

until she swims behind her mother's dorsal fin. There she learns to swim confidently before venturing forth in a series of mini-adventures. Guided and protected by adult members of the pod, Sawiti explores her environment, above and below the water line. Eventually, she learns to skyhop by diving straight down, streaking for the surface and bursting into the air with her pectoral fins straight out in front.

While reading this book I felt Alexandra Morton and I were sharing one of her family albums. This one was special because it helped me understand both her research interests in killer whales and her personal bonding with Sawiti's pod, which live near Morton's home on Gilford Island, British Columbia. This book is a literary and visual feast for readers of all ages.

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Stampede. Mary Blakeslee. Overlea House, 1989. 143 pp., \$4.95 paper. ISBN 0-7172-2580-1.

This action-packed, fast-moving mystery story features the Lemon Street Gang who rival the Hardy Boys in their detecting skills. True to this genre, the boys see things adults don't and make quantum intuitive and deductive leaps to correct conclusions light years before the adults admit (reluctantly) to their veracity. Kyle, Matthew and Jason are at the Calgary Stampede when one of the out-riders in an important race has a nasty fall. Sabotage is a possibility and the boys immediately decide to investigate. Stock phrases like "Maybe there is more to this than meets the eye" are bandied about and the gang moves into high gear. The villains are easily identified by their use of threats ("Better watch yourself, kid....Know what I mean?"). The plot thickens; Kyle overhears a final evil plan and is discovered, whacked on the head, and abandoned several miles away before managing to free himself and make his way back to the Stampede just in time to flag down the race and save the day. To the bemusement of the slower-witted adults, the Lemon Street boys once more triumph as they have in their two previous adventures, *Carnival* and *Museum mayhem*.

Stereotyped characters, trite phrases and a general portrayal of adults as not overly bright place this book right in the middle of the series detective genre. Repeated references to Kyle's gargantuan appetite are annoying after a while rather than humorous. And Aunt Betty can't be that stupid, even if she is female.

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