that accrue in more personal matters such as child abuse, marriage, or having access and privacy in various medical matters. Englebardt's text is logically organized, his explanations lucid and made more explicit by the use of fictional examples. Sources of help in getting legal aid precede the index.


Photographs of brilliantly-colored yarn paintings in the Huichol Indian technique illustrate a story told from the viewpoint of the author's son. Together, father and son go off to Yucatan to visit friends and are delighted when the circus (for which Everton did, in fact, once work) comes to Chichimila, where they are staying. The circus owner lets Ricky, who has learned to juggle, put on an act to surprise his father. Thus endeth a visit both have enjoyed. The pictures are handsome, and the setting is interesting; the story line, however, is insubstantial and a bit jerky, the author using bits of lore about Mexico and Yucatan as filler.


Chuck and Jason are practicing to be detectives, anyway, so when their friend Glory, maker of delectable fudge, offers them fudge in payment, they take on the
assignment of discovering who or what is making ghostly tapping noises. If the noise doesn't stop, Glory's mother says, they will move. And that means no more fudge. The boys make one silly error after another, following false clues; they finally pounce on another neighbor prowling about under Glory's window, pajama-clad. All the neighbors and the police respond to the tumult, but it appears that Glory's mother has asked the man to check. At the last moment, one of the boys realizes that the tapping is being done by woodpeckers. Everybody eats fudge and goes home. The style is light, the plot weak and poorly developed.


The land of Pesten, in this fantasy-adventure story, lay locked in cold and preyed on by wolfmen, goblins, and other creatures, all by the evil magic of the sorcerer Ammar. In a mountain cave, six orphans who have been sheltered and tutored by an old scholar are left on their own when he dies, and the oldest, Mole, is in charge. The old man's ash staff becomes Mole's, but as the six set forth on their quest to conquer Ammar, the staff seems less important than the talking sword Mole later finds. The story has plenty of action as the six encounter enemies, are separated and reunited, and eventually set off to tell the High King that Ammar is slain—with a hint that other adventures will follow. The writing is sprinkled with Celtic names and mythic themes, but it never becomes a cohesive mythology, and it has a faint aura of contrivance, especially in the chatter of the sword, which is given to comments like, "What's up, my boy?" or "Bravo! That's the spirit!"


Although he was tempted to go to New York with Fran, the girl he'd met at school in Detroit, David was homesick for his folks and the Kentucky hills. What he found when he got back to Hogskin Hill was the threat of strip-mining and a protest movement led by his indomitable grandmother. David's father and a native American friend thought of a few plans to sabotage the advancing machines, but each was a fiasco and earned the further enmity of the red-neck sheriff. In the end, defeated, David went off with a local girl even though Fran had begged him to join her after her visit to Kentucky. Forman's sympathy for those whose way of life is shattered by strip-mining is persuasive, but the message tends to overwhelm the medium, and the heavy quaintness of the characters can't quite compensate; in fact—although the characters and dialogue give local color—they tend toward the stereotypical.


Dividing her text into geographic regions, Franklin explores the cultures of such tribal groupings as the forest dwellers, the mound makers of the Southeast, the potlatch Indians of the Northwest coast; she describes such aspects of the eight Native American cultures as food, clothing, foodgathering, languages, customs, tribal organization, and environment, giving some facts also about first encounters with the white settlers. There is little here that is not covered in many earlier books about the Indian ways of life in our country, but the arrangement of the text makes the information easily accessible. Each section begins with a fictional episode that contributes little, but the pervasive tone of respect for Native American cultures, and the author's appreciation of the variety, tradition, and complexity of cultures give the book value. The writing style is not impressive, but it is adequate; notes on sources, a bibliography and an index are provided.

In a story set in the Florida Everglades, George combines her authoritative knowledge of animal life and her craft as a writer to create a touching tale of a child’s love for, and protection of, a pet crow. Her father and older brothers detest crows, and Mandy knows they will shoot her pet, Nina, if they see her. Imprinted as a nestling, the crow has learned to imitate human speech and so Mandy can, to a limited extent, communicate with Nina. The story is concerned with Mandy’s efforts to train and protect Nina, and it has more focus, more structured conflict-and-resolution than George’s recent fiction; it is smooth and well-paced, with a strong and poignant ending, a twist that is a welcome change from the heavyhearted release of a pet so that it may join its kind—although that enters the story. Undoubtedly, however, the greatest appeal of the book is the lore of crows that the author has so smoothly integrated into a story with good characterization and dialogue.


