2017
Notable Children's Books for K-4

Our book selection was mostly based on the Notable Books list from the Association for Library Service to Children (a division of the American Library Association)
Presented by:

- **Professor Susan Czerny**
  Librarian at KU’s Rohrbach Library

- **Professor Roseanne Perkins**
  Instructor in KU’s Department of Library Science & Instructional Technology

- **Professor Karen Wanamaker**
  Librarian at KU’s Rohrbach Library
Title: We Found a Hat
Author & Illustrator: Jon Klassen
Publisher: Candlewick
Title: Nanette’s Baguette
Author/Illustrator: Mo Willems
Publisher: Disney-Hyperion
Today, in the kitchenette, Mom tells Nanette that Nanette gets to get the baguette!
Younger Readers

Title: Nanette's Baguette (cont.)

This is as bad as it can get.

Nanette wishes Mom had never let Nanette get that baguette!

The baguette is still warm.

The baguette still tastes wonderful.

(And there still is some of it....)

Can Nanette stop tasting the baguette?

Maybe Nanette will move to Tibet.
“The day’s not over, yet, Nanette,” says Mom. “Let’s reset!”
Title: Nanette’s Baguette (cont.)
Younger Readers

Title: Secret Subway
Author: Shana Corey
Illustrator: Red Nose Studio (Chris Sickels)
Publisher: Clarion

Shana Corey has always been fascinated by New York City history, so when she came across a passing mention of Alfred E. Beach’s underground train, she wanted to know more. It wasn’t long before she was a regular around Warren and Murray Streets, It was the site of Delmon’s department store, not too far from Boss Tweed’s grave in Green-Wood Cemetery.

Shana has written several picture books that she is proud of, including Here Comes the Girl Scouts, a New York Times Editors’ Choice, and You Forgot Your Socks. Amelie Bloomer, which the New York Times described as “a picture book girls are likely to love long after the first read.” Visit her at shanacorey.com.

Red Nose Studio (aka Chris Sickels) remembers sitting in the backseat of his family’s car at the bank’s drive-through, watching the pneumatic tube shoot banknotes in the distance. Chris created the art for Here Comes the Girl Scouts, which was selected as a New York Times Best Illustrated Children’s Book and The Beginner’s Guide to Running Away from Home by Jennifer Lassie Hugel, praised by the Wall Street Journal for its “vivid and arresting illustrations.” He has also illustrated a popular poster for the NYC Metropolitan Transit Authority which is displayed in subway cars all over the city.

Visit him at rednosestudio.com.
Younger Readers

Title: Secret Subway (cont.)
Younger Readers

Title: Secret Subway (cont.)

When the workers broke through, they found themselves inside Beach's tunnel. There was even a little railroad car rusting in its tracks, and a tunneling machine ready at the end—
Younger Readers

Title: Secret Subway (cont.)

- Meredith Shriner
The Great Pet Escape

Title: The Great Pet Escape
Author & Illustrator: Victoria Jamieson
Publisher: Henry Holt
Do you mean to tell me... you could have escaped at any time? You could have rescued us from our horrible prison cells? And you left us there to ROT?

I'm sensing some anger coming from you. Would you like to share your feelings with the group?

I AM SHARING MY FEELINGS!!!!

Now, look, just what is going on with you two? We used to be the Terrible Trio, the Furry Friends! Now you're talking to stuffed toys, and you're doing yoga!

Something was bothering me—besides Biter's evident frontal lobotomy—but I couldn't quite put my paw on it....

We used to live off the land, using only our wits and our paws. Remember that? It was wonderful.

It was TERRIBLE. We were cold and hungry all the time. And I'm sorry, but I happen to LIKE kindergarten. I'm learning all sorts of things about colors and sharing and feelings.

But I'm being rude. Please, come in. Have a seat on a beanbag chair. May I offer you some herbal tea? Some organic alfalfa?

I could sure go for some alfalfa!

Wait a SECOND! Your cage wasn't locked!

We don't believe in "locks" in our shared learning community.
Title: Pugs of the Frozen North
Author: Philip Reeve
Illustrator: Sarah McIntyre
Publisher: Yearling
Series: The Not-so Impossible Tales
it once, when he was not much older than me. Such stories he tells about that journey! And he's waited and waited for True Winter to return ever since. He kept this sled and bred the best team of sled dogs in the north. But True Winter comes only once in a lifetime. The dogs got old and died, and Grandpa got old, too, and soon he'll die. And now True Winter is here at last, and when you said dogs, I thought you meant big dogs; I thought Grandpa would be able to race after all, and I'd go with him to the North Pole and see the Snowfather. But these are just toy dogs."

