

# STONE SOUP

a journal of children's literature



Volume 2  
Number 2



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# STONE SOUP

a journal of children's literature



*editor* William Rubel; *associate editor* Gerry Mandel; *assistant editors* Richard Hof, Gretchen Rendler, Laura Garcia, Dora Mount, Janet Fine, Darryl Reveaux.

Submissions should be addressed to STONE SOUP, Box 83, Santa Cruz, California 95063. All submissions should be labeled with the name and age of the contributor. Please include a self-addressed stamped envelope with all submissions.

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The work printed in STONE SOUP is original to the best of our knowledge. The reviews printed in STONE SOUP do not necessarily represent the opinions of the editors.

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John and Dorothy Rubel

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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STONE SOUP is a nonprofit organization with tax exempt status. Our corporate purpose is to stimulate children's interest and involvement with the literary and graphic arts.

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*Paul John Balson II, 5½*

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS



Dear Editors:

Today I was introduced to STONE SOUP. What an exciting translation of an idea into a journal! You all are to be congratulated on producing such a variety of expression. Your choice of material and your choice of format communicates a real respect for the freshness and depth of feeling of children. Too often the words of children are treated condescendingly: Aren't they cute? On behalf of my daughter and myself thank you for your efforts...

*Paula Gocker-Rath  
San Francisco, California*

Dear STONE SOUP:

Here is a Haiku I thought up. (for the february issue)

BABY TEARS

Like ivy that can't climb,  
Little "tears" from your "eye"  
It grows very fast.

*Ronny Drabkin, 8½*

Thank you for accepting my poem "Little town."

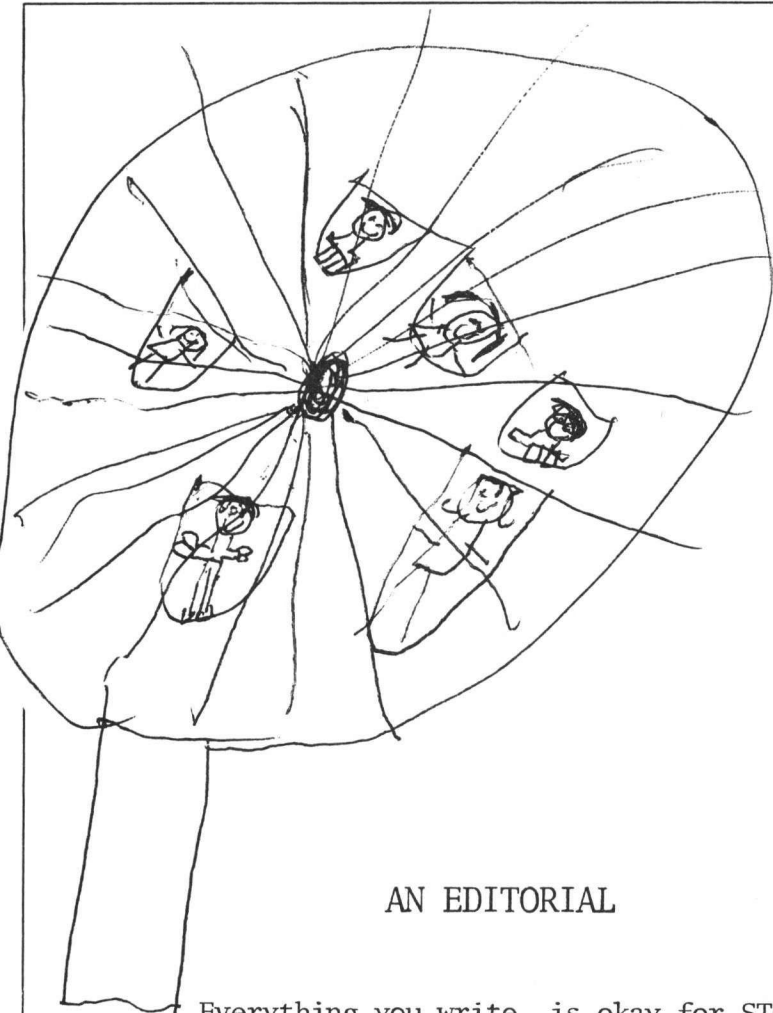
Sincerely *Ronny Drabkin*  
*Los Angeles, California*

Dear Editors:

I promptly shared Volume 2, Number 1 with my class of twenty-six third graders. Their favorite was "In the Middle of the Night"; written by an eight-year-old it seems to speak right to other eight-year-olds with its comic handling of night terrors. Another one we thoroughly enjoyed with its Spanish translation was "Rabbits and Alligators." Everyone in the class was eager to submit to the serious editor pictured on page twenty-four!

I especially like the format of your journal. The paper, print, and size are most attractive. The art work throughout this issue was exceptional.

*Phyllis J. Perry, teacher*  
*Boulder, Colorado*



## AN EDITORIAL

Everything you write is okay for STONE SOUP. If you have any poems, or pictures of race cars or platypuses, or stories about witches or about what your father does at work, or anything, we would like to see your work.

STONE SOUP is entirely supported by you, our readers. Every issue is made of the material we are given. It is up to you to make STONE SOUP the magazine you want it to be. If you want to see more poems or more articles on pets or science projects, or if you want games and puzzles, send them to us.

Write your name and address on the back of the stories and articles you send us. Also, please include a self-addressed stamped envelope with your work so you can get it back.