A frieze that looks like a band of red and white embroidery is a handsome contrast to the black and white of the print and the boldly designed but subtly executed pictures that introduce each story. Sources are identified: Russian, Latvian, Assyrian, Moldavian, etc. Many of the tales are variants of noodlehead stories from other cultures; the twelve clever brothers, for example, return to their own village by mistake, just as do the fools of Chelm, and the old familiar counting donkeys device is the base of another story. A very pleasant collection, adapted in sprightly style, and nice for reading aloud or alone, as well as for storytelling.


Kim, who tells the story, is in sixth grade; she’s not enchanted when her mother announces that she’s taking a full-time job and that Kim will be responsible for her younger brother after school. She’s particularly disappointed because her mother firmly says no to the dog Kim’s been hoping for. In collusion with her brother, Kim gets a puppy and finds an elderly woman who is willing to take the dog, Misty, as a paying boarder. Kim, several of her friends, and her brother are meticulous about paying the woman and caring for Misty; when their secret comes out, Kim’s parents reluctantly concede that she may keep her pet—but there is a surprising twist at the end of the story. The use of first person is convincing; the story doesn’t have a strong plot, but it has warmth, it’s nicely balanced by material about Kim’s friends and some school episodes, and it is competently written and structured, with natural dialogue.


It is in the fidelity and variety of detail that Goodall excels in his wordless books about the Edwardian era; while they tend to show the sunnier side of life and are gentry-oriented, they will probably awaken nostalgia in the oldest and lively curiosity in the youngest. Here a family of four goes to a seaside resort, visits friends and sees their glasshouses; they play croquet, visit the amusement pier, see a Punch and Judy show, and—of course—play decorously on the sands as women emerge from changing rooms clad in the voluminous bathing costumes of the day. Goodall’s subtle use of color and a fine eye for perspective and composition add to the appeal of the book.

At the instigation of Mrs. Aimsley, the family takes into custody adolescent Imamu Jones, acquitted of a serious crime and remanded from the care of his mother, an alcoholic. The older daughter in the family, Gail, is cool toward him, but when Imamu is suspected of having done something to her small sister, who disappears, it is Gail who is sympathetic, who cannot believe the young man would have harmed little Perk. Imamu knows he must find the criminal if he is to be cleared—and he does, in a taut, sometimes bitter but always sensitive story with a tragic ending.


Most of the dozen women scientists whose lives and professional contributions are described live or lived in the United States; the distinguished roster includes several physicians, chemists and physicists, a marine biologist, biochemists, a crystallographer, and a psychologist. Each section gives some personal data, but focuses on the scientist's career, her distinctive contributions to her field, the problems she may have had as a woman in that field, and the honors she won. The first chapter, which makes it clear that many women have, throughout recorded history, made significant scientific contributions, also serves as a position paper for the author, a confirmed and eloquent feminist. The final section is a listing of professional women's groups, and is followed by a bibliography and an index, the latter in very small type. The writing style is dry, but that is compensated for by the interesting and well-researched material.


This may be considered a companion volume to Haskins' Who Are the Handicapped? Here the emphasis is not on who the handicapped or disabled citizens are but on what is, or can be, done to solve or alleviate their problems in living in a world in which they encounter not only discrimination but also physical barriers that make it difficult—in some cases, impossible—to live normal lives or take advantage of those rights to which they are entitled. The writing is forceful without being melodramatic, strong in pleading for means to give the disabled human and civil rights, the book a weapon in the quiet revolution that is going on today. The index is prefaced by an extensive divided bibliography.


Andrew, fifteen and big for his age, has come to an Alaskan trading post as clerk-apprentice to the manager. The post is on the Hudson Strait, in Naskapi territory, and Andrew is fortunate enough to be befriended by a Naskapi his own age, Pashak. It is from Pashak that Andrew learns many of the skills that enable him to survive the trek to a fur-trading outpost in a bitter winter. This is primarily an adventure story, written with practiced smoothness and many dramatic incidents. What gives it substance is the author's familiarity with the region and its people; Houston does not introduce cultural details, they are simply there, permeating the book, as is an obvious respect for the Naskapi people and their way of life.

Hurd's revision is based on the original version by Percy Scholes; it has been brought up to date, simplified, and given a new format: double columns with space enough between them for pictures of musicians, some use of color in the illustrations, insets that spread across the two columns, and cross-referencing through bold type and arrows. Some of the older material about minor figures or developments has been dropped, and an effort has been made to give the book wider geographical scope. Since no single-volume book can include everything, there may be users who feel bereft because of omissions (Beatles, yes; Presley, no) but on the whole this is—as it was in the first edition—a fine reference source. The alphabetized entries are preceded by material on musical notation. The one weakness of the book is that the use of boxed insets at times interrupts the text; the entry for "programme music," for example, is broken by a full page of boxed articles on "Printing and engraving music" and "Puccini" and continues on the page after that.


