Children & Libraries

the journal of the Association for Library Service to Children

Volume 3 Number 3 Winter 2005 ISSN 1542-9806

Richard Jackson's Arbuthnot Honor Lecture

Mission to Rwanda • Newbery Protagonists • Junie B. Jones

Association for Library Service to Children
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This original artwork was created by illustrator Peter Catalanotto for the 2005 Arbuthnot Honor Lecture program book. Used with permission of the artist.

Editor's Note

Helping Hands

Sharon Korbeck Verbeten

"We need the books that affect us like a disaster, that grieve us deeply, like the death of someone we loved more than ourselves, like being banished into forests far from everyone, like suicide."

From the letters of Franz Kafka

Librarians have fought detractors for years—those that think governments spend too much money funding buildings, books, and budgets they consider luxuries . . . or far from necessary. Those detractors, unfortunately, may be eating their words after the tragedies in the Gulf Coast in August.

With libraries destroyed, so too are the recreation, research, refuge, and respite of thousands. Perhaps never more than now have so many needed so much. Rebuilding a region surely shows the strength of America; we've witnessed that over the past few months.

Help is still needed. And while efforts start with the barest of necessities, the Gulf Coast libraries will rise again through the help of colleagues they may never have even met.

Send help in any way you can—from a financial gift or even a shipment of books to a shelter—where those seeking solace can use them the most. For an update on how to help, visit www.ala.org.

Interim Executive Director's Note

Aimee Strittmatter

As we approach the new calendar year, many of us set resolutions and goals. In doing so, we look back on what we have experienced and achieved, and where we have traveled along life's winding road. ALSC is no exception. This issue is full of rich, interesting articles that share our members' experiences and activities during the past year.

We are pleased to share with you the flowing words of Richard Jackson, who presented the 2005 May Hill Arbuthnot Honor Lecture last April at Drexel University. Jackson shares his take on editors, stories, and a long career in publishing.

The 2005 Annual Conference in Chicago was certainly hot, hot, hot! For those unable to attend, check out our photo gallery. And those considering attending Annual for the first time will be inspired by the story of mother/daughter librarians who shared fun, family, and friendship on their first ALA adventure. We've also included a helpful article on tips for attending Annual Conference or Midwinter Meeting. First-time attendees will find

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Statement of Purpose

Children and Libraries is the official journal of ALSC, a division of the American Library Association. The journal primarily serves as a vehicle for continuing education of librarians working with children, which showcases current scholarly research and practice in library service to children and spotlights significant activities and programs of the Association. (From the journal's draft "Policies and Procedures" document to be adopted by the ALSC board.)

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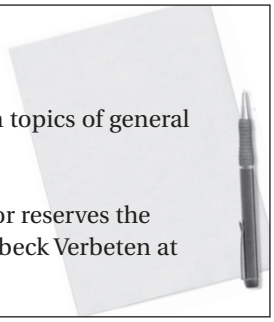
Letters to the Editor

Letters Guidelines



Children and Libraries welcomes readers to submit letters to the editor on topics of general interest to the profession or as comments on topics covered in our pages.

Letters should be no longer than 350 words and must be signed. The editor reserves the right to edit letters for clarity and space. Send letters to Editor Sharon Korbeck Verbeten at toylady@athenet.net or via mail to 820 Spooner Ct., De Pere, WI 54115.

Me? Get Involved? Volunteer?

Did you think when you joined ALSC that someday you'd volunteer and get involved, but that day just hasn't arrived? Or perhaps you got involved and now your work or family situation is different, and it's hard to find time to go to conventions? Or maybe you think that you need to see how things work before you dare to pitch in yourself? There are ways to get involved from your first day as an ALSC member, and they're not secrets.

ALSC exists through the great work of all the people who are willing to pay dues and volunteer to make the organization work. We have a terrific staff in the Chicago office, but ALSC members contribute so much. The staff are our support, and as essential as they are, our members are the core of what we do.

How can you become active? It's easy. Visit www.ala.org/alsc and fill out the Volunteer Form. It's slightly hidden, but if you click on "Board and Committee Work" in the left column, there is a second link on "ALSC Forms" that will take you to a page where the form is located.

For most committee work, presence at Annual Conference is required. But there are exceptions. E-mail has made it possible for members to work together and accomplish certain tasks virtually. You make friends with colleagues around the country, hopefully meeting them someday when you can attend Annual Conference.

One of the committees currently working through e-mail is the Quicklists Consulting Committee, which responds to requests for booklists on various topics. Also, the Great Web Sites Committee accomplishes much through e-mail. The Scholarships Committee and others are proposing to become virtual groups. Opportunities to participate virtually are expanding, but remember that it's not "pretend" work that happens virtually, but the real thing.

Another way to get to know people is by signing up for ALSC's electronic discussion lists. It's a great way to share experiences with colleagues who share interests such as storytelling, managing children's services, or school partnerships, for example.

Without members, nothing gets done. There would be no Newbery or Caldecott Medal awarded, no *El Día de los Niños/ El Día de los Libros* celebrations, no scholarships awarded, no NASA exhibits, no partnerships with other organizations—none of the numerous other things that busy ALSC worker bees accomplish nationwide. Get started, and you'll be surprised how soon ALSC will just become a regular part of your everyday world.

Carol Edwards, Head of Youth Services
Philip S. Miller Library,
Castle Rock, Colo.

INTERIM EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S NOTE

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this information valuable, and our returning members will also benefit from this refresher as we prepare for the 2006 Midwinter Meeting in San Antonio.

The articles in this issue are only a taste of the rich and brilliant contributions and activities our members brought to ALSC this past year. Enjoy the issue; ALSC looks forward to another exciting year! &

COMING NEXT ISSUE

Grandparents raising grandchildren

PUBYAC over the years

ALA Midwinter Meeting in San Antonio Photo Gallery

May Hill Arbuthnot Honor Lecture

Presented by Richard Jackson at Drexel University, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on April 9, 2005

***Richard Jackson**'s career spanned forty-three years; most recently, he served as editorial director at Richard Jackson Books, an imprint of Simon & Schuster's Atheneum Books for Young Readers. He retired in June 2005.*

I. Mutuality

Others' words have been my life—and so are they today. An editor's—an actor's—life. Here is William Stafford to lend his voice as prologue, with a poem he called "Story Time." The two words of the title suggest the first and second acts of our afternoon together. Around midpoint, I promise, there will be an intermission. But also an epilogue where epilogues belong.

So, to the first act—Story.

> Tell that one about Catherine who
> carried her doll to college and
> when her baby died
> she threw her doll in the river.
> Tell that one.
>
> And the one when the old engineer
> liked his locomotive so much he
> lived there and they had to
> build him a house with a whistle.
> I like that.
>
> And the successful racehorse with
> a fancy stall fixed up like a Western
> clubhouse
> with an old tennis shoe nailed for
> luck above the door.
> That's a good one.
>
> But I'm tired of this long story
> where I live, these houses with
> people who whisper their real lives
> away while eternity runs wild in
> the street and you suffocate.
>
> Yes, and how about the boy who
> always granted others their way
> to live,
> and he gave away his whole life till
> at last nothing was left for him?
> Don't tell that one.
>
> Bring me a new one, maybe with
> a dog that trots alongside, and a
> desert with a hidden
> river no one else finds, but you go
> there and pray and a great voice
> comes. And everything listens.

"Story Time" first appeared in Stafford's 1991 book, *Passwords*. On my shelves are many poetry books lichened at their edges with Post-it notes.

On my desk—in a bedroom in Maryland, from which I work—you might find stacks of highlighted manuscript pages, articles, and books, all about writing, which have lent me many a rumination for this lecture. Most touch upon the subject of story, which I have been trying to puzzle out for years—specifically since September 1952, when I was sixteen—story's importance to me, and, recently, its future in the age of cyberspace.

Robert Stone, in *The Writer's Chapbook*, says, "We *need* stories. We can't identify ourselves without them. We're always telling ourselves stories about who we are: That's what history is, what the idea of a nation or an individual is. The purpose of fiction is to help us answer the question we must constantly be asking ourselves: Who do we think we are, and what do we think we're doing?"

Who and what indeed. "Always the beautiful answer," wrote e e cummings, "who asks the more beautiful question." I have always liked his line from the six nonlectures titled "I" and given at Harvard decades ago. Questions sum up editorial work and are what editors can most usefully offer writers and illustrators.

Among beautiful questions I might ask in the course of a day:

"How's it going?"
"May I be of help?"
"How much more time will you need?"
"Did you get the check?"

In 1891, William Hazlitt observed: "It is utterly impossible to persuade an Editor that he is nobody." In her Arbuthnot Lecture of 1998, Susan Hirschman cites the negotiation between two somebodies, Ursula Nordstrom and Ruth Krauss, over the repeated phrase "See?" in *The Happy Day*. Look it up—a delicious example of editing in its essence. Part flirtation, part surety—never insistence from Nordstrom.

Editors aren't nobodies. They are of use; should be goads, good listeners, and allies—though invisible in the published work.

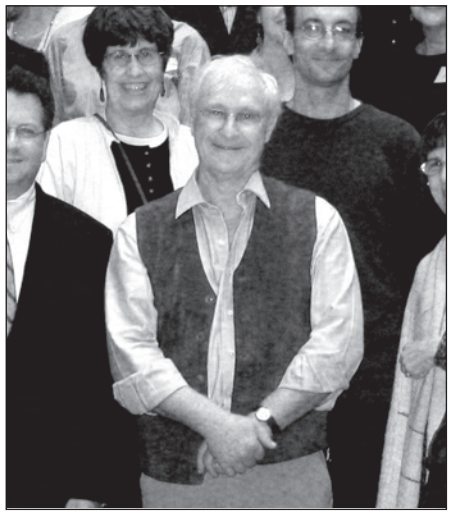
British writers are unused to editors squirreling about in their process. But

they have, I admit, contributed volumes to the literature about writing, and therefore have aided editors immeasurably. Stephen Spender lists the requirements for a literary composition as "a. inspiration, b. memory, c. concentration, d. faith, and e. song."

Editors, I believe, play a role in each. Often they inspire a novel. I have, just by being an expectant friend. By being the reader for whom the story is intended, as confidence or declaration. Editors nudge memory into the light, so that a writer can hear the past—the wellspring of most literature—speaking aloud. Editors do, sometimes, exact concentration, so that the writer doesn't lose it—or lose heart in what is long, slow work. One writer I know never wants to be paid until, in effect, she's earned it. Pay her in advance of delivery and she puts her feet up. Editors, perhaps even more than writers, must have faith in the future; they're banking their own futures on it, in that employers expect results from commitments of money—particularly the serious up-front money that has become common today. I am a dinosaur, old-fashioned enough to believe that publishers shouldn't be expected to take all the monetary risk of book publication. Author advances or, just as likely, celebrity advance payments, which have faint hope of earning out, are edging our business onto the playground of the entertainment world. And we all remember that playgrounds were hardly fair grounds. One agent has said that if the advance earns back, she's not done her job. I cringe to hear that; so anti-publisher, anti-process! Culturally books mean both too little and too much for warfare between interested parties.

Nobody can guarantee fans for a poem or a film, a sculpture or a dance. A first novel by an unknown may strike a rich vein in public interest; a well-known writer may come up with a clunker. Publishing advances—the upfront monies paid on behalf of an assumed, not guaranteed, audience for the work—historically were intended to tide over the writer or illustrator from the commencement of a project until it appeared and started to sell. Publishers were, historically again, expected to be bankers until the earning began and at comparable rates for everyone. I liked the business better when all of us—writers and their publishers—were traveling the same road, in the same direction.

But enough of this hobby-horse! I've left Spender's fifth requirement—song—gasping in my dust. He defines it as "the expert use of language; not merely in the sense of correct usage, but in the sense that language is the means by which a certain music is created, a sound in the ears as well as logic for the mind. It is meter; it is rhythm; it is emphasis; it is even gesture," he says. What help I can give comes from listening to the written text, which I like to read aloud when no one is around to eavesdrop. (Another good reason for working from a bedroom.) Listening, for me, is as helpful as reading; I think of my office as a therapist's den, the client the manuscript before me talking in its own voice.



Richard Jackson

Like a doctor, I'm often tempted to ask writers, "Does this story or scene come from your experience?" But it's a useless question. Art comes from imagined life—no matter the degree to which it's based upon real people and actual family or historical events. It is possible to *imagine* "the music of what happens," which James Stephens in his *Irish Fairy Tales* calls, "the finest in the world."

Critic Vivian Gornick writes in *The Situation and the Story,* her examination of fact-based narrative: "What happened to the writer is not what matters; what matters is the large sense that the writer is able to *make* of what happened. For that the power of the writing imagination is required. As V. S. Pritchett said, 'It's all in the art. You get no credit for living.'"

And yet many a children's book is clearly the working out of some childhood splinter, the sensation of which is still sharp. Flannery O'Connor, sterner even than Gornick, says: "The fact is that anybody who has survived his childhood has enough information about life to last him the rest of his days. If you can't make something out of a little experience, you probably won't be able to make it out of a lot."

Of course, O'Connor was talking of times prior to the Internet. Nowadays, the "experienced" voice may emanate from the inexperienced source. Brent Staples in a *New York Times* editorial piece observed, "Everyone has a pseudonym [in the online world], telling a story makes it true, and [bloggers and chatters] can create older, cooler, more socially powerful selves anytime they wish. The ability to slip easily into a new, false self is tailor-made for emotionally fragile adolescents."

Yet are novelists not slipping into false selves every day? What's the difference between any writer you want to name and Marcus Arnold, age fifteen, who posed as a twenty-five-year-old legal expert for an Internet information service? Marcus didn't feel the least bit fraudulent, reports Michael Lewis in his book *Next: The Future Just Happened.* When real-world lawyers discovered his secret and asked whether he had actually read the law, Marcus responded that he found books "boring."

The difference between Marcus and a storyteller is one of intent—he sought to cast a shadow, a novelist, light. A writer makes up not a false self, but a surrogate to get at some truth.

Now, we know that telling a story does *not* make it true necessarily, literal truth being incidental to a convincing tale.

Beguilement, diversion, delight, and companionship—*these* are what's crucial about story. And generosity uppermost, because story implies an opening out and a welcoming in. An acknowledgment of audience.

By way of illustration, here is a second poem. It's unpublished so far and is called "My Friend, the Starfinder," by *my* friend George Ella Lyon. You'll see its connection to the Stafford.

Once there was an old man.
I knew him
when I was no bigger than you are.

He wore old soft clothes
and sat in an old chair
on an old green porch
and told stories.

The stranger they were
the truer he looked
and I believed every one.

For starters
he told me once
he saw a star falling

and since he'd done his chores
and it was still light
he followed that star across the
field.

Way, way ahead of him
it landed
so he kept walking
and when he got to the spot
he picked the star up.

It was warm and smooth
as an egg straight from the hen.

He kept it, of course.
Put it in my hand
glassy, blackish green
like puddles around a coal pile.

I held it tight
trying to feel its journey.

Another time he told me
how once he was walking along
not going anywhere in
particular

when all of a sudden
he saw his hand
purple as a church window

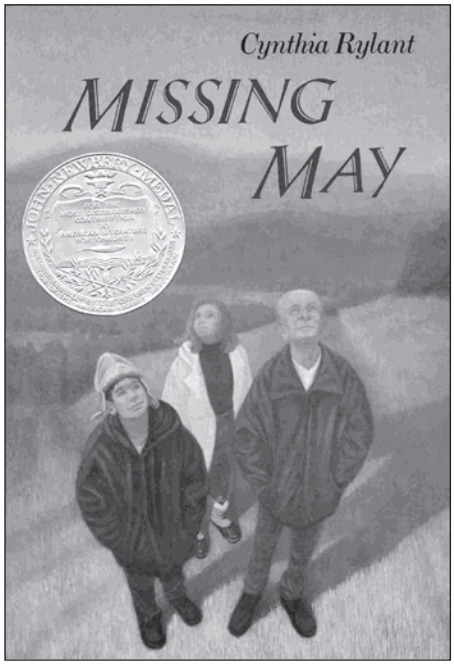
and his arm was green—
green as this porch, he'd say—
and his old khaki pants
were red and yellow and orange
as sunset
yellow and red
and orangey orange as fire.

He was at the end
of the rainbow
color pouring
over him
cool
warm
striped
air

on face and hair
shirt and shoes
and belt buckle.

Now he couldn't bring home
the rainbow
the way he did the star.
But when he told the story
holding out his hand
I could feel the colors.
I could see it was true.

And how he would have to tell it
just like I'm telling you.



Missing May by Cynthia Rylant (Scholastic, 1992) won the 1993 Newbery Medal and was edited by Richard Jackson.

Okay . . . so, what's true here? And who says it's true?

Picasso observed, "We all know that art is not truth. Art is a lie that makes us realize truth, at least the truth that is given us to understand. The artist must know the manner whereby to convince others of the truthfulness of his lies."

I find storytellers, joke-tellers, just captivating. It's the trouble they take to include me in some shared fact or flight of fancy.

For instance, recall the loopy logic of Bea Jones' father changing places with her in kindergarten, permitting the child to assume his life at the office . . . and, at the end of the day, *not* switching back! Now, *there's* a listening dad!

Ponder the serious humor of a nine-year-old girl in Miami for the 1947 winter season convinced that Hitler is hiding out in an apartment nearby. Well . . . her story suggests it could have happened!—especially in the life of a (future) novelist like Sally J. Freedman.

Or what of twelve-year-old Summer, whose grandfather makes whirligigs of such intricacy that they can be pictured only in the mind, not on any book jacket? (I know, because we tried picturing their magic at first. They showed up as demonic pinwheels and set flying all the wrong sparks.)

Or the jazzman, on his head with happiness: "Alphabet, alphabet, alphabet, alph . . . Chickadee, chickadee, chickadee, chick . . . Charlie Parker played alto saxophone," sings the text. "Never leave your cat a-lone."

Or the yarn about the cow in Kentucky who, once airborne, declines to come down to earth.

Or the one about a *girl* in Kentucky hunting an earth-bound bovine as elusive, as enchanted, as any unicorn.

Cows would seem to be favorites of mine, for there are also the adventures of Minnie and Moo.

As well as sagas of other brazen girls. For instance, Thorgil, who longs for the danger of being an eighth-century Viking berserker.

Or Charlotte Doyle in the more civilized nineteenth century, who takes to the sea disguised for safety in boys' clothing, and for her daring, is accused of murder, found guilty, and sentenced to death.

Or singing and dancing piratical dogs, tricked out as a Tintin comic.

Or Mudge.

Or the lone boy in a wintry woods, tracking a deer to touch it merely, so that his grandfather might have the story to remember him by. As a reader, I sense that boy's every slogging step.

I spy on three galumphing huntsmen in a different woods, outwitted at every turn by their animal quarry. A photo enlargement from that book provided a backdrop to the Bradbury Press booth at an ALA conference and there caught the eye of a passing notable. . . . She stopped, scowling a bit. I explained that the backdrop celebrated a new, young illustrator's reimagining of an old rhyme . . . from the animals' point of view. "As opposed," she asked, "to the children's librarian's point of view?" Later, we became friends—but I get ahead of myself; industry notables show up after halftime.

I am alluding to books I've loved publishing over the last forty-three years. Drexel graduate student Jennifer Burke prepared the intro show prior to this talk, presenting my peculiar take on what I've been stirred by and loved best from my years as a publisher—one book each from writers or illustrators who've meant most to me—and not necessarily the famous books you might expect. I fear I've forgotten some; for the oversight, I apologize. I pause here to thank Amy Kellman of Pittsburgh, whose home library of children's books from all publishers over the past forty years is extraordinary, as is her ability to come up with correct titles and the books themselves for jacket scanning.

The modest R. J. slice of history includes nonfiction projects about Leonardo's inventions, the wrestling boyhood of a well-known illustrator, the life of Eamon de Valera, and the battle of Trafalgar—twice. And the Sioux trickster, Iktomi, through many an outrageous adventure. And an account of Roy Chapman Andrews finding dinosaur eggs in the Gobi Desert. And a thriller about John Brown at Harper's Ferry. And a panorama based upon a fourteen-foot mural depicting the Japanese-American experience during World War II.

In truth, what haven't I been free to do?

For most of my editorial years I've not had to ask permission for much. Precarious limbs have been my perch, and from them I've seen Megaboy; a teenage girl and boy in Haiti who risk their lives to climb over glass-embedded walls so that others might vote; a South American girl warming to a pair of old white ladies who arrive at her village by boat; a small, gullible, loving, blue dragon; and a woman who lives under a wave. These are characters I wouldn't otherwise have met, characters who, in turn, I've been happy to introduce to young readers.

I've accompanied Slim McGranahan and her dying father on an unforgettable car trip among poppy-strewn valleys north of Hollywood to an Oz where AIDS is said to be cured.

I've searched with another girl into the mystery of her strange neighbor, Sara-Kate, who may or may not have elves in her backyard.

I've shared every heartbeat of Ned Wallis, the minister's son raised for goodness, who disobeys his father and fires the BB gun his uncle's brought him for his birthday—just once and in the moonlight, causing "a thin disturbance in the air," which changes everything. For the next morning a cat shows up, a cat with only one eye.

A haunter, that cat. As is that novel.

Had I named titles or authors and illustrators you might have listened differently to such a list. You might have thought, *Oh, I know that book*, and then been less committed to leaning forward to listen closer, like Sultan Schahriar on his pile of silk pillows.

Editors aren't nobodies. They are of use; should be goads, good listeners, and allies—though invisible in the published work.

"Scheherazade avoided her fate because she knew how to wield the weapon of suspense," writes E. M. Forster in his classic *Aspects of the Novel*. "Great novelist though she was—exquisite in her descriptions, tolerant in her judgments, ingenious in her incidents, advanced in her morality, vivid in her delineations of character, expert in her knowledge of three Oriental capitals—it was yet on none of these gifts that she relied when trying to save her life from her intolerant husband. These were but incidental. She only survived because she managed to keep the king wondering what would happen next."

Perhaps you wonder at all these quotes. In the first half alone there are twenty-five voices that are not mine. "Others' words," you'll remember. They fill an editor's day, voices coming from this way and that and from many a different time zone. Editors are jugglers. The trick is to be so in tune with every caller or e-mailer that his book or her book seems to be the only one on your mind. (I once discoursed at length about a character before the writer stopped me gently to say: "That's not someone in my story." A humbling lesson.)

At any time I may have forty books in my mind—fewer now, but still several

in any one day, their dates of publication reaching forward into 2009. If I'm asked at a library conference what I particularly like for next season, I honestly can't remember a single title—or even, sometimes, the next season itself. At Atheneum we have three seasons a year.

Recently, I've been trying to learn the importance of, say, the back-to-school selling span or national poetry month. I hardly think about such realities and sales aids, much to the impatience of more focused minds. Like the old family retainer, I am allowed to rock on—in the nineteenth century meaning of the word. I am indulged.

There are many who would say that the business uniting us today is an indulgence—and that fiction, particularly, doesn't signify.

"The Survey of Public Participation in the Arts," conducted by the Census Bureau in 2002, cited among its findings "that fewer than half of Americans more than eighteen now read novels, short stories, plays, or poetry; that the consumer pool for books of all kinds has diminished; and that the pace at which the nation is losing readers, especially young readers, is quickening. In addition, it finds that the downward trend holds in virtually all demographic areas . . . "

"What this study does is give us accurate numbers that support our worst fears about American reading." That from Dana Gioia, chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, from an article in *The New York Times*.

The survey also noted that readers are far more likely than nonreaders to do volunteer and charity work; far more likely to attend art museums, performing-arts events, and ball games. "Whatever good things the new electronic media bring, they also seem to be creating a decline in cultural and civic participation," Gioia lamented.

"It's not just unfortunate, it's a real cause for concern," agreed James Shapiro, a professor of English at Columbia University. "A culture gets what it pays for, and if we think democracy depends on people who read, write, think, and reflect—which is what literature advances—then we have to invest in what it takes to promote that."

Well, we are, aren't we?

Our time, like times before us, will be remembered because of our art and artists; laws; recipes perhaps; avowals; and wars. Principally I would nourish the art and artistry natural to all people before our culture does its belittling.

I find storytellers, joke-tellers, just captivating. It's the trouble they take to include me in some shared fact or flight of fancy.