*The Editors*



Anne McKinnie, 6

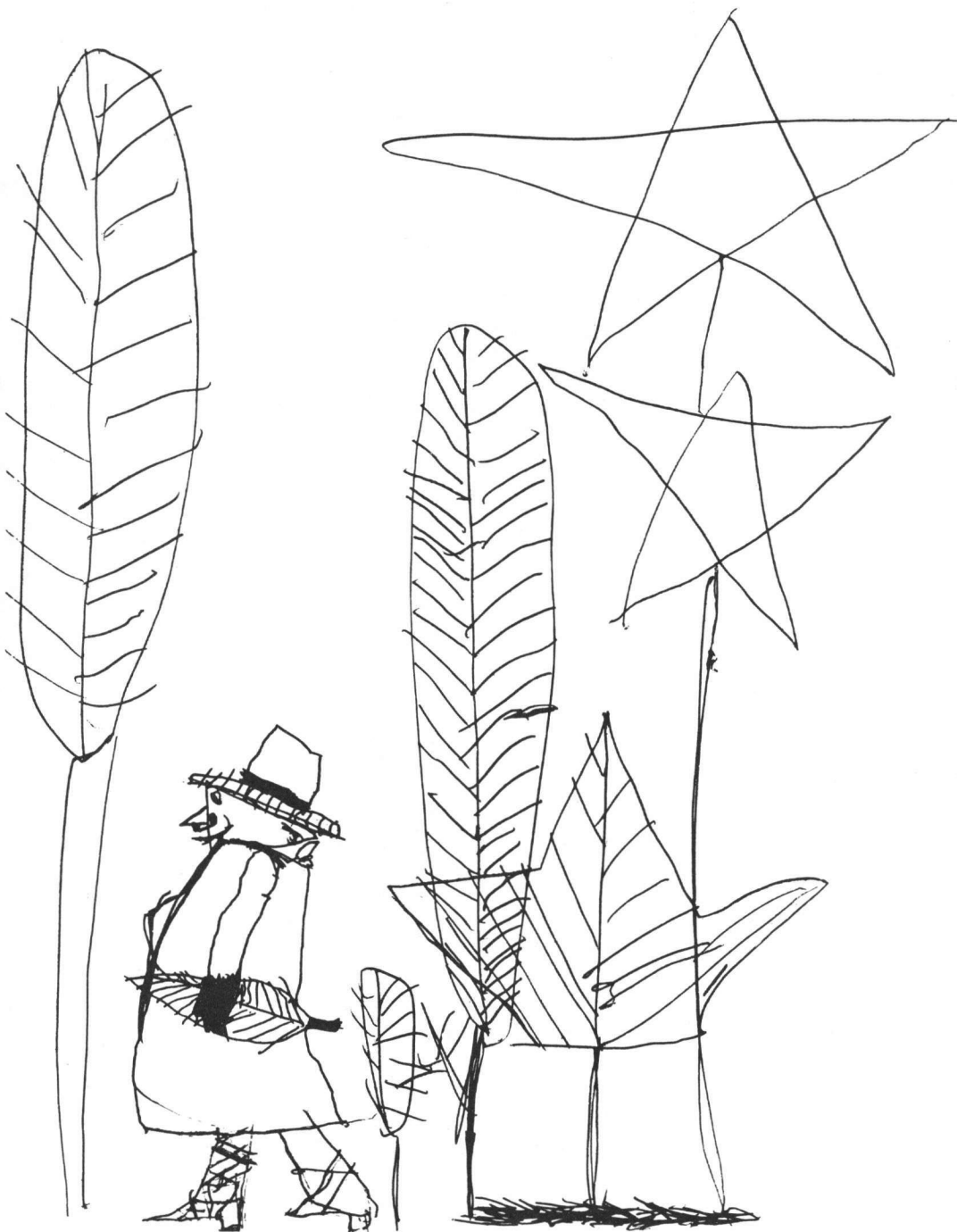
## AN EDITORIAL

STONE SOUP is a children's literary magazine. It provides a forum where children can express themselves freely, in their own idiom, and through their own fantasies. The journal gives children the opportunity to build their own literature. In STONE SOUP they can read the work of their peers and publish their own work. Through full participation in the literary process, children can more easily come to feel the relevance of literature to their lives.

Creative artists ought also to be critical readers. Within the pages of STONE SOUP, some of the latest children's books are reviewed by children as well as adults. We feel that children should have the opportunity to express their opinions on the books that are meant for them.

STONE SOUP is meant for children, but we are sure that many adults will find the literary, graphic, and critical work displayed in these pages tremendously exciting.