A very pleasant, very personal choice of poems short enough to be used on a postcard, this; the compiler, a high school English teacher, takes as his theme the lines from the first selection, Judith Hemschemeyer's "Gift," "Let me wrap a poem around you . . . a poor shawl for your perfect throat." The introduction suggests that the poems be shared by passing them on, that "Good poetry is an endangered species. It needs to be protected from extinction." Most of Janczko's choices are the work of contemporary writers: Shapiro, Nemerov, Swenson, Brautigan, Hughes, Sandburg, Giovanni, Graves . . . a knowledgeable skimming of brief delights.


An examination of the nature of time, of its relation to space, gravity, and motion, of the ways time is measured and how time measurements are used in science and technology, and of the devices that are used to measure time, is written in a direct and not too heavy style. The material itself, however, is complex, and the text covers so many aspects of the subject that some facets seem inadequately covered despite the accuracy of description. A glossary and an index are appended.


A compilation of cartoons of complex, zany mechanical devices that Goldberg drew and described is a bit repetitive, taken en masse, but the humor of absurdity is as strong as when the cartoons first appeared. It isn't just the ridiculous chain-reaction contraptions that are funny, it's also the captions: in the nineteen-step sequence for "Lighting a Cigar in an Automobile Doing Fifty Miles Per Hour," for example, flower pot K receives kernels of corn which grow until they reach height L, when a can of lima beans "jumps at corn on account of the natural affinity for succotash." The repetitious aspect is both in the total concept of the cartoons and in such specifics as starting two captions with a cheese that grows restless and acts as the catalyst for a sequence. The text is, occasionally, carelessly edited (". . . bomb explodes, blowing man threw loop . . .") but the Goldbergian nonsense is appealing.

Kellogg uses exaggeration and humor in illustrations that have great vitality, extending a nicely constructed story with a surprise ending. Pinkerton is a young dog, and huge; although an amicable beast, he refuses to obey any commands and is taken to obedience school, where his performance is disgraceful. In fact, the other dogs in the class, who at first respond beautifully to "fetch" or "get the burglar," learn from Pinkerton to chew up newspapers and lovingly lick the dummy "burglars." Pinkerton is dismissed. That night, a burglar comes. Pinkerton is no use at all until his mistress says "Fetch!" Then he ravages the burglar and then makes his usual response to "Come!" by jumping out the window, burglar and all.


A first-person narrative, tightly constructed and told with compact urgency, is notable both for its fusion of realistic and fanciful elements and for its pace and suspense. Answering a midnight ringing of the doorbell, the boy and his parents find only a pair of giant boots; they bring the boots in and go back to bed, then they hear steps. The father goes down, and then he and the boots disappear. The same thing happens to the boy's mother, and he is determined it won't happen to him. He will outwit the boots, he will find his parents—and he does, after an encounter with an old, sad giant, a confrontation that is both dramatic and moving. The giant is ruthless and powerful, yet he weeps for the child he once was, the child who was gentle and loving. For the astute reader, this adds another dimension to a story that is absorbing even at surface value.


Although Kennedy's writing style is sophisticated in the best sense, polished and fluent, the concepts in his story should be comprehensible even to young children, for it is fable—clear and pointed, a tale of self-defeat through greedy despoliation of natural resources. Two men, digging a deep well, find a huge precious stone; when he hears of it, the King of Karnica—which had been a green and pleasant land—orders that the stone be dug up. A wise man warns that the stone is the heart of Karnica and is ignored, as the excavation becomes deeper and broader, as more men and machines are sent in, and as the royal treasury is depleted. The story ends with total destruction, as the workers try a last resort, pulling on towlines from ships at sea: the stone lifts out with the ebbing tide and crashes into the sea, killing the workers. And the sea floods into the lost kingdom. The illustrations are as fine as anything Shulevitz has done, rich and imaginative paintings distinguished for their use of color and strikingly composed.


Like Bova's *The Amazing Laser* and Stambler's *Revolution in Light*, this covers the subject of holography in addition to explanations of the nature of light, the discovery and operation of the laser, the kinds of lasers, and the many uses to which lasers are put. It is as clearly written as the other two books, albeit not as well
indexed, and since the Bova and Stambler books were both published in 1972, contains more examples of medical, industrial, and other uses that have been found in recent years.


