

ARCHIVES

# NCB Quarterly

Nebraska Center for the Book

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## On the Cover —

Jane Geske received the Mildred R. Bennett Nebraska Literature Award at the Third Annual Literature Festival held at UNL. From left to right: Norman Geske, Robert Narveson – co-director of the Literature Festival, Jane Geske, Elaine Booth, and Steve Shively – co-director of the Literature Festival.

See page 15 for more photos of the Literature Festival.

### Nebraska Center for the Book Annual Meeting

**Friday, November 12**  
**1:00 - 3:30 p.m.**

**University of Nebraska-Omaha, Library**

**Host: Robert Runyon**

- 1:00 Special Program  
on Censorship by Nancy Duncan
- 2:30 Business Meeting
1. Election of Members  
to the Board of Directors
  2. Voting on by-law changes

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# President's Message

— Elaine Booth

Recently, at the Third Annual Nebraska Literature Festival, I had the honor of presenting the Mildred R. Bennett Nebraska Literature Award to Jane Geske. Next month at NCB's annual public meeting, it will be my very great pleasure to give the second Nebraska Center for the Book Jane Geske Award to an organization which has served to perpetuate our state's book culture.

Jane Geske's valued connection with the NCB stems from her own personal and professional history of service to Nebraska readers. As a former Library Commissioner and early president of the Lincoln City Library's Heritage Room (winner of our first Jane Geske Award), Jane has been active in nearly every book initiative existing in this state for as long as anyone can remember. Her vision and persistence nurtured the NCB itself into existence as a chartered affiliate of the national Library of Congress. There can be no doubt that those of us who love books owe Jane Geske a debt of gratitude and this tribute could go on for pages.

But it is Jane herself who is most expressive of the results of her commitment to the written word, so I now relinquish the remainder of this space to the text of the wonderful message she delivered in response to the reception of her award at the literature festival luncheon:

"Seventy years ago next month, Governor Charles W. Bryan set aside October 22nd to

29th, inclusive, as Nebraska Authors' Week with these words:

*The culture of a people is expressed by its authors who, by the magic of the written word record their aspirations and achievements and inspire humanity to greater spiritual growth and development.... The state of Nebraska, as well as the nation, owes a debt of gratitude to its writers who immortalize the character molding of mankind...[we should] show loyalty to our older writers of international renown and encourage our younger writers to greater literary excellence....*

"I would add, at this time: To support a literature which truly represents our background and our multi-cultural mix — To recognize the many viewpoints — To establish a standard of excellence — To not eschew the popular but be aware of writings less popular, but significant — To respect the controversial when it is appropriate and to commit ourselves to these goals.

"Mildred Bennett focused her commitment to one writer, Willa Cather, and certainly abetted the world-wide interest that Cather has garnered over the years. Her investment has paid off for Red Cloud and Nebraska. Each of us has gained and learned from Mildred's involvement of people, scholarly and non-scholarly, and her ultimate flexibility in opening a dialogue and prohibiting a closed mind set. Her achievements can show us the way in the years to come, as well."



# Censorship

— Ellen Scott

Even though Banned Books Week is past, booklovers such as us in the NCB have an on-going interest in censorship. Bob Haller will present a special program on this phenomenon for our Annual Meeting in November and, in preparation, you are invited to read a book from the following list of banned books as reported in the *Newsletter of Intellectual Freedom*, March, 1992, through March, 1993.

I've chosen several from the five page list that particularly rile me — I'm sure anyone could find his own personal "favorites," so have fun, read one of these and come to the November meeting to find out why it was banned. I'll bring the whole document.