*The Editors*



*Daniel Sweeney, 6*  
*after a cover of the NEW YORKER*



## GETTING UP IN THE MORNING

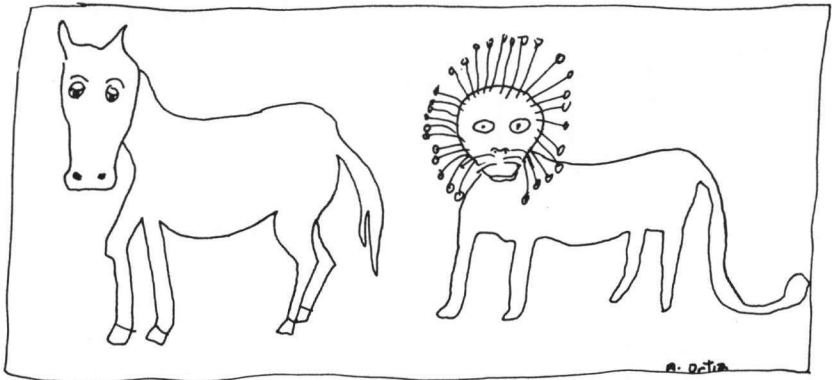
Getting up in the morning, man  
It's just not my bag  
I could sleep forever  
I always fall back asleep

It's just not my bag  
Everything's so blurry  
I always fall back asleep  
Trying to get yourself together

Everything's blurry  
My mind is a blank  
Trying to get yourself together  
Just can't seem to do it

My mind is a blank  
Getting up in the morning, man  
Just can't seem to do it  
I could sleep forever.

*Helen Crippen  
Teachers & Writers Collaborative  
New York City*



## MONSTER BECOMES A FIRE FIGHTER

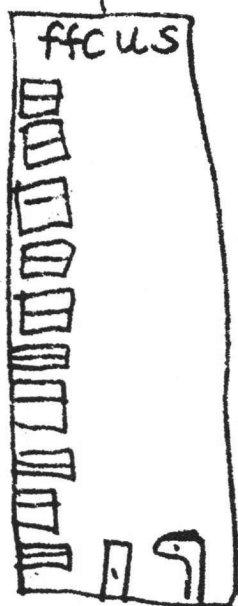
One day Monster was looking for a job. He looked at all the different jobs and finally decided to become a fire fighter.



The next day Monster went to the fire house on Sedgwick Avenue. The one right next to my house.

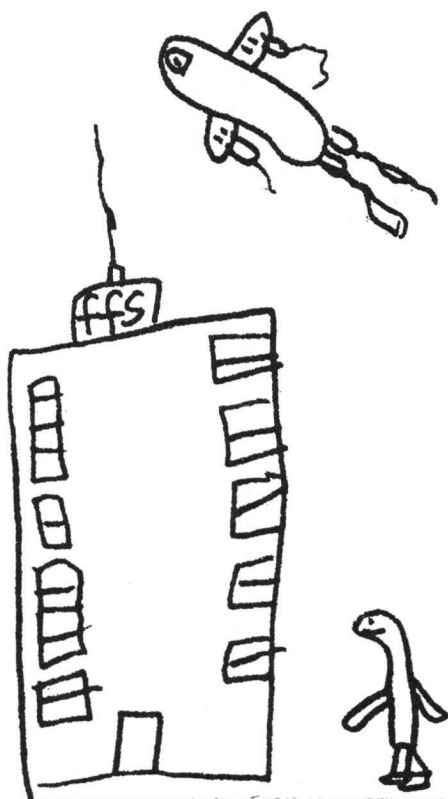
Then Monster spoke to the chief. "Can I get a job as a fire fighter?" "O.K." said the fire chief. "But you must get some training. Now fill out these papers and come back tomorrow at 7:30 in the morning."

He got the papers filled out and came back to the fire station, at 7:30. The fire chief said, "Go to the Fire Fighter's Training Club." Monster went to the club.

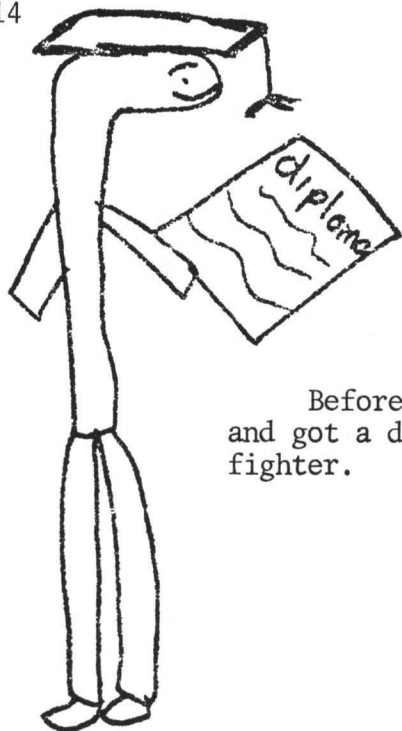


Monster learned many things about fire fighters. He learned many different ways to put out fires.

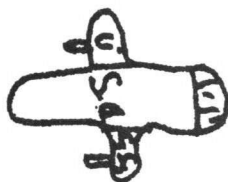
The best way he thought of putting out big fires was by plane. From the plane they would pull out a hose and spray water on the fire.



Soon Monster finished his training at the Fire Fighter's Club. Now he had to go to the Fire Fighting School.