Smoothly translated from the prose version (published by Koenig half a century ago) that is based on the original Middle High German poetry, this is a dark, heroic romance of the thirteenth century that is thought by some authorities to be a companion to the *Nibelungenlied*. Gudrun, beautiful daughter of a Danish king, is kidnapped as her mother had been; betrothed to the ruler of Zealand, Gudrun and her retinue are kidnapped by a Norman prince. Years pass before she is rescued, years in which she serves the haughty mother of the prince, in which she resists his wooing, and in which battles are fought bitterly. In the end, reunion with her betrothed, and Gudrun's pardon to her captor. The story should appeal to students of medieval history or literature; it is, perhaps, too stately, too turgid in essence if not in style, to appeal to a wide audience.


Graphic designer for the Boston Children's Museum, Kraska has chosen some of the material in its collection of toys of the past for inclusion in a book that describes these old toys and games, gives instructions for making them, and retells the tales (as for Chinese shadow puppet plays or for Punch and Judy shows) with which they were used. At the back of the book are pages of cut-out parts and designs to be used, indicating that a primary use for the book is assembling of parts by individuals; certainly the book would be appropriate in art collections, but it should also be of interest to the general reader. The fifteen toys and crafts include folk art from several countries.


Joel had always loved doing tricks, most of them from magic kits, but now he wanted to become proficient at sleight of hand and was discouraged by how much practice it took. Coerced into doing a magician's act at school, Joel was despondent until his wish to do real magic resulted in the appearance of Merlini, a wizard who let Joel use his magic wand. Joel's act was a smash and he was besieged by requests for repeat performances, but he finally used the wand to make Merlini disappear in a puff of pink smoke—and he went happily back to practicing sleight of hand. The writing style is brisk but smooth, the mesh of realism and fantasy fair but not as deft as the styled plot mildly amusing, adequately constructed but not strong.


Jodi's story begins, "I tore up the birthday card from Aunt Florence and flushed it down the toilet." That's an example of Jodi's reaction to turning twelve; she didn't want to become interested in boys and makeup, and she certainly didn't want to be like her sister Linda: selling and smoking pot, entertaining her boyfriend in her
bedroom while Mom was at work. The crisis came when Linda had an overdose and Jodi had to call an ambulance; horrified by her sister's plight, she realized that it could have been she, for Linda's birthday present to Jodi had been that pot, which proved to be adulterated with PCP. It confirmed Jodi's determination never to smoke pot, and the whole affair brought Jodi closer to her stepmother, who had responded to Jodi's frantic call when she couldn't reach her mother. After talks with her mother, her sister, and her stepmother, Jodi felt she could cope with growing up because she had strength enough to do what she thought was right and not succumb to peer pressures. Mann's writing style is practiced, and her story moves along at a brisk but controlled pace, but it seems overburdened by its message and not quite convincing in the handling of the situation in the home, both the induction into pot smoking by a sister of a child so young and the failure of Mom to ever see anything, hear anything, or even smell anything to make her suspicious.


Chilly or amusing, the tales in this latest anthology by a prolific and competent compiler are varied in length and mood and style, although all are told with a fine appreciation of the cadence of the oral tradition. Manning-Sanders has gathered the stories from European, American, and Far Eastern sources; the book is illustrated by Jacques with black and white drawings that are graceful, distinctive for the fine detail achieved by broken parallel lines. A good source for storytelling or reading aloud as well as for independent reading.


The producer of TV and film versions of *Peanuts* offers this to celebrate ten years of movies, fifteen of television, and thirty of comic strip publication. The book includes many of the strips, photographs of Schulz and the people who worked in and on the shows, and stills from the shows. The text, a running commentary by Mendelson, describes the various versions of the Charlie Brown and Peanuts material in chronological order, and contains many anecdotes about Schulz and those who appeared in (or whose voices were used for) the shows. A sure attraction for Schulz's fans.


In a story set in prehistoric times, a young Cro-Magnon boy, chosen as the tribe's next shaman, frets because he wants to join the adult males and be a hunter. Kimba is known for the power of his cave paintings and he has been told by his mentor that he has True Power, power to heal the sick and to know where game is to be found. On a quest for a mammoth tusk that the tribe's old shaman says is the only thing that can save the life of Kimba's foster father, the boy fights against wild beasts, is captured by (and escapes from) another tribe, encounters a Neanderthal tribe, and makes friends with a wild dog. In the end, Kimba returns home to find his foster father alive; he protests that some of the shaman's Power is false, but is convinced that some of it is genuine and is prepared to use his own Power for his tribe. The book has some exciting sequences, but the plot is stretched thin and seems to be used in part as a vehicle for giving information about the skills, beliefs, and living patterns of the Cro-Magnon.

