

IT is a pleasure indeed to have to say that this, the latest of her books, seems to me to be the best. I have not read Kersti yet and it is a book which attracted me greatly when I looked it over and handled it.

Andries has greater finish than any of the others, in my opinion. This is the kind of book which builds up an author; the readers will look for more, this book should greatly help the circulation of the earlier ones. The author's at-homeness is very evident in this book, which manages to be entertaining and to maintain its interest throughout without any interlude such as the story-telling - very good story-telling, I think - in the other books.

I am so impressed with the Dykstra family that I really believe that the author is well able to produce a great book, a children's classic, on and about this family, if she could only find the time to let it mature. It would be a book more than twice the length of Andries and would have the leisure in itself to bring the family to full life. I mean: the Father is not given much of a chance, is he? I am sure that he could be worked out into something like the character of Pinocchio's creator, with much lore of the wood carver's ~~xxx~~ craft. There is richness here, in such a little thing as the discarded tulips on pages 72 and 73, and in the charming scenes in the tree house.

About the pictures, the great thing is that there is not a single Shirley Temple in the book: all the children are convincing and very family-like in their appearance. They have a universal appeal that would last, I think. Her drawing is curiously uneven, however. The little drawing on the dedication page, for instance, is very different in feeling from the rest of the illustrations. It has the animation of a good cartoon, economical in line. I believe, however, that the artist is right to give so much detail in her pictures in general. A child in love with this book would prefer, I think, to have detailed pictures to ponder over. The double page coloured plate, I think, would please any child, but I rather find it displeasing - perhaps because the boy looks like a young American, a kind of boy who seems to be mostly shirt for some reason or other. I like the picture otherwise. The twin pictures on pages 16 and 17 are very good, a fine family pair: different yet somehow the same.

I all this I feel very impertinent but I defend myself by declaring again that I fully expect a children's classic from this author.

~~Enclosure D~~

I enclose Dora Sigerson Shorter's little book of ballads. The legend of Saint Kevin should please. Probably your wife knows the ballads already, but no harm done if so.

A steady sale in Ireland is confidently expected for the whole series of Hilda Van Stockum's children's books. It will be a great pleasure to us to ensure this.

Objections On Page 28, line 11: 'like the paring of a ~~child~~ baby's nail'

On page 29, line 3: 'had to pinch himself to be sure he wasn't dreaming'.

Sustained? Over-ruled? X

Yes it's a  
cliche



It was a likeness  
I really saw