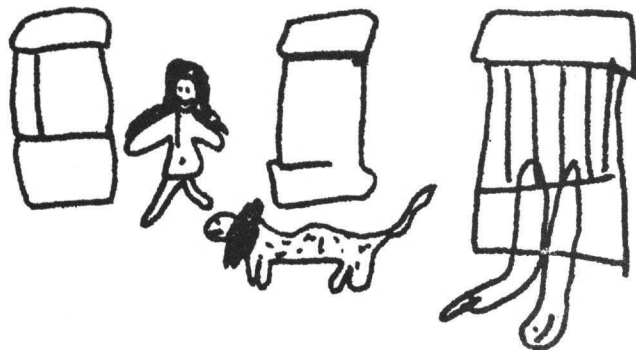


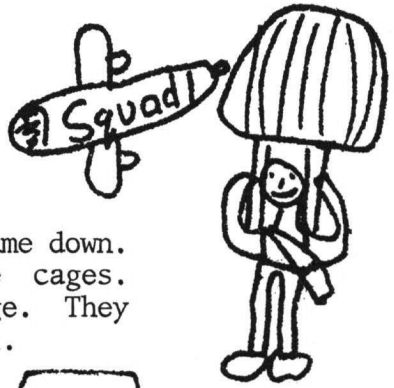
Before Monster knew it, he graduated and got a diploma. He became a full fire fighter.



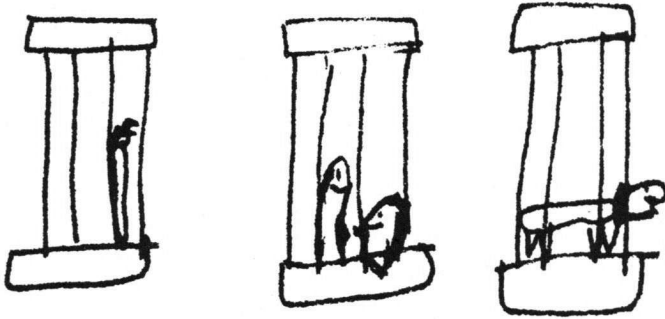
The first day at work was very quiet. Monster had to fly over the forest to check to see if there were any fires.

The second day at work there was a big fire. It was at the Bronx Zoo. All the animals ran wild and got out of their cages. Monster never learned how to keep animals in their cages. The animals were chasing everyone.





Monster and the squad came down.  
They landed on top of the cages.  
Monster landed on a snake cage. They  
got everything back to normal.

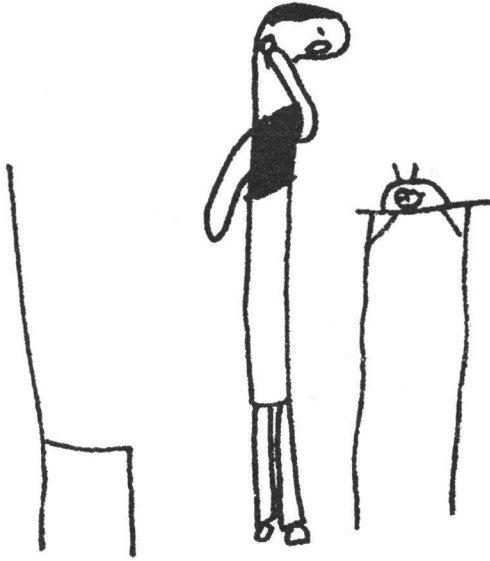


What a day it had been for Monster! He flew  
back with the squad in his plane.



They landed at the airport.

Monster went home to sleep. In the morning he called the job and said, "I am too tired to come to work."



The chief said, "That's alright, but you're fired!"



And that was the end of his career.

*Michael Simpson, 7  
Community Resources Institute  
New York City*

I thought  
I was a rock.

---





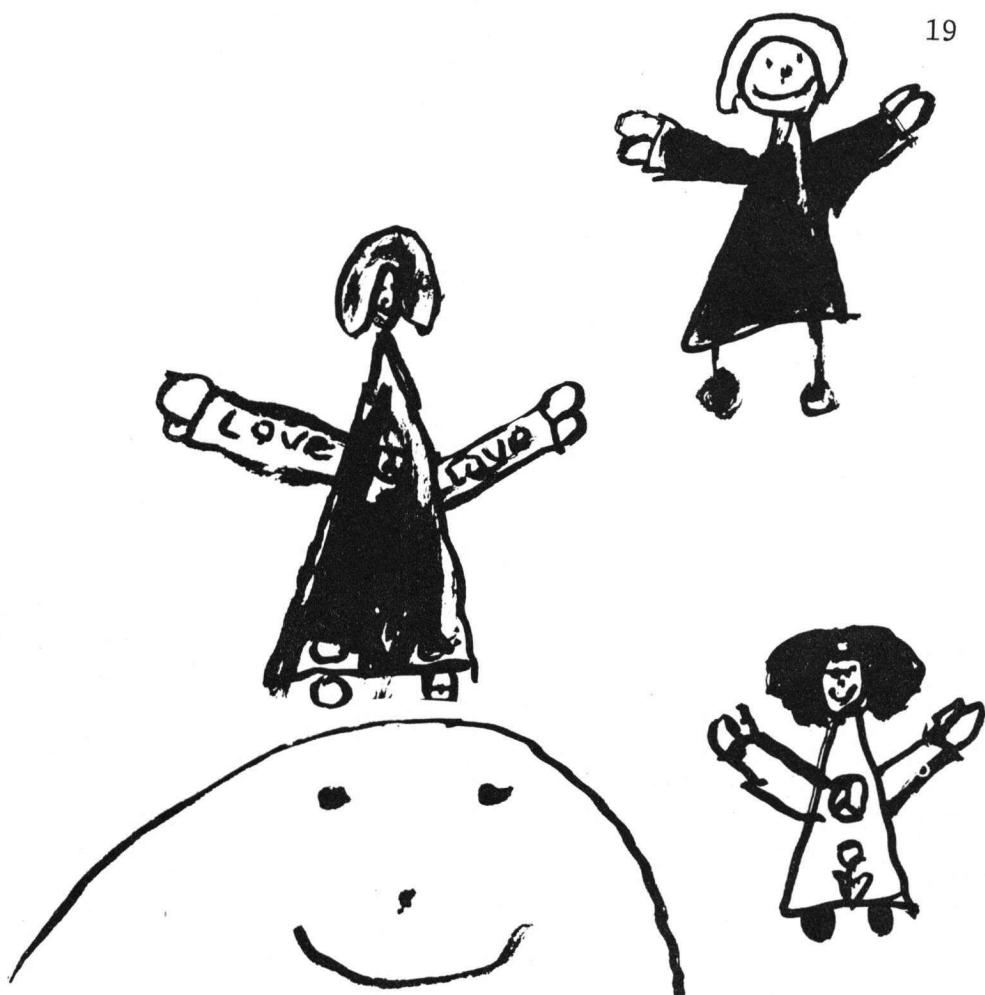
Once I was sick in bed. I thought and thought. All at once I was a sleep. I was dreaming that I was a rock and everyone was walking over me. I liked being a rock. I want to be a rock as long as I live. and I shall never be a person again. and I never did. and all the time I stayed in the ground all the time.