Every Saturday Til (Clothilde) and her father ride on the ferris wheel; Pop doesn’t realize that Til is terrified by it, that it has come to symbolize the endless trap she’s caught in with her mother. Pop doesn’t realize, either, that since he and Mom separated, Mom has become more strict, more violent, more abusive. Fanatic about cleanliness, she feels that she is a slave to Til—but she is a screaming tyrant in her behavior and Til finally realizes that her mother is demented, that the knife in her hand is meant to kill. Moeri’s tragic picture of a frightened child trying to cope with the violence of insanity is trenchant, but it is unfortunately concluded by a rescue scene in which the police (telephoned by Pop, who learns she has tried to reach him) and Pop and his friend Helga and the school nurse and a teacher all show up at the same time just as the knife is raised...


Although newly published, this was written and illustrated half a century ago, with primly drawn and brightly colored pictures that have the same rather stilted quality as the text. The Little Round Man cares for only two things, his little round dog Ooo and his heaps of gold. Victimized by a money-gobbling bird (King Split-a-Coin) who eats his gold and takes his pet to Moneyland, the Little Round Man discovers it’s Ooo he misses, and he goes on a quest to Moneyland. No luck. He returns home, finds “the dearest Little Round Woman” in his cottage, and learns that she had been Ooo, held by a witch’s curse in dog form until someone broke the spell by offering to give up his heart’s desire (the gold) for her. Wedding bells ring, and animals from various children’s stories come to the celebration. A bit too sweet, a bit too flat.


A happy man, content with his three pets and his tiny bakery in a tiny town, Joseph decided to travel and see the world. Everywhere he went, he was surprised at the local bread. “It is far too long to be bread,” he said in France; “It is only a big cracker,” he said in Israel, and made similar disparaging comments in India, Russia, and Mexico. However, in each place he had superb soup, so when he came home Joseph changed his sign to read “Joseph’s Bakery and Soup Shop.” A slight story, with traces of patronizing tone, is illustrated with static, two-tone paintings of a kewpie-doll little man.


After pressuring her parents into sending her to camp so that she won’t be parted from her best friend Merle, Abby is horrified when Merle breaks her ankle. Foiled! She’ll have to go to camp alone, when all she’d wanted was to be with Merle. Abby goes through the usual problems of poison ivy, a tough counselor, incompatible bunk-mates, and passing the diving test; as in most camping stories, she finds by the end of the summer that she’s had fun and made good friends, and she wins one of the camp awards. The material isn’t unusual, but the writing style is yeasty, and the characterization and dialogue sound; the action and humor should appeal to readers.
The real question is, why publish Beatrix Potter's text and not use her illustrations? The story is used verbatim, and the illustrations (on pages twice as big as those of the Potter original) are large-scale watercolors, adequate but conventional, and not improved by balloon comments: "I bet it's another fake," says a blackbird, viewing a scarecrow; "Bad rotten rabbits!" says Mr. McGregor; "Crunch yum yum hic," says Peter, and as it is knocked over a geranium plant says "Gasp." Oh well.


Smoothly translated from the original German, this collection of short stories consists of nicely varied, brief tales that have small mysteries with logical explanations; they are, as the subtitle indicates, "pleasantly chilling," rather than gruesome or melodramatic. For example, the ghost who haunts the house in the title story proves to be a man who, not knowing that the wife he'd left behind had moved away, has crept back into the house to effect a reconciliation. The stories are written in a lively and often humorous style and are deftly constructed, and the book should be useful for reading aloud as well as for independent reading.


Hand-printed recipes and line drawings by a thirteen-year-old animal lover are presented because "Folks don't want the same meal every day and neither do critters." She includes recipes for shunks, terrapins, goldfish, mice, birds, and other wild creatures as well as for more common household pets. Example: "Skunk Surprise" has a white sauce as its base, and includes egg, apple, grasshoppers, string beans, carrots, and dog biscuits. One does wonder how animals managed to exist in the past, their appetites jaded by the monotony of natural foods.


Although Fuzzy lives in Pinsk, all readers familiar with stories of the fools of Chelm will recognize this brand of noodlehead tale, derived from the Jewish folklore of eastern Europe. De Paola's costume and architectural details are right for the setting; his Jewish peasants, however, look remarkably like the peasant folk of other books he has illustrated. Rose includes three tales: Fuzzy's confusion over whether he is lost, when a list says he's in bed and he's not; Fuzzy's "journey" from Pinsk to Minsk in a stationary train; and Fuzzy's idiocy in insisting that a total stranger is his friend Harry, so changed he's not recognizable. Nicely told versions for the youngest.