Angelou, Maya	<i>I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings</i>	Herzberg, Max	<i>Myths And Their Meanings</i>
Atwood, Margaret	<i>The Handmaid's Tale</i>	Hinton, S.E.	<i>The Outsiders</i>
Auel, Jean	<i>The Clan of the Cave Bear</i>	Ibsen, Henrik	<i>Four Great Plays by Ibsen</i>
	<i>The Bible</i>	Irving, John	<i>A Prayer for Owen Meany</i>
Blume, Judy	<i>Blubber</i>	King Stephen	<i>Dead Zone, Tommyknockers, It, Carrie</i>
Bradbury, Ray	<i>Fahrenheit 451</i>	Mowat, Farley	<i>Woman in the Mists: The Story of Dian Fossey</i>
Charyn Jerome	<i>Billy Budd, KGB</i>	Myers, Walter	<i>Fallen Angels</i>
Conroy, Pat	<i>The Great Santini</i>	Naylor, Phyllis	<i>Send No Blessings</i>
Cormier, Robert	<i>Chocolate War</i>	Parks, Gordon	<i>The Learning Tree</i>
Dahl, Roald	<i>James and the Giant Peach</i>	Paterson, Katherine	<i>Bridge to Terabithia</i>
Edgerton, Clyde	<i>The Floatplane Notebooks</i>	Porter, Jean	<i>Her Father's Daughter</i>
Faulkner, William	<i>As I Lay Dying</i>	Salinger, J.D.	<i>Catcher in the Rye</i>
Gardner, William	<i>Grendel</i>	Sendak, Maurice	<i>In the Night Kitchen</i>
Golding, William	<i>Lord of the Flies</i>	Silverstein, Shel	<i>A Light in the Attic</i>
Grimm, Brothers	<i>Hansel and Gretel</i>	Steinbeck, John	<i>Of Mice and Men</i>
	<i>Snow White</i>	Twain, Mark	<i>The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn</i>
Guthrie, A.B.	<i>The Big Sky</i>		<i>The Adventures of Tom Sawyer</i>
Hastings, Selina	<i>Sir Gawain and Loathly Lady</i>	Vidal, Gore	<i>Live from Golgotha</i>
Hawthorne, Nathaniel	<i>Young Goodman Brown</i>	Walker, Alice	<i>The Color Purple</i>
	<i>And Other Stories</i>	Zindel, Paul	<i>Pigman</i>
Heidish, Marcy	<i>A Woman Called Moses</i>		

I'll close now with another invitation to NCB's special program on censorship and a quote by John F. Kennedy on the subject:

*We are not afraid to entrust the American people with unpleasant facts, foreign ideas, alien philosophies and competitive values. For a nation that is afraid to let its people judge the truth and falsehood in an open market is a nation that is afraid of its people.*

## Last Visit

I took my Son  
For a last visit  
To the homestead house.  
We stopped at the door  
Where a tree limb lay.  
He picked it up  
Threw it into weeds.  
Stillness reigned in Barren rooms.  
Memories, voices and songs  
echoed softly in  
My breast.  
I painted memory pictures  
For my son but  
They are only frozen  
In me.  
He looked at cracked plaster,  
Wide-spread holes  
Rubble huddled in corners.  
The stairways steps  
Feebled by time,  
We picked our way.

“Here’s my room where  
I dreamed dreams,” I said.  
He looked and saw only  
Shadowy space and chipped,  
peeling paint.  
The faded, lavender-flowered, border  
Hugged the ceiling  
In final embrace.  
We went outside  
Hollered towards the north pasture hills.  
Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye.  
Our words enveloped the meadows  
And faded in the distant hills.  
Echoes of the years  
from my childhood pealed  
Played, and died magically in the air.  
We leave it now.  
Tomorrow  
All will be gone  
When the dozer comes.  
Only fragments will dance  
In its final dust  
But memories linger on.  
— Darlene M. Swartz Miltner

## Autumn Sentinels

In early autumn  
the September sun  
is a fading stream  
of pale yellow light  
converging on  
thick stands of sumac,  
their crimson crowns  
like burning embers,  
exploding above the low,

but strengthening shadows.  
Here, along the Elkhorn River,  
cottonwoods still stand highest,  
their gnarled arms stiff,  
their leaves bronzed by  
this morning’s first frost,  
standing like sentinels,  
they keep their guard up.

— Jim Bahm



## Look, No Hands!

It was our first summer after we'd moved from town out to the farm. Our house was situated high on a hill so we had a steep lane. There was a corner at the bottom of our lane, so for us, we had a straight run onto the county road.

One day, my two brothers and I were having lots of fun pedalling our bikes down the lane and then coasting onto the county road. We had made a game out of who could coast the farthest before stopping.