“No they’re not!” said Shen. “Just because they’re tiny, it doesn’t mean they’re not strong, and loyal, and brave. And I have leashes and little harnesses for all of them. I bet they could pull you and your grandpa all the way to the North Pole easily!”

Sika didn’t look as if she believed him, so he ran and got the sack of leashes and harnesses, which was still lying on the ice where the Lucky Star had gone down. He started shoving pugs into harnesses and clipping the leashes to the harnesses and knotting the other ends to Sika’s sled. (He was very good at knots, having grown up on a ship.)
Title: Pugs of the Frozen North (cont.)

We're in the Moodles
The Moodles for some Noodles
No Rusks or Apple Strudels
Which are only fit for Poodles
We don't mean to be Rudles
We just want our favorite Foodles
Noodles! Noodles! Noodles!
On my first birthday, my father bought me a cuddly toy chimpanzee named Jubilee.

I loved Jubilee. I mean it. Loved.

I used to carry Jubilee with me everywhere. As I got older, when I’d line up all my toys and play teacher, Jubilee was the one who had his own chair.

Okay, class, now who knows what rabbits like to eat? Yes, Jubilee. Correct as always.
Was I the best student?  
Not really.  
On school days, it was hard for me to wake up.  
I didn’t like being indoors.  
But if we were outside, or there were animals around—that’s when I’d get excited.

By the time I was twelve, I had my own nature group: the Alligator Club.  
My friends and I raised money to help old horses, we took nature walks, and wrote down what we saw (or at least I did).  
And if you wanted to have a high rank in the club...
Middle Readers
Title: Women in Science
Author & Illustrator: Rachel Ignotofsky
Publisher: Ten Speed Press
Joan Beauchamp Procter always had a fascination with reptiles. She was born in England in 1897 and grew up in a time when women were seen as inferior, and reptiles were considered exotic and dangerous. Joan’s passion for reptiles didn’t keep her from going to university, but it didn’t stop her from studying the animals she loved.

Joan kept snakes, frogs, and even a crocodile as pets. She used her animals to present a paper to the Zoological Society of London when she was only 19. In 1917, she started officially working at the British Museum as an assistant to George Albert Boulenger, keeper of the reptile and fishes. In 1923, she became the London Zoo’s curator of reptiles and discovered a brand new species from Australia called the Peninsula Dragon Lizard.

The newspaper wrote an entry for this small blond woman handling huge pythons and lizards. To the public, it was very odd to see a woman working with such creatures. She became famous at first for the novelty, but soon the world saw her genius. She worked closely with architects to design the reptile house, which was built in 1926 and is still used today. It was the first of its kind built specifically for the reptiles’ comfort.

Joan was recognized as an expert in herpetology and published many papers on this science. Joan revealed that “the secret of a zoo is to make the animals feel at home.” She used her artistic talents to make the environment look and feel like their natural habitat. On-the-job training and her special relationship with the animals made her an excellent veterinarian.

Under her care, reptiles were living longer than ever before in captivity. Her love and understanding of these reptiles led her to get to know each animal as an individual. She even kept a Komodo dragon as a pet.

Her chronic ill health eventually caught up with her. She would still come to work when she could, making her rounds in a wheelchair with her Komodo dragon on a leash. She died at the age of 94 in 1931, but her legacy lives on at the London Zoo.
Elizabeth Blackburn was born in 1948 in Tasmania, Australia. She played with any animal she could get her hands on—tadpoles, jellyfish, rabbits, and chickens all became her playmates. Her love of animals led to her passion for biology.

After Elizabeth completed her master's degree in Australia, she left her home to earn a PhD in the UK. At the University of Cambridge, she studied DNA sequences of bacteriophages for her dissertation. She was thrilled to be working with DNA, realizing it was the key to understanding how all life works. She went to America to continue pursuing research in her new favorite subject.

In the 1970s, no one really knew what the ends of chromosomes were like—under the microscope, they just seemed like blurry blobs. Chromosomes are extremely important and exist in each of our cells. They are tightly wound DNA material that tells our cells what they are supposed to do in our body. Elizabeth wanted to fully understand how they worked.

Elizabeth noticed that there was a special kind of DNA called telomeres on each end of the chromosomes that worked as a protective cap. She discovered that telomeres are made of nonessential repeating segments of DNA that break off a little bit every time a cell divides, protecting the important information. When we get older, this protective cap wears out and our chromosomes become damaged. This loss of DNA information causes our cells to not work correctly or die, leading to diseases like cancer, organ failure, and Alzheimer's.