As in *A Home and A Farm*, the oversize pages are filled with the beautiful paintings of one of Sweden's most eminent artists. The text gives information, on a facing page, about each picture and, in a set-off column in smaller type, small insets of sketches or etchings by Larsson, again with explanatory text; here the commentator...
often includes facts about the artist's technique. The full-page pictures, in soft color, are almost all of Larsson's wife and children, and they are delectable. The Victorian dress and architecture, the fidelity of detail, the humor and tenderness of mood, make the book a visual experience that is artistically instructive; at the same time, it has the warmth and intimacy of a family album.


Fine line drawings, not always labeled but carefully placed to best coordinate with the text, illustrate an excellent introduction to the basic principles and problems of the architect. Salvadori writes in a direct style, serious but not dry or heavy, and eschews technical jargon, although he uses correct technical terminology; the text is explicit and the material logically organized, describing the forces of tension and compression, the characteristics of natural and man-made building materials, and the ways in which architects and engineers overcome such natural forces as gravity and wind pressure. The author discusses not only general principles of building bridges and buildings but also the details: building foundations, the use of the arch, making floors smooth, stabilizing cables, the use of the truss, the construction of domes, pneumatic roofs. A relative index gives access to the interesting information that Salvatori has made easily comprehensible.


While the pages of this oversize book are crowded, they are focused on a subject that is appealing to many children, especially those who are railroad buffs. Some of the drawings are cutaway; all have excellent use of perspective. Since Scarry uses a slightly contrived (and probably, for railroad buffs, unnecessary) story line, following an engine driver as a device for seeing various kinds of old trains, train yards, freight and passenger stations, roundhouse, and so on, there seems little need for the bits of extraneous detail that clutter most of the double-page spreads; these are labeled details like luggage, sleeping tramp, a flock of sheep, etc. However, most of the drawings of famous old trains, equipment, typical stations, etc. should interest readers; they have the same precision that is intriguing in Peter Spier's work. There is no chronological arrangement; a 1934 diesel on one page is followed by a page with an 1871 locomotive.


A blithe fantasy is all the more engaging because of the calm, bland acceptance of Andrew's supernatural powers and because of Sharmat's understated humor. Andrew's parents try to be understanding and to encourage their children, but they find it a mild nuisance that Andrew is the only boy on the block who can fly. Or change himself into a hippopotamus, as he did in school. (His teacher gave him an "A.") Still, as Father explained, there were no hippos in the family lineage, and it was rather a family tradition not to fly, so perhaps Andrew could think about it? Andrew flew off and didn't come back for a week, during which time his parents could only think about what a dear and interesting boy he was. He returned with a daffodil and some cheesecake and the news that he'd missed his family. No moral is pointed; the silly, beguiling story ends with a dinner scene in which Andrew turns into a hippo, Father gives him three helpings of everything, and Mother is delighted that Andrew has such a good appetite. The illustrations, lightly tinted and hatched, have the same ebullience as the writing.

Stiller gives sensible advice, his writing style is casual but never cute, and—although he does not go deeply into discussions of particular illnesses—he does distinguish between psychosomatic and physiological bases for most of the illnesses common to young adults, not ignoring those that are common at any age. The text is sensible because it is calm, objective, and informative, and because it dispels popular fallacies (sweets don’t give you acne, and it isn’t communicable; here’s what can be done to alleviate acne, and here’s what can’t, etc.) and points out some of the signals that indicate medical help is needed, and some that indicate self-help, or time, as the answer. A candid and informative book concludes with a glossary, a list of suggestions for further reading, and an index.


Old-fashioned clothing is worn by the gallant mice who rally to wrest their cheese from valley cats who have stolen it. The first part of the story tells of the preparation and the beginning of the Charge. Abruptly the text then moves to one of the soldiers, some time later, telling his son about the Charge itself, and this is done as a rather poor parody of the Tennyson poem. Poetry of the doggerel sort is used in the first part of the book: “With a beepety-bleep/ And a creepety-creep/ He limped away/ To join the fray,” then a few lines of prose, followed by “With a jelly-bean-bang/ And a clangety-clang/ They charged right in/ They had to win.” Tidy little squares of colorful paintings illustrate a story that depends in part on a familiarity with the Tennyson poem (which few young children have) for relevance; the jingly rhymes and the text burdened with exclamation points seems much ado about little.