When I was nine and in fourth grade, we were offered the opportunity to take an art class as part of the school week. Admittance was by jury selection; applicants were expected to show some interest or aptitude in art. As there was no assigned subject, I drew a theater portal with a great column in the center, upstage, and a female dancer balanced precariously on top. (Freudians, make of this what you will!) As a final flourish, I signed my name in an arc over the dancer as if she were juggling the letters of it *en pointe*.

I was told severely that one did not put one's name in the center of a composition. But the stage setting was prophetic, as was the signature placement. The Richard Jackson logo with its small arched window harkens from the 1986 founding of Orchard Books, where it first appeared on half-title pages usually centered. When I moved to DK Ink in 1996, the name was promoted to the title page itself but the small window dropped because it too often intruded on illustrated title-page spreads.

Back in fourth grade, I was admitted to art class but remember only the signature admonishment. Most of us, I'll guess, have memories of corrective adults, sure of the exact way to be, the way to write or draw, the way to think. "Culture," one wag said, "is what's done to us."

Still smarting, I have tried to be the opposite of the corrective adult. Ambiguity's helpmate, you might say. Unlike some in the spotlight, I do not know for sure that I am right.

In stories I would rather be shown a mystery than told a certainty. Through stories I'd rather be diverted toward my own ends than directed to the ends of others.

Last autumn, my wife, Nancy, bought a paperback edition of Judy Blume's *Blubber* for our then-ten-year-old granddaughter, Kelsey. At the register the cashier volunteered crisply, "A mean book."

This about the work of a woman honored in November by the National Book Foundation for her distinguished contribution to American letters. Perhaps, like some unlucky others, the cashier never had a childhood she could call her own. Paula Fox says that, "children are not a race apart but ourselves when new." The sad fact is that some people seem never to have been new—that, or have repressed the sensation. Psychologist James Hillman, in an essay in *Children's Literature*, writes that unless children are introduced to story when young—story read or told to them, not watched on a screen—they may not be able to organize their own experiences *into* story, and thus make sense of their lives.

Story is a tool for survival; it helps us understand (or at least unburden ourselves of) our journey. The cashier's childhood has not survived. Yet she has not outlived her childhood, either. The poor woman.

I wasn't there at the bookstore; never saw her. But I've heard and heard and heard attitudes such as hers about work I've published. I have no extrasensory bead on childhood, but I recognize that kid characters in adult books tend to be different than children portrayed in young peoples' literature. For adult read-

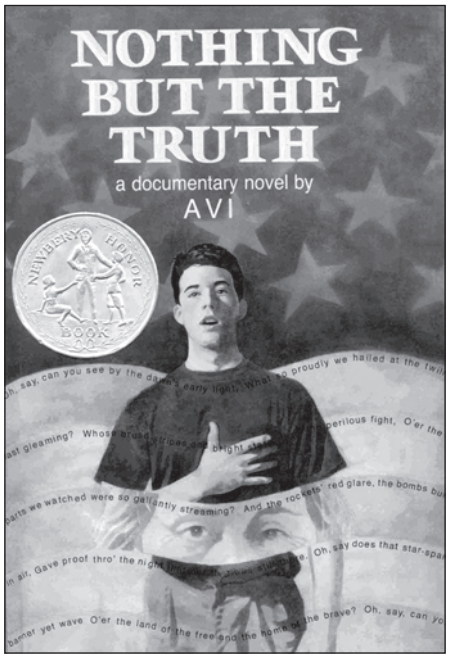
ers, innocence is charm, and therefore appealing to writers. Underage readers know better; innocence is a hard-won state of mind. Lack of experience is not innocence—or so I feel. And that's the reason R. J. books drive adults nuts with their darkness, spikiness, or ambiguity. I like "shapely," not "smoothed out." I don't want stories that are better than life, which so often *is* ambiguous—yes, I know how frustrating children find that—but I want the balance of art, not the boloney of "cute" or "tidy." Stories can assuage, but they ought not to solve. That's what living's for.

Blubber tells a story *about* meanness. But mean in itself? Please. Granted, the story does not say right out that cruel behavior is wrong. Blume does not directly punish the nasty kids. Often enough, neither does life. Blume leaves the matter of morality to the conscience of the reader, in the belief that some of the thinking must be left up to the kid.

I leave the books up to kids, because they are unprofessional readers. They haven't read enough, whereas we, as adults, often have read too much. Children have no agenda. They will like a tale or toss it aside. They'll see in it either more or less than we can see. They'll take it to heart. Or take us to task as in the following anecdote: A writer friend was asked to do a local library program for adults. A seven-year-old boy and his grandmother showed up, and though they were assured it would be okay to duck out after the opening reading of a picture book, they stayed for the whole presentation. Afterward, the grandmother approached the writer, all thanks and enthusiasm. The boy then piped up: "I thought I would die. It was worse than church."

A classmate of Kelsey's, and a member of her after-school book group, had her own cold water to throw upon me, though I was not on hand to holler. With utmost seriousness the girl dismissed my flap copy on the advance galleys of Nancy Farmer's *The Sea of Trolls,* as "not very good."

Excuse me? I thought upon hearing this appraisal. But *I wrote that,* as many an editor does for his projects. Many of us want to. I used always to do it, with words addressed to the child reader, not to the parent or the reviewer. I've had two stalwart assistants at Atheneum, and in the last years they've both helped me with jacket flaps: Virginia Skrelja and now Hilary Goodman. Of course, they are two generations closer to the audience than I, and neither is wild for adjectives, which suits my flap-writing style just fine.



Avi's *Nothing but the Truth* is a Newbery Honor Book edited by Richard Jackson.

Kelsey denies saying it about some schoolroom classic taught for decades, but I swear I heard her call that classic "li-torture."

I've published some so high-minded you need a ladder to scale them. From time to time, editors do succumb to a writer's unresisted solemnity. Even their own solemnity, now and then—particularly in pursuit of stick-on metallic disks. We all recognize—don't we—that awards reflect a moment in time and chemistry around a table as much as they do acclamation or a single book's infinite superiority. I'd rather that prizes not be doggedly annual anointings, but rewards for bodies of work—as some recent honors have blessedly become. The original impulses behind the Caldecott and Newbery Medals—to encourage writing and illustrating for children—have long past. We don't live in undiscovered country; children's literature is mainstream and Main Street now. (I was once told by a boss—not an editor—that my job was to win prizes. Say that to a man at a blackjack table; he'd agree but the dealer might have other ideas.)

My advice: Forget prizes as much as you can; don't publish *toward* them. Writers and artists should think on their work, not their place in the pantheon—a very hard assignment in this culture of inveterate contest. What any writer wants essentially is simpler than a prize: an engaged audience and a book that stays in print. And a further thought: after the hullabaloo subsides, it's a rare prizewinner who's a happier human; oppressed by expectation is the more likely aftertaste.

But with solemnity in mind, I must—at last—get to my acceptance of Pat Scales's invitation, extended almost two years ago, to undertake this lecture.

Eyes shifting left and right, she drew me out of the Atheneum booth at ALA and walked me away down the aisle, past anyone's hearing. "Am I in trouble?" I wondered aloud. She thought not; told me about today, added: "Oh, come on, say yes . . . In honor of the career."

My thanks to Sandra Hughes-Hassell and Denise Agosto of Drexel University, to the university itself, to ALSC, and to Pat's Arbuthnot Lecture Committee for spurring me into two years of self-appraisal. Talk about therapy! My wife says I've twitched in my sleep since July 2003.

But who, after all, can say no to Pat Scales?

Whether, before the commencement of the career in 1962, I knew why story mattered so deeply, I do not recall. Do the young think of such things? The lucky ones know that the experience of a tale can reach out and catch them, hold them

suspended but secure in a net of imagining. In third grade the web of Greek mythology caught me, a dreamy, dyslexic boy with seriously dramatic yearnings. And, ah, those myths—the vigor, enormity, and wildness of them! And the sets! The costumes—or absence thereof! The preposterous but convincing logic of cause and effect on the heights and in the depths of the Olympian world! And the magic of Mrs. Spencer's storytelling voice in class!

So: Yes, Pat. In honor of the career. After five minutes four seconds of intermi sion—the precise length of the following . . .

(Excerpt from Into the Woods, *"Children Will Listen," words and music by Stephen Sondheim)*

II. Time!

That, you may remember, is the title for act two. And these Dockers and sandals are the costume, which is rather more typical than the suit.

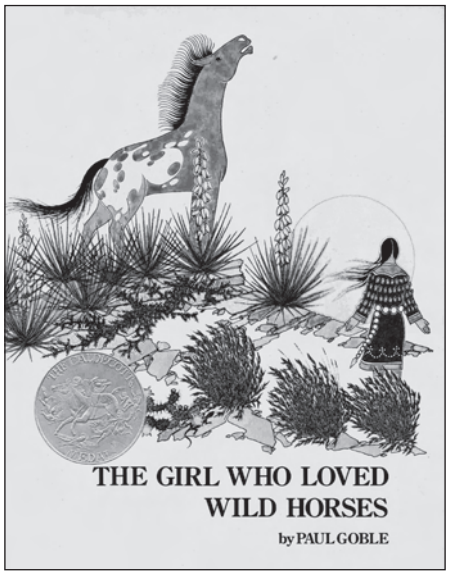
Return with me to my bedroom office, the floor littered with bits and pieces of lives. In the corner with the poetry is a bookcase of R. J. books. Aside from this shamefully incomplete library, there's little evidence of my work—a fact that puzzled my then-six-year-old grandson, Alexander. He'd been standing at my shoulder for some minutes, watching me on the computer, and finally had to ask, "Papa, do you even *have* a job?"

Now, the answer is: No job, but a need.

I wish to have been a different son when I was my readers' age—be it four or fourteen. I wish I'd known this poem by Walker Gibson. It's called "Advice to Travelers."

> A burro once, sent by express,
> His shipping ticket on his bridle,
> Ate up his name and his address,
> And in some warehouse, standing idle,
> He waited till he like to died.
> The moral hardly needs the showing:
> Don't keep things locked up deep inside—
> Say who you are and where you're going.

It was clear that I wasn't going to follow my father, who followed his into the automobile business. The aforementioned dreamy boy was drawn to magic—and performed on the birthday-party circuit (cousins mostly) as the "Precocious Prestidigitator." I was drawn to music—first "Malaguena," then Mozart sung by Bidu Sayao from a stack of 78s an inch high. I was drawn to the Bil Baird Marionette Theater that, during my sixth-grade year, visited Detroit



Paul Goble's tale won the 1979 Caldecott Award. Richard Jackson edited it.

University School, already cited for its admonitory art class.

In eighth grade, my civics teacher commenced calling me "Kewpie" on the baseball field. It wasn't until years later that I understood his implications, which I'd taken as cruelty. Well, it was cruel, of course. I believe he didn't know what he was meaning—and I didn't, at the time.

I remember learning to whistle and the happiness of that, but, without doubt, the best day of my youth came in the fall of eleventh grade at boarding school in Massachusetts, when once and forever I could shed my football uniform.

I was an artist from an upper-middle-class suburb where scions of industry were supposed to be . . . industrial. Art was a pastime only. I wonder: Was it fear of poverty or fear of feeling that threatened them? Or was art "unmanly"? Whatever; here was a conundrum, because my parents were both drawn to artistic achievers. One of their closest friends was Alexander Girard, a local architect who, in my youth, designed his first house for my father on the lake of a northern Michigan hunting-and-fishing club. Girard became color consultant for both GM and Braniff Airlines and founded the now famous folk-art museum that bears his name in Santa Fe. For him I did, at age ten, a painting called "The Octopus and the Snowflake," which he actually bought and framed for his wall. And yet, yet . . . art was somehow suspect. Taste, on the other hand, was encouraged, a critical eye—and, I fear, tongue. "Never be average," my father advised. Oh, how, how I longed to be just that—wanting even to like football. It's so much easier in America if you do! But team sports were crude. Fishing bored me, hunting appalled me, and sailing—which I remember best for clandestine voyages across Lake St. Clair during World War II, when rationed cigarettes were exchanged for meat with a Canadian family from the opposite shore—scared me speechless. Not the crime, I confess, but the danger of capsizing.

"Dick is an anxious child," I overheard my mother say to the doctor downstairs, who'd just made a house call to swab my throat with a yard-long Q-tip. But I was quite fierce inside. And eventually able to whip off fifty-five push-ups to win a bet with another infantry draftee. Though I shuddered at the prospect of military service after Yale, I let it happen without protest or scooting off to Canada, and in 1958 at age twenty-two became a machine-gunner slated for two years in a tent near Schweinfurt, Germany. Perhaps it was my age—old among seventeen-year-olds—or my typing ability, but I was asked—in the Army, mind you, *asked*—if I'd write an article for the Fort Benning newspaper. The proffered subject: basic training.

I wrote a piece about tear gas, quoting the training sergeant in a flashy first line: "You, you, and you would have been dead!"

Fort Benning, as you may know, is the United States home of the infantry; the hub. The general's office noticed my article and asked—again, *asked*—if I'd write speeches for him about battle groups and aircraft for the foot soldier. An absolute fluke, but I stayed in Georgia for my stint, speechifying like mad and was discharged several weeks early to seek a master's degree in English at Columbia, where I met Nancy. Years later, she commuted from the suburbs, after our third child was born, to pursue her MLS there. Of course, as therapy prompts one to do, I'm skipping about in time, eliding many a twist and turn of personal history. What you want to know is the book-related part.

Others' words . . . fill an editor's day, voices coming from this way and that and from many a different time zone. Editors are jugglers. The trick is to be so in tune with every caller or e-mailer that his book or her book seems to be the only one on your mind.

I was not a good reader—and am still painfully slow.

I garbled what I saw and missed beats between what I heard and what I read. Give me an e-mail address to transcribe, and without several repetitions of it, I'll not know how to reach you again. Truly unbookish I was—yet I loved the feel of a book, the implications of it, the way books, as Anthony Powell observed, "do furnish a room." And because of my speechwriting experience I had, even before Columbia, discovered an interest in putting thought to paper.

I lasted not quite a term in the English master's degree program, which turned out to be a pre-PhD endurance test focused on using the library. Later that fall, in December 1960, two pals and I produced an off-Broadway play written by a college friend. It opened on the day of a blizzard, and my morning was spent trying to convince the *New York Herald Tribune*'s drama critic, Walter Kerr, that, really, he'd enjoy a perilous helicopter flight into the city from Connecticut to review the performance.

After six grim weeks—it was a Civil War drama in blank verse with no love interest and a cast of twenty-three men—we sank into the slush. Convinced at last that after a BA in drama, after a summer acting and doing lights in an Adirondack stock company, after another summer of stage-managing at the American Shakespeare Festival, the theater was at best an avocation for me, I turned up at Harper & Brothers, my file of military speeches in hand. A kindly gent in the religion department, not the children's, sent me around the corner to New York University's Graduate Institute of Book Publishing—which granted a master's in education. I was admitted by a man who barely stopped his two-finger typing and never took off his Homburg during my interview. I was not asked to draw any dancers on columns, but was asked to wait six months for the start of the new academic year. In the meantime I interned as a clerk at Donnell Library in New York City, rose to be master of the pages, and often checked out books at my charge desk for actor Nathaniel Frey.

The NYU course was a treat; alas, nothing like its apprentice program exists today to help the young into the field. Doubleday, at which I worked five mornings a week, paid my tuition. And, luckier still, on opening day of the program, I met my first professional mentor: Frances Keene. A great teacher, she gave us an early lecture on decorum, mostly for the benefit of the women in the class, urging appropriate work dress but stockingless herself. Keene was a character; were I a writer I'd write her, in honor of her story and importance to me.

Not long into the fall term, Keene suggested I seek out Margaret Lesser, a friend of hers and editor-in-chief of Doubleday Books for Young Readers, because, as she observed, I was interested "in visual things."

Indeed I was—black and white and all colors except infantry camouflage, of which I'd seen enough. Shortly after my Fort Benning days, I inherited from my paternal grandmother my grandfather Roscoe Bradbury Jackson's library of glorious eighteenth- and nineteenth-century collected works of Sterne, Thackeray, Eliot, Shakespeare—in three separate editions—Montaigne, Moliere, Thoreau, Carlisle, and Stevenson because I'd long admired the bookmaking beauties they had represented on her library shelves. These were and are art objects from other times. The smell and feel of them! The weight! I can attest to this, having moved them twice across the country.

In 1961, I knew little about children's books; I was rarely read to as a boy. But I called Margaret Lesser from my semi-desk in the production department at Doubleday and asked if she'd see me. (Do you remember Seth Agnew? He was then head of all Doubleday manufacturing and he gave me a long-range assignment during my NYU apprenticeship days. I was still at it when I called Peggy Lesser. My job for Seth was counting recipes in cookbooks in order to make a precomputer grid, comparing the number of, say, casseroles listed to the cost of printing the book. I know, I know—it does sound whimsical.) Peggy said, sure, come see her, but wondered in her direct way what she might do with me: "After all," she noted, "you're a man."

"And a veteran," I wanted to add. In 1961 women more or less ruled the children's book publishing roost. One of the greats, Elizabeth Riley, whom I met through Peggy, later cautioned me: "Never begin a business letter with 'I.'" Who knew? But I haven't forgotten, either.

In the spring of 1962, after I'd graduated from NYU with my publishing MA, but while I was *still* counting recipes, Peggy called *me* to see if I'd consider a secretarial job. Yes, I said. Aside from typing letters and reading manuscripts, my first real editorial assignment was preparing the index for the *D'Aulaires' Book of Greek Myths*. Mrs. Spencer, wonder-weaver of my third-grade year, would have been proud. My first work remains in print to this day! I wrote two books—that is, matched words with existing pictures, some by Erik Blegvad—for little kids; I have copies of these somewhere, but no particular pride in their authorship.

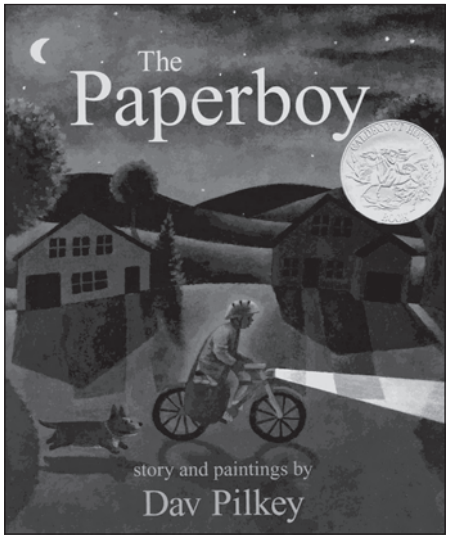
So, I was employed in the children's department of Doubleday for a year and a half, and married by then, when Keene, mentor of old, called to say she was assuming the editorship at Macmillan. Would I like to come along as her associate?

You bet, and in their beautiful building on Fifth Avenue and 12th Street, where Margaret Mitchell had been feted in a paneled room that, by my time, housed the company's telephone system, I soon met writer Paula Fox and colleague Janet Shulman. Not then an editor and fine writer, but a marketer, Janet introduced me to her college friend, Virginia Hamilton. When I left Macmillan in 1966, Paula followed me to the small David White Company; Virginia stayed and thrived under the tutelage of Susan Hirschman, who had succeeded Keene at Macmillan as editor-in-chief, and taught me everything I hadn't learned about publishing by age twenty-nine. This was a lot. When I told her I was leaving for the David White job, Susan surprisingly but pleasingly heaved a chair across the floor in displeasure.

During my Macmillan time, I received my favorite letter from a writer. I'd said yes to a manuscript of Felice Holman's, and the next day received a reply. No note, just an envelope filled with multicolored stars.

This memory was prompted by Alexander's question, "Papa, do you even *have* a job?" No job, but a need. I enjoy being thanked. So much so, I'm still unretired. Can't give up the gratitude!

"All literature is to me me," said Gertrude Stein. But, then, she was a writer. My words are usually a means for others—like the words of all editors in this hall today. In some way I do not understand, editors can free or inspire writers, even painters, to take up Robert Stone's challenge to show us who we are and what we're up to.



Richard Jackson also edited *The Paperboy,* a 1997 Caldecott Honor Book, by Dav Pilkey (Scholastic, 1996).

Words, in my family at least, stayed polite, bantering. You skimmed the surface with them, but did not dive.

Beneath, there was a deep unspeakableness. In 1949, my four-year-old sister drowned in a neighbor's pool. My parents, I think, never recovered—if anyone can—after such a blow. My other sister, Linda, was eight, and I fourteen the June morning Julie died, and I recall my father telling me softly that the women would gather together in the living room for the comfort of talk, while in the library we men wouldn't be saying much. At the time, I thought quiet to be a comfort. Two years later, in the same library, I saw my father for the last time, surrounded by office paperwork while I, from the doorway, resisted doing the dishes and slammed out of the house to be with friends I'd only just discovered that summer.

"Your father is dead," Uncle Jim said on the phone the next morning. "Get your mother."

She wasn't home, and by the time she'd heard, the enormity of the news had crashed wordlessly around us. I say wordlessly, because no one told me how or where—or certainly why he was dead.

At forty, he had shot himself in his car on Lake Shore Drive. This I learned only from the evening paper.

Earlier that day, when I could do so unseen, I slipped alone into my parents' room, around to his side of the bed, and slid open the delicate, ivory-handled drawer of his night table. Throughout my youth I had sneaked looks at its contents, had pressed a finger to the weapon there, loaded for our safety: a Lugar pistol.

His means.

That day, I knew it would be gone.

That day, September 13, 1952, there was no story other than the first version of the fifty-year-long riff I've told and told myself. It keeps changing. And may change tomorrow.

For today, I read another poem, partly because it pertains, partly because I love it—the title poem from "Stories I Ain't Told Nobody Yet" by Jo Carson.

> I am asking you to come back home
> before you lose the chance of
> seeing me alive.
> You already missed your daddy.
> You missed your uncle Howard.
> You missed Luciel.
> I kept them and I buried them.
> You showed up for the funerals.
> Funerals are the easy part.
> You even missed that dog you left.
> I dug him a hole and put him in it.
> It was a Sunday morning, but dead animals
> don't wait no better than dead people.
>
> My mama used to say she could
> feel herself

runnin' short of the breath of life.
So can I.
And I am blessed tired of buryin' things I love.
Somebody else can do that job for me.
You'll be back here then; you come for funerals.

I'd rather you come back now and got my stories.
I've got whole lives of stories that belong to you.
I could fill you up with stories, stories I ain't told nobody yet, stories with your name, your blood in them.
Ain't nobody gonna hear them if you don't
and you ain't gonna hear them unless you get back home.

When I am dead, it will not matter how hard you press your ear to the ground.

Did I mention the comfort of stories? It wasn't so much the facts I was missing or had to gather second-hand that September day; what hurt was the non-inclusion of me.

Years later our eldest, Adam, then five, lay with me in a hammock and asked, "Daddy, why wasn't I baptized? Wasn't I good enough?" The answer I gave him, that in our eyes and in God's he was good enough without needing water to make it official . . . these words may not have eased his mind.

The subject didn't come up again. But for me, it's a constant. The children of suicides never feel good enough—and quite possibly their grandchildren too. My sister Linda and I have lived lives as artists (she as head of the Altar Guild at Washington's National Cathedral—if you've watched a state funeral on television, you've seen her flower work), I as encourager, enabler, *eminence grise* of story upon story upon story. I admit it—a remedial effort. Our father should have lived as the artist he was; we're doing it for him.

Lucy Larcom wrote in 1889 in *A New England Girlhood:*

. . . when I heard that there were artists,
I wished I could sometime be one.
If I could only make a rose bloom on paper,
I thought I should be happy! Or if I could at last
succeed in drawing the outline of winter-stripped boughs
as I saw them against the sky, it seemed to me
that I should be willing to spend years in trying.

The expenditure of years is somehow my text, and I've strayed far from it. And I an editor, too! I've left the career dangling in 1966, the year our second child, Tess, was born—on a day, in fact, when I was to take Armstrong Sperry to lunch. I also met Robert Verrone in 1966.

Bob was well-known in children's publishing as director of the library sales force at Prentice-Hall. He was enlisted by his mentor, the CEO, to search for a new editor for their children's department, and in that capacity, interviewed me. We liked each other right off, but it was clear that the job in question—and the commute to New Jersey—wasn't for me.