I stayed in the ground all the time. I like all the children jumping over me. I love being a rock. and all the time all the children played with me.

THE END

*Maria Raymond, 7  
Immaculate Conception School  
Deer Lake, Newfoundland, Canada*





Una vez estaba enfermo en la cama. Yo pensaba y pensaba. De repente estaba dormido. Estaba sonando que llo era una piedra y todos estaban caminando sobre mi. Me gustaba ser una piedra. Quiero ser una piedra mientras este vivo. y jamas sere una persona otra vez. y nunca fui. y todo el tiempo me estuve en la tierra todo el tiempo.

Me estuve en la tierra todo el tiempo. Me gustan todas las ninas y ninos brincando sobre mi. Me encanta ser una piedra. y todo el tiempo todas las ninas y ninos juegan sobre mi.

EL FIN

*translated by Jacinto Gardea*

## A BOOK REVIEW

An old fashioned tale with a moral! Sound stuffy? Maurice Sendak has brought it up to date, by introducing even before the title page, a boy and girl who see a sign pointing to a theater. On the title page they are invited to become actors in the play. They put on their costumes, and make their appearance in a series of comic strip scenes, across the bottom of each page, while the story unfolds in the top half.



Both the story and the pictures have a harsh realness, and a faithfulness to the folk tale world, where rude princesses get their come-uppance, and then some, and it all ends happily with a merry feast. In this world, as those "into" Women's Lib are sure to point out, Fathers don't hesitate to give their daughters in marriage to whomever they choose, and husbands play humiliating tricks on wives, especially proud and inefficient ones. Nothing she undergoes on stage, however, dampens the cocky self assurance of the girl acting the part of the Princess. On the last page, back in their own clothes, the children are walking home. "We really were terrific," smiles the boy. "What did you expect?" the girl snaps back.

Mary Wood, parent  
Centreville, Maryland

**KING GRISLY-BEARD** *a tale from The Brothers Grimm,*  
*pictures by Maurice Sendak; Farrar, Straus & Gir-*  
*oux: New York, 1973; \$3.95.*

It teaches a lesson not to judge people just by their looks. I didn't particularly like it because I'm not interested in those kind of stories. The pictures were okay, they added to the story. I think it would be funny and enjoyable for 5 and 6 year olds.

*James Wood, 12  
 Centreville, Maryland*



*The next two reviews are from Gault Elementary School in Santa Cruz, California*

I liked it. Because I like hearing about King things. I like seeing a King acting like a old magician, acting like a soldier - and the King giving her a punishment easy instead of hard.

*Chad Degarmo, 8*

I like the way it had a happy ending. I didn't like the Princess when she was very mean, but then she stopped being mean at the end and she was happy at the end.