Set in California in 1856, a story of the Gold Rush fever focuses on the friendship between Sol Weil and Tucker (Abigail) Delaney. Tucker is disguised as a boy to fend off any possible overtures by the rough men of the community; she has come west to help her father, leaving the rest of the family back home. Her father is brutal, violent, prejudiced against Jews and other minorities; he is eventually killed and Tucker is free to go, by which time Sol has realized that his buddy is a girl. Terris draws a perceptive picture of the relationship between the two young people (the story is told from Tucker’s viewpoint, with interpolated musings, in italics, by Sol) but the story lacks focus and is weakened by the unmitigated villainy of Tucker’s father and by the improbable slowness of Sol to realize that Tucker is a girl.


Two amicable giants, Charles and Charlotte, live in a mountaintop home on their lovely, lonely island. When people come there to settle, Charles is apprehensive but Charlotte is delighted. Once the settlers learn that the giants are friendly and helpful, they are friendly, although some of them fear the giants will not always be kind. The major sends for a wizard who tries to gain power over the giants by having them tell their names, which they refuse; he then tries to turn them to stone by ringing bells, but all that happens is (due, presumably, to bell vibrations, although the text is not explicit) heaving earth and tumbling buildings. Charlotte and Charles escape to another island, and years later Charlotte wishes for people; despite the pessimism
Charles expresses, she hopes the people will be different. If this is meant as a moral tale, it's tenuous; as a literary entity it is weakly structured, with a flat ending. It is adequate in style, and the softly colored paintings are deftly detailed and composed.


After happily stuffing themselves with thirty-five apple pies, Sylvester and Phyllis Bear settle down for their usual "Winter nap," which may have to be explained to young listeners. Phyllis snores so loudly that Sylvester can't sleep; he takes refuge in a hollow tree and sleeps until fall, when he finds that his wife's response to his explanatory note is a note saying she's gone looking for him. Desolate, he goes looking for her, finally finds her just in time for next winter's nap—but this time, he's so happy that they are together, her snores are music to his ears. Adequate, but run-of-the-mill in structure and style; the cartoon-style illustrations are humorous.


Persuasive, articulate, and strong-willed, thirteen-year-old Bessie convinces her parents to let her go in response to an ad that says, "Spend 1 month in a French village for $300." While Bessie finds that her seventh-grade French has not prepared her for rapid conversation, she improves quickly (the author's handling of French phrases and words is superb) and is able to take an active role in helping the owners of the French farmhouse project defy the man who is trying to oust them. In so doing, Bessie and her friends discover that the man is running an art theft ring, so there's a bit of danger to spice the action of a lively story, nicely structured and told with brisk humor. As Bessie says when she learns what it means, "Quelle histoire!"


Another science fantasy in which the protagonist is Chris Godfrey, the young ex-astronaut who has become Deputy Director of the U.N. Exploration Agency, is set on the island of Guernsey, where an unprecedented number of reports of UFO's have been made. Chris and his Russian, American, and English colleagues, all astronauts, are joined by an English girl, Sue, who has had a strange experience while viewing the abandoned underground hospital and ammunition storage site that had been constructed by the Germans: she had seen angel-like beings surrounded by a blue aura. Walters creates tension by positing a hawkish military man who assumes these "angels" are hostile and arranges to have the site bombed; persuaded by Chris to interview the extraplanetary visitors, the chastened General Whittle calls off the bombing just in time. The angels are peaceful beings from an advanced civilization that has been, for millennia, trying to help the people of Earth live in love and harmony. Walters doesn't make his angels believable, and his characterizations are flat, but the book has pace, action, and a sterling message.


A warm, imaginative text is illustrated by tidy, bright little pictures framed with bands of star-studded sky. "Hop into bed & snuggle down in / pull the covers up to your chin / & I'll tell you a secret about the night," the text begins, and it describes a visit to the gentle, cheery old man in the moon who offers you "cinnamon stars in a
silver bowl” and plays “ripples & windsongs & waterfalls” on his flute. Then back you go to dream moon-secrets until morning. The stuff that dreams are made of, this is a beguiling little bedtime book.


In a third book about Ludell, she has left the South and Willie, whom she loves; now that her grandmother is dead, she has no choice but to go to New York with her mother, Dessa. She doesn’t really know Dessa well, but soon finds out that she is a domineering woman. Ludell works at several jobs, longs for Willie, makes some friends, copes with discrimination, and concludes the story she’s told by announcing that she’s decided to quit her job, marry Willie (who has been drafted) and be with him as long as she can. The characters and the writing style are as strong as they were in *Ludell and Willie*, but this sequel is less cohesive; it gives a good picture of a newcomer’s reaction to life in Harlem, but it doesn’t have the impetus or impact of the previous book.