I ended up with the long drive, anyway. After months of surreptitiously scrounging for money to start ourselves in children's book publishing, Bob went to his CEO with word that he had found another job—true—and would leave Prentice-Hall unless said mentor would give us money for a start-up. Hence Bradbury Press was born in February 1968. Our first list, which appeared that fall, featured Paula Fox and Arnold Lobel. Rosemary Wells and Susan Jeffers came along as both were chums from Macmillan. Next, Amy Schwartz and Diane Goode. Paul Goble, Margaret Cooper, Harold Goodwin, Cynthia Rylant, Denys Cazet, Janet Taylor Lisle, Avi, Donna Maurer, Emily McCully, and Gary Paulsen followed.

Some seasons there might have been only four new books, but most seasons welcomed newcomers or sometimes new discoveries such as Elizabeth Fitzgerald Howard, Ursula Landshoff, Emily Hanlon, Amy Aiken, Christian Garrison, Luke Wallin, Robert Casilla, M. C. Heldorfer, Sucie Stevenson, Judie Angell, Sheila Garrigue, Judie Wolkoff; or recognized names such as Stephen Gammell, Riki Levinson, Mary Szilagyi, Peter Silsbee, Mae Durham, Mitsu Yashima, Scott Russell Sanders, Irene Trivas, Milton Meltzer—who wrote his only novel for us, Kin Platt, Barbara Murphy, and Paul B. Janeczko through whose series of marvelous poetry anthologies I met George Ella Lyon. As long back as 1968, a friend of Bob's, Mary Elizabeth Ledlie of the Milwaukee Public Library, introduced us to John Reiss, who had a book dummy called *Colors* that he shyly dislodged from a bottom drawer. We loved it. We bought it. And we subsequently first published John's wife, Lois Ehlert.

Judy Blume, because of our Englewood Cliffs address, sent us a manuscript unsolicited: *Iggie's House*. She later revealed that she did so because she disliked driving into Manhattan. She lived down the turnpike, and at our first meeting was so nervous she lunched on little more than water. The lemon slice in it appealed to her, as did our interest in anything beyond Iggie that she might have had in mind. There was a second novel, she said, named by her typist with the opening two lines: "Are you there God? It's me, Margaret."

I don't want stories that are better than life, which so often is *ambiguous—yes, I know how frustrating children find that—but I want the balance of art, not the boloney of "cute" or "tidy." Stories can assuage, but they ought not to solve. That's what living's for.*

But before Margaret could be published, Bob's CEO—and mine, now that I think

of it—moved permanently to Florida. His successor had no interest in a small children's imprint that directly competed with his own. We were told to close up shop.

Bob had two children; I had three. We had some books to our joint credit, some stars from the journals, some slight recognition. We were stunned.

But not to be done in.

After more futile money searches (a Texan in a cape was the favorite), we put our future where our money wasn't, and, borrowing from our families, bought the Bradbury name and backlist. We moved closer to home and set up shop (again) in a building full of dentists near the Metro North rail lines out of Manhattan. We stayed there in Scarsdale for the next fourteen years, until Bob died stoically and terribly at the age of forty-nine.

Over those years, Beverly Horowitz; Jane Botham; Norma Jean Sawicki, who brought Suse McDonald, Guilio Maestro, and Matt Novak to the list; Lauren Wohl; and Virginia Duncan all worked at Bradbury, which moved into the Macmillan building on Third Avenue, New York, in 1984. Please remember that the Bradbury experiment, for so it was, could hardly thrive now. We needed books, unlike so many publishers today who can no longer read over-the-transom submissions. Bob and I needed books, so we were a boon, particularly to writers and artists just beginning, or those looking for a new—or additional—home.

The Bradbury staff started out as two, using shirt cardboards from the laundry as layout sheets spread along the useful length of Nancy's ironing board, for the paste-up, or "mechanicals," of the text for Eros Keith's 1968 picture book, *A Small Lot*. We drove into Manhattan to meet Arnold Lobel when he handed in the finished art for *The Comic Adventures of Old Mother Hubbard and Her Dog* . . . on a street corner. Later, Avi's *S. O. R. Losers* arrived by secretarial error from his agent. It was supposed to go to Harper, I believe. But I bought it promptly after our youngest, a soccer player himself, pronounced the manuscript, "Great."

Talk about comic adventures! Bradbury was never more than six people, two part-time for years. Dutton distributed the books and guaranteed what cash flow there was. Agents, interestingly, liked us as likeable fellows, but usually submitted to us last, and those projects were mostly from newcomers to their own lists. Printers never knew with confidence if we'd be around the next month to pay their bills, so we were hounded. Yet never once were we late with a royalty check. We knew whom to thank and honor.

Independence, though, is costly, and because money was always tight, valuable people drifted away, their eyes—or their agents' eyes—on bigger and bigger advance monies, snazzier promotion budgets, and the like. I do not blame them. We lost one writer over a requested ten-thousand-dollar advance—piddling by today's standards, but simply beyond us at the time—in 1975, if I remember rightly. I learned from Bradbury that, as my wife says, "People do what they want to do."

So, serious thanks to the writers, illustrators, and agents who remained loyal to me at whatever company. After Bradbury, which we sold to Macmillan in 1982 because Bob's health was failing and which I left in 1986, these other companies were: Orchard Books, until 1996, then DK Ink, and finally Atheneum, from 1999 to today. I take no credit for the fact that Macmillan, David White, Bradbury Press, and DK Ink have all faded into the haze of publishers past. I do take pride that I've been attendant at three corporate births and want you to know it's to Sandra Jordan, noted writer, photographer, editor—and Bob Verrone's widow—that I owe the R. J. imprint and the Orchard job. She encouraged me about working from home, which saved my sanity. I am impatient with meetings; and publishers, these days, have many. Consensus must prevail, whereas nerve and hunch were enough at Bradbury—and sometimes highly profitable.

We did work hard, it's true; publishing a novel requires reading it in various forms maybe nine times, the effort of a year or more after it's written. A picture book wants two years—and at the end of a long prep process, needs watching on press. In the early Bradbury days, full-color books (we could afford only a couple a year) were printed two colors at a time, black and blue inks first for the whole print run of, say, ten thousand copies, then red and yellow inks on top. If you made a color-intensity mistake on either the black or blue, you were stuck with it—or faced with junking the whole ten thousand sheets. We did that with the first printing of *Three Jovial Huntsmen*, not because of a goof but because Susan Jeffers hated what she'd done originally and asked to rethink the art-preparation process. Two copies of the initial run were bound up; Susan has one, I have the other. Real rarities. Bob was particularly good at adjusting in val-

My advice: Forget prizes as much as you can; don't publish toward *them. Writers and artists should think on their work, not their place in the pantheon—a very hard assignment in this culture of inveterate contest. What any writer wants essentially is simpler than a prize: an engaged audience and a book that stays in print. And a further thought: after the hullabaloo subsides, it's a rare prizewinner who's a happier human; oppressed by expectation is the more likely aftertaste.*

ues on press, and did it, as well as a lot of typography, on most of Bradbury's picture books. I was better at driving home in the dim light of dawn after what were some eighteen-hour printing ordeals.

Once I remember asking Bob at a printer's elbow how one spells "huge," for on the sheet of paper we were watching, there was the fateful word spelled "h-u-g-h." (Ah, dyslexia!) The job was printing in northern Connecticut; to correct that error—our own, after who knows how many readings!—required two days. Replacement type had to be set, a new black plate made (in Manhattan), and then trucked north to the printing plant, and, of course, there was our second bumming, numbing car trip back.

I suppose I've watched more picture books and novel jackets print than most editors. At Bradbury the two of us did nearly everything. At Atheneum I was recently asked to participate in some first-proof color correction for a fall 2005 title. Fun but nerve-racking. I thought of Bob and his excellent eye. At least nowadays all four colors are printed at once, so adjustments at press time are possible. Also it's not to Connecticut one travels to but rather the Far East. Editors don't make such journeys today. In fact, the roll-up-your-sleeves overall "thinginess" of book publishing is out of our hands. Now we have teams, departments, staffs, and crews—all specialized.

Nineteen years ago, however, even large companies permitted—or hardly noticed—renegade bands. The Orchard founding four was one such.

Our launch in 1987 was almost ideal in that Franklin Watts, the imprint's original owner, gave us a year to prepare ourselves. Orchard newcomers, though not all on that first list: Peter Catalanotto, who painted the program cover for this afternoon, giving me an airborne send-off plus a full head of hair and who's promised me watercolor lessons, when I have the time; Chris Raschka; Megan McDonald; James E. Ransome; Susan Patron; Barbara Ann Porte; Greg Henry; Phillis Gershator; Holly C. Kim; Wendy Anderson Halperin; Rosanne Litzinger; Dan Elish; Zack Rogow; Suann Kiser; John Gurney; Steve Sanfield; Emily Lisker; Jerome Brooks; John Ward; Kate Spohn; Jenny Davis; Anne Shelby; Tres Seymour; Paul Brett Johnson; Jim Wayne Miller; Marie Bradby; Jo Carson; Jeff Daniel Marion; and Marguerite Casparian—the last nine all referred by our mostest starfinder, George Ella Lyon. Sheila Gordon and Evan Levine were sent by Paula Fox; Brian Floca (my recording engineer) was sent by Avi; Theresa Nelson by Judie Angell; Rachel Vail by Judy Blume; Annie Cannon by Gary Paulsen; Dawna Lisa Buchanan, Angela Johnson, and Dav Pilkey by Cynthia Rylant; and, in turn, Rhonda Mitchell by Angie Johnson. Great godparents, all.

This original artwork was created by illustrator Peter Catalanotto for the Arbuthnot Honor Lecture program book. Used with permission of the artist.

To augment the list—so many became friends, actually—Sheila Hamanaka, Synthia Saint James, Brian Swann, Ponder Goembel, Vera Rosenberry, David Soman, Chris K. Soentpiet, Frances Temple, Valerie Hobbs, Karen Lynn Williams, Floyd Cooper, Ted and Betsy Lewin, Lucy Cullyford Babbitt, Doris Orgel, M. J. Engh, Maxie Chambliss, Virginia Walter, Katrina Roeckelein, Ursula K. Le Guin, Gibbs Davis, Dan Andreasen, Karen Ray, Julie Downing, Liz Rosenberg, Jack Driscoll, Marsha Carrington, Diana Cain Bluthenthal, and Nancy Farmer. Of these Orchard names, twenty-five appeared for the first time anywhere on an R. J. list. I believe "talent scout" is part of my nonjob description as it is with all editors. Certainly, first-time writers or illustrators are delighted with their good fortune—and this makes them delightful, in the main, to publish. I've introduced eighty-eight first-timers, if my count is correct.

Other confreres to credit: cofounders with Sandra Jordan at Orchard, loyal friend Norma Jean Sawicki again, and Ann Beneduce. Manufacturing maven Margaret La Mare at both Bradbury and Orchard; copyeditor Maggie Herold; designers Mina Greenstein and at DK Ink, Jennifer Browne. And, while I'm at it, other editors who might enjoy and surely warrant this lectureship: Michael Di Capua and Janet Schulman from old, old Macmillan days, or the following whom I have never worked alongside: Walter Lorraine, Frances Foster, Phyllis Fogelman, Patricia Gauch, or Kate and John Briggs (a Yale classmate) if it's a matter of longevity on the planet. Or if it's not, Regina Hayes, Stephen Roxburgh, Dinah Stevenson, and Brenda Bowen (who gave me my job at Atheneum).

Sometimes I'm told that no one but I would have published such-and-such. How they know, I can't guess, but it is interesting to be known for one's taste, which I hope is as various as the projects that turn up in the mail slot. Most books come to me from acquaintances of writers and artists I work with.

I've hardly ever commissioned a book, though I have suggested the occasional idea to one writer or another. Here's my favorite, which has gone untouched for years, since I read in *The New Yorker* magazine a review of a musical theater piece inspired by Sophocles' "Oedipus at Colonus." It's a single sentence, and suggests story but neither plot nor setting:

"There is no moral position stronger than to be suddenly wanted by those who have treated you badly. . . ."

Whoever will write a novel inspired by that line will get a reading from me, guaranteed. Expiration date on the offer, though, is June 30, 2005, my real retirement. So, it's time to get cracking! Or you can take up a recent issue of *The New Yorker* and find this small but terrifying ad and Web address for "Storybase: Software for Writers. Spark your creativity," the copy says, "as you explore 2,363 essential narrative situations." Umm. Think of mine just now as idea number 2,364. I couldn't be retiring at a better time. One of an editor's most useful functions is nonencouragement of the unreadily discouraged.

Stories are the essences of lives, reminders of mutuality, reworkings—artful or not—of what's to be made of living; of being human; of being responsible; of being silly; of being one among many. And of being alone.

"Mr. Jackson, you're a downer," one hopeful writer complained to me at a literature conference in Key West. I thought I'd help her see that writing needn't have anything to do with publishing; one does not imply the other—nor should it. The process of writing—of finding out what you think—should be its own reward. But this is America, I realize. Here, the press conference is more powerful than the reason for calling it. As I say, it's time to go.

The excellent Betty Carter distinguishes between children's books for the shelf and those for the toy box. Without the latter, children's publishing as a business would be in trouble; without the former, I'd perhaps be not an editor, but a school-crossing guard or aging actor, playing Chekhov's Firs or Marley's ghost. In half one, I referred to "an editor's—an actor's—life." When Bradbury was threatened with premature demise in 1970, Bob and I found ourselves with editorial energies and nowhere to expend them. I took up acting again in several suburban community theater groups. Bob was a particularly fine director, and we collaborated on several occasions. For the next eighteen years I played roles that many a professional actor never gets to try: Shakespeare's Oberon and Edmund; heroes in Congreve and Goldsmith; clerics in *The Crucible* and *The Runner Stumbles;* one saint—Thomas More—twice; various suited or bathrobed gentlemen in Pinter, Shaw, Giraudoux, and Coward; and the part John Gielgud originated in *Home,* by the aptly named Englishman, David Storey. My least favorite role, as the German spy in *Stalag 17,* occupied me for several tedious weekends, but inspired an ad-lib that made the long run worth it. I can take no credit. After being revealed as the Nazi spy—think Peter Graves in the movie—I was trussed up, trundled toward the door of the prison shed, thrown into the cold, and (usually) gunned down by recorded machine gun-fire just outside. One night, however, the *rat-a-tat* didn't sound. There was silence. Finally the actor playing the William Holden role ran to the window to look out, and bellowed to wild guffaws: "Ho, *man*! The dogs ate 'im."

There was some prophesy in this . . .

My farewell theatrical involvement I shared with our younger son, Sam the soccer player, as we became fog makers for the dream ballet in *Oklahoma!* Despite our best efforts, the ornery stuff rolled, like cotton batting, downstage and into the orchestra. For dress rehearsal, the musicians showed up with gas masks, and the effect was cut.

It happens that my theater years were among my most productive as an editor. When they were over, when the Jacksons had left the suburbs of New York City and moved to California, and I saw that I'd have to interrupt any rehearsal or performance schedule with business travel, I focused again on my long-standing audience—American children, whose laughter or sighs, sniffs or silence I can only imagine in the playhouse of my mind.

Of course, I do sometimes hear responses from children; writers often hear and send me copies of the best letters. Avi sent me this:

> Criteria for a Good Book:
>
> Corrict spelling
>
> Good paragraphs
>
> Understandable—makes sense and words aren't too hard
>
> Beginning, muddle, end
>
> Action (not dull)
>
> Complete sentences
>
> Good characture description
>
> Lots of details
>
> Funny once in a while
>
> Friendsminship
>
> Nice size letters
>
> Solution to problem—and problem
>
> Lots of mony in it
>
> Has to have letters not blank pages
>
> Characters have clothes on
>
> You know where you are without using a book mark.

It's adults who sometimes get lost. One of my favorite books from the early Bradbury days was Jim Copp's *Martha Matilda O'Toole*, with pictures by Steven Kellogg. The child is naked throughout. I had little ones at home, then; for me, nakedness was a glory, not an offense—but this most innocent book came in for some hard, puritanical knocks. The text was first a song, which our kids loved and thought hilarious; once pictures were added, the affrontable . . . well, were affronted.

And I guess, all along, I knew they would be. Mischief does appeal to me, in spirit still the teenage magician.

Even if you can't deduce it, there is a reason for the publication of every book. Mischief it is, occasionally. Most often

the reason is the ongoing relationship between author or illustrator and the publishing house; author and the audience; or author and the growth of his work. Publishers not only send books into the marketplace, where half of them make no money for anyone, but they invest in lives.

There is a near-fatal contradiction in a mass-produced art form, made odder still by the fact that our audience is not our market.

In the late eighties, when Grolier bought Watts with Orchard attached and shuffled it in with another subsidiary, Children's Press, the incongruity of the Orchard list with the others' was inescapable. Our writers and illustrators expected to find their work on shelves in bookstores—big and small. In 1996, I left Orchard and, with good chums Melanie Kroupa and Neal Porter, my music consultant for this afternoon's performance, started DK Ink. Perhaps an unlikely adjunct to their nonfiction list, but the parent company did offer excellent retail recognition.

My three DK years brought me Mindy Warshaw Skolsky, E. R. Frank, Joan Abelove, Shelley Jackson, Lucy Frank, Charlotte Agell, Marsha Chall, Susan Marie Swanson, Howard Kaplan, Marc Talbert, Douglas Rees, Diane Palmisciano, Jean Jackson, Diane Greenseid, Alison James, Tsukushi, Ann W. Olson, Herve Blondon, Martin Matje, Shane Evans, Randy Blume, and Cynthia Zarin—two of whom are represented on the tables of Dick's Picks at the upcoming reception across the street. A small list of seventeen, drawn from the intro you've seen. (I'm such a wuss, I could *not* whittle it down to the customary ten—and it could readily have topped twenty-five!)

Mindy's novel, *Love from Your Friend, Hannah*, is one of them. I'd read her manuscript years earlier and never forgotten her heroine—though I didn't know how to help the book back then. In 1996 I wrote her, asking of its fate. Luckily, Hannah had waited for me. When the book was published at DK, Mindy was in her seventies, so the story's emergence after long incubation was a particular pleasure. Sometimes I haven't a clue what to do for a novel I like. However, I

have a long memory, and more than once I've asked to see a book again. Sometimes I'm too late, and the project has found a home—a reassurance, of sorts. It's frustrating for those around me that I keep most everything in my head. Files reside on the floor; phone numbers on small scraps of paper or on a Rolodex organized by an alphabet more Hawaiian than English. It's a wonder I get anything done—but then, there I am, literally just around the corner from my office. A professional secret from recent years: Naps are altogether good friends. After lunch, I'd give blankets to all of publishing, broadcast Saint-Saens' "The Swan" along every corporate hallway, and feel confident of the restorative effect on creativity and temper—just as this ritual was beneficial to me in first grade on the hard, hard gym floor at Detroit University School. During my teens, I started having migraine headaches. Thirty years later, I would have to lie flat and motionless on the office rug in Scarsdale to ease them; I didn't remember until much later the magic of "The Swan."

Naps restore optimism. And for publishers, optimism is important. Nonpublishers would be surprised, perhaps, to learn how few copies of most books sell in this wide country compared to, say, Game Boys.

Carol Bly, in her famous essay "Six Uses of Story," cites the following as use number five: "Story *gets us away* from our peers for a time. . . .

"Solitude—not togetherness," she says, "is the site for genius. . . . "

Meaning, quality solitude. It's the other kind that troubles me. I've supped with more than one kid uneager to be pulled away from that blinking, buzzing little plastic playing field—or killing field.

A contest such as those enacted summons no empathy, but only the will to win or kill. Story, on the other hand, assumes empathy. And, if it's well done, evokes empathy. Heart failure is what worries me about the dimming of story on our cultural horizon. And isolationist thinking. Other people are both unique and the same—a truth the world needs reminding of. Story does that. Story *means* that. Lewis Hyde in *The Gift* states: "The work of art is a copula, a bond, by which the many are knit into one."

Before Dana Gioia picked up the tattered NEA standard, Robert Hughes, the art critic, wrote bracingly:

> One of the ways you measure the character—indeed, the greatness—of a country is by its public commitment to the arts. Not as a luxury; not as a diplomatic device; not as a social placebo. But as a commitment arising from the belief that the desire to make and experience art is an organic part of human nature, without which our natures are coarsened, impoverished, and denied, and our sense of community with other citizens is weakened. This may sound like rhetoric, but after twenty-six years of writing in America I know it to be true—I know it in my heart—my sometimes mean and irritable writer's heart. The arts are the field on which we place our own dreams, thoughts, and desires alongside those of others, so that solitudes can meet . . .

Substitute the word "story" for the word "art" in Hughes' paragraph, and you have my point. Exclusionism is ungenerous, ungracious—the very opposite of the harmonizing, ordering, and bringing forth that underpin the spirit of story sharing. Story matters because it is communal and inclusive—even while leading us to answers all our own. If any of you have served on a grand jury, you'll know that many stories can be spinning out in one's head simultaneously, and as case after case is presented by the district attorney, patterns between stories begin to emerge. Grand-jury duty is wonderful *editorial* experience.

Stories are the essences of lives, reminders of mutuality, reworkings—artful or not—of what's to be made of living; of being human; of being responsible; of being silly; of being one among many. And of being alone.

For—despite the longing of the interval lyric—alone we are. Which is not to say untended. We *are* children of God.

(Now, I rarely talk intimately about belief, except in public. Were ours an editorial proceeding, I'd want you to do the talking. I'm happier hidden, and not on the spot about religious, political, or financial conviction. The thing to be said for editing . . . it's all about someone else. I'd like to trade places in this hall; hear what *you* think about the world.)

What *I* think is this: The greatest fear we face today is not terrorism—it's ignorance. Of language, for starters. Illiteracy is a terror for those cordoned off by it. Imagine the pain of not being able to read a job application, a tax form, or prescription. Further, there's the ignorance of who we are, of what's come before us, or where our future might be heading, which seems implicit in a society whose young are raised not on reading or listening, but on SpongeBob. Like many an iconic daytime character, he has no story—only repetitious setup—resolved by a prank or a pratfall or an aquatic pie in the face in narrative situations of only thirty seconds' duration. There is pace, action, and humor involved, but no urgency. Nothing much depends upon the outcome, which is never really in doubt. SpongeBob is intentionally *not* memorable—at least in his TV incarnation. He may inspire gut response, but not ideas—unless, as he has recently, they be serious frets from the right. I like watching him with the grandies, but I and they, too—happily—have additional matters on our minds. Books among them, or in fact, *SpongeBob SquarePants: The Movie*, which I'm afraid to see lest it blast my theory, as it were, out of the water.

"Every work of literature," writes Vivian Gornick, "has both a situation and a story. The situation is the context or circumstance, sometimes the plot; the story is the emotional experience that preoccupies the writer: the insight, the wisdom, the thing one has come to say."

I've come this afternoon to say thanks for that envelope of stars, and the stars that have reassuringly followed. To give credit to others for writing what has been, for me, an autobiography of sorts, since all these years I've depended upon others to express myself, to understand and to forgive myself—the boy in the library, sad at the death of a little girl, sad, sad among

silent men. Then, two years later, sadder, still, the morning after a surly set-to with my father, longing for others' words that did not come.

But let's not leave me there. There's music in what didn't happen, too. Whole lifetimes can be built on yearning; mine on the muffling of voice. More than anything, I wish to have been a singer. Schubert and Sondheim—storytellers both.

And now, finally, finally, comes the threatened epilogue: my Atheneum period from 1999 until today—and a bit beyond. New names: Mariah Fredericks; Lisa Wheeler; Frank Ansley; Jennifer Donnelly; Henry Garfield; J. David Smith; James Yang; Marilyn Sachs, whose first book I read in manuscript forty-three years ago at Doubleday; Jennifer Richard Jacobson; Leonid Gore; Stephanie Anderson; Roderick Townley; Jacqui Robbins; Matt Phelan; Cor Hazelaar; Mark and Sienna Siegel; Evelyn Coleman; Pierre Pratt; Alexandra Boiger; Amy Reichert; and Franny Billingsley, whom I inherited from Atheneum's founder, Jean Karl.

Many new names—but one old goal. I could tell Alexander a third time: No. No job, but a need. And that is to publish what I haven't seen, haven't read before. I know that few kids see even a sampling of what we produce annually. If book publishing—the whole industry—were to go on a cruise for a couple of years, there would be feasts for savoring still in libraries, those imaginatively *unsafe* havens, as well as in bookstores. But we, as artists all, must not send our hearts on cruises.

We must *be* ourselves, hearts and minds and consciences.

Publishing is personal. We must mean what we do. We must not look too anxiously over one another's shoulders. (Whoops! There goes the whole business of book auctions between sweaty competitors.)