Our ungraveled lane was always a treacherous climb for the car whenever it rained. Hard rains always washed in two deep ruts the length of the lane. Many times, we had to leave the car parked at the bottom and walk up.

Suddenly, on this dry summer day, my older brother took off on his bicycle. About half way down the lane he propped his feet up onto the handlebars and coasted for a good distance, using no hands.

Although I was four years younger, I thought that it looked like a lot of fun. Off I went and I too, propped my feet up on the handlebars and folded my arms. For an instant, I was doing fine. I'd gathered up lots of speed and was sailing. Then suddenly, my bike hit one of those nasty ruts and I went flying into the air. I landed alongside of the lane that had a high bank. As soon as I hit the ground, my bicycle landed, too — right on the top of my head.

I got a bump about as large as a goose egg on my head and I saw lots of stars. I think I was more embarrassed than hurt, though. Two of my uncles who were visiting from Connecticut helped get me and my bike back up to the house, then they put ice on my head.

After that, it was a long time before I tried riding my bike down our lane again with no hands and my feet propped up. And then, I made sure that no one else was around watching.

— Jim Bahm

## A Breath of Spring

There is that certain breath of spring  
That lingers everywhere,  
In tree tops where the robin's song  
Echoes through the air.

In rains upon the windowsill,  
And warming rays of sun,  
In each scented-fragrant flower  
That blooms in unison.

In the chirping sound of crickets,  
Or a warm southerly breeze,  
In the laughter of children at play —  
Spring's breath lives in all of these.

There is that certain breath of spring  
That all of us breathe in,  
When winter's chills have passed  
And spring has sprung again.

— Jim Bahm

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## A Nebraska Safari

Timothy lived in the country in Wisconsin where he learned to chase butterflies. Although only four years old, he became quite an authority on species as he identified each one he caught and mounted.

One day he traveled to Nebraska with his family to visit his grandparents who also lived in the country. His Grandpa Bartholomew had a hideaway cabin high above a creek which ran through his estate

One evening the Bartholomew family invited some friends to have dinner with them to see Timothy's family. After dinner Grandpa Bartholomew drove his golf cart through the pasture to show his guests the cabin, and guess who was sitting on the back of the cart with his butterfly net in hand? Yes, Timothy, riding backward, was looking carefully at the grasses, flowers and bushes hoping to catch a butterfly. As the group stopped to greet the three horses

grazing in the pasture, Timothy saw a beautiful butterfly flitting about a wild flower. It was not like any he had ever seen before so he carefully threw his net over the flower and caught it. He climbed back onto the cart to continue the ride to the cabin where he found a jar in which to keep the lovely creature.

Back in the house Timothy's parents were happy to hear about his new find. Grandma Bartholomew got out her book about wild flowers to identify the special flower that had attracted the very special butterfly. Timothy studied his butterfly book until he found a picture exactly like the rare creature he had just caught. He was excited about his find because he did not have a specimen like it in his collection. He said, "I can't wait 'till I get back home to tell my friends about my Nebraska safari where I found a Spicebush Swallowtail."

— Maxine Kelle

## Voyages

We used to play "African Queen"  
In the old boat stored behind the house.  
My brother was the captain  
Fearlessly plotting the course,  
Shooting the rapids,  
Steering through crocodiles.  
Paddling air in our landlocked vessel,  
We were greater than real time  
Would ever allow us to be.

— Judith A. White

## Cow Pie Bases

As kids  
we used to graze pastures  
for baseball diamonds,  
the cow pie bases  
not always easy to see  
but easy to slide across,  
their slick-green, slimy middles  
always the taste of corn.

— Jim Bahm



## Summer's Ballet

Prairie dusk,  
and the crickets' tune fiddles,  
while fireflies hesitate,  
awaiting full orchestration.

The music begins,  
and the dancers glow,  
gracefully gliding and dipping.

Childish minds,  
some old in years only,  
see fairy flashlights,  
or elves' glowing lanterns,  
or stars falling down from the heavens.

The tempo picks up,  
and the children,  
caught in the beat and the beauty,  
dance wildly to capture a treasure.  
Cries of joy  
at the grasp of bright flickers  
turn to moans  
as they blink into darkness.

Then, eluding their captors,  
flit off into blackness,  
flashing again their defiant torches.