*Stephanie Gibbons, 8*



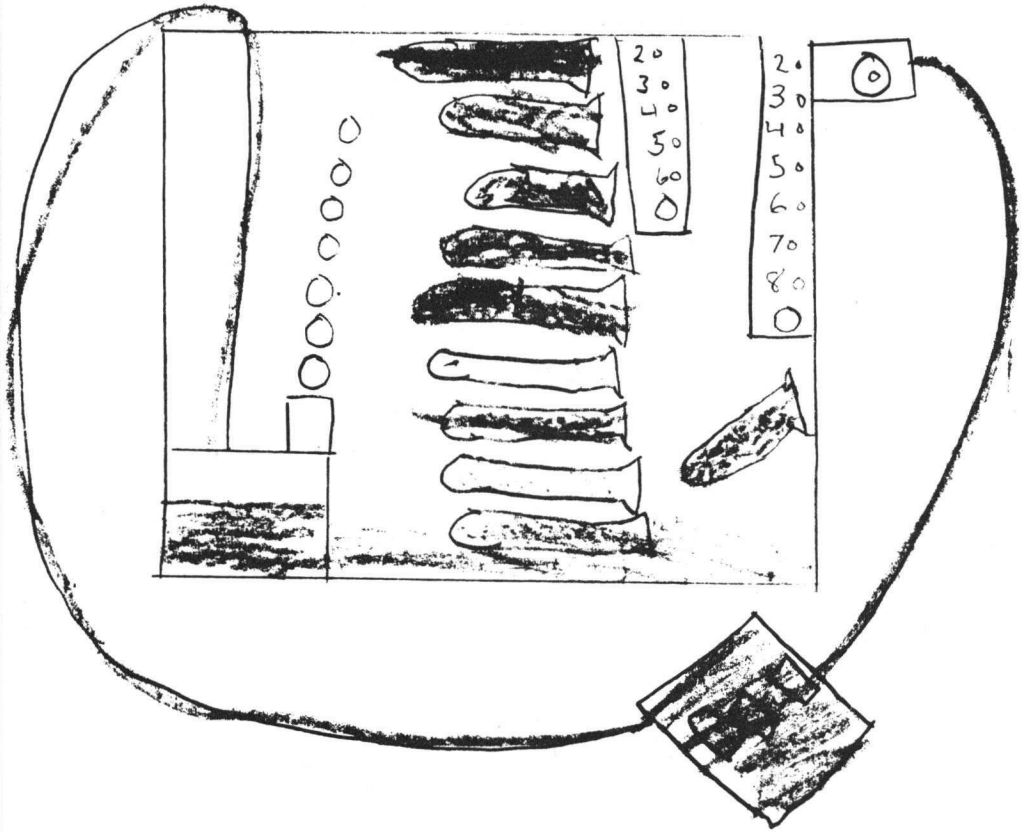
## MAKE THE MORNING

I want make it be dark  
I want it way, way, way dark.  
I gonna get bigger, bigger  
and the whole world gonna shine  
and I gonna be the sun  
and there be lines on me  
not any head, not any bottom.  
I be a face  
and I be the dark  
and I be the light  
and I be the shining  
and I be the sun  
and shine the people  
and they say, there's the sun max,  
make the big bird,  
and he's gonna ride in the train  
and he's gonna hold a little tiny baby,  
he plays and frays,  
and wash his face,  
and plays trucks, and gacks,  
and the whole world is proud,  
me writing good stories.  
I didn't make it up,  
it come from the sun.

*James Anatole Lindbloom, 3½*  
*Poughkeepsie, New York*

## OUR TEACHER'S AQUARIUM

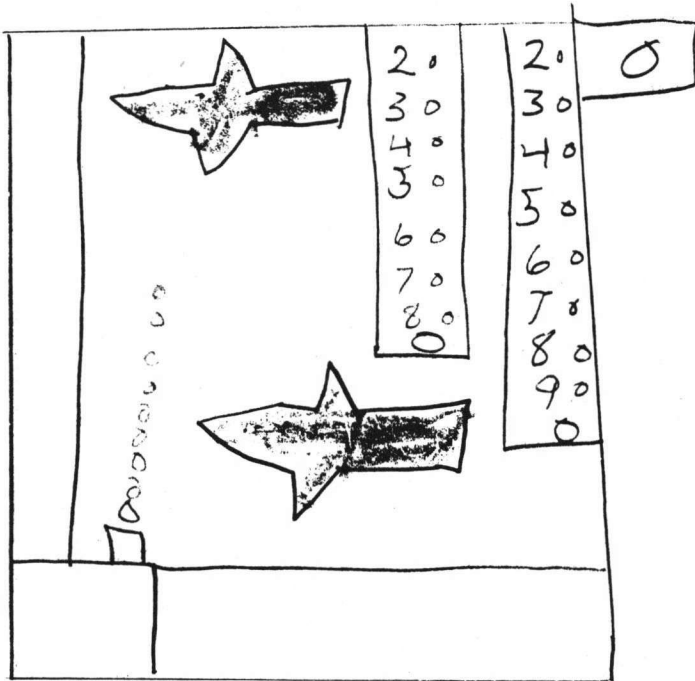
*Gloria Companion, 8  
Stella Maris School  
Benoit's Cove, Newfoundland, Canada*



Our teacher has an aquarium. We have eight fish. They are called tropical fish. We feed them once during the day and once at night.

Down in the bottom of the aquarium there is coloured gravel. The gravel is blue. There are two little red and green fish in the aquarium. They are called neons.

There are two big fish in the aquarium too. They are called angels. They look like this.