And we ought not to publish for reviews, pleasant as the positive ones are. I think of stars next to a book's title as escapes, averted disasters, second chances that someone in the world may be able to love a book as I have. A favorable notice gives the go-ahead, the come-on, the nod of acceptability for public consumption—and funds.

I regret it when reviewers compare the galleys before them to the book they'd have written had they written it. As an editor I daily decline books I don't warm to; I wish reviewers would do the same, wish they'd say, "I'm not right for this one," instead of launching forth on how wrong the book is. Maybe some do and I don't hear about them; they have my thanks.

A couple of years ago, a writer whose career I started off sent me a second manuscript, which I knew would appeal to kids, but for reasons of taste I didn't admire. When I declined, he sent the novel elsewhere and sold it quickly. A friend of his asked why I hadn't taken it, and the writer's reply was: "Well, you know Jackson. He'd have wanted the dog to die."

Several Atheneum doggies have escaped my murderous pencil; sheep, pigs, reindeer, and a rat, too. As the body has settled, my need has sustained me. I have felt renewed—and seven titles on the Dick's Picks reception tables have come from this final sunset time. When I stop talking—and I will—when I stop publishing—and I will—I hope a kid or two finds beauty there. The R. J. list this fall is a good one. But I've had such help. In California until 2003, my one-day-a-week assistant, Dennise Weidenhofer. In New York, Ginee Seo, Anne Schwartz, and Caitlyn Dlouhy, editorial fellows; Emma Dryden and Rick Richter, enablers; art directors Ann Bobco, Lee Wade, Russell Gordon, and Polly Kanevsky who laugh at my jokes and produce, alongside Abelardo Martinez, Kris Smith, and Sonia Chaghatzbanian, one deliciously designed book after another—you'll find Polly as a 2006 author on the reception tables; Jean Ng, our copy editor, who suppressed all principles and allowed me sentence fragments galore this afternoon, because, as I told her, I had to breathe; marketers and publicists Suzanne Murphy, Michelle Fadlalla, and Tracy van Straaten, who subtly tell others what to think of the books. Cheers to them and their helpers. To the sales folk who daily deal with truths about this world I'd rather not acknowledge.

And particularly to Nancy, who, over the years—when we discussed children's books that were her life as a librarian and mine as an editor—invariably had an insight, often had an opinion, and didn't burden me with them except when I asked. What I always wanted to know was: "Who published it?" And what she'd reply was always: "Heavens, I didn't notice." So much for editors and our ilk. My own depends upon the long-range future of Alexander and Kelsey, and to several abiding fictional characters: Brian Robeson, Jessie and Ras, Summer, Margaret, Deenie, Sally J., Lawanda, Philip Malloy, Peter Cassidy, Tendai, Rita, and Kuda Matsika, a boy named America, Annabelle Swift, the Bunyip of Berkeley's Creek, Buffalo Woman; oh, I hope there may be more!

Now, instead of following pattern and closing where I opened, with poetry—say the two hundred and ten rhyming couplets of Alexander Pope's "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot"—I will close with a tip, a picture, and a confession from America's fourth Hans Christian Andersen medalist.

The tip comes from a modest writer, who asked for anonymity: If there's something in the room older than you are, there's a story in that room. Seek it out—and, I add, "pass it on."

If you want to think back to other times in publishing, picture Astrid Lindgren on Fifth Avenue, grabbing my hand after lunch near the old Macmillan building in 1965 and saying, "Come on, Dick. Let's skip." She was, I believe, the second Andersen medalist, in 1958.

Or if you will, steal again into my bedroom office, search the floor, recently more littered than usual with speech-writing pages, pick up this letter from 1987, and share with me my good fortune: "Thanks for the *PW* review," it begins. "The three reviews seem okay to me, really better than I hoped for, for such was my blindness about *Lily and the Lost Boy*. Other people's expectations are rough—but, oh!—one's own are a torment. Mine are, anyhow. I can't write *One-Eyed Cat* twice. I did my best for that time of writing *Lily*

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Challenges Then and Now

A Survey of Protagonists in Newbery Award Books, 1950s and 1990s

Jonathan Lathey

Sheila Egoff identified the 1950s as a Second Golden Age of children's literature, an optimistic time that might be symbolized by the image of a garden. Literature for children promoted safe survivors who were supported by caring but unobtrusive adults. In subsequent decades, advocates of New Realism challenged this middle-class view of childhood (and parenting) in favor of greater candor about the problems that faced young readers. The perfect-parent syndrome was broken.

I suggest that survival in this world of new realities demands a more extroverted approach to the world. To that end, I compare the personal attributes, stressors, and resources available to protagonists in Newbery Medal winners from the 1950s and the 1990s.

Protagonists in children's literature from the 1990s were under greater stress and less well resourced compared to protagonists from the 1950s. They showed remarkable resilience as they coped with an unreliable world, where themes of abandonment were common. Their survival depended upon flexibility, sociability, and expressiveness. However, traits that were adaptive in an earlier generation were pushed aside, along with a love of solitude. Compared to their counterparts of the 1950s, the young protagonists of the late twentieth century expected a world of activity, feeling, and self-expression—a world where a garden and its protective wall might feel too confining, quiet, and lonely.

In her 1978 Arbuthnot lecture, Egoff lamented the loss of a middle class, and a rather Victorian view of children, which had dominated children's literature in the early decades of the twentieth century.[1] For Egoff the literature of the 1950s reflected an optimistic view of childhood. Great writers in the traditional style of that time included E. B. White, Scott O'Dell, and Eleanor Estes. The garden and the garden wall represented a reliable and hopeful world, where families protected and nourished their children. In those good old days, books for children often displayed a warmth of feeling between children and those adults who respected their play—parents were in the background but "nonetheless were there and always ready to offer support."[2]

The psychologist Mary Pipher also recalled the 1950s as a time when children enjoyed "protected spaces."[3] By contrast, at the end of the twentieth century it was evident that young people were less protected. For example, adolescent girls experienced intensified pressures as they confronted issues ranging from eating disorders to sexually transmitted diseases. At the same time parents were often tired and overworked, and the family was "under siege."[4] In this article, I seek to understand the implications of our changed world as reflected in children's literature.

For the first half of the twentieth century, adjustment to social demands was the ideal, and a passion for personal achievement and status characterized the well-adjusted child.[5] This view of childhood, the downfall of which was anticipated in *A Separate Peace* by John Knowles, disappeared almost overnight.[6]

By the late 1960s, a more permissive and disputatious society began to welcome greater openness and candor in children's literature. The New Realism presented a more vivid imagery of gritty realities and uncertain outcomes that reflected a basic (countercultural) shift in our society.[7] This literature included characters from lower-class homes, and it no longer promoted models of middle-class behavior.[8] A new genre—the problem book—presented the grim details of life. For example, in *The Pigman* by Paul Zindel, tenth-grader John Conlan shares with the reader his opinion that the reading assigned in his school—*Johnny Tremain*, *Giants of the Earth,* and *Macbeth*—was garbage. He does not want to be like any of the adults he has ever known, including the school librarian, who he nicknames the Cricket.[9]

Jonathan Lathey *is a retired school psychologist. For several years, he worked for Cooperstown Central School in New York. Since 2000, he has been the adjunct reference librarian at the Standish Library at Siena College in Loudonville, New York.*

Egoff recalled a previous generation when protagonists were "safe survivors" who found happy endings in an exciting world.[10] In stories inspired by the New Realism, however, protagonists became "dangerous survivors" in a world where they must face disaster as if "walking a tightrope."[11] A recent letter to the editor in *The Horn Book Magazine* expressed a sense of "malaise" over the formula used for books published for children today.[12] Sandra Dutton described the formula as follows: "Put your main character in a pot of hot water. Turn up the heat. Turn it up some more. Put the lid on. Let her fight her way out."[13]

It appears that images of danger and stress have forever replaced the image of the garden as symbolic of children's literature. Has our view of childhood, in fact, changed in response to a more open and permissive society? What personal attributes appear to be adaptive in this environment? I examined twenty Newbery Medal winners of the 1950s with those from the 1990s in search of pertinent information. The comments of book reviewers that appeared in *Book Review Digest* were consulted for further insight into these works.

I also used a list of major childhood stressors to help identify sources of stress in the lives of the main protagonists in these twenty stories (see table 1).[14] Major stressors include death; serious illness; such parental issues as divorce, remarriage, and alcohol abuse; and other extraordinary trauma such as war.

Additionally, I used a comprehensive list of factors associated with adolescent resilience to help identify resources available to the main protagonist in each of the books (see tables 2 and 3).[15] The list includes resources at the individual level, family level, and social environment level. Olsson and his colleagues assumed that when young people are well resourced at these levels, they are more resilient, and therefore better able to cope with adversity.[16] I selected one salient personal attribute (tables 2 and 3) to describe each protagonist. Newbery protagonists are, of course, not flimsy characters, and several personal attributes could be selected to more fully describe a given protagonist.

Table 1. Major childhood stressors faced by protagonists in select Newbery Medal Winners

Year	Title/Author	Stressor
2001	*A Year Down Yonder* by Richard Peck	Change in residence
2000	*Bud, Not Buddy* by Christopher Paul Curtis	Death; abandonment
1999	*Holes* by Louis Sachar	Incarceration
1998	*Out of the Dust* by Karen Hesse	Death of a parent
1997	*The View from Saturday* by E. L. Konigsburg	No major stressor noted
1996	*The Midwife's Apprentice* by Karen Cushman	Abandonment
1995	*Walk Two Moons* by Sharon Creech	Abandonment
1994	*The Giver* by Lois Lowry	Death
1992	*Shiloh* by Phyllis Reynolds Naylor	Abuse (favorite pet)
1990	*Number the Stars* by Lois Lowry	War
1961	*Island of the Blue Dolphins* by Scott O'Dell	Death of parents, sibling
1960	*Onion John* by Joseph Krumgold	No major stressor noted
1959	*The Witch of Blackbird Pond* by Elizabeth Speare	Change in residence
1958	*Rifles for Watie* by Harold Keith	War
1956	*Carry On, Mr. Bowditch* by Jean Lee Latham	Death of a parent, sibling
1955	*The Wheel on the School* by Meindert DeJong	No major stressor noted
1954	*And Now Miguel* by Joseph Krumgold	No major stressor noted
1952	*Ginger Pye* by Eleanor Estes	No major stressor noted
1951	*Amos Fortune, Free Man* by Elizabeth Yates	Incarceration (slavery)
1950	*The Door in the Wall* by Marguerite de Angeli	Serious illness (self)

Table 2. Resources available to protagonists in Newbery Medal Winners from the 1990s

Year	Protagonist/Age	Individual Resources	Family Resources	Social Environment
2001	Mary Alice, 15	Sense of humor	Caring adult	Supportive
2000	Bud, 10	Flexibility	Belief in child	Supportive
1999	Stanley	Fortitude	Parental warmth	Supportive peers
1998	Billie Jo, 13	Language skills	Talent	Academic success
1997	Julian Singh	Conviction	Warmth	Material resources
1996	Alyce, 12	Tenacity	Talent	Teacher influence
1995	Salamanca, 13	Responsiveness	Caring Adult	Supportive peers
1994	Jonas, 11	Hopefulness	Cohesion	Teacher influence
1992	Marty, 11	Enduring values	Assistance	Supportive
1990	Annemarie, 10	Attachment to others	Cohesion	Material resources

Table 1 presents the major childhood stressors that confronted the protagonists. Major stressors were evident in 60 percent of the stories from the 1950s, compared to 90 percent in stories from the 1990s. Death, change in residence, and war were common to both eras. However, the 1990s included stories with a theme of parental abandonment. This theme, which emerged in children's literature in 1980s, may reflect the increasing rate at which parents abandon traditional roles as protectors, so as to explore their own needs and interests outside the family.[17] Marilyn Fain Apseloff suggested that abandonment is particularly "unnerving" because it implies that "the missing parent did not care enough about the child to stay."[18] Thus, the "perfect-parent syndrome" has been broken.[19]

Protagonists in the 1950s era appear well-resourced at the family and social environment levels (see table 3). Each family portrayed in these stories includes a father with an occupation or title. This may reflect the relative peace and prosperity of the 1950s, when the middle class was growing and the nuclear family was the norm. Susan Faludi observed that this was a good time to be a young (white) boy, because fathers were busy building Little League baseball fields all across America.[20] Whereas supportive families and happy outcomes were almost assumed in the 1950s, the Newbery Medal winners of the 1990s reflect changes in the family, most notably with respect to the resources available to children.

Themes of abandonment play a prominent role in thirty percent of these stories. For example, Salamanca in Sharon Creech's *Walk Two Moons* is depressed after her mother leaves their home in

Ohio one April morning. Her father seems to lack strength and is at times merely "playing the role of father."[21] One reviewer described her story as an "emotional journey" through the grieving process.[22]

On the other hand, three other stories from the 1990s presented protagonists who were dependent upon family-based resources for direction. Annemarie in Lois Lowry's *Number the Stars* is a member of a Danish family that helped resist Nazi occupation in 1943. There is little Annemarie can do but contemplate the possibility of human decency in a world that is "too cold, too big, and too cruel."[23] Mary Alice is dependent upon her grandmother in *A Year Down Yonder* for entertainment, and Marty in *Shiloh* needs the assistance of his parents in achieving moral clarity.

Without the garden wall to protect them, it appears that children are vulnerable to the extremes—too much exposure (parental abandonment) on the one hand, and too much protection (anxious over-involvement) on the other. Apropos, consider Lowry's 1994 Newbery acceptance speech for *The Giver*, which reveals a loss of security in the world.[24] Lowry recalled how as an eleven-year-old girl in 1948, she rode her bicycle alone and without her parents' knowledge "countless times" into a Tokyo neighborhood. Her curiosity about the Japanese culture after World War II motivated this adventure, and she was unafraid to venture out from the American enclave, where she lived with her family.

Contrast this with her depiction of eleven-year-old Jonas in the opening chapter of *The Giver*, a boy who is alone and feels frightened and anxious, his stomach churning. That evening at the so-called "telling of feelings," he shared with his parents his feelings of fear and apprehension. On almost every page there is another synonym for anxiety. The closing chapter shows Jonas escaping from this regulated society, hoping to recover the colors, and the other rich sights and sounds (the garden) Lowry enjoyed as a child.

What happened to the well-behaved and well-adjusted child and the safe and reliable world of the 1950s? Knowles explored the conflict between the well-behaved and studious Gene Forrester and his friend, the more expressive and politically outspoken Phineas.[25] Literary critic Robert M. Nelson suggested that Gene's struggle was between the "cautious Protestant" side of his adolescent personality and the more impulsive "germ of wildness" side.[26] *A Separate Peace* was published in 1959. The following year, Richard M. Nixon, a cautious Protestant (a Quaker), was defeated in the presidential election by the more outgoing and vigorous Catholic John F. Kennedy. The choice was between caution and vigor. Individuals rejected the cautious Protestant, who dominated the 1950s, in favor of the expressive extravert: someone who preferred responsiveness and altruism; someone who had a need to join and a capacity "to enjoy bustle and noise of every kind."[27]

The culture of the late 1960s welcomed a more expressive child. In *Tinker v. Des Moines* in 1969, the United States Supreme Court upheld the freedom of expression of adolescents. The majority on the court supported the young plaintiffs who wore black armbands to school to protest the war in Vietnam and agreed that vigorous and open debate of ideas in the classroom would best prepare young people to live in our "relatively permissive, often disputatious, society."[28] This decision is consistent with children's librarians who subscribe to a "non-protectionist" view of the child; their professional canon endorses a belief in young readers as strong and resilient decision-makers.[29] The Tinker decision gave aid and comfort to advocates of the New Realism, which was coming into vogue at the time. We encouraged our young citizens to think for themselves, to explore the world, and to express openly their feelings and opinions. Needless to say, this new freedom of expression, endorsed by the Supreme Court, alerted young people to the possibility of great opportunities.

Table 3. Resources available to protagonists in Newbery Medal Winners from the 1950s

Year	Protagonist/Age	Individual Resources	Family Resources	Social Environment
1961	Karana, 12	Tenacity	Tenacity	Provisions to assist
1960	Andy, 12	Responsiveness	Encouragement	Supportive
1959	Kit, 16	Balanced perspective	Caring Adult	Supportive peers
1958	Jeff, 16	Fortitude	Encouragement	Material resources
1956	Nat	Conviction	Marital support	Supportive
1955	Lina	Resolve	Assistance	Teacher influence
1954	Miguel, 12	Attachment to others	Cohesion	Supportive
1952	Rachel, 9	Sense of humor	Warmth	Supportive
1951	Amos	Enduring values	Talent valued	Teacher influence
1950	Robin, 10	Responsiveness	Assistance	Material resources

Sociability, flexibility, and expressiveness have emerged in response to these new opportunities. Along the way, these personal attributes may have pushed aside traits valued in earlier generations: introspection, goal orientation, and modesty. With each of these attributes are associated opportunities and risk.

It is not surprising that the young protagonist of the 1990s appears more sociable, outgoing, and comfortable working in a group. In the early 1970s, educational reformers began promoting the benefits of cooperative learning in the classroom, an approach that fit with a noncompetitive and egalitarian approach to education. As the authority of the classroom teacher declined in the 1960s, children began to look to each other for direction and support.[30] Flexibility is also essential for survival in a world that is unsafe and unreliable. The sociologist James Coleman recalled a time (before the 1960s) when "functional communities," communities where norms, sanctions, and rewards were widely shared by

parents and educators, provided a sense of order in the world.[31] By the end of the twentieth century, rapid social and technological change demanded that children (and adults) adopt a more flexible approach to life.

The Newbery Medal winners of the 1990s presented stories of endurance and emotional survival, where flexibility, sociability, and expressiveness are adaptive. For example, Bud of *Bud, Not Buddy* and Stanley of *Holes* are both sociable and flexible in their approach to the world. They size up their social environment, and they think on their feet. Bud is particularly expressive in his formulation of rules for survival on the hard road home to his (or Stanley's) family.

In his 2002 Arbuthnot lecture, Philip Pullman suggested that the children's author has a responsibility to write an emotionally honest work, whose aim—in the words of Dr. Samuel Johnson—is "to enable the reader to enjoy life, or better to endure it."[32]

Salamanca of *Walk Two Moons* and Billie Jo of *Out of the Dust*, both 13, ponder the loss of their mothers. At the outset of her story, Salamanca doubts she will survive her emotional journey. At the end of Billie Jo's story, she expresses her bitterness in her poetry. Francesca Lia Block once observed that in a world without adult direction the young person, like her character Weetzie Bat, can rely on art and love. Billie Jo is thus sustained by her artistic writing and her love for fellow musician Mad Dog Craddock. Storytelling allows both Salamanca and Billie Jo to cope with their grief.

Of course, some realities are almost too difficult to endure. The reader winces at the image of the discipline wand in *The Giver*, which is applied both to the very young and the very old for misbehavior.

Thus, stories of endurance, survival, and escape dominated the Newbery winners of the 1990s era. By contrast, sixth-graders portrayed in *A View from Saturday* are well-traveled (well-resourced) and enjoy themselves as they celebrate learning and knowledge. Their tea parties outside of school provide the time and space needed to refine ideas and coordinate answers in preparation for a state academic championship. They are comfortable around adults, and it comes as no surprise that young Julian Singh might confront the New York State Commissioner of Education as to the correctness of his answer in that state championship. For these fortunate young people their version of a Victorian tea party provides the benefits of an inclusive and multicultural garden—one suited to contemporary realities.

Expression of feeling is evident in the young protagonists of the late twentieth century. Pullman suggested that we live in "an age that values feeling very highly."[33] Protagonists experienced and found ways to cope with the stress and the pressures associated with what Pipher called our "dangerous culture."[34] Themes of abandonment replaced earlier themes of tolerance and self-restraint more common in the books of the 1950s. Consider the 1951 Newbery winner, *Amos Fortune: Free Man*, a biography that told the story of Amos Fortune, a tanner and a former slave, who once quietly accepted the indignity when a customer threw coins on the floor of a tavern in payment for his tanning. He later donates funds to his New Hampshire village to provide money for local education in the hope that education (and religion) could make people more decent.

To conclude, by the end of the twentieth century Newbery Medal winners portrayed young protagonists "bypassing adults completely" as they strive to achieve independence and self-reliance.[35] Where have the resources gone—adults and otherwise? Water, for example, used to be a plentiful natural resource, and Kit of *The Witch of Blackbird Pond* and Karana of *Island of the Blue Dolphins* are strong swimmers. Now imagery from the Texas desert (*Holes)* and the dust bowl of the 1930s (*Out of the Dust)* evoke feelings of deprivation and uncertainty. It is no wonder that young protagonists in the contemporary environment might look to each other for support. Protagonists of the 1990s appear resilient, as they cope with adversity, even when resources from the family are scarce. It is less clear that they are self-reliant, which according to Ralph Waldo Emerson is rooted in reflection and the inner life.[36]

Perhaps solitude is the casualty of our contemporary world. Billie Jo of 1998's *Out of the Dust* acknowledges that she is "terrified of being alone."[37] In an earlier generation, Kit contemplates how much she enjoys the meadows near her home: "If only I could be here alone."[38] Miguel of 1954's *And Now Miguel* also is comfortable with solitude: "The best part of it was going off by myself to bring home the sheep."[39] Compared to their counterparts of the 1950s, the young protagonists of the late twentieth century operate in a world of action, feeling, and expression. In this exciting world of new realities, a garden and its protective wall might feel too confining, quiet, and lonely for comfort.

What are the implications for librarians who work with children? At the turn of the century, Michael Gorman looked to old realities for direction, as he pondered our increasingly complex society. He identified seven enduring values in librarianship, which included the library as place.[40] The library is a place that embodies learning and culture—a safe space "free from the distractions of everyday life," where readers can find assistance with their studies.[41] Gorman suggested that children's libraries should be "bright, welcoming, comfortable human spaces."[42]

Ophelia and her friends might find here the kind of "protected space" that Pipher feels our culture is missing.[43] Service as a value also endures. Gorman would admire the devotion to service (and resourcefulness) of the librarian portrayed in *Bud, Not Buddy*. Miss Hill, a librarian who had worked at the public library in Flint, Michigan, during the Great Depression, establishes a trusting relationship with the protagonist, a young boy otherwise eager to express his skepticism about adults and the institutions of society. &

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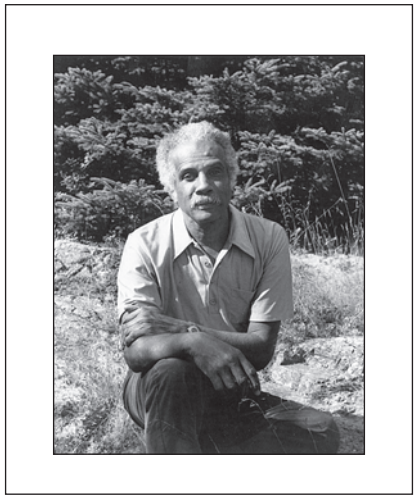
USBBY Honors Icons

Konigsburg, Bryan Nominated for Hans Christian Andersen Award



Ashley Bryan

E. L. Konigsburg

Leslie M. Molnar

In the world of children's literature, there is great fanfare every two years as the International Board on Books for Young People (IBBY) presents the Hans Christian Andersen Award to an author and illustrator who have made a lasting contribution to literature for children and young people. The 2006 awards will be presented at the 30th IBBY Congress in Beijing, China, on September 20, 2006.

E. L. Konigsburg and Ashley Bryan have been selected by the United States Board on Books for Children (USBBY) as the author and illustrator nominees, respectively.

As the only author to win the Newbery Medal and a Newbery Honor in the same year, Konigsburg boasts an illustrious career that has spanned almost four decades. In 1968 *From the Mixed-up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler* won the Newbery Medal while *Jennifer, Hecate, Macbeth, William McKinley, and Me, Elizabeth* was selected as a Newbery Honor Book. Almost thirty years later in 1997, Konigsburg once again was the recipient of the Newbery Medal for *The View from Saturday*. Over the years, Konigsburg has introduced readers to new friends that are endearing, sometimes eccentric, but certainly always memorable. With many of her books as popular today as when they were written, Konigsburg has had a devoted following for more than two generations.