— Mary Anderson

## A Would-Be Writer's Prayer

God, I am a writer.  
No, that was wrong,  
I shouldn't have said that.  
I should have said, "I want to be a writer."  
But, Lord, I need your help  
To take these tiny seeds of thought  
That you have given me,  
And to plant them and nourish them.  
Help me to keep the scavengers of doubt  
From swooping down and plucking  
Away those tender shoots  
Before they have matured into thought.  
Help me to keep the clouds of uncertainty  
From smothering my creativity.  
And with your help, Lord,  
Maybe, someday, I can say with certainty,  
"I am a writer."

— Inez V. Witt

## Ways of Seeing

The preacher wore a halo  
When I was ten.  
A nimbus not surprising  
To one who read fantasies in clouds  
And saw miracles in flowers.

Then glasses revealed the leaves on trees,  
The cracks in car doors,  
And gone forever  
Was the innocence of fantasies and miracles.

— Judith A. White

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# Teaching Me To Write

*for Edeen Fischer*

I had a great view of the world  
four desks back from the teacher.  
Or at least a great view of the globe,  
or at least of the hole in the Pacific Ocean  
near the yellow  
figure-eight doohickey below  
the Tropic of Capricorn.  
The teacher said Write a story  
and so I did.

I put

Luther Wilhemsen in it because  
Luther was tall enough to reach  
the base of the globe. He was thin and  
beige-looking  
in the next row, with whitish  
eyebrows when he turned around,  
and faint patterns in the  
hairs on the back of his washed-  
out blond crewcut. Luther was beige  
in contrast to the soot  
in his father's blacksmith shop,  
Luther's face much whiter  
than his father's face,  
except the teeth. He was a  
mystery and I put him in my story, but the  
story didn't  
say much about Luther himself.  
I left his quiet, hardly  
saying two words together in class or  
out on the swings or Giant  
Strides, but the story made Luther  
personally responsible for a  
hole in the Pacific Ocean, made him  
guilty but not unloved.

I put the hole in the ocean  
in its quiet place  
in the scheme of things and Luther  
in his place in my story, and  
the teacher liked it, hole and all.  
Luther said nothing  
so I went on to a new page about  
a girl who looked like me, long  
hair and glasses, who  
wanted red shoes more than  
anything in the world. When I  
got near the bottom of the page  
I finished the story  
in a flash on the last blue line,  
the pencil moving fast against the flat  
white paper, the shoes  
real enough to weight down a flimsy  
box, the red leather smooth and  
unscratched in the tissue paper.  
Mrs. Fischer put down her pen  
when she read it,  
as if she expected  
tomorrow morning  
to see me shod  
in true vermilion.

— Marjorie Saiser





## The Goose Is Loose

The goose is indeed loose. In stores and homes, magazines and catalogs, they romp on curtains, place mats and walls. The stately goose stands regally on craft show tables. Without a doubt, the goose is in vogue for the masses.

A friend told me the other day that eons ago people believed that the barnacle goose hatched from bushes. How convenient to pluck fluffy goslings from bushes, but I know from experience geese don't come that easy.

Years ago — so long ago it seems a dream — I used to raise geese. Geese in a real world. Geese so different from those in this goosy world of make-believe. A real live goose for a house pet? Heaven forbid! Although they are the perfect compliment to a grassy meadow, geese have toilet habits much too spontaneous for a house pet.

Three geese and a gander, you would think they would produce a whole flock of offspring. As the old saying goes, "Don't count your chickens — in this case, geese — before they hatch."

Come spring I would set 30 eggs in an electric incubator. I hovered over them for thirty days or so, turned them, cooled them, soaked them in water to soften the shells so the goslings could peck their way to freedom. A regular surrogate mother goose. In fact, since I was the one who helped them into this world, they were immediately imprinted with the notion I

was their mother. All summer long they followed me, and it was only with speedy maneuvering that I kept them out of my kitchen.

My goose children not only followed me, they tagged along with my own children when I was not available for them to follow. One sad day, my toddler, playing in the sandpile, hugged a soft gosling to his heart. He loved it, oh, so much, that he squeezed its goosy soul right out of its body. I was aghast he did such a thing to his foster sibling. However, his heartbreak was devastating to behold, and my greater loyalty remained with the offspring of my own species.