Elizabeth wanted to understand what keeps our bodies' telomeres healthy. In 1984, with the help of her grad student Carol Greider, she co-discovered telomerase, an enzyme that rebuilds telomeres to a healthy length. In 2009 Elizabeth was awarded the Nobel Prize in physiology or medicine.

Elizabeth Blackburn's research shows that keeping a healthy telomere length is directly responsible for living a long, healthy life. It is not a magical solution, though; too much telomerase leads to cancer, and too little causes the effects of old age. Elizabeth described it as "living on a knife's edge." She continues to study telomerase and telomeres, working to figure out the science behind longevity.
Younger Readers

Title: A Child of Books
Author: Oliver Jeffers and Sam Winston
Publisher: Candlewick

I have sailed across a sea of words
To ask if you will come away with me.
Title: A Child of Books (cont.)

I have sailed across a sea of words to ask if you will come away with me.
When morning came they soon picked up the trail of the cunning thieves, Seton could tell Lobo’s track instantly. It measured 3 1/3 inches, twice as broad, no inch longer than any ordinary wolf. From this he was able to calculate he weighed around 70 lbs.

With keen eyes he scanned the tracks. The first was pass, as was the second and the third! The cunning devil... Seton couldn’t believe his eyes. Old Lobo had stacked all three lains on top of the fourth and scattered fish over them in disperser. Again and again Seton cried to deceive him, but the old king wolf was too wise.
Middle Readers

Title: Some Writer: the Story of E. B. White Music
Author & Illustrator: Melissa Sweet
Publisher: HMH Books
"We Whites were city people," En later wrote.

"Everything about Belgrade was new experiences: the big freshwater lake, the pines and spruces and birches, the pastures with its sweet-fern and juniper, the farmhouse where we took our meals, the rough camp with its sparsely furnished bedrooms... the boating, the swimming, and the company of other campers along the shore."

During his "summer without end," as Elwyn later described it, Stan taught En how to paddle a canoe and use a jackknife.

The brothers studied tortoises, turtles, tadpoles, and toads. In later years, they brought their homemade skiff, Jessie (named after Mrs. White, who couldn't swim and hated the water). No matter

I

n their town of all, where the houses were white and high and the streets were gray and hilly, the stream flowed and the stream flowed under the bridge, where the laws ended in orchards and the orchards ended in fields and the fields ended in forests and the forests climbed the hill and disappeared over the top toward the wonderful wild sky. In this town of all towns Enrietta stopped to get a drink of aspirin.
“Why did you do all this for me?” he asked. “I don’t deserve it. I’ve never done anything for you.”

“You have been my friend,” replied Charlotte. “That in itself is a tremendous thing. I wove my webs for you because I liked you. After all, what’s a life, anyway? We’re born, we live a little while, we die. A spider’s life can’t help being something of a mess, with all this trapping and eating flies. By helping you, perhaps I was trying to lift up my life a trifle. Heaven knows anyone’s life can stand a little of that.”
In his review of *The Trumpet of the Swan*, the author John Updike wrote:

The world of E. B. White’s children’s books is eminently a reasonable one. . . . When . . . the director of Camp Kookooskoos is sprayed by a skunk . . . he announces that the camp has been given “a delicious dash of wild perfume.” . . . Similarly, in “Stuart Little,” when a mouse instead of a baby is born to human parents, they promptly improvise for him a “tiny bed out of four clothespins and a cigarette box.” When, in “Charlotte’s Web,” the pig squeals “I don’t want to die!” the spider says, “I can’t stand hysterics.”

“The Trumpet of the Swan” glows with the primal ecstasies of space and flight, of night and day, of nurturing and maturing, of courtship and art. On the last page Louis thinks of “how lucky he was to inhabit such a beautiful earth, how lucky he had been to solve his problems with music.” How rare that word “lucky” has become! The universe remains chancy, but no one admits to having good luck. We, and our children, are lucky to have this book.

Later, the Philadelphia Orchestra set *The Trumpet of the Swan* to music. “Imagine me,” wrote White, “sitting down there in my boathouse a year and a half ago, composing the lines of Sam Beaver’s poem and not having the slightest inkling that the Philadelphia Orchestra was tuning up onstage. What a life I lead! How merry! How innocent! How nutty!”
Younger Readers
Title: Keith Haring, the Boy Who Just Kept Drawing
Author: Kay Haring
Illustrator: Robert Neubecker
Publisher: Dial
When he handed in his work, his
teachers would ask, "WHY did you
doodle on this important paper?"

Keith didn’t answer.

He went back to his desk and just kept drawing.
Younger Readers

Title: Ada Lovelace, Poet of Science: The First Computer Programmer
Author: Diane Stanley
Illustrator: Jessie Hartland
Publisher: Simon & Schuster / Paula Wiseman
ADA TWIST, SCIENTIST
by Andrea Beaty
Illustrated by David Roberts

From the New York Times bestselling creators of
Iggy Peck, Architect and Rosie Revere, Engineer.