In 1990, Bryan received the Arbuthnot Prize, a lifetime achievement award, one of the highest honors in children's literature. In addition to illustrating more than thirty books, he has won numerous accolades for his work. *Beat the Story Drum, Pum-Pum* won the Coretta Scott King Illustrator Award in 1981 and *Beautiful Blackbird* garnered the prize in 2004. Several of his books were selected as Coretta Scott King honor books throughout the years, including *All Night, All Day: A Child's First Book of African American Spirituals*, *Ashley Bryan's ABC of African American Poetry*, *Lion and the Ostrich Chicks and Other African Folk Poems,* and *What a Morning! The Christmas Story in Black Spirituals*.

Combining his highly trained background in painting and drawing with his love of music and the rhythmic language of poetry, each illustration bursts with the exuberance that is Bryan's signature.

Here's a brief look at the honorees, in their own words.

What are your thoughts on being nominated? What does it mean in the scope of your work?

E. L. Konigsburg: Recognition by one's peers is always welcome. Recognition by one's peers for the body of one's work is beyond welcome to thrilling. Recognition by an international body of one's peers for the body of one's work is a long loud Hallelujah! moment that started in early June and continues to this day and beyond.

Ashley Bryan: Having been chosen to represent the wonderful picture book artists of the United States is a significant award in itself. The nomination affirms my focus, belief, and hope that my work in presenting black people's culture will touch the lives of all people.

What is the most important thing you have learned in your years as a children's book author and illustrator?

ELK: What I realize now—and what I instinctively knew but did not verbalize when I started writing—is what I reach for when I write and what children are looking for when they read, and that

Leslie M. Molnar *is the Youth Services Assistant Manager of the Cuyahoga County Public Library, Cleveland, Ohio. She is also Chair of the USBBY Hans Christian Andersen Award Committee, 2005–2006.*

is authenticity. When a story, even if it is a fantasy, is authentic, a writer connects.

AB: I have learned that beautiful art and writing for children are beautiful for all ages.

What is the best thing a child could say about your work?

ELK: I know these people. I was there in that world with them.

AB: It is what a child does in response to my work that speaks to me. When children, inspired by my work, write and draw, exploring and discovering the creativity in themselves, that is the best reward for themselves and for me!

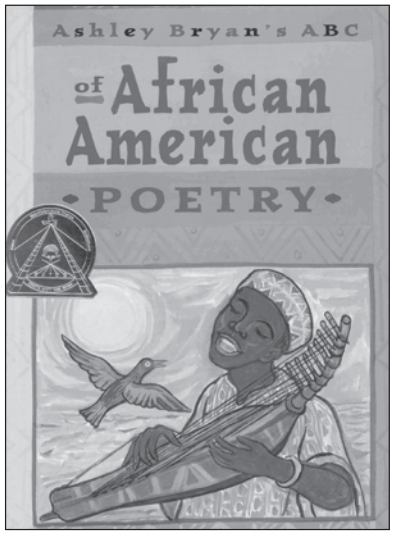
What would young readers of your books be surprised to learn about you?

ELK: That I started out as a chemist.

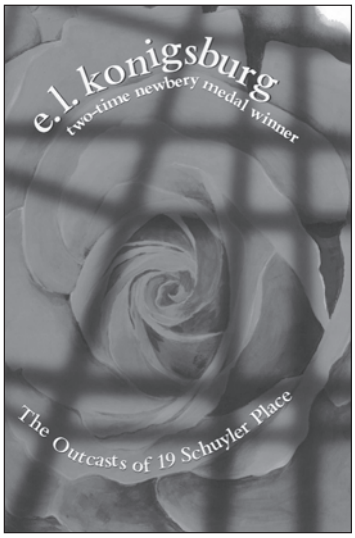
AB: I was born and raised in New York City. Now I live on a small island off the coast of Maine. It is a year-round community of about eighty people—lobster fishermen, carpenters, and general workmen with a one-room schoolhouse of eight students last school year.

If you were not working in the field of children's literature, what would you be doing?

ELK: The truth: I would be teaching or I would be a science research librarian. My fantasy? I would be an actress—in the theater, not the movies.



Ashley Bryan's ABC of African American Poetry (Atheneum, 1997)



The Outcasts of 19 Schuyler Place (Atheneum, 2004)

AB: I would always be drawing and painting. I would always be practicing reading poetry aloud from our great literature of English and American poetry and from the languages I have studied, French and German. Poetry is a performance art that's rarely performed. I would do all I could to change that.

Members of the 2006 USBBY Hans Christian Andersen Awards Committee are Leslie M. Molnar, Chair (Cleveland, Ohio), April Whatley Bedford (New Orleans, La.), Sharon Deeds (Decatur, Ga.), Susan Golden (Boone, N.C.), Dan Hade (New York), Jennifer Smith (Highland Heights, Ky.) and Nicole Sparling (West Babylon, N.Y.).

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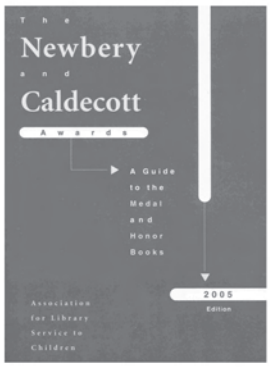

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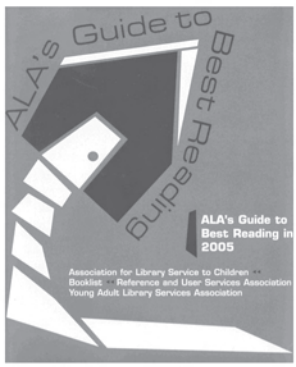

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A view of the schoolyard in Kigali, Rwanda.

Creating a Reading Culture

One Librarian's Mission in Rwanda

Sarah Webb

Even though libraries in the United States may be facing budget cuts, it's easy to forget how lucky many Americans are when it comes to our tradition of providing library service.

After studying library services in Rwanda for six months, I got a different perspective. In October 2003, I traveled to Kigali, Rwanda, for six months on a mission to learn about and possibly enhance library services.

Like many, I knew little about Rwanda beyond the horrors of genocide and the mountain gorillas studied by Dian Fossey. The country is much more than that. With a beautiful landscape of mountains and hills, it has been nicknamed the Switzerland of Africa. And Rwandans are eager to rebuild.

Geographically, Rwanda is only the size of Maryland, but it has a population of eight million. Six hundred thousand people live in the capital city, Kigali.

I spent the first month networking, which led me to work on five projects. The first and most important was a partnership with a local publisher, Editions Bakame. Together, we brought books for pleasure reading to six primary schools. I also taught a class in librarianship at the Kigali Institute of Education as a part of a diploma course in library skills. I helped Voluntary Services Overseas (the British equivalent of the Peace Corps) sort their Book Aid International shipment of books, giving some of the books to the Distance Training Program of the Kigali Institute of Education, which trains secondary school teachers who replaced teachers killed in the genocide. I helped start a librarian's association and volunteered at a local secondary school.

As a young adult services librarian from Seattle, Washington, I had originally been interested in secondary schools. However, four factors led me to undertake a project involving primary schools.

First, I met the women who founded and run Editions Bakame. Agnes Gyr-Ukanda, Immaculee Uwimama, and Suzana Murara started the company with Swiss support; they have been publishing books for children in Rwanda's native language, Kinyarwanda, since 1995. Editions Bakame has produced more than twenty titles, mostly for young children, but with a few titles for teens. Their mission is to help create a reading culture in Rwanda. They are busy with many projects related to this mission and had been thinking of doing a project similar to the one I proposed.

Next, I met a Unicef representative who suggested there might be funding available if we worked in Unicef-funded schools.

Then, a generous donation of easy-reader books from the King County Library System (KCLS) in Washington State gave me some materials to take along on the trip. My friend Shannon Schinagl, a children's librarian at KCLS, talked endlessly to her coworkers about what I was doing. Children's outreach coordinator Jill Olson and KCLS literacy Americorps liaison Sean Walsh offered a portion of several shipments of Scholastic books.

Finally, my friend Laura Tanji, a school librarian at an elementary school in Portland, Oregon, had been seeking a project to raise money for books through her school for a comparable school in Rwanda.

I was fortunate to unite all these pieces. First, with the hopes of Unicef funding, I proposed working with Editions Bakame to bring three hundred books written in Kinyarwanda to six schools. We would train the teachers in the importance of reading and reading for pleasure, and we would give them some English books from the KCLS donation.

The Unicef funding—we asked for about $3,000—never came through, but by the time we discovered that, we were well on our way, so I scraped together some other money to conduct the project. I paid my own airfare, around $2,500, and wrote to friends and relatives explaining the project I was undertaking in Africa. I received about $3,500 in donations, $500 of which was raised by my friend Laura at her school.

All three founders of Editions Bakame were wonderful to work with and believed in our project. Suzana (the only one who spoke fluent English) and I worked with another staff member, Jean-Claude Mazimpaka, a former teacher and a brilliant storyteller. The three of us wrote the script for a one-day training for primary school teachers. The training focused on three main concepts:

- First was the central role of storytelling in teaching and education. This was important to honor the oral tradition in Rwanda. We also wanted to underscore that sharing books would not undermine that tradition.

- Second was the importance of reading in the native language. Editions Bakame publishes most of their books in Kinyarwanda and feel that it is the best way to teach children to love reading. Also, research shows we express deepest emotions in our mother tongue. In Rwanda, as in many African countries, the native language is not respected or taught in the same way French and English are. This is especially true in the education system.

- Third was the importance of reading for pleasure, a foreign concept for most Rwandans because they have an oral tradition.

To conduct the training, we visited five primary schools. At one of the schools, in the district farthest from Kigali, we trained two schools at once. As an American, I noticed immediately that the schools we visited did not have electricity, running water (one school was working on that) or telephones (although the directors had cell phones, they were not always turned on). I was also pleased that the school district allows the teachers to close school for one day a month to conduct training sessions.

All the teachers were enthusiastic about the training. At the first school, the

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Suzana Murara, right, and Eugenie Mukamurenzi in the classroom in Rubingo.

Teachers at Rubingo School. Author Sarah Webb is pictured at far right.

teachers checked out the books when we finished and were excited to read them.

My part of the training—other than the script written with Suzana and Claud—was very small because the session was conducted in Kinyarwanda. I wrote in my journal or watched the proceedings. My favorite moment was during Claud's story, when I could feel the teachers get wrapped up in the story as they listened intently to every word.

I read two books in French and English, *Yo Yes* by Chris Raschka in French and *Head Body Legs* by Won-Ldy Paye and Margaret Lippert in English. After I finished with *Head Body Legs*, teacher Jean Damascene copied the text into his notebook so he could tell the story to his students.

He said later, "We need more books like this one," so I bought five copies for each school.

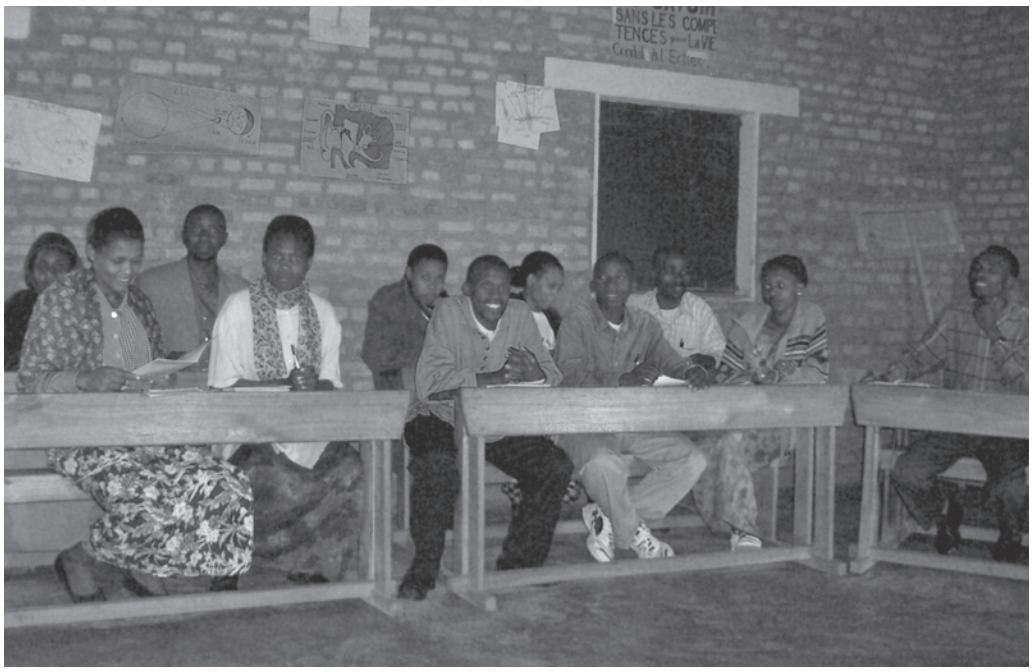
The teachers evaluated the training positively; many said we should do the training in every school in Rwanda, which I would love to pursue. Unicef informed us that the books were being read by the students in the weeks following our visit, so we considered that a measure of our success.

I returned to Rwanda in June 2005, revisiting two of the schools. The teacher who volunteered as librarian showed me pages of names of children who had checked out books. Forty of the three hundred books were on the shelves, which meant the rest were checked out. At the next school, the children were reading the books in the classroom. When I came into the room, they pulled them out and posed for a picture.

It was a thrill for me to participate in this project. Suzana and I are considering expanding the program to other parts of the country.

Working with this project and learning about the library situation in Rwanda raised a lot of questions for me. I am pursuing a PhD at Syracuse University this fall to further study this topic.

If you are interested in learning more about Editions Bakame, check out the Web site at www.bakame.rw.



Teachers at Shyrongi School.

"You Are Not the Boss of My Words"

Junie B. Jones, Language, and Linguistics

Jill S. Ratzan

*"You are not the boss of my words, Grace," I said. "This is a freed country. And if I want to say valen*time*, I can. And I will not even go to jail."*

—from Barbara Park's Junie B. Jones and the Mushy Gushy Valentime

Not the way I want my kids talking!" writes one reviewer at Amazon.com. "Children learn by example and will pick up on the good and bad habits that they see and hear, so why would anyone want his/her child exposed to this constant stream of sloppy language?" asks another. Barbara Park's Junie B. Jones beginner chapter book series, which follows "almost six"-year-old Junie B. through a new baby in her family, special occasions at school, and other day-to-day events, has been challenged in Colorado, Texas, Wisconsin, and other states. Park appears sixth on the American Library Association's list of the ten most frequently challenged authors of 2004.[1] Many complaints, like the ones quoted above, focus on Junie B.'s use of nonstandard English.

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But knee-jerk objection is only one way of viewing the unusual grammar and vocabulary that characterize this series. Applying the principles of linguistics—the scientific study of language—to the Junie B. Jones series can shed a more interesting, more sophisticated, and ultimately more positive light on these books. From a linguistic point of view, Junie B.'s unique way of speaking illustrates four properties of language:

- Language follows rules
- Language is constantly changing
- Language is learned at special times and in special ways
- Language is a reflection of social power

Linguistics can help readers appreciate Junie B., and Junie B. in turn can inspire readers to learn more about linguistics.

Before beginning this discussion, a few qualifications are in order. First, this paper reflects a particular approach to linguistics called generative grammar, a theory that assumes language is a systematic, innate human trait driven by certain mathematical principles (specifically, language is a combinatorial, productive, and recursive system).[2] Second, most rules and other properties mentioned here have been simplified from versions a linguist would use. In particular, linguists see important differences between spoken and written language; because these books read as though Junie B. is telling a story, this

article treats Junie B.'s written narration as if it were made up of spoken words. Additionally, because Junie B.'s grammar becomes more standard when she enters first grade in later books, this discussion focuses on the seventeen books in which Junie B. is in kindergarten.

Finally, this article does not address Junie B.'s name-calling and expression of negative emotions ("I hate that meanie Jim"), the other frequent complaint about these books.[3]

Language Follows Rules

The idea that language follows rules should not come as a surprise; in fact, this is a major assumption behind complaints that Junie B. is *breaking* such rules. But thinking like a linguist leads to the surprising conclusion that Junie B. isn't breaking any rules at all—she's actually *following them completely*, unlike most speakers of standard English. Looking at matters this way, Junie B.'s speech can be seen as more clear and more logical than the standard speech to which it is compared.

For example, one of Junie B.'s most often-cited mistakes deals with the following past-tense rule:

- To make a verb past tense, add "-ed" to the end of it. Examples: walk + ed = walked; jump + ed = jumped.

What Junie B. says:

- "I runned straight to the sink" (run + ed = runned)
- "She beated me [at a race]" (beat + ed = beated)
- "I hided under my backpack" (hide + ed = hided)[4]

Although all of the above are examples of logical rule-following, the second, "beated,"is the most interesting. In addition to being logical, this form is actually clearer than its counterpart in standard English. As linguist Steven Pinker points out, verbs like "beat," which have the same form in both present and past tense, are ambiguous; whether they're being used to mean present or past actions can be unclear.[5] Speech like Junie B.'s, which uses a different form to indicate past tense, actually makes much more sense.

Here is another common English rule:

- To form the comparative and superlative forms of adjectives, add "-er" and "-est" to them. Examples: big + er = bigger; fast + est = fastest.

What Junie B. says:

- "She is way beautifuller than me" (beautiful + er = beautifuller)
- "Painting is the funnest thing I love" (fun + est = funnest)
- "They are the gorgeousest pictures I ever saw!" (gorgeous + est = gorgeousest)[6]

Here is another rule on pronouns:

- To form a reflexive pronoun, add "-self" or "-selves" to the possessive form of that pronoun. Examples: my (possessive) + self = myself; your (possessive) + self = yourself; our (possessive) + selves = ourselves.

What Junie B. says:

- "Big girls get to walk all by theirselves;"
- "Sometimes ladies have to go under the table and adjust theirselves" (their (possessive) + selves = theirselves)[7]

As in the previous case, Junie B.'s language use follows the preceding two rules exactly. This next rule is less of a rule and more of a pattern:

- The first syllable of a word is the stressed syllable. Although this pattern is not true of all English words, it tends to be true of words that young children hear most often, and is true of many words that Junie B. herself uses.

What Junie B. says (emphasis added):

- "I HURried to the LAUNdry room to get the CLOTHESpins"
- "JELly DOUGHnuts . . . with RAINbow SPRINKles"
- "My new BAby BROther NAmed OLlie"[8]

Junie B.'s application of this pattern is slightly more complicated than her use

of the rules above. If the first syllable of a word is stressed, then maybe the stressed syllable *is* the first syllable of a word. What Junie B. says:

- Mother "'rolled me in afternoon kindergarten" (enROLLed)
- "Baby-sitter 'structions is all the stuff I'm not allowed to do" (inSTRUCtions)
- "That's *'zactly* what kind of day I had" (eXACTly)[9]

This is not as odd as it first seems; when adults talk quickly, initial unstressed syllables can be hard to hear. For example, this author recently fielded a request from a child for books about "noles" (the child meant "aNOLES," a type of lizard often kept as class pets).

Finally, this last rule seems obvious, but has many interesting consequences: People say things that make sense.

One common example of this rule—literal speech versus idioms—is explicitly discussed in the Junie B. books. Misunderstanding her grandmother's idiom, "Your new brother is the cutest little monkey," Junie B. mistakenly thinks that her new brother really *is* a monkey; if he wasn't, why would Grandma say that he was? Later, Junie B.'s class talks about idioms and comes up with others, like "couch potato" (which, as her friend Lucille points out, isn't a real potato).[10]

Another example of this rule involves a different kind of misunderstanding. When Junie B. encounters an unusual phrase, she interprets it in a way that makes the most amount of sense. (Remember that fast, fluent speech can make hearing individual sounds difficult.) This desire for sense results in the following phrases from Junie B.:

- Mother "had a mybrain headache" (migraine)
- "I got fusstration inside me" (frustration)
- "The kind of vegetable named Sue Keeny" (zucchini)[11]

Making Mondegreens

The term "mondegreen" was coined by writer Sylvia Wright and popularized by *San Francisco Chronicle* columnist Jon Carroll. Wright derived the term from her mishearing of the Scottish folk ballad "The Bonnie Earl O'Moray."

> Oh, ye hielands and ye lowlands,
>
> Oh, where hae ye been?
>
> They have slain the Earl of Moray,
>
> And laid him on the green.
>
> (or: "and Lady Mondegreen"?)

From Steven Pinker, *The Language Instinct* (New York: Morrow, 1994), 182–83.

Phrases like these are called *mondegreens,* mishearings or misinterpretations of statements, after a particularly interesting example of one (see sidebar). Mondegreens result when listeners attempt to make sense of an unusual utterance and turn it into something that makes sense. Since Mother's problem is with her head, surely "mybrain" is the right choice of all the possibly heard options; when someone (particularly Junie B.) is "fusstrated," they tend to get fussy. And if a vegetable has a name, wouldn't "Sue" be a logical choice? As was the case above, Junie B. is not the only English speaker to draw such conclusions. Many adults use the mondegreen "notor republic" (for "notary public"), and linguist Steven Pinker quotes a child happily singing, "The ants are my friends, they're blowing in the wind," instead of "The answer, my friend, is blowing in the wind" from Bob Dylan's well-known song "Blowin' in the Wind."[12]

Based on the above, it seems that Junie B.'s grammatical errors are far from random—they come from following rules of English grammar and conversation to the letter of the law. A thoughtful challenger, however, could reply that the key here is Junie B.'s ignorance of the many rule *exceptions* present in standard English. Interestingly, much of what appears to modern English speakers as "exceptions" are actually living fossils of long-forgotten rules. For example, Old English and its predecessors had a rule that made a verb past tense by changing its vowel; echoes of this rule still exist in words like "sing," which becomes "sang" in the past tense.[13] However, Junie B.'s strict rule-following can also be looked at in another way. Most likely, no one has explicitly taught her any of the above rules. She, like most young children, has derived them entirely on her own. This process, not her lack of memorized exceptions to rules, can be seen as what is *truly* amazing about Junie B. Jones' grammar.

Language Is Constantly Changing

Like the idea that language follows rules, the idea that language is ever-changing makes intuitive sense. Anyone who has struggled through the early modern English of Shakespeare or the Middle English of Chaucer (or the virtually incomprehensible Old English of *Beowulf*) can see that these versions of English are very different from the version spoken today. One part of language that changes over time is the acceptable forms of words. Often, a regular form that follows a rule (like the "add -ed" rule) will replace an irregular one that does not. For example, "climbed" is currently the standard past-tense form of the verb "climb;" Junie B. uses this form correctly many times:

- "I climbed onto my bed"
- "I climbed up on his lap."[14]

However, in early modern English, the standard form was the currently defunct "clomb," as seen in the following quote from John Milton's seventeenth century work *Paradise Lost*. [15]

> So clomb this first grand Thief into Gods Fould:
> So since into his Church lewd Hirelings climbe.[16]

The verb "climbed" might have sounded as strange to Milton and other speakers of early modern English as "runned" sounds to us today.

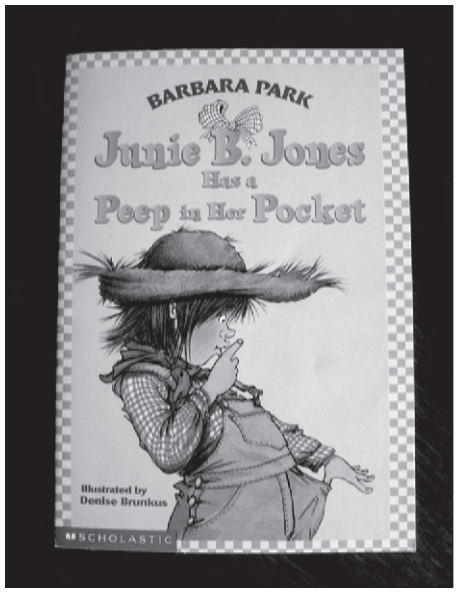
Another aspect of language change involves using existing words in new ways. With text-enabled cell phones, for example, *text* is now something you can do, not just something you can read; the noun "text" is now also a verb. Some linguists, including Donna Jo Napoli, suggest that a similar change is happening to adjectives and adverbs. Increasingly, Napoli argues, adjectives are being used both for their original function (roughly, to modify nouns) and for a new function, to modify verbs. She gives the following examples to illustrate this point:

- Mary plays rough. ("Rough" is an adjective modifying the verb "plays.")
- Don't work so hard. ("Hard" is an adjective modifying the verb "work.")[17]

Comparing these examples with quotes from Junie B. shows a striking similarity:

- "I smiled very happy." ("Happy" is an adjective modifying the verb "smiled.")
- "She quick grabbed my box." ("Quick" is an adjective modifying the verb "grabbed.")[18]

So can we argue that when Junie B. says "I quick runned" instead of "I ran quickly," she's actually working toward regularizing verbs and combining adjectives and adverbs?[19] Not really, since one speaker alone doesn't constitute overall change. But, as was the case with the language rules discussed previously, viewing Junie B.'s speech from the perspective of language change leads to a more interesting—and more satisfying—interpretation than simply rejecting it offhand. And her individual use does provide evidence for another claim: language is learned at special times and in special ways.