In our most productive season, the incubator and I, along with the geese hatching their share of eggs naturally, netted a total of 18 fluffy goslings. The total might have been slightly higher if an enterprising neighbor boy had not confiscated a cache of eggs from the infuriated goose nesting in the haystack down by the barn.

First I knew of it, he was trotting past my kitchen window on his pony a gunny sack sagging with his plundered treasure slung over his shoulder. But justice will prevail. As far as I know, his ill-gotten eggs, after two miles of jostling, failed to provide him with his Thanksgiving goose.

One poor gosling, late hatching, was the lone occupant of the incubator when I tampered with the controls and almost roasted him alive. Poor thing! He was my only silly goose. He

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wobbled, and his head cranked to one side. He did awfully ungoose things but he lived.

By that time I myself had six children. The goslings were a delight to them. Occasionally the mother goose would turn monster. Hissing with frightful flapping of wings, and bending low and swift as wind, she would snatch an unwary child by the ear and pin him to the ground. Then my motherly fury would match that of the goose. With swinging of broom and wild yells, I would rescue my own imprisoned child. The ensuing honking of geese and flapping of wings, the screaming of children, and mother, and the barking of dogs created a din surely heard by all the neighbors.

Like the sacred geese in the temple of Juno, whose ear-splitting honking woke the Roman soldiers when the Gauls were attempting to surprise them in the night and saved Rome, my geese surpassed our dogs in effectiveness as watchdogs. Night or day, any strange sound or movement produced loud excited honking, warning us that something was amiss.

My geese laid no golden eggs. Fortunately. Who cares for golden eggs when hunger strikes? I found my gold in goose egg buns, butter mounds of fluffiness and flavor. Goose egg coffee cake practically floated off the table, even weighted down with nuts and raisins.

But the superior delicacy certain to excite the most meticulous maitre' d' would have been my old grey goose, filled with sage stuffing. The skin turned crisp and brown, and the flesh tender and juicy, roasted in the slow oven of

my Copper Clad range carefully stoked with pig pen cobs.

The trick of stoking a kitchen range with pig pen cobs was an art in itself. The first stage of roasting was quick and hot to render off the goose fat, of which there was always an ample amount. Experience measured out the cobs for the long slow roast. Corn cob heat is quick and intense. Too many cobs the goose would roast tough and dry. Too few it would not get done. The cob stoker had to lay on the cobs just right to produce the perfect results.

Geese yielded other life enriching by-products beside providing the gourmet entree for company feasts. The ample fat was used in cookies and breads, and rubbed on croupy chests. The feathers plumped down pillows and feather ticks. Fat and unwieldy compared to the down comforter of today, these last monstrosities didn't make a neat flat bed like an electric blanket. However, fluffed into shape with several shacks of the broom every morning, they were the ultimate tropical heaven on a frigid night in an unheated room.

Commercial ventures come and go. I know all these goosy products are a passing fad, but while the goose is loose it provides me with may enjoyable moments. Moments when skies shine blue, and laughing children and a flock of geese meander through the green fields of my most precious memories.

— Dorothy Knouse Koepke



## King Tassle's Army

**T**here once was a most royal king in a castle  
Whose name for no reason at all was King  
Tassle.

He trained twenty soldiers and knighted a few,  
Since he'd heard these were things that a king  
ought to do,

But having done this, he began to feel vexed,  
For he could not remember what armies do  
next.

"Oh well," said the king. "I won't worry or  
pout.

I'm sure I shall love having soldiers about.

Why pshaw," said the king as he slammed on  
his hat,

"I'll just have an army, and that will be that."

**N**ow a king has his troubles like anyone else.  
His orange juice spills and his fudgesickle  
melts.

King Tassle's big trouble was not hard to find.  
He could not make up his imperial mind.  
He'd make up a law and then he would change  
it.

He'd settle on something and then rearrange it.  
It filled all his subjects with fear and with  
sorrow.

The right thing today would be all wrong  
tomorrow.

The laws of King Tassle could only dismay  
them.

He changed them so often they couldn't obey  
them.