Title: Ada Twist, Scientist
Author: Andrea Beaty
Illustrator: David Roberts
Publisher: Abrams
A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

Women have been scientists for as long as there has been science. They’ve asked questions and looked for answers to the secrets of the universe. Of soil and stars. Stalactites and seahorses. Glaciers and gravity. Brains and black holes. Of everything.

Ada Marie Twist is named for two of the many women whose curiosity and passion led them to make great discoveries. Marie Curie discovered the elements polonium and radium, and her work led to the invention of X-rays. Ada Lovelace was a mathematician and the very first computer programmer.
Middle Readers

Title: I Dissent: Ruth Bader Ginsburg Makes Her Mark
Author: Debbie Levy
Illustrator: Elizabeth Baddeley
Publisher: Simon & Schuster
Middle Readers
Title: I Am Not a Number
Author: Jenny Kay Dupuis and Kathy Kacer
Illustrator: Gillian Newland
Publisher: Second Story

I AM NOT A NUMBER
Written by Jenny Kay Dupuis and Kathy Kacer
Illustrated by Gillian Newland

My mother pulled me up against her, and I buried my face in the back of her neck, pressing her thirty-year-old chest into my sixteen-year-old back. I couldn’t see my face, but I knew my heart was pounding. I was sobbing. I’d lost my home. I’d lost my family. I was forever changed. I didn’t know how to live anymore. I didn’t know who I was anymore. I closed my eyes and pretended nothing was happening.

I tried to push my way out of the building, but the door was locked. I turned my head and looked around. There were other kids in the building. They were all looking at me. I felt like I was being watched. I was scared. I didn’t know what to do. I didn’t know who I could trust. I didn’t know who I could talk to. I didn’t know who I could count on.

I tried to push my way out of the building, but the door was locked. I turned my head and looked around. There were other kids in the building. They were all looking at me. I felt like I was being watched. I was scared. I didn’t know what to do. I didn’t know who I could trust. I didn’t know who I could talk to. I didn’t know who I could count on.

I turned and looked around. I saw my parents. They were all looking at me. I felt like I was being watched. I was scared. I didn’t know what to do. I didn’t know who I could trust. I didn’t know who I could talk to. I didn’t know who I could count on.

I turned and looked around. I saw my parents. They were all looking at me. I felt like I was being watched. I was scared. I didn’t know what to do. I didn’t know who I could trust. I didn’t know who I could talk to. I didn’t know who I could count on.

I turned and looked around. I saw my parents. They were all looking at me. I felt like I was being watched. I was scared. I didn’t know what to do. I didn’t know who I could trust. I didn’t know who I could talk to. I didn’t know who I could count on.

I turned and looked around. I saw my parents. They were all looking at me. I felt like I was being watched. I was scared. I didn’t know what to do. I didn’t know who I could trust. I didn’t know who I could talk to. I didn’t know who I could count on.

I turned and looked around. I saw my parents. They were all looking at me. I felt like I was being watched. I was scared. I didn’t know what to do. I didn’t know who I could trust. I didn’t know who I could talk to. I didn’t know who I could count on.

I turned and looked around. I saw my parents. They were all looking at me. I felt like I was being watched. I was scared. I didn’t know what to do. I didn’t know who I could trust. I didn’t know who I could talk to. I didn’t know who I could count on.

I turned and looked around. I saw my parents. They were all looking at me. I felt like I was being watched. I was scared. I didn’t know what to do. I didn’t know who I could trust. I didn’t know who I could talk to. I didn’t know who I could count on.
A Poem for Peter: The Story of Ezra Jack Keats and the Creation of the Snowy Day

Author: Andrea Davis Pinkney
Illustrator: Lou Fancher and Steve Johnson
Publisher: Viking
On Monday morning, Daniel sees something new on the park gate. A sign reads, poetry in the park, poetry in the park, Sunday at 6 o'clock.

“What is poetry?” Daniel says.

“Poetry,” says Frog, “is a cool pool to dive into.”

On Thursday, Daniel makes a boat with a leaf for a sail and watches the wind carry it across the pond. He calls quietly to Frog, “Excuse me, Frog. What is poetry?”

Morning dew glistens, crisp leaves crunch, There’s a home with many windows in the old stone wall, Cool pools to dive in, sun-warmed sand to lie in, Singing at twilight when the day is done, Bright stars in the branches, moonlight on the grass, And silent wings to take me wherever I go.
Thank you for coming!
Enjoy the conference!