Language Is Learned at Special Times and in Special Ways

Child language acquisition—how children learn their first language—may be the area of linguistics most of interest to children's librarians.[20] The process of learning a first language is an incredible one, involving skills such as deciphering where words begin and end, determining what roles words play in sentences, and, of course, deciding what words mean. Because this daunting task is usually accomplished within the first few years of a child's life, and typically with little or no explicit instruction, linguists posit the idea that children are born with an internal language mechanism of some kind, allowing them to fit what they hear into an innate mental framework.

Pinker and many other linguists believe that such frameworks involve both systematic rules, like the "add -ed" rule, and individual words, like "cat," "dog," and "ran," which must be memorized individually. These two elements combine in particular ways to yield standard grammatical speech. For example, if a rule and a word conflict, like "ran" and "add -ed," an adult speaker will retrieve the word from memory in time to stop the rule from applying.

Young children, however, are often still working out kinks in this system.

Love Language?

Check out these other linguistically interesting children's books.

Archaic English

Tomie dePaola, *Tomie dePaola's Mother Goose* (Putnam, 1985) and other collections of traditional nursery rhymes.

Idioms

Tedd Arnold, *More Parts* and *Even More Parts: Idioms from Head to Toe* (Dial, 2001 and 2004).

Wallace Edwards, *Monkey Business* (Kids Can Press, 2004).

Fred Gwynne, *The King Who Rained* (Windmill, 1970) and other titles by author.

Language Change, Language and Power

Andrew Clements, *Frindle*, illus. Brian Selznick (Simon and Schuster, 1996).

Mondegreens

Debra Frasier, *Miss Alaineus: A Vocabulary Disaster* (Harcourt, 2000).

Reduplication

Andrew Clements, *Double Trouble in Walla Walla*, illus. Salvatore Murdocca (Millbrook, 1997).

Sounds, Forms, and Meanings

Roald Dahl, *The BFG*, illus. Quentin Blake (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1982).

Shel Silverstein, *Runny Babbit: A Billy Sook* (HarperCollins, 2005).

William Steig, *CDB!* and *CDC?* (Windmill, 1968 and Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1984; revised editions Simon and Schuster, 2000 and Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 2003).

Experimental evidence suggests that children know irregular words like "ran" and "hid," even if they do not always use them. When a child's memory cannot come up with an irregular word quickly, their language framework defaults to applying the rule, resulting in overgeneralizations like "runned" and "hided." Sometimes memory works in time, but other times it does not; children often alternate freely between using irregular forms and their overregularized counterparts.[21] Even Junie B., well-known for her overgeneralizations, comes out with correct irregular verbs from time to time. Compare the following with the first set of examples above:

- "I ran out of the room" (not "runned")
- "I put my head on the table" (not "putted")
- "I hid my face" (not "hided")[22]

Alternatively, a child's brain may cough up the correct, irregular form, but continue to apply the rule anyway. This results in oddly doubled expressions such as the following from Junie B.:

- "My bestest friend" (word "best" plus rule "add -est")
- "Somebody stoled my mittens" (word "stole" plus rule "add -ed")[23]

Although these examples could be lamented by critics as the most objectionable examples of "bad grammar" in the series, they can also be viewed as the *best* demonstrations that language is made up of words, rules, and ways of putting the two together. A child who utters statements like those knows the rules for forming past-tense and superlative forms ("add -ed" and "add -est") and knows special words (like "best" and "stole")—the child has simply not yet mastered the idea that using one should inhibit using the other.

Linguists' observations show that children between the ages of two and five are actively engaged in refining their language frameworks to match those of others in their community. As children reach school age, they usually make no more than four mistakes for every hundred correct forms they utter.[24] Therefore when, in a later book in the series, a newly six-year-old Junie B. brags to her school principal, "I don't say *runned* anymore," she is demonstrating a level of language development typical of children her age.[25]

This theory of language learning partially addresses the complaint given at the beginning of this article, that impressionable youngsters "learn by example" and will imitate the grammar that they read and hear. According to the theory discussed here, children are not blank slates but filters. *They will only imitate what fits with their internal language frameworks*. For example, a child (or an adult!) can easily learn a new word like "mondegreen" because it does not interfere with what their language framework says is acceptable but will balk at a word like "runned" because it does.

If a child's internal grammar has already decided that "ran" is the right form to use for the past tense of "run," as most second graders have (the median

intended audience for the Junie B. Jones books, according to *School Library Journal*), no amount of reading otherwise is likely to change their minds.[26] Significantly, even those children who use nonstandard forms in their own speech will often recognize—and reject—these words in the speech of others. As language researchers Joel Lachter and Thomas G. Bever report, one father's attempt to echo his son's overregularized utterance "Mommy goed to the store," was met with the emphatic reply "Daddy, *I* say it that way, not you."[27]

Language Is a Reflection of Social Power

From the victory at the heart of Ed Emberley's *Go Away, Big Green Monster!* (Little, Brown, 1993) to the thrill of watching Harry Potter and friends defeat inept and evil grownups, children love books that make them feel smart, powerful, and in control. Most likely, this effect is responsible for part of Junie B. Jones' appeal.

As noted previously, the target audience for these books, early elementary school readers, has typically outgrown the speech patterns of younger children. Readers in this age group can therefore laugh with smug self-assurance at Junie B.'s childish way of talking, boosting their own sense of linguistic superiority.

In fact, the relationship between language and power forms the crux of what Junie B. would call the "disagreedment" over her use of English.[28] While skeptics may concede that Junie B.'s speech is logical, clear, and in tune with patterns observed in language change and language acquisition, the fact remains, they could argue, that it is not standard English. Although Junie B. truly "will not even go to jail" for speaking in a nonstandard way, American society regards standard English as the right way to talk, and those who speak this way will be treated with more respect than those who do not.

By presenting such an argument, these critics would be correct. Again, however, linguistics allows us to think beyond our everyday assumptions about the idea of a "right" way to talk. What makes one style of speech "right," especially when the "wrong" one is the more logical of the two?

The answer is that the "right" form of English is the one used by people in positions of power. Historically, socioeconomic and political power acted as deciding factors. For example, when London became the economic and cultural center of Britain in the seventeenth century, the particular dialect of English spoken by Londoners—the precursor of today's standard English—became the "correct" way to speak English. Speaking this way was desirable because it allowed one to identify oneself with the upper class living there.

Social and cultural issues continue to affect attitudes toward language. The

Junie B. Jones books by Barbara Park

All books are published by Random House, New York City. This list is current as of September 2005.

Junie B. Jones and the Stupid Smelly Bus, 1992

Junie B. Jones and a Little Monkey Business, 1993

Junie B. Jones and Her Big Fat Mouth, 1993

Junie B. Jones and Some Sneaky Peeky Spying, 1994

Junie B. Jones and the Yucky Blucky Fruitcake, 1995

Junie B. Jones and That Meanie Jim's Birthday, 1996

Junie B. Jones Loves Handsome Warren, 1996

Junie B. Jones Has a Monster under Her Bed, 1997

Junie B. Jones Is Not a Crook, 1997

Junie B. Jones Is a Party Animal, 1997

Junie B. Jones Is a Beauty Shop Guy, 1998

Junie B. Jones Smells Something Fishy, 1998

Junie B. Jones Is (Almost) a Flower Girl, 1999

Junie B. Jones and the Mushy Gushy Valentime, 1999

Junie B. Jones Has a Peep in Her Pocket, 2000

Junie B. Jones Is Captain Field Day, 2001

Junie B. Jones Is a Graduation Girl, 2001

Junie B., First Grader (At Last!), 2001

Junie B., First Grader: Boss of Lunch, 2002

Junie B., First Grader: Toothless Wonder, 2002

Junie B., First Grader: Cheater Pants, 2003

Junie B., First Grader: One-Man Band, 2003

Top Secret, Personal Beeswax: A Journal by Junie B. (and Me!), 2003

Junie B., First Grader: Shipwrecked, 2004

Junie B., First Grader: Boo . . . and I Mean It!, 2004

Junie B., First Grader: Jingle Bells, Batman Smells! (P.S. So Does May), 2005

English of the rich Northeast is often regarded as "better" than that spoken in less economically privileged areas of the United States, and language columnists like William Safire use their power as cultural authorities to dictate what is considered "proper" speech.

However, another type of relationship is also important to the issue of language and power: the power dynamic between adults and children. Adults hold a tremendous amount of linguistic power; adult language is seen as superior to children's, *by definition*. Pinker sums up the situation when he writes that "we adults get to say what counts as 'correct,'" and if we regularize an irregular often enough [like 'clomb' and 'climbed'], we simply declare by fiat that it is not an error."[29]

Conclusion

The four properties of language discussed in this article go far in showing that Junie B.'s English is much more complex and interesting than a simple label of "sloppy language" would suggest. But, as observant readers know, the examples shown are not the only oddities in Junie B.'s speech. Principles of linguistics can also explain Junie B.'s habit of referring to her friend as "that Grace" (a spectacular example of a phenomenon known as case-marking), her use of a rhyming device called reduplication ("yucky blucky," "stewie pewie"), her repetitive phrases ("whole entire," "plus also"), her odd application of past participles ("This is a freed country," as quoted at the beginning of this article), and numerous other aspects of her speech.[30] Even more strikingly, the fact that nonlinguist Barbara Park can create such a linguistically interesting character raises the provocative possibility that successful writers may possess an implicit understanding of linguistics.

Finally, children's literature is filled with other examples of the linguistic phenomena discussed here. Dr. Seuss and Lewis Carroll harness the power of English rules when they add familiar grammatical endings to invented words ("Sneetch*es*," "galumph*ing*," "chortl*ed*"); Peggy Parish's Amelia Bedelia comically misunderstands idioms like "dust the furniture;" Maurice Sendak uses an adjective to modify a verb when, in *Outside Over There*, baby goblins "quick churned into a dancing stream;" and Beverly Cleary's Ramona Quimby utters a famous mondegreen of *The Star-Spangled Banner* when she asks her sister to turn on the "dawnzer" ("It gives a lee light," she explains).[31]

If the Amazon.com reviews and book challenges are any indication, children's librarians should be prepared to defend the inclusion of the Junie B. Jones books in their collections. Explaining this series' unique features through the lens of linguistics provides one way of doing so. Independent of outside challenges, we librarians improve both our own and our patrons' appreciation of children's literature when we seek to understand it from a variety of perspectives. And those of us who also teach, or who work with classroom teachers, can easily imagine the extraordinary language lessons that these books can inspire. Perhaps thinking about language in this way will even inspire some readers to pursue linguistic inquiries of their own. As Junie B. would say, "Wowie wow wow!" &

References and Notes

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ARBUTHNOT HONOR LECTURE, continued from page 19

and can't have done it otherwise than I did. I hope some young people and old people like it." Signed: Fox.

Lest we forget, thinking takes work. Writing takes thinking over an arc of time to arrive at some meaning in the end, and, as I've found myself telling writers for years, "It's not easy saying what you mean; harder still is meaning something."

Hardest of all . . . meaning something without a *nap*. I've talked right through mine—and so much about the art and so little about the practicalities—the years of trying to get it right, of skipping stones from whatever address across the sea of chance in hope; in hope of seeing the stone hop-hop, hop, hop. I read recently that the longest recorded sequence is forty. Imagine that stone as a book, and know that even as it sinks finally it doesn't disappear but washes up again in some new form on some new beach. So, yes, let's skip!

I've talked little about children and such a lot about just one child, who wasn't much read to and couldn't much read. I used to wonder how people could go to work and not have something to bring home with them at the end of the day. The making of things—books, in my case—seems to me to be everything. For the made thing needs naming, and naming is the beginning of writing, and writing is the beginning of books, which so surprisingly offered me a career, an audience, and a home. May others be so lucky. You'll see that editorial work and my*self* are finally one and the same. Mutuality indeed.

Paul Tillich said it: "The first duty of love is to listen."

Today, I feel loved especially.

Thank you, all.

You wanted the Antiques Show, right? The aisle of two-legged mouth-breathers?

Good. This is the place. &

Permission to reproduce the following poems has been granted by: HarperCollins for "Story Time" by William Stafford from his Passwords (1991).

George Ella Lyon for "My Friend, the Starfinder."

Saturday Review for "Advice to Travelers" by Walker Gibson from his New Poems by American Poets *(1956).*

Jo Carson for "Stories I Ain't Told Nobody Yet" (1989).

It's Never Too Late!

Mother/Daughter Librarians Make First Trip to ALA Annual Conference

Sharon Korbeck Verbeten

The American Library Association (ALA) Annual Conference in June 2005 in Chicago was more than just busy and hot—it was a special family memory for a Minnesota mother and daughter. This year, both the librarians, one beginning her career and one close to retirement, attended their first ALA Annual Conference.

Carol Alberts, 67, has spent more than forty years in the library world; she's a technical services specialist at Great River Regional Library (GRRL) in St. Cloud. Her daughter, Linnea Christensen, 38, is a youth services librarian for Hennepin County Library in Minneapolis. They travel together often, but sharing their profession made this trip more notable.

"I love to travel with my mom," said Christensen, who spent fifteen years in the publishing industry before getting her MLIS in 2002. "And even though we have very different personalities, we're very compawtible traveling companions. She's relatively quiet and analytical, and I'm very talkative and emotional."

Christensen and Alberts have attended state library association conferences together, but this year, Christensen was required to attend the national conference as a member of the 2006 Caldecott Committee.

Carol Alberts, left, and her daughter Linnea Christensen attended their first ALA Annual Conference together.

Alberts' first library job was at the Yale University Divinity School Library in New Haven, Connecticut in 1960, where she cataloged items like Cotton Mather's sermons. Having worked in technical services her whole career, Alberts said she didn't think attending ALA would be relevant for her. "It's more the public service people that tend to go to these things," she said.

But Christensen's excitement won her mother over. "Part of my enthusiasm was contagious," she said. "That was the main impetus," Alberts said, "seeing her so excited about this kind of service."

While most librarians do at least some planning for the conference, Alberts took a no-nonsense approach. "I'm sure glad I trained for the ALA Annual Conference," she said. "For several months, I worked out on my home treadmill for a half-hour every morning before getting ready for work.

"I also trained for the mental gymnastics by spending hours online ahead of time planning a schedule."

At Annual, Alberts focused on technical services sessions, even though she admitted some were "way over my head." She was thrilled to meet others in her discipline. "Even these mundane things we do . . . every once in a while it helps to have a reminder of what we're about," she said.

Christensen had many receptions and events to attend due to her position on the Caldecott committee. "I have to say these were highlights of my conference experience," she said. "For one, it was exciting to hear the authors themselves either talk about or read from their current books, but even more exciting was having real conversations with them. I treasure a down-to-earth conversation with them more than I would an autograph."

The duo did attend a few sessions together, including the speech by author David Sedaris. "We were just rolling. It was so funny," Christensen said. Alberts called his speech "laugh therapy for weary conference-goers."

But they agreed that the highlight of Annual was attending the Newbery/Caldecott/Wilder banquet. "It's so different to be there in person," Christensen said. "You felt so good that you were there. I had not expected the speeches to be so moving."

Growing up with a mom as a librarian—and having worked as a library shelver as a child—Christensen seems happy with her second career choice. "My mother even discouraged me a

fair amount when I said I wanted to become a librarian," Christensen said. "She thought I might be frustrated by the bureaucracy. But it turned out to be the best decision I ever made."

Despite the heat and frenzied schedule, both Alberts and Christensen enjoyed their trip, especially being able to do it together.

"It's been kind of cool, this shared thing," Christensen said. "I really admire her so much. It was definitely extra special to go with her."

How did Alberts feel? "I should have done more weight training. I just barely finished the last-minute fifty-yard dash in time to catch the airport shuttle. My luggage was twice as heavy as when I arrived."

On a serious note, Alberts added, "it was the energy of the huge number of people that share the mission we have. Our whole reason for being is we're raising people." &

A Dahl House

Roald Dahl Museum Opens in England

Chocolate-scented doors and quirky ephemera are part of the fun at the new Roald Dahl Museum and Story Centre, which opened last June in Buckinghamshire, England.

From the shadowy figure of the Big Friendly Giant already visible on the High Street wall outside, to the crocodile cunningly disguised as a bench, the whole building takes Dahl's much-loved characters and stories as its theme.

The Roald Dahl Museum and Story Centre is home to Dahl's archive of manuscripts, letters, and photographs, relaying the story of his life and work. It's one of the most complete literary archives in the world, with drafts of every major work, proofs, correspondence with agents and editors, and even the idea books where many of his stories began. Dahl was determined that all his papers should stay together, preferably in the United Kingdom.

The Story Centre gallery houses a replica of Dahl's famous writing hut, including the author's table complete with lift-up flaps revealing some of his prized possessions. The hut will stand in an orchard of giant representations of Quentin Blake's illustrations, where interactive games and bookcases can be discovered among the trees. The gallery also features displays focusing on such other leading contemporary authors as Benjamin Zephaniah, Philip Pullman, J. K. Rowling, and Jacqueline Wilson.

The first of a series of changing displays in the dedicated temporary exhibition space includes a series of photographs taken by Dahl but only recently redeveloped by his grandson, Luke Kelly.

The late, great Roald Dahl. Photo courtesy of Roald Dahl Museum; used with permission.

A series of writers and illustrators in residence will work with visiting groups to develop creative writing ideas and abilities and will offer master classes to all age groups. Katy Sullivan, the museum's education manager, will work with teachers to tailor school sessions and prepare family events.

For more information, e-mail museum@roalddahl.com or visit www.roalddahlmuseum.org. The museum will be open for school and private visits six days a week (Tuesday–Sunday). It will be an invaluable educational resource for schools but also a great family day out and, with a shop and refreshments on site, a very pleasant way to wile away some time in the wonderful world of Roald Dahl. &

Conference 101

Letterman-inspired Lists to Get You through ALA Conventions

Jeri Kladder

I am nothing if not organized. I'm a seasoned attendee of both ALA's Midwinter Meeting and Annual Conference, so I know much about the hustle and bustle. In a lighthearted, David Letterman kind of way, I present several Top Ten lists for getting Midwinter and Annual newcomers through it all.

These hints, gleaned from my many years of conference attendance, have allowed me to become more relaxed, less stressed, and to have more fun as I pile up conference experiences. I hope they entice you to attend at Annual Conference and Midwinter Meeting and make your attendance easier and more fun. Please feel free to share your tips by sending them to CAL Editor Sharon Korbeck Verbeten at toylady@athenet.net. We'll publish some responses in upcoming issues.

Top Ten Take-Alongs

Several weeks before you leave, designate a laundry basket for collecting what you need. Then drop in things as you think of them—or notes to yourself if you can't pack it right away. You are less likely to leave behind something crucial.

1. Water. Carry it with you. Filtered water (Brita bottles) work especially well because you can't always find a drinking fountain or a vendor to sell you water at inflated prices.

2. Comfortable shoes. You will do lots of walking.

3. A sturdy, wheeled book bag. The wheels are important because you'll collect lots of stuff, and paper is heavy!

4. Energy assists. Stock up on protein bars or peanuts. Bonus tip: The best exhibit viewing is when everybody else is at lunch.

5. Business cards and address labels. Who wants to carry catalogs when vendors will mail? Who wants to write name and address on a mailing list over and over and over and over?

6. Highlighter, marking pens, sticky notes to mark your convention booklet. Write a mini schedule to stick to the back of your badge for quick checks of what comes next.

7. A nice-sized poster tube and padded mailers with pre-addressed labels and mailing tape. Then you can mail back literature to your library. The convention center post office is usually open the same hours as the exhibits.

8. Plastic sleeves and folders to keep important schedules from getting lost. I use one for invitations so I know who invited me and who will be the honored authors and illustrators. That makes writing thank-you cards easier when you return.

9. A camera and film. I admire those who can document that they really did meet the Newbery or Caldecott winners or some other legend of children's literature, librarianship, or children's publishing. And you'll want a picture of yourself in your fabulous Newbery/Caldecott banquet outfit.

10. Your preplanned schedule from the ALA Web site, www.ala.org. When choosing what to attend, consider geography and travel time. If you're interested in four conflicting programs, maybe you and your coworkers can negotiate the schedule and rendezvous to compare notes later.

Jeri Kladder, *children's librarian at Columbus Metropolitan Library in Ohio, is chair of the* CAL *Editorial Advisory Committee. She has been an ALSC member for more than twenty-five years. Her lifelong hobby is packing for trips. She's an experienced amateur, mostly because she hasn't found anybody to pay her for her organizational/color-coding/labeling talents.*

Top Ten Attractions

1. The *Booklist* Forum. This is held Friday evening during Annual Conference. *Booklist* invites a panel of authors to discuss writing for youth. The listing is sometimes hard to find because it is an ALA program, not an ALSC program. It's well worth seeking out.

2. The Scholarship Bash, held Saturday evening at Annual Conference. Imagine thousands of librarians getting together and having fun while adding to the scholarship coffers that enable the education of our replacements.

3. ALSC holds its All Committee Meeting during Midwinter Meeting and Annual Conference on Sunday morning. Members are welcome to attend and cruise the committee tables to get a good overview of the hard work done by the committees. If you find one you are particularly drawn to, grab a seat and introduce yourself. You may find yourself selected to join a committee (provided you also fill out the ALSC Committee Volunteer form). ALSC Division Leadership meets Saturday morning of both Midwinter Meeting and Annual Conference. Here committee chairs and ALSC officers introduce themselves to each other and are given assignments or information to carry back to their groups. Special interest? Try the All Discussion Group Meeting on Sunday afternoons. Check the ALSC Web site, www.ala.org/alsc, for a complete list of ALSC Committees and Discussion Groups.

4. The Newbery/Caldecott/Wilder banquet during Annual Conference. If you can't afford to buy the pricey ticket, show up around 9 P.M. and sit on the periphery of the banquet room—you'll be able to hear the winners' acceptance speeches.

5. The Charlemae Rollins President's Program. This always features an intellectually stimulating presentation of some facet of children's library service or advocacy. This program takes place on Monday morning, right after the ALSC Awards and membership meeting.

6. Polish your book discussion skills at the Monday afternoon book discussion. For this one, you need to have done your homework—read and be prepared to discuss a selection of five children's books. If you have never participated in professional book discussion, here is where you learn. If you are an old hand at book discussion, you can enjoy a rousing oral debate while honing your skills and helping newcomers as well.

Top Ten Money-Saving Tips

1. A suite for four to six people may be less expensive than several two-person rooms—and you just might get two bathrooms and more closet space.

2. Bring a water bottle to save money on the pricier bottles available for purchase.

3. Bring protein bars for breakfast and lunch. Since I'm vegetarian, I bring instant breakfast or powdered fruit drinks to mix with my protein powder for that morning boost.

4. Some hotels offer complimentary breakfast, and some have a surprisingly inexpensive room service breakfast. These hearty choices allow you to run through the normal lunch hour at the exhibits. Then your early dinner will be less expensive than a dinner-hour meal.

5. Register early. The super early bird registration saves money. If your library can't foot the bill, it won't hurt as much to pay your own way.

6. Accept lunch, dinner, and reception invitations. Not only will you meet some wonderful book people and have some great conversations with authors, illustrators, and editors, receptions often include hors d'oeruves. In Toronto in 2003, I spent less than $10 on food and drink over a period of five days. I always count on losing five to ten pounds during conventions anyway because you keep such a hectic pace.

7. Take the shuttle bus from the airport instead of a taxi. Shuttles are less expensive and have the added advantage of showing you the location of other conference hotels as they let off passengers. Round-trip tickets save you even more, as does the discount ALA is often able to obtain.

8. Use the shuttle bus system to get from conference hotels to the convention center. If the program and meeting schedules are posted before you make your hotel selection, you can save travel time and money by choosing a hotel convenient to your specific agenda.