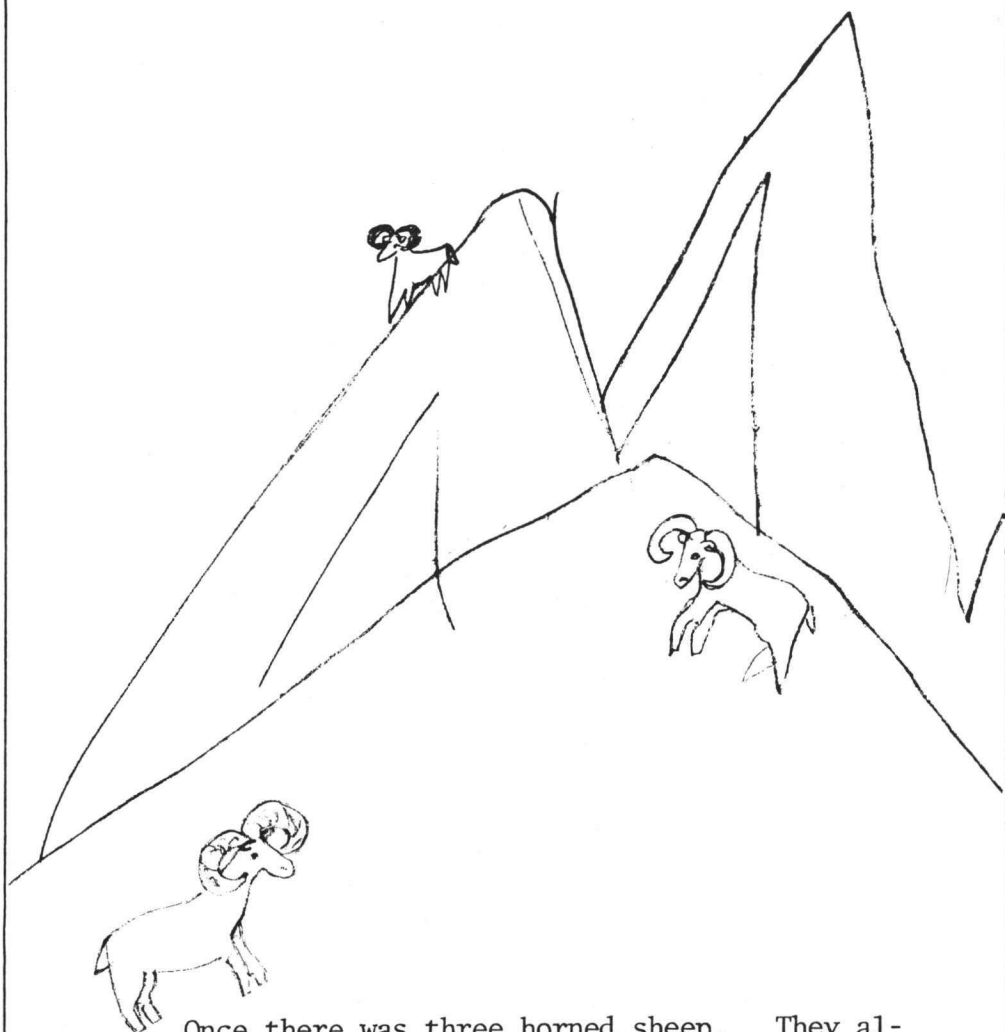
My favorite fish is the cat fish. He always stays at the bottom eating every ones food.

Another fish in our aquarium is the Kissing Gourami. He looks like he is always kissing. He likes to play and move around a lot. He is sort of pink and he is a nice fish. We call him Hercules.

All the fish like playing. In all there are two angels, two neons, one cat fish, one Kissing Gourami and also two inserpia.

With the aquarium there was a net, and a big bottle. There was food for the fish and there were pills to clear up the water.

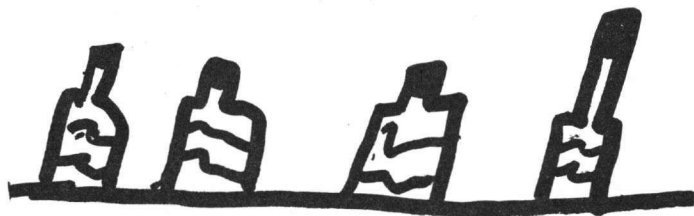
All our tropical fish are different. They all look very pretty. I like everyone of them.



Once there was three horned sheep. They always met, well they didn't always. Then one day one of the sheep was walking up the mountain then suddenly a bobcat appeared. The bobcat started to attack the sheep. Then the sheep started to call the other sheep. The other sheep appeared. They scared the bobcat away. Then all three of them went together. Then they saw a coyote. Then the coyote started chasing the sheep. Well now you know how it is being a horned sheep I hope.

*Denise Brewer, 7  
Bend, Oregon*





## COOKING

I like to cook  
 From a book  
 I like to bake  
 A beautiful cake  
 I get my kicks  
 When I mix  
 A gushey pudgy  
 Chocolate fudgy!

*Monica Sabty, 11  
 Coolidge Community School  
 Flint, Michigan*



Dear Readers,

The editors do not recommend that you try the recipes that follow! Most of them are recollections of favorite dishes. The way they are written makes them seem almost like poetry.

If you like the idea of printing recipes in *STONE SOUP*, send us a few of your favorites. We will try out what you send us and print *our* favorites in the next issue.

We look forward to some good meals by the *STONE SOUP* readers!

*The Editors*

The recipes on these 2 pages are all from Agoura, California

## CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

$\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon flour  
1 whole bag chips  
1 teaspoon brown sugar

Stir it up.

Put the dough and roll it out.

Take a cup and make holes in the dough and put them on a pan. Put them in the oven at 30 degrees for 35 minutes. Take them out and put another batch in.

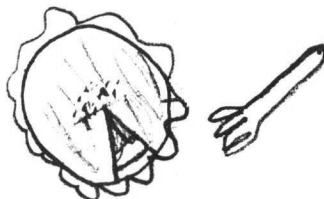


*Laura Kelley, 6*

## CHEESE CAKE

2 pieces of cold cheese  
Add one egg

Mix it up and put it in the refrigerator for one minute. Take it out and eat it.