Sixteen-year-old Cassie comes from the country to work for the Garside family; shy and ingenuous, she becomes fond of the family, especially the daughter, Jean, two years her senior. Although she acquires a swain and a friend, another maid, Cassie never stops missing her home and her grandmother, who’d raised Cassie and her brothers and sisters. Part of the story is told from Cassie’s viewpoint, part from Jean’s; both have difficulties with their suitors and form a bond that has more depth than display, for Cassie will not step out of her servant role and eat with Jean, or attend a film with her. In the end, Cassie, disturbed when Jean’s boyfriend tries to kiss her while Jean is away, abruptly leaves for Gran and home. The plot isn’t strong, but the author’s sensitivity to nuances in relationships, her polished style, and her fine ear for dialogue and dialect combine to create a memorable story.


Two-color illustrations that have a bucolic quality and more vitality than finnesses illustrate a nonsensical tall tale in the folk tradition. Rescuing an old woman from a bramble bush, farmer Fred is granted a wish. Cannily, he wishes that all his wishes would come true; his first wish is for a million dollars, his second for a wagon big enough to hold the money, his third for horses big enough to pull the wagon, and so on until (Fred having said in despair, “I wish there were six of me so I could get it done.”) six giant Freds, six giant wagons, twelve giant horses, and six million dollars are piled together in confusion. When Fred next rescues the old woman from a bramble bush and is offered a wish, he cannily says, “I wish you a very good morning.” It’s the sort of disaster humor small children enjoy, in a nicely told story, and the let-not-your-reach-exceed-your-grasp message is given with a light touch.


There really isn’t much to this, yet it generates such warm feelings of family participation and community enterprise, and such cheerfulness and simplicity in
conception that it's engaging. An elderly couple, owners of a fruit market, are so delighted when their first great-grandchild is born that they announce they'll give a watermelon to any child in the community who has the same birthday. There are one hundred who do. They decide, while waiting in line, to pool their planned parties, set up a huge table in the park, and celebrate. Many bring instruments, everybody has a whopping good time, and the birthday boys and girls form a club, naming it in honor of their donors, who've also been their guests. Children should enjoy the listing of participants ("82 little brothers . . . 70 fathers, 22 stepfathers . . . 51 grandmothers . . . 133 friends and neighbors . . . 41 aunts . . . and 1 great-great-grandmother"). The small line drawings, black and white, have green and pink (whole and cut) watermelons and balloons in festive contrast.

Winkowski, Fred. The Martian Crystal Egg; written and illus. by Fred Winkowski. Harper, 1980. 79-2011. Trade ed. ISBN 0-06-02651; Library ed. ISBN 0-06-026562-0. 32p. Trade ed. $6.95; Library ed. $6.89 net. An inhabitant of Mars, Pik has a human form and a saurian face; despite his apprehension about flying things (they look like motorized, armored birds) and dust storms, he goes off to hunt singing stones and finds something even better: a humming crystal egg. Hatched, it proves to be a baby flying thing, and they love each other dearly. One day, flying things surround the two, and one says, "You saved our dear egg." They welcome the egg, gratefully make Pik their Master of Egg Hatchery, and they all live and hatch happily thereafter. The illustrations, black and white, achieve textural contrast chiefly through the use of parallel lines; they have vigor and imaginative details but little grace. The story has little substance and seems a bit artificial, but it has a saving note of tenderness in the affection between the egg and the Martian.

Woldin, Beth Weiner. Elite to the Rescue! written and illus. by Beth Weiner Woldin. Warne, 1979. 79-2428. ISBN 0-7232-6168-7. 42p. $7.95. Illustrations in white and tones of brown show technical proficiency but little artistry in supplementing a slight story about a skunk who lives in a junkyard and uses found objects to rescue other animals, when there is a threatening fire, and convey them to an island. Ellie, the skunk, then returns to her junkyard and tidies her home. "And there's just one more thing you should know," the story ends, "Ellie was awarded the Animal Medal of Valor that year, and she wore it proudly for the rest of her life."

Wyeth, Betsy James. The Stray; illus. by Jamie Wyeth. Farrar, 1979. 79-19344. ISBN 0-374-37280-2. 158p. $12.95. Wyeth has set her story in the town in which she lives, but this is a separate part of town, a community of animals. The stray of the title, Lynch, is a dog; Lynch is one of many strays befriended by the kindly storekeeper Kind Tink, and he becomes the narrator's best friend. The chapters are more or less connected, with characters popping up here and there and with a thread of continuity that broadens into a story line (thwarting the masked baron and the hostile, aggressive Sour Kraut) as the book ends and Lynch assumes a heroic role. The black and white ink drawings are deft and delicate, the text (with its echoes of Wind in the Willows and Rabbit Hill) mildly amusing but a bit overextended.
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