9. Share taxis with others going in your direction. After a program or meeting in one hotel, getting to the next event on time might be impossible if you have to take the shuttle bus back to the convention center and then back out on a different bus route. If there is a cluster of people from your finished meeting, ask if anybody is going to your next event. You'll make friends, save time, and pay only a portion of the taxi fare yourself.

10. Take advantage of a convenient all-purpose store to stock up on drinks and snacks. It will be less expensive than restaurant food.

7. The Coretta Scott King Breakfast. Held on the Tuesday morning of Annual Conference, this breakfast is well worth getting up early and putting on your fancy duds to honor the author, illustrator, and new talent award winners. Acceptance speeches are heartfelt and include the honor winners as well.

8. Exhibits. Don't miss a wonderful opportunity to see the new books in galley or hot off the presses, get your name on catalog mailing lists, seek out vendors to provide next year's summer reading club prizes, and talk to sales representatives. Over the years I've lobbied (and gotten) better picture book bindings, more large-print fiction for children, better selections of Somali and other foreign language materials, and much more. Publishers really want to hear how to make their products better or fill a need you have. Make out address labels with the booth number of those exhibitors you want to be sure to visit. When you have run out of labels, you know you have seen everybody on your list.

9. Attend at least one event or program that is *not* about children's librarianship. It is amazing but true. Everything you encounter in life or at a convention is potentially useful as you serve on the information desk of a children's department. Seeing and hearing issues outside your own service area helps you understand the larger library picture and children's services' place in it. YALSA and AASL programs are especially fun, interesting, and related to what we ALSC librarians do.

10. Take the shuttle bus from hotel to the convention center; stand in line (almost anywhere); talk to people around you. When more than 25,000 ALA-connected people hit a city, no matter how large, almost everybody you encounter is connected to libraries in some way. Talk, compare notes, share ideas, bemoan your common problems. You just may come away with a new friend and a new idea to take back to your library.

Top Ten Ways to Fit In If You're Alone

1. With 25,000 or so people connected with Annual Conference (and about half that at Midwinter Meeting), even a large city like New York feels our impact. Though we are advised not to wear our badges around town, you and I both know that librarians aren't hard to spot. There's comfort in knowing how very surrounded you are by helpful folk—in the elevators, on the street corners, in hotel lobbies, even restaurants—a more bookish crowd I can't imagine.

2. Get a sturdy fold-out map of the city and mark your home hotel, the convention center, and other hotels where meetings are held. Learn the lay of the land before you go.

3. Keep some small bills in your pocket for taxis and small purchases so you aren't taking out your wallet all the time. Keep money in two different places so if you lose one (I did lose my waistpack a few years ago), you won't be strapped.

4. A waistpack or neck pouch keeps your money, credit cards, and identification close to your body. Wearing a poncho also keeps your valuables undercover—except for summer in Orlando, when you'll want to be as close to naked as possible.

5. ALA, in the guise of Local Arrangements Committee people, provides excellent guidance at meeting and program sites. Look for their smiles and signs. They are librarians and they are there to help. Make them feel useful by asking for help—and thank them for their hard work.

6. Plan your route to meetings and receptions before you go out onto the street. You will feel more in control and less vulnerable to unwanted attention than if you are pondering a map on a street corner.

7. Plan at least one sight-seeing trip to a nearby museum, library, or shopping area so you can feel like you have actually been somewhere. Hook up with a friend or ask an acquaintance to go with you.

8. Do your research. Timing is important. I once walked almost an hour in Atlanta's summer heat to find that Atlanta's art museum (and fabulous Jacob Lawrence exhibit) was closed on Mondays. Since the museum was closed and thus no taxis, the walk back felt especially long and hot!

9. Arrange your arrival early enough to pick up your registration materials on Friday afternoon, at the convention center or remotely at the designated convention hotel, so you can plan your convention days at leisure.

10. Strike up conversations with other attendees at the convention center, programs, meetings, while standing in line for the shuttle bus, in the elevator. Share tables at restaurants and exhibit snack areas. Librarians are an amazingly diverse and interesting lot. And, the more you connect, the more comfortable you will feel about traveling alone (well, I think I've proved that you aren't really alone).

Top Ten Hints to Keep from Wearing Your Body to a Frazzle

1. As you collect materials at programs or the exhibits, mail them back home. ALA provides postal service Saturday through Monday. As you travel the exhibits, stash posters directly in your poster tube. Carry a self-addressed box or padded bag to slide other "stuff" into. If the lines are long, send your mail the next morning. Use the less expensive Library Rate to mail items back to your library.

2. Ask to be put on mailing lists instead of picking up catalogs.

3. Stick your mini-schedule to the back of your badge. You will have a handy-dandy list when somebody asks if you are free for lunch or where you will be tomorrow afternoon.

Everything you encounter in life or at a convention is potentially useful as you serve on the information desk of a children's department.

4. To keep track of expenses, make a sticky note for each day and quickly jot down when you spend money. At the end of the day, paper clip your receipts to the note and put them someplace safe for filling out your reimbursement request.

5. Carry only what you need—clean out your purse or wallet. If you don't carry it, you can't lose it. It took me over a year to replace everything in my lost waistpack.

6. Plan your outfit and shoes for each day before you leave, and take only what you need. Having a workable color scheme will help you keep items to a minimum. Work clothes are fine for most events. Add a blazer, a scarf, a bit of jewelry, and you look fancy enough for receptions and more formal dinners. Warm weather conference cities are usually very casual.

7. If you have to write a convention report for your library, take a few minutes at the end of each program or meeting to collect your thoughts and summarize your notes. Keep the program descriptions for presenter names and exact titles.

8. If you want to attend two conflicting programs, choose the one with the least travel inconvenience to save energy and time.

9. When you meet people and exchange business cards, take a moment to jot how you met or what you discussed on the back.

10. Have fun! Find a way to take the fun back to work—collect posters, promotional pencils, and other items at the exhibits and make a grab bag for coworkers who stayed home. They'll appreciate it and will feel it was worthwhile to cover for you while you gallivant across the country during the busiest time of year for a children's department.

Top Ten Follow-Throughs

1. Send thank-you notes to the sponsors of invitation-only events.

2. Submit your expenses and reimbursement requests as quickly as possible. Be aware that there may be a deadline.

3. Distribute giveaways to coworkers who manned the fort while you were at Annual Conference or Midwinter Meeting.

4. Write your report and make it exciting to lure others.

5. Fill out and submit an ALSC Committee Volunteer Form—don't ask for an awards committee right away; everyone wants that assignment. Prove yourself by working hard on other committees first.

6. Enthuse about your experience to your coworkers; get them to consider joining you next time.

7. Follow up on activities and ideas you have heard about at conference. Write or e-mail some of the people you met and with whom you exchanged business cards.

8. Make plans to attend again. Request conference time at work. Preregister for next conference; make hotel reservations.

9. Share and incorporate new ideas and programs you heard about at Annual Conference or Midwinter Meeting. Consider writing a best-practices article for *Children and Libraries* about how you adapted somebody else's program.

10. Broaden coworkers' perceptions of the larger library world by sharing how other libraries do what they do. Tell your coworkers about practices, events, and programs at your libraries that other attendees want to emulate.

Chocolate and Children: What Do We Know? What Can We Do?

ALSC Research and Development Committee

This column will appear regularly in Children and Libraries. *We hope it will contribute to evidence-based library professional practice. The next column will focus on the effects of films on children's books and reading.*

What Do We Know?

We *know* chocolate appeals to many children. In summer 2005 a new film of Roald Dahl's classic book, *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, appeared in theaters to rave reviews and top box office receipts.[1] And we *know* that chocolate is a comfort food for many children (and adults), fictional and real. After Harry Potter first encounters a dementor, a creature that steals happiness from people, Professor Lupin gives Harry chocolate. Harry takes a bite and feels "warmth spread suddenly to the tips of his fingers and toes."[2] In a recent poll, girls ages four to sixteen listed chocolate as their favorite food, and it was second for boys of the same age.[3]

Librarians sometimes give young patrons chocolate as prizes in reading programs. But we wondered if that was really a good idea. Is chocolate likely to enhance comfort and enjoyment in a library environment, or is it likely to make children hyper after a completed storytime? Will young teens' acne increase after sampling a chocolate treat? What does research tell us about the effect of chocolate on youth?

Chocolate has a long history, one that originated three thousand years ago in the Americas with the Olmec, Maya, and Aztecs, who used the cacao beans at various times for nourishment, medicine, and money. Carried to Europe by Christopher Columbus and others in the sixteenth century, chocolate, by the twentieth century, had more than one hundred documented medicinal uses in addition to being sought after as a beverage and a confection.[4]

Delving into the past five years of Medlines and searching the Web for other recent scientific reports left committee members with a healthy respect for this tasty treat.[5] Although chocolate itself can be white, milk, or dark, there is, of course, no completely black-and-white conclusion to draw about its effects, but overall the pluses of chocolate seem substantial; in moderation, the risks small.

Cautions

We did not read all the chocolate studies that exist. There were more than one thousand in Medlines in the past five years alone. So other studies may contradict some of these findings. Another caveat is that most research studies have been conducted with adults rather than children, so what we actually know about chocolate and the younger set is limited. Furthermore, some of the research is sponsored by the chocolate industry, although not industry controlled. And finally, chocolate contains approximately three hundred eighty known chemicals, so most research focuses on isolated aspects of chocolate rather than just studying chocolate.[6] With those limitations in mind, here are some of the interesting research findings we uncovered.

Findings

- Dark chocolate has more health benefits than milk chocolate, but both contain substances that contribute to good health.[7] White chocolate (cocoa butter) does not contain the same healthy substances.[8]
- Dark chocolate prevents unhealthy blood clots in young adults.[9]

The ALSC Research and Development Committee includes chair Eliza Dresang, Ruth Cox Clark, Gaye Hinchliff, Bowie Kotrla, Barbara Silverman, Rita Smith, and Daylan Stephens, assisted by Danita Eastman.

- In less-than-excessive amounts, sugar, chocolate, and chocolate candy do not have a negative effect on children's behavior. This holds true for children with attention-deficit hyperactivity disorder as well as for children without ADHD.[10]

- The "feel good" or relaxing aspect of chocolate comes partly from anandamide, a substance that naturally occurs in the brain as well as in chocolate.[11]

- Other chemicals in chocolate produce or release chemicals in the body that lessen anxiety, such as serotonin.[12]

- Chocolate contains the stimulant caffeine, which can increase alertness but also has some detrimental effects if overused. The amount of caffeine in a 1.5 ounce chocolate bar is about one-eighth that of a cola drink and one-twelfth that of a cup of coffee.[13]

- Chocolate may relieve dry coughs.[14]

- Antioxidants in chocolate are more powerful than those in prunes and blueberries, and similar to those in many other fruits and vegetables, tea, and red wine.[15]

- Chocolate has been shown to trigger migraine headaches in some adolescents.[16]

- Chocolate neither causes nor aggravates acne.[17]

What Can We Do?

Based on the research, librarians can relax a bit about chocolate. Obviously it is not our job to promote a food product, but the occasional chocolate treat will not harm most young patrons. Because of the interesting history of chocolate—and its rich and varied uses for thousands of years—helping young people know what is truth and what is myth about this alluring, complex food might make an interesting display or program. One place to start is a study of chocolate by the Exploratorium, an online museum of science, art and human perception.[18]

References and notes

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18. Ibid.

A Hot Time in the City of Big Shoulders

ALA Annual Conference, Chicago

Allison Angell, left, of Benicia, California, and Carol Durusau, Covington, Georgia, manned the ALSC booth at McCormick Place, with the help of some smiley friends.

Author/illustrator Ed Young is pleased to wave to passersby. He was signing his new book, *Beyond the Great Mountains,* at the Chronicle Books booth.

ALSC's Notable Children's Books Committee hard at work!

Ann Grifalconi, right, displays artwork from *Patrol* by Walter Dean Myers, which she used collage art to illustrate. Editor Phoebe Yeh of HarperCollins looks on.

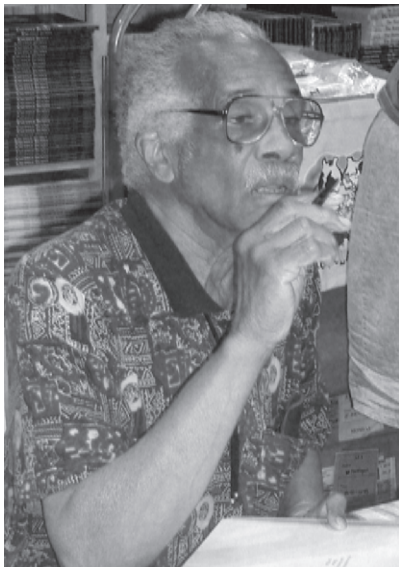
June 23–29, 2005
Annual Conference

Then-ALSC President Gretchen Wronka waits to have a book signed by author/illustrator Laurie Keller at the ALSC Preconference.

Caldecott Medal winner Kevin Henkes greeted then-ALSC Vice President Ellen Fader after the banquet.

ALSC Board Member Judy O'Malley of Charlesbridge Publishing beams with Caldecott honor winner E. B. Lewis.

Newbery Medal winner Cynthia Kadohata, center, proudly shows her shiny new medal to fans at the Newbery/Caldecott/Wilder banquet.



Ashley Bryan signs his new book, *What a Wonderful World,* at the Simon and Schuster booth. Bryan is a nominee for the International Board on Books for Young People's (IBBY) Hans Christian Andersen award.

Patricia Polacco addressed ALSC Preconference attendees.

Left to right, Joyce Karon of the Illinois Board of Education, ALSC member Walter Minkel, and ALSC Interim Executive Director Aimee Strittmatter take out time from the Preconference for a photo.

Book Reviews

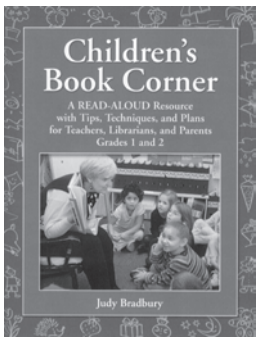
Bradbury, Judy. *Children's Book Corner: A Read-Aloud Resource with Tips, Techniques, and Plans for Teachers, Librarians, and Parents, Grades 1 and 2.*
MacDonald, Margaret Read. *Twenty Tellable Tales: Audience Participation Folktales for the Beginning Storyteller.*
Reid, Rob. *Cool Story Programs for the School-Age Crowd.*
Stanley, Nile. *Creating Readers with Poetry.*
Totten, Kathryn. *Storytime Crafts: Crazy Days.*
Whitin, David J. and Phyllis. *New Visions for Linking Literature and Mathematics.*

Books for Librarians and Teachers, Parents and Homeschoolers

By Kathryn Miller, Junko Yokota, and Jude Mathews

In this issue, we examine new books of interest to adults who educate children. Some are more appropriate for librarians and teachers who work with groups of children; others may be equally appropriate for parents and homeschool teachers who work with one or a few children at a time.

Bradbury, Judy. *Children's Book Corner: A Read-Aloud Resource with Tips, Techniques, and Plans for Teachers, Librarians, and Parents, Grades 1 and 2.* Westport, Conn.: Libraries Unlimited, 2004. (ISBN: 1-59158-047-1)



This is the second book in the Children's Book Corner series, the focus of which is recommending books appropriate for reading aloud at the intended grade levels and suggesting ways to make the most of the experience. Nearly half of the book is devoted to "Read-Aloud Plans," which consist of double-spread pages featuring one book. In addition to the bibliographic information, the book provides readers with the estimated time to read the book aloud and a listing of key subject areas. An introduction to the book reads like an enthusiastic book talk, providing reasons why the book is recommended.

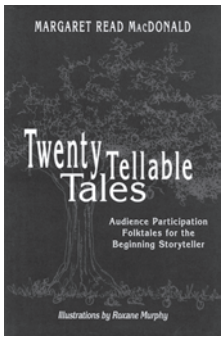
The next section is divided into three sections: prereading focus, "while reading," and follow-up discussion. Each section has many questions and a few pointers on specifics to draw to children's attention. The questions include those that elicit short responses to teacher-led questions so many children may be able to quickly participate; most do not lead to lengthy discussions. There is a space for notes at the end of each spread. A book cover image is included for many of the titles.

The second section of this book includes tips and techniques for teachers and librarians, with chapters on reading picture books aloud to beginning readers, tips on poetry, a listing of print and online resources, and an overview of book awards. The picture book section is somewhat arbitrarily divided into writing, biography, and values/character education. Because the emphasis is on reading the text aloud, there is little focus on the visual aspect of picture books.

The Beginning Readers chapter gives a fairly comprehensive listing of many series books with approximate grade level. "Parent Pull-Out Pages" provide brief summaries of earlier sections of the book. Another section lists annotated titles, grouped by subject headings.

The book has the tone of a seasoned educator sharing beneficial ideas, and the conversational manner suits it well. For the beginning educator, this book may feel like a mentor passing along some tips acquired from experience. (Junko Yokota)

MacDonald, Margaret Read. *Twenty Tellable Tales: Audience Participation Folktales for the Beginning Storyteller.* Illus. by Roxane Murphy. Chicago: ALA, 2005. (ISBN: 0-8389-0893-4)



This is a treasure trove of tales, tips, and guidelines on beginning or teaching storytelling. This ALA reprint of the master storyteller and folklorist's book includes geographically diverse tales for a storyteller to adore, explore, and make her own. In addition to actual storytelling content, the book also provides notes on storytelling, such as how to encourage audience participation, appropriate hand motions, and musical notations. Extension notes introduce readers to the inspiration for and variations on the story.

Kathryn Miller, Junko Yokota, *and* ***Jude Mathews*** *are on the faculty of National-Louis University in Chicago, Illinois. Their professional interest is in seeking exemplary ways to offer library services to children in a school setting, demonstrating how books are the core materials for integrating learning experiences.*

After presenting MacDonald's stories, the book concentrates on how readers can find and tell other stories, providing resources to find tales, guidance on how to prepare text from a short story, and performance techniques. Of particular use to the new storyteller is the section on taking the story to the next level. MacDonald ends her book with another treasure trove to any librarian, teacher, or general storyteller—her bibliography of works consulted, basic storytelling books, media folktellings, and other resources. This is a fine addition to the shelves of those new to storytelling, storytellers looking for new ideas, and teachers of storytelling. A highly recommended book for school library media specialists, public librarians involved with storytelling, and anyone looking to simply tell a good tale. (Kathryn Miller)

Other Books to Consider

For Beginning Librarians and Storytellers

Frey, Yvonne Amar. *One-Person Puppetry Streamlined and Simplified—With 30 Folk-tale Scripts.* Chicago: ALA, 2004. (ISBN 0-8389-0889-6)

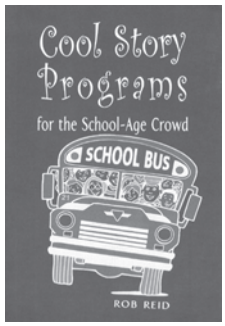
For Special Collections

Walker, Barbara J. *The Librarian's Guide to Developing Christian Fiction Collections for Children.* New York: Neal-Schuman, 2005. (ISBN 1-55570-546-4)

Updated Edition

Association for Library Service to Children. *The Newbery and Caldecott Awards: A Guide to the Medal and Honor Books, 2005 Edition.* Chicago: ALA, 2005. (ISBN 0-8389-3552-4). New to this edition is an essay by Janice M. Del Negro, "Literature for Youth: A Means to the Endless."

Reid, Rob. *Cool Story Programs for the School-Age Crowd.* Chicago: ALA, 2004. (ISBN 0-8389-0887-X)



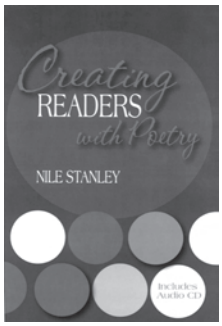
When designing storytime sessions, author Rob Reid writes, "The key is to add strong material to a program, not mediocre material just because it fits a theme" (xi). Such a statement may seem obvious, but it's all too easy to fall into the habit of sacrificing quality to subject matter. In his introduction, the author demonstrates the flexible thought process he uses to create themes that suit his needs and standards. With two apparently unrelated stories, Reid pondered a possible connection until he found it, not in the subject matter, but in "the alliterative connection between the two titles" (xi). His program theme, therefore, became interesting sounds, and he "searched for other stories, poems, and activities that had examples of alliteration and assonance" (xi).

Although Reid provides great sample programs that can be used in schools and public libraries with younger school-age children (there are eighteen such programs here, constituting the body of the book), the book's organization suggests following his strong encouragement that librarians think outside of the program box. Themes with obvious child appeal range from the number three and creepy characters to "Alien Space School" and "What Stinks?"

Each chapter begins with a brief lesson plan, followed by carefully explained activities and annotated entries from literature, poems, and picture books. This is followed by several annotated lists of "mix and match" items: easy-to-find readings and musical selections that can be exchanged for those already in the lesson plan. A tweaking section will be particularly helpful to those needing guidance to help shift their programs downward (for preschoolers) or upward (for fifth and sixth graders) in age range. Finally, a list of additional titles to consider wraps up each chapter.

Whether you are a relative novice to programming or in need of inspiration and a fresh approach, you will find this a helpful and very usable guide. An author/title index includes all but the additional titles from each chapter. (Jude Mathews)

Stanley, Nile. *Creating Readers with Poetry.* Gainesville, Fla.: Maupin House, 2004. (ISBN: 0-929895-70-3)



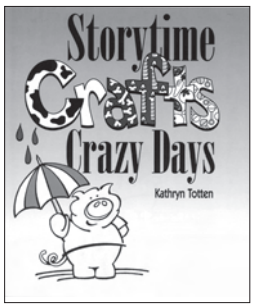
Kindergarten through sixth grade teachers who struggle with finding ways to fit poetry into strict learning standards and goals will appreciate this book. It concentrates and expands upon the premise clearly laid out by the author, "Poetry helps children learn to read" (xi). In nine chapters, Stanley makes a case for how poetry can effectively be used to pique the interest of a class of beginning readers and increase their literacy skills. Chapters cover how poetry helps teach reading, how to include poetry in today's reading classroom, poetry-based active learning techniques and lessons, teaching work-attack and phonics skills with poetry, and poetry's value in teaching vocabulary and comprehension.

Poetry examples are used throughout the book, and recorded readings are included on a compact disk**.** A list of recommended poets recommended for grades K–6 is also included. This book brings new ideas to teachers and encourages them to reconsider how

they work with struggling readers, how oral reading is handled in the classroom, and how children naturally respond to the rhyme and playfulness within poetry. This is a must-have for reading teachers, as well as school and public librarians. This book opens the readers' eyes to the power of poetry. (Kathryn Miller)

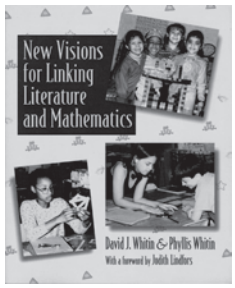
Totten, Kathryn. *Storytime Crafts: Crazy Days*. Ft. Atkinson, Wisc.: Upstart, 2004. (ISBN: 1-932146-01-6)

With a calendar format, this series of twenty-four craft and storytime activities highlights fun and unexpected days each month of the year. This book will encourage librarians to look beyond traditional holidays for storytime themes. Colorado librarian Kathryn Totten presents users with themes such as National Umbrella Month (March) and Organize Your Home Days (January). Each theme included in the book exhibits value in literacy education, cultural awareness, and vocabulary development. Each suggestion includes an introductory activity, a list of picture books, and rest activities (such as fingerplays and action rhymes). The crazy day themes are interesting to the pre-K through first grade populations, and appropriate variations may interest learners up to grade three. (Kathryn Miller)



Whitin, David J. and Phyllis. *New Visions for Linking Literature and Mathematics*. Urbana, Ill.: National Council of Teachers of English, 2004. (ISBN 0-8141-3348-7)

Literature and mathematics are brought together in many books, and the Whitins highlight the ways in which this link helps K–6 students learn mathematical concepts. The book opens with a section on the criteria for selecting math-related books, clearly outlining the need for being selective. They emphasize math as the core criterium, not the incidental inclusion of mathematic concepts within a story. The mathematical strategy of problem-posing is explored in one chapter, with specific book titles while the literary strategy of book pairings is shown in another chapter. The final chapter recommends best books, complete with annotations.



