ces, l'art, et l'arrivée des explorateurs.

L'information est présentée d'une façon simple pour les jeunes. Parfois, quelques explications sont trop simplifiées. Au cours de quatre paragraphes, l'auteur note l'arrivée du Capitaine Cook et puis les lois qui ont établi des réserves pour les Indiens. Il n'y a pas d'indices de combien de temps s'est passé entre l'arrivée de Cook et les lois. On a un besoin d'un peu plus de détails. A la page 9, il s'agit de la fabrication des pirogues. La grande pirogue servait pour les longues traversées et pour les expéditions de guerre. Celle-ci est la seule mention de la guerre. Pour quelles raisons ont-ils fait la guerre? Où se sont trouvés les tribus ennemies?

Les illustrations, en noir et blanc, sont très claires et détaillées et ajoutent au texte un effet visuel qui plaît à l'oeil. Elles donnent aussi une idée de l'apparence des Indiens. Les caractères sont assez gros et ils rendent la lecture facile. Deux coquilles se trouvent dans le texte: à la page 13, boites, sans l'accent circonflexe et à la page 20, avecc, deux "C".

Le premier livre de la collection *How they lived in Canada, Sea and cedar,* avait été publié en 1973. Après l'intérêt démontré par des parents et des professeurs d'immersion, Douglas & McIntyre a décidé de faire traduire la collection. La traduction est très fidèle au texte original. Le niveau du vocabulaire convient aux jeunes.

L'addition d'une glossaire au texte est excellente, mais quelques-unes des explications sont vagues. Une suggestion pour améliorer la glossaire — noter la page où se trouvent les mots expliqués.

La mer et le cèdre et toute la collection *Ainsi vivaient les Indiens du Canada* seraient une bonne acquisition pour n'importe quelle école avec des classes d'immersion.

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YOUNG ADULT REALISM

Ginny and the General, Nancy Freeman. Borealis Press, 1983. 108 pp. cloth, paper. $18.95, $8.95. ISBN 0-88887-925-3, 0-88887-923-7; ***Manure on my skates,*** Dennis McCloskey. Three Trees Press, 1983. 96 pp. cloth, paper, $12.95, $5.95. ISBN 0-88823-071-0, 0-88823-071-0; ***Wheels are for walking,*** Sandra Richmond. Groundwood, 1983. 159 pp. paper $7.95. ISBN 0-88899-021-9.

These three books appeal to diverse reading interests of a young audience; each is a first publication by a new author. Nancy Freeman's *Ginny and the General* is essentially a dog book for girls. Its focus is the relationship of the title

characters: Ginny, a grade thirteen breeder of golden retrievers, and General, a young dog from her kennels, whose present owners plan to do him in. Dennis McCloskey's *Manure on my skates* tries to balance the interest of the P.E.I. farm setting, developed in the first half of the book, against the hockey interest, given full play when the last half of the book becomes a NHL hockey fan's wish fulfilment dream. And Sandra Richmond's *Wheels for walking,* a successful example of the genre of YA realism, is the eighteen-year-old narrator Sally's story of coming to terms with the effects of a car accident that has left her paralyzed from the neck down.

Wheels for walking strikes me as the most fully achieved of the three books. It embodies in a convincing and fresh way many of the elements that, since the 1960s, have come to characterize YA realism: the first person narrator who tells the story from an adolescent perspective and whose point of view the reader is invited to accept and trust; the serious treatment of topics formerly considered taboo in books for adolescents; and the rite of passage from childhood to an adult identity. At one time, in books for young adults, the reader could expect the person in the wheelchair to recover miraculously and be able, in the last chapter, to throw her wheelchair off a cliff. Here no such easy consolations are possible. Sally's neck has been broken and she will never walk again. But she can and does, with great effort, achieve a measure of self-sufficiency as she progresses through a course of what she sardonically calls "gimpnology" at the Rehabilitation Centre. Her most difficult task is learning to like her new self and believing that others can still love her as she is. The characterization rings true, as Sally goes through well defined stages of initial denial that the paralysis is permanent then self-pity, self-hatred, and a thrashing out at those who love her including her boyfriend Brian. She finally achieves a hard-won sense of identity and wholeness. The author Sandra Richmond, who herself had an accident similar to Sally's, has drawn on her own experiences and given them convincing literary shape.

Manure on my skates and *Ginny and the General* also have been written from their authors' first hand experiences — in the one case with P.E.I. farming and hockey fandom and in the other with dog-breeding and dog-showing — but the translation of raw material into fiction is less assured. Both books are promising, but could have been substantially helped by the services of an exacting editor. In *Manure on my skates* the problem is with the narrative voice. The thirteen-year-old narrator Billy Albert, for the first half of the book, provides retrospective memories of significant moments in his early life on a P.E.I. farm. Retrospection of this sort may be more effective when an older narrator looks back and gives shape to a past than when the narrative is an adolescent, but in any case McCloskey doesn't quite bring it off. Billy Albert's inflated style sometimes gets by as the deliberately ironic voice of adolescence, as when he remarks about his school friends that "a few were known to puff the pungent weed, marijuana." But at other times this narrator sounds positively elderly,

as in this oddly distant and generalized description:

> There, at the easternmost point of the Island, Johnny and I would spend luxurous and lazy hours watching the bright sunshine glint on the gently rolling ocean, reading our books, and sharing with each other the thoughts that passed through our minds on those glorious fall days.

In failing to create a consistently authentic voice for Billy Albert, McCloskey diminishes the chief advantage of using a young first person narrator: providing a perceiving presence with which the young reader can identify.

Narrative voice stops being a problem in the second half of the book, a fast-paced account of Billy Albert's visit to Toronto. When obsession with NHL hockey reaches the point that Billy Albert is overheard addressing the cows he is milking as hockey stars, his father packs him off to Toronto to visit relatives and soak up high culture. This scheme fails magificently. After getting lost, being waylaid by a homosexual molester, and escaping, Billy Albert collapses against a sleek black car that turns out to belong to the owner of the Toronto Maple Leafs — "Mr Hockey-with-a-capital H." From this point on, the book is a satisfying wish fulfilment dream, cheerfully defying plausibility in the manner of Gordon Korman's *Bugs Potter*.

Readers who don't like hockey would find other sources of interest in *Manure on my skates,* but readers who dislike dogs would find little to keep them going in *Ginny and the General.* In fiction about an adolescent and an animal, the focus is often on how the adolescent, through a significant relationship with the animal, solves his or her own problems and in so doing encounters some larger human issue — courage, alienation, loyalty, death, the recognition of identity. In this book, the only problem is the dog's problem. After some detective work Ginny discovers that the apparent defect in the General's temperament (he bites people), is a "conditioned neurosis" — the result of a psychological trauma suffered "in the midst of a fearful period in his development." If Ginny has any problems of her own, we don't hear about them. Although her mother has died and she has a step-mother, a sixteen-year-old step-brother, and a ten-year-old brother, not much is made of the difficulties of living in a reconstituted family. Ginny's family is there to provide support for her rehabilitative efforts with the General. Ginny has a boyfriend, who accompanies her to dog shows, but the book does not develop their romantic relationship. Judged as a dog story, however, *Ginny and the General* has to recommend it its readability at about the grade six or seven level and its author's evident knowledge of and love for golden retrievers.

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