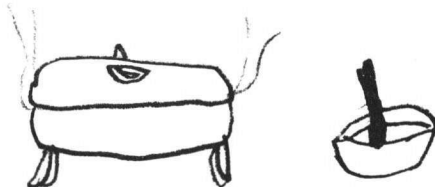


*Peter Schnarz, 6*

## THUMBPRINT COOKIES

1 full cup flour  
2 eggs  
2 teaspoons water

Stir it up with a beater. Roll it into little balls. Get some egg in a bowl. Roll the balls in nuts. Put thumb in eggs and then put thumb in cookie. Then put in the oven for 10 minutes at 2 degrees.



*Robin Falikoff, 6*

## COOKIE CASTLE

Take some cinnamon. Roll it out with a roller.  
Make it into a castle.  
Put it in the oven at 8 degrees for 10 minutes.

*Todd Anders, 6*



*Tony Burnett, 11*

## CASTLE COOKIES

Get some dough  
2 lbs. of sugar  
9 eggs  
8 cups of milk  
Beater  
6 cups of brown sugar  
A little salt  
Cut an apple into tiny pieces  
12 cherries  
8 oranges - peel and cut

Mix it all up. Pour in flat pan. Put in 9 degrees oven. Cook for 8 hours.

*Mike Nosco, 6*

## A BOOK REVIEW

CLEVER COOKS; a Concoction of Stories, Charms, Recipes, and Riddles *compiled by* Ellin Greene, *illustrated by* Trina Schart Hyman; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company: New York, 1973; \$4.95.



CLEVER COOKS is a charming and delightfully illustrated compilation. Ellin Greene has selected a dozen or more stories of master cooks or bakers getting into trouble through their culinary arts and getting out of it through wit and magic. The tales included in CLEVER COOKS are reprinted or retold from fairy tale collections of several countries. Ellin Greene cleverly balances these tales with recipes, charms, and riddles which relate to each story. (The opening story, for example, "The Woman Who Flummexed the Fairies," is followed in turn by a recipe for fairy cake, a charm, "Come, Butter, Come," a recipe for butter cookies, and a riddle.) Throughout the collection there is an interlacing of clever and imaginative illustrations which tastefully support the text. This charming and appealing compilation should find a wide audience among children and adults and is especially suitable as a gift item for girls aged 7-12.

*Charity Chang, Consultant in Children's Literature  
Wilbur Cross Library, University of Connecticut  
Storrs, Connecticut*

I liked the book because of the stories in it. The recipes are good. The fairy-tales have very good endings and happenings in them. The riddles are hard to answer because they are in poem form and I think it's hard to answer those kind. I really liked the story, "The Old Woman Who Lost Her Dumpling" because it comes from Japan. The book really isn't a cookbook it's a story book with stories from other countries. The recipes in this book are really for girls really, instead of boys, but the stories could be for both to read. I think this recipe book is alright for boys and girls to read.

*Gordon Smith, 12  
Gault Elementary School  
Santa Cruz, California*



CLEVER COOKS is a good bunch of stories all about cooks who get into messy situations. They are very much make believe but are fun because you can get a clear thought in your head. I like it because it's about food and I like to eat. I would like to cook some of the recipes. The stories are for children but grown-ups would enjoy the stories. My favorite story is "The Woman and the Tramp." Because the Tramp didn't make the soup from a nail as he said he had.

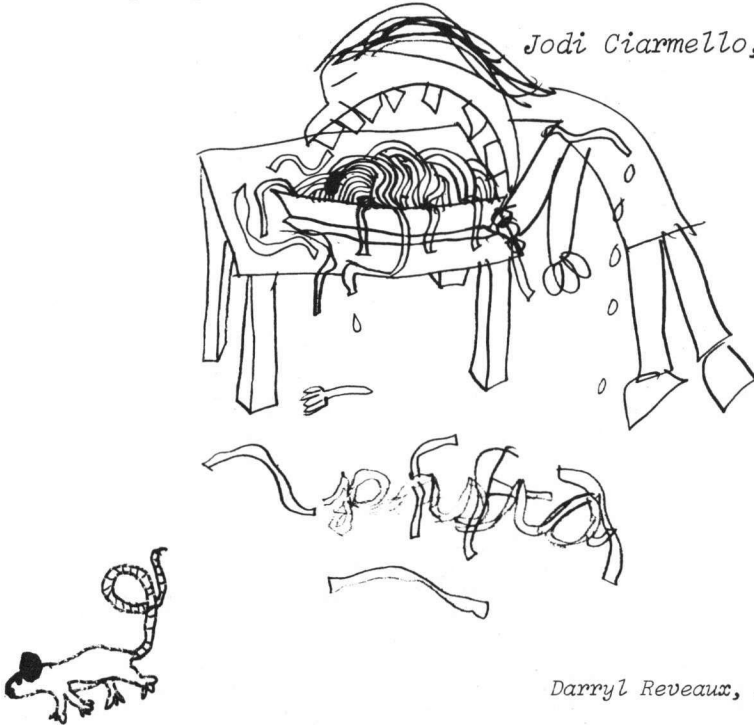
*Kristin Sorg, 9  
West Willington, Connecticut*

## HOW TO EAT SPAGHETTI

*from Yerba Buena School, Agoura, California*

I cut it up befor I eat it because I choke it is to log my Dad tells me to because he is afraid if I am going to choke on it.

*Jodi Ciarmello, 7*



*Darryl Reveaux, 11*