Numerous examples of children's oral and written responses are included throughout the book, offering rich examples of students learning. Links are made to the National Council of Teachers of Mathematics' *Principles and Standards for School Mathematics* and the National Council of Teachers of English/International Reading Association's *Standards for the English Language Arts*. The Whitins' particular attention to cultural diversity can be noted in their selection of book titles, recommended resources, and photographs.

This book offers rich content and valuable insights into teaching mathematics for all educators, from those who are just beginning to the very experienced. (Junko Yokota)

Call for Referees

To make *Children and Libraries* a truly interactive publication, we're looking for ALSC members to serve as volunteer referees for journal articles. Unsolicited articles and those of a scholarly nature must be submitted to at least two referees to judge the submissions on accuracy, style, impact, importance, and interest. Specialists in particular genres (such as technology, literature, intellectual freedom, programming, and so on) are especially needed.

Referees make recommendations to the editor on whether or not manuscripts should be accepted for publication. Interested librarians should contact *Children and Libraries* Editor Sharon Korbeck Verbeten at **toylady@athenet.net** for more information on the referee process.

ALSC News

2006 Slate of Candidates

Vice-President/President-Elect

Molly Kinney, Alvin Sherman Library, Research, and Info Tech Center, Nova Southeastern University, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
Jane Marino, Bronxville (N.Y.) Public Library

Division Councilor

Linda Perkins, Central Library, Berkeley (Calif.) Public Library
Sue Sherif, Alaska State Library, Anchorage

Board of Directors

Crystal Faris, Waldo Community Library, Kansas City, Mo.
Jeanne McDermott, Farrar Straus Giroux, Books for Young Readers, New York
Judy Zuckerman, Brooklyn (N.Y.) Public Library
Thomas Barthelmess, Spokane County (Wash.) Library District
Penny Markey, County of Los Angeles Public Library, Downey, Calif.
JoAnn Jonas, Chula Vista (Calif.) Public Library

Financial Officer

Susan Poulter, Nashville (Tenn.) Public Library
Sue Zeigler, New York Public Library

Caldecott Chair, 2008

Eliza Dresang, College of Information, Florida State University, Tallahassee
Karen Breen, *Kirkus Reviews*, New York

ALSC Member Honored for Feature Story

ALSC member Betsy Diamant-Cohen, right, won first prize for her article "Mother Goose on the Loose: Applying Brain Research to Early Childhood Programs in the Public Library," in a contest sponsored by *Public Libraries*. The article appeared in the January/February 2004 issue. Diamant-Cohen is a children's programming specialist at Enoch Pratt Free Library in Baltimore, Maryland. She was presented with a cash award and plaque at the ALA Annual Conference in Chicago in June 2005, by Clara Bohrer, 2004–2005, president of the Public Library Association.

Newbery Chair, 2008

Nina Lindsay, Oakland (Calif.) Public Library
Betty Carter, Consultant, Coppell, Texas

Sibert Chair, 2008

Maria Salvadore, Consultant, Washington, D.C.
Caroline Parr, Central Rappahannock Regional Library, Fredericksburg, Va.

Wilder Chair, 2009

Cathryn Mercier, College of Arts and Sciences, Simmons College, Boston, Mass.
Maralita Freeny, Prince George's Library, Hyattsville, Md.

Caldecott Committee, 2008

Roger Sutton, *The Horn Book*, Charlestown, Mass.

Amy Sears, Teaneck (N.J.) Public Library
Sue Rokos, Mohawk Valley Library System, Schenectady, N.Y.
Debra McLeod, Johnson County Library, Overland Park, Kans.
Alison O'Reilly, Hauppauge (N.Y). Public Library
Ken Setterington, Toronto Public Library, Ontario, Canada
Marilyn Ackerman, Brooklyn (N.Y.) Public Library
Sue McCleaf Nespeca, Kid Lit Plus Consulting, Youngstown, Ohio
Elise DeGuiseppi, Pierce County Library System, Tacoma, Wash.
Victoria Smith, McArthur Public Library, Biddeford, Maine
Helen Wiley, Katherine Burke School, San Francisco, Calif.
Kathryn Whitacre, Northeast Regional Library, The Free Library of Philadelphia.
Susannah Richards, Consultant, Storrs, Conn.
Amy Lilien Harper, Ferguson Library, Stamford, Conn.

Newbery Committee, 2008

Carol Edwards, Philip S. Miller Library, Castle Rock, Colo.
Louise Lareau, New York Public Library
Bonnie Kunzel, New Jersey State Library, Trenton
Caroline Kienzle, Irving (Texas) Independent School District
Martha Edmundson, Denton (Texas) Public Library
Maureen White, University of Houston at Clear Lake
Marie Bindeman, Nioga Library System, Lockport, N.Y.
Michael Santangelo, Brooklyn (N.Y.) Public Library
Karin Snelson, Writer/Editor/Reviewer, Seattle
Jan Sarratt, John E. Ewing Middle School, Gaffney, S.C.
Monica Edinger, The Dalton School, New York
Micki Nevett, Westmere Elementary School, Albany, N.Y.

2006 ALSC Midwinter Schedule

Executive Committee
Thursday, January 19, 2–4:30 P.M.

AASL/ALSC/YALSA Jt. Exec. Committee
Thursday, January 19, 4:30–6 P.M.

Midwinter Workshop The Fun and Facts of Early Literacy: Communicating with Parents and Caregivers through Storytime (Registration required.*)
Friday, January 20, 9 A.M.–5 P.M.

ALSC Past Presidents' Breakfast
Saturday, January 21, 7:30–9 A.M.

Priority Group Consultants Meeting
Saturday, January 21, 8–9 A.M.

Division Leadership
Saturday, January 21, 9:30 A.M.–12:30 P.M.

2006 National Institute Planning Committee
Saturday, January 21, 1:30–3:30 P.M.

ALSC Board of Directors
Saturday, January 21, 2–5:30 P.M.
Monday, January 23, 2–5:30 P.M.
Tuesday, January 24, 2–5:30 P.M.

All Committee Meeting
Sunday, January 22, 8–11:30 A.M.

Advocacy Campaign Task Force
Sunday, January 22, 8–11:30 A.M.
Tuesday, January 24, 8–10 A.M.

AASL/ALSC/YALSA Joint Legislation Committee
Sunday, January 22, 1:30–3:30 P.M.

All Discussion Group Meeting
Sunday, January 22, 4–6 P.M.

Planning and Budget Committee
Sunday, January 22, 4–6 p.m.
Tuesday, January 24, 10:30 A.M.–12:30 P.M.

AASL/ALSC/YALSA Joint Intellectual Freedom Committee
Sunday, January 22, 4–6 P.M.

AASL/ALSC/YALSA Joint Youth Council Caucus
Monday, January 23, 8-10 A.M.

ALA Youth Media Awards Press Conference
Monday, January 23, 8-9:15 A.M.

2006 Preconference Program Planning Committee
Monday, January 23, 10:30 A.M.–12:30 P.M.

AASL/ALSC/YALSA Membership Reception
Monday, January 23, 6–7:30 P.M.

Storytelling Discussion Group
Monday, January 23, 8–10 P.M.

* For a complete list of ALSC meetings, including children's notables committees and "closed" award committee meetings, and workshop registration information, please visit the ALSC Web site at www.ala.org/alsc and click on "Events & Conferences."

Nicole Sparling, West Babylon (N.Y.) Public Library
Luann Toth, *School Library Journal*, New York

Sibert Committee, 2008

Rosalind Chang, San Francisco Public Library
Maeve Visser Knoth, San Mateo County (Calif.) Library
Susan Pine, New York Public Library
Darwin Henderson, College of Education, University of Cincinnati
Melinda Greenblatt, Library Connections, Archdiocese of New York
Judy Freeman, Consultant, Highland Park, N.J.
Viki Ash, San Antonio Public Library
Lucinda Whitehurst, St. Christopher's Lower School, Richmond, Va.

Wilder Committee, 2009

Alan Bern, Berkeley (Calif.) Public Library
Carla Kozak, San Francisco Public Library
Barbara Kiefer, Ohio State University, Columbus
Barbara Elleman, South Hadley, Mass.

Auction Scores Big for Scholarships

The ALA Scholarship Fund will receive more than $60,000 from an auction sponsored by the Children's Book Council and ALA Exhibits Round Table at ALA Annual Conference in Chicago last June.

The major portion of the auction was the Letters of Imagination silent auction, which grossed slightly more than $42,000 for the fund. The sale included approximately 150 illustrated letters of the alphabet created by children's book illustrators, including nine Caldecott-winning artists. More than 630 bidders participated. The top-selling piece was a letter "O" illustrated by 2005 Caldecott winner, Kevin Henkes.

ALSC and Reforma thank Scholastic for its generous donation to the Pura Belpré Endowment. Pictured left to right: Greg Worrell, President, Scholastic Library Publishing; Linda Lee, Vice President and General Manager, Weston Woods; John Mason, Director of Library and Educational Marketing, Scholastic Trade Books; Malore I. Brown, former Executive Director, ALSC; Ana-Elba Pavon, Incoming President, Reforma; Gretchen Wronka, 2004–2005 President, ALSC; and Teresa Mlawer, President, Lectorum Publications.

For more information about the Children's Book Council, visit www.cbcbooks.org.

2006 Preconference Focuses on Leadership

Mark your calendar and make plans to attend the ALSC Preconference, "Spinning Straw into Gold: Leadership Potential to Management Results" on June 22 and 23, 2006, in New Orleans. This preconference is appropriate for the whole spectrum of professionals from new or aspiring youth service supervisors to experienced librarians who will appreciate this chance to examine their organizational styles and refresh their leadership skills.

Preconference speakers include Dr. Marilyn Manning, Certified Speaking Professional, Certified Management Consultant, who will provide an overview of leadership and assist participants in using an assessment tool to examine their personal leadership style. Manning will continue on day two with tips on how to maximize your leadership strengths, overcome your weaknesses, and blending your management style with your colleagues, supervisors, and employees to achieve success.

The nuts and bolts of leadership in the library and youth services fields will be the topic for UCLA's Virginia Walter. Brooklyn Public Library's executive director, Ginnie Cooper, a noted risktaker and change agent, will be our luncheon speaker. Ellen Riordan of the Enoch Pratt Free Library will reprise all

Index to Advertisers

six of the *Pardon Me for Being a Manager* PowerPoint presentations using classic children's stories to illustrate management competencies. Editor, author, wife and parent, Andrea Davis Pinkney will close the day with her discussion of "Having it all with Style."

There will be time for discussion of managerial skills and for questions to our speakers. As participants leave this preconference, they will have analyzed their leadership styles, inventoried their management skills, and recharged their innovative and risk-taking natures. Just like Rumpelstiltskin, this two-day educational program will help you turn your leadership promise into managerial gold.

For more information, contact the ALSC Office at 1-800-545-2433, ext. 2163, or by e-mail at alsc@ala.org.

Richey honored by Pennsylvania Library Association

Cynthia K. Richey, director of Mount Lebanon Public Library in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, received the Distinguished Service Award from the Pennsylvania Library Association at its Annual Conference in Hershey. The award is the highest honor the association gives and is awarded annually to one person in recognition of exceptional meritorious service to libraries of the Commonwealth.

Cynthia K. Richey

The association cited Richey as "one of our state's most creative, articulate, and dedicated library leaders (who has) consistently demonstrated visionary leadership and tireless energy, hallmarks of excellent library service." As a children's services advocate, Richey has written articles and publications, and served on numerous state and national committees. In 2004 she served as national president of the Association for Library Service to Children.

Richey frequently serves as a speaker at state and national conferences on early learning, filtering and the Children's Internet Protection Act, and the USA PATRIOT Act. She is widely regarded as a knowledgeable and articulate spokeswoman on responsible Internet use and developing policies for children's access. Her work is referenced in legal publications, on numerous web sites, and in ALA's online publication, *Children and the Internet: Policies that Work*.

The Pennsylvania Library Association further cited Richey for her passion for literacy that she shares so broadly for the benefit of thousands of children and adults alike, and for her outstanding contributions to Pennsylvania libraries. Richey received her B.A. and M.L.S. from the University of Pittsburgh and has been a librarian for thirty-three years.

Association for Library Service to Children

2006 Continuing Education…

Preconference – June 22-23 – New Orleans, La.

Spinning Straw into Gold: Leadership Potential to Management Results

Examine your leadership style and strengthen your management skills.
Through plenary sessions and small group discussions, preconference participants will assess their personal leadership style and learn management techniques to maximize strengths, overcome weaknesses, and interface with colleagues. Speakers include Dr. Marilyn Manning, CSP & CMC; Dr. Virginia Walter, UCLA; Ginnie Cooper, Executive Director, Brooklyn Public Library; and editor, author, wife and parent, Andrea Davis Pinkney. Just like Rumpelstiltskin, this education program will help participants turn leadership promise into managerial gold.

National Institute – September 14-16 – Pittsburgh, Pa.

The biennial Institute is a great opportunity to recharge and network with other library professionals. The three-day event includes a preconference focusing on legal issues and children's services; stimulating continuing education workshops; exciting keynote speakers; an informative program on ALSC's Kids! @ your library® campaign; and much more.

Attendees at the 2004 ALSC National Institute had this to say:

- The Institute overall was the best continuing education event I ever attended. All aspects were truly excellent.
- As a young professional, this was my first National Institute and I thoroughly enjoyed it. Thank you!
- A big thank you to the excellent planning team. I am going back to work with lots of new ideas that I can use right away.
- Overall, this was a wonderful experience. The preconference was amazing. And I gained practical information from workshops.
- Great job—best professional conference I've attended.

Registration information for these events will be available at:
www.ala.org/alsc, click on "Events & Conferences."

Children and Libraries

Index Volume 3
Prepared by Janet Russell

Sp05=No. 1 Spring 2005
Su05=No. 2 Summer/Fall 2005
W05=No. 3 Winter 2005

Get Your Name in Print

Submit an Article to *Children and Libraries*

Children and Libraries (CAL) is the official publication of the Association for Library Service to Children (ALSC), a division of the American Library Association (ALA). *CAL* is the vehicle for continuing education of librarians working with children, and showcases current research and practice relating to library service to children and spotlights significant activities and programs of the association.

Manuscript Consideration

Submit manuscripts that are neither under consideration nor accepted elsewhere. Send four copies of the manuscript to the *CAL* editor at the address below. (One copy if sending by e-mail.) Editor will acknowledge receipt of all manuscripts and send them to at least two referees for evaluation. Accepted manuscripts with timely content will have scheduling priority.

Manuscript Preparation

For information on formatting your manuscript, editorial style, guidelines for text and art, and copyright forms, contact the editor at the address given.

For citations, use endnotes as described in the 15th edition of *The Chicago Manual of Style,* sections 16–17.

Submit manuscripts and text (including references, tables, notes, and bibliographies) to the editor by e-mail as a rich text or Microsoft Word file attachment, copy the text directly into the body of an e-mail message, or send on a CD. Illustrative material (such as high-resolution digital images) MUST be sent via CD. CDs must be PC-formatted.

Full length features (e.g., scholarly, research and "best practice" articles): fifteen to twenty pages, double-spaced.

Short features (e.g., interviews with authors, librarians, or others involved with library service to children): three to ten pages, double-spaced.

The Last Word: 500–750 words, double-spaced.

Long and short features should be well researched with themes relevant and of interest to children's librarians and all those involved and interested in library service to children.

"The Last Word" is an end-page feature that will run in each issue and highlight brief, light, or humorous essays from children's librarians, such as: a humorous story about a library experience; a short trivia quiz or puzzle about children's literature; a brief, creatively written insight on library service, children's literature, or programming; a very short question-and-answer interview with a popular author; a funny story about what kids are overheard saying in libraries. "The Last Word" will be a place for children's librarians to share these stories and get their name in print. Please send your ideas or finished stories to the editor.

Attach a cover sheet indicating the title of the article and the full name, title, affiliation, phone number, fax number, e-mail address, and complete mailing address of the first author. Include a 200-word abstract.

Place tables on separate pages. Notations should appear in text for proper table and figure placement (e.g., "insert table 1 here"). Provide a title and caption for each table and figure.

Supply charts and graphs as spreadsheet programs or as graphics (TIFFs or high-resolution JPEGs). Camera-ready copy is also acceptable. You need not provide graphs in final form. If you prefer, you may provide a rough version, or even a sketch. If so, please mark all data points clearly. We will create the graphic. You will have a chance to review the graphic when you review your typeset pages during the proofing stage.

Photos can also be included with manuscript. Color or black and white photos are acceptable. We also can accept digital images of at least 300 dpi resolution. (Pictures from the Web are not of sufficient quality for printed material because their resolution is too low.) Photos will be returned to author(s) after publication.

Submit either Microsoft Word or WordPerfect files. Double-space the entire manuscript, including quotes and references. Insert two hard returns between paragraphs. Number all pages.

Use a minimal amount of formatting in files. Specialized formatting may be lost in translation from one program to another; mark specialized formatting with text instructions, such as <extract>. Do not use the automatic footnote/endnote feature on your word processing program; create endnotes manually at the end of the article.

If sending a disk, label it with the first author's name and all file names.

Writing and Bibliographic Style

Children and Libraries follows the 15th edition of *The Chicago Manual of Style*. Authors are responsible for accuracy in the manuscript, including all names and citations. Editor may revise accepted manuscripts for clarity, accuracy, and readability, consistent with publication style and journal audience.

Address

Send correspondence and manuscripts to Sharon Korbeck Verbeten, *CAL* editor, via e-mail to toylady@athenet.net.

Celebrate!

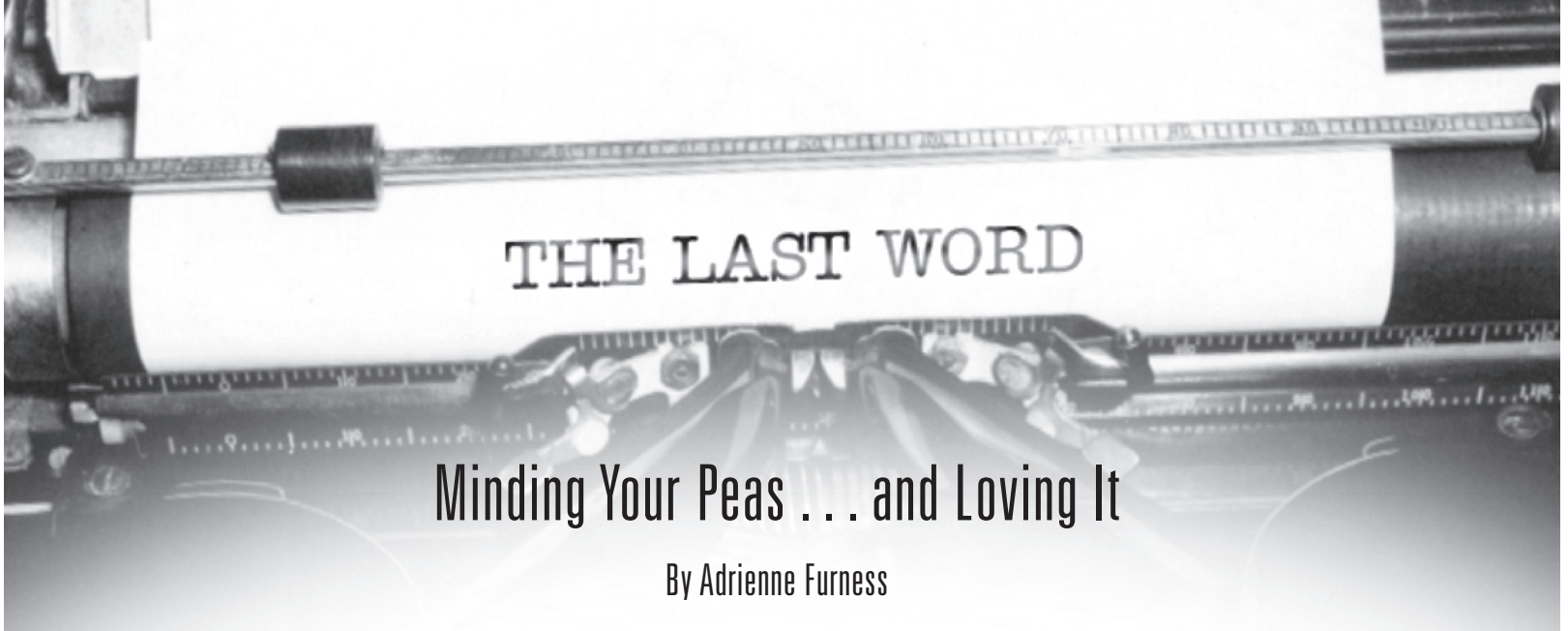
El día de los niños/El día de los libros also known as Children's Day/Book Day brings together children and books across all languages and cultures. Held every April 30, it is both an annual celebration and a daily commitment to the importance of literacy in the lives of families of all cultures.

Día is the perfect programming opportunity for youth librarians, school media specialists, and community organizations to honor children, their languages and cultures; to encourage reading and literacy; and to promote library collections and programs that reflect our diversity.

For more information about creating a Día celebration for your community, contact the ALSC office at 1-800-545-2433, x1398.

Celebrate Día's 10th Anniversary on
April 30, 2006 ...
and every day of the year!

www.ala.org/dia



Minding Your Peas . . . and Loving It

By Adrienne Furness

Vegetables never had it so good. Every year seems to shore up a crop of themes in children's books, and someone decided 2005 was the year of the pea.

The tender green vegetables have had minor roles in countless adaptations of "The Princess and the Pea" and such books as *Don't Let the Peas Touch!* by Deborah Blumenthal (Arthur A. Levine, 2004). But in 2005, they demanded starring roles, giving librarians more reason to use the undeniably satisfying "Peas Fiction" subject heading.

I wanted to hate the pea books. I saw the peas peering from the covers with their cute little faces and thought, "Oh, God. It's going to be cutesy." I hate cutesy.

But trite as it may sound, you can't judge a book by its cover. You can, however, judge by the first page, and so, with much disdain, I opened the books, turned past the title page, and then— every time!—I was sucked in. I soon realized that, yes, my library absolutely, positively needed yet another picture book about peas.

The first book I encountered was *Little Pea* by Amy Krouse Rosenthal (Chronicle Books, 2005). Jen Corace's illustrations are by far the cutest peas you will find in a children's book. They're imperfect circles with dots for eyes and mouths like watermelon wedges. There's something about Little Pea and his freckles that made me want to read more.

What follows is a standard picky-eater story in which Little Pea is forced to sit through his dinner of candy before he can get to his dessert of—can you guess?—spinach.

It's a familiar premise, but, then again, what child hasn't been forced to eat a pile of food (say, peas) that he or she doesn't want to eat? With economy of line, Corace shows Little Pea's dismay at having to

Little Pea by Amy Krouse Rosenthal, Chronicle Books, 2005

choke down five whole pieces of candy and his elation when he sees that bowl full of soggy spinach. Then the family lives "hap-pea-ly ever after." Perfect!

The second book that crossed my path was *The Pea Blossom* (Holiday House, 2005), a Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale retold and illustrated by Amy Lowry Poole. Five little peas grow in a pod, dreaming of their futures. Four peas see themselves visiting the sun, the moon, and the emperor, but the fifth pea takes a more Zen approach, trusting that fate will get him wherever he needs to go.

The story satisfies as the four braggarts end up as meals for various creatures while the dharmic pea grows into a beautiful plant that feeds and nurtures an ailing girl. We could do worse than to use peas to show our children that sometimes it's best to roll with the punches.

By the time I got to the third book, I braced myself. The rhyming title *Eat Your Peas, Ivy Louise* (Houghton Mifflin, 2005) made me cringe a bit. I thought Leo Landry's book would be just another book about a kid who doesn't want to eat her peas.

But to my surprise, Ivy Louise smiles at them there on her high-chair tray. It just seems that Ivy may not be hungry as she begins to play with the peas that have suddenly, brilliantly sprouted legs. They roll around, rearrange themselves, and do tricks until they end up in a pile on Ivy Louise's spoon.

By now the reader has become emotionally invested in the peas and can't help but think, "Oh, no! Don't do it, Ivy! Don't eat them!" And that's when Landry surprises us with the best twist of all. There's no hating a book like *Eat Your Peas, Ivy Louise!*

Perhaps I'm losing my edge. Maybe next I'll start wearing big bows in my hair and collecting unicorn figurines. But I think there is more to these peas than meets the eye, and it makes me wonder what other vegetables are lurking out there with stories to tell . . . &

Adrienne Furness *is a Children's and Family Services Librarian at Webster Public Library in New York.*