**O**ne day our king thought, without thinking a  
lot,

That all of his subjects looked weary and hot,  
So he made up a law. "You shall issue," said  
he,

"To every last subject — one lemonade free."

The edict was issued, the lemonade poured,  
When the king got to thinking a bit, and he  
roared,

"Hold on, hurry out and retract that law quick.  
Cold drinks when it's hot often make people  
sick.

Now here is the message that you must deliver.  
Go send out the word, "Throw your drinks in  
the river."

The people were sorry, they hated the waste,  
There hadn't been time yet for more than a  
taste,

But they ran to the river, the lads and the lasses,  
And though rather sadly, they emptied their  
glasses.

**K**ing Tassle was happy. He sighed with relief.  
He'd saved the whole kingdom from trouble  
and grief.

This last law had been such a stunning success,  
Such a lollapaloo that the king said, "I guess  
I shall spend the whole day making laws that  
could never

Be thought up by kings who are not quite so  
clever.

**H**is first law made every day some  
anniversary.

The second made candy and popcorn  
compulsory.

He'd just started thinking a bit on the third  
When he stopped — for what had his royal  
ears heard?

His people below him were shouting and  
crying,

And moaning and groaning and sobbing and  
sighing.

---

He rushed to the window, then drew back  
aghast.

The river, his river, was rising, and fast.  
“What’s up?” said the king in an unkingly  
bellow.

“My river is turning a strange shade of yellow.”  
A voice from below said, “I’m very afraid,  
Your most Royal Highness, it’s lemonade.”

“**O**h dear, cried King Tassle with feeling and  
urgency.

“I must have a law for this kind of emergency.”  
He ran to his desk, took each law from the  
drawer.

He read them and threw them away on the  
floor.

He flipped through the laws he had stacked in  
the halls,

And even the ones he had glued on the walls.  
But nothing would do. It was simply  
inscrutable.

He hadn’t a law that began to be suitable.

**T**he king sat there sadly, wringing his hands,  
And watching the flood that was swamping his  
lands.

He had to admit that he hadn’t a notion  
Of what one could do with a lemonade ocean,  
When all in a trice, like a bolt from the blue  
His army came marching, two by two.  
It came as a shock, and rather a bad one.  
His army — the king had forgotten he had one.  
They came to a halt and saluted the king,  
Who was simply enchanted with this sort of  
thing,

And they said, looking polished and eager and  
masterly,

“We’d like your permission to fight the  
catastrophe.

We’ve thought of a plan, now don’t  
misconstrue it.

It’s terribly hard, but an army can do it.  
So gather your people, Your Majesty Tassle,  
And climb to the uppermost part of the castle.”  
The king said, “Go to it.” There wasn’t a  
doubt.

It really was good having armies about.

**T**he people came running, no one delayed,  
Wading knee-deep through the thick lemonade,  
Picking up children, no one knew whose,  
Wringing out dresses, emptying shoes,  
Slipping and sliding down every hall,  
And straight to the top of the palace wall.  
High on a tower, King Tassle looked down.  
With his people beside him, he gazed at his  
town.

His wet, sticky town. Could anyone do it?  
Could even a hard-working army unglue it?

**N**ow an army, you know can never be late.  
an hour is an hour, a date is a date.  
And the people could see it, way down below,  
Drawn up and waiting, row by row,  
While the head of the soldiers, stiff-backed and  
proud  
Was shouting the orders. It must have been  
loud,  
But still from the top of the castle wall,  
They couldn’t make out what he shouted at all.  
What were they planning? What could be done?  
The king was excited and everyone  
Was breathless with worry. It was very  
upsetting

To see how tremendous the river was getting.

**B**ut wait! Now the army was starting to march,  
Out of the grounds, under the arch,  
Marching in time with their banners all  
streaming,



Their faces scrubbed clean and their belt  
buckles gleaming.  
Together they marched to the river's brink.  
Together they kneeled and started to drink.  
They drank and they drank 'till they'd all had  
their fill,  
But they kept right on drinking as good  
soldiers will.  
King Tassle was watching. He felt his hopes  
rising.

What armies could do he found truly surprising.  
They drank 'till the sun disappeared in the west,  
And straight through the night without stopping  
to rest.

The river kept pouring around the bend,  
But a soldier's a soldier right to the end.  
they drank 'till the river began to go down,  
"till the king knew for certain they'd rescued  
his town.

**T**he king shouted, "Yippee, Hurray and  
Hurrah.

My army's the best in the world, that's a law!"  
And then as the weary young soldiers  
assembled,

The townspeople cheered 'till the turrets  
trembled.

King Tassle stood tall in the soft morning sun,  
And gave them a medal, every last one.

### "The Bonfire of Liberties; Censorship of the Humanities"

	Jan-Apr	May-Aug	Sep-Dec
1994	Minnesota	Iowa	Nebraska
1995	Kansas	Oklahoma	Colorado
1996	Arizona	California	Oregon
1997	Washington	Alaska	Montana

**T**hat night as he lay in his most royal bed,  
King Tassle was tired. He sleepily said,  
"All kings own some country and courtyards  
and towns.

All kings have a castle and scepters and crowns.  
But who has an army that isn't afraid  
To drink up a river of cold lemonade?"  
With soldiers like his, well trained and well  
kept,  
His Highness, King Tassle, smiled and slept.

— Virginia Emerson Guenzel

### Forthcoming Special Days, Weeks and Months

November 15-21, 1993

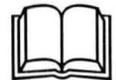
National Children's Book Week

November 17, 1993

National Young Reader's Day

January 16-22

National Book Week



Articles for submission  
in the *NCB Quarterly*  
are welcomed.

Please submit typed articles (or  
IBM-compatible diskette) to

**Dageforde Publishing**  
941 'O' Street, Suite 1012  
Lincoln, NE 68508  
(402) 475-1123

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October 12, 1993

Dear Members of the Nebraska Center for the Book,

This new stationery is indicative of the progressive climate prevailing in the NCB! Our committees are actively pursuing new projects while continuing support of many we adopted three years ago. Yes, we have been a chartered affiliate of the National Center for the Book in the Library of Congress for three years, and it is now time to renew our charter. I think it is fitting, at this time of review and renewal, to announce the third ANNUAL MEETING of the Nebraska Center for the Book:

Date: November 12, 1993  
Time: 1:00-3:30 p.m.  
Place: UN-Omaha, Library

Our afternoon activities will commence at one o'clock with a special program by Bob Haller and our second annual presentation of the JANE GESKE AWARD to a well-known and most-deserving Nebraska organization. Please note, in your most recent NCB QUARTERLY, how you can enhance your participation in the censorship session.

During the business meeting from 2:30-3:30, election of members to the Board of Directors, discussion of and voting on by-law changes will take place. In accordance with Article III, Section 3.1 and Article IX of the NCB Bylaws, you are hereby notified of your privilege to nominate candidates and vote for members of the Board of directors and to discuss and vote on the following change to our current bylaws:

In Article V, "Officers-Board of Directors" Add to "Section 1. The officers shall be a President, Vice-president, Secretary and Treasurer" the office of "Past President."

In the same article, Add to Section 3. "The Vice-president [shall be designated President-elect] and shall perform all duties...(stet)

Mark your calendar for November 12 and make plans, now, to exercise your privileges and enjoy the many opportunities which accompany membership in the Nebraska Center for the Book. I guarantee you a most interesting and enjoyable afternoon.

With best regards, and anticipation of visiting with you on the 12th,

Elaine Booth, President  
Nebraska Center for the Book  
2104 Fraser Ct. #1506  
Bellevue, NE 68005  
H (402) 734-5415 O (402) 293-4391

## Reading Circles

### Bellevue

- October 21 *A Mother and Two Daughters*  
November 8 *Because It Is Bitter*  
November 30 *Mornings On Horseback*  
December 16 *Mating*  
January 6, '94 *What Work Is*

### Broken Bow

- October 21 *Mating*  
November 4 *Because It Is Bitter*  
November 18 *Mornings On Horseback*

### Minden

- October 24 *A Mother and Two Daughters*  
November 7 *Middle Passage*  
November 21 *Mornings On Horseback*

### Chadron

- October 19 *A Mother and Two Daughters*  
November 23 *What Work Is*

### Alliance

- October 24 *A Mother and Two Daughters*  
November 14 *Mornings On Horseback*



Nebraska Center for the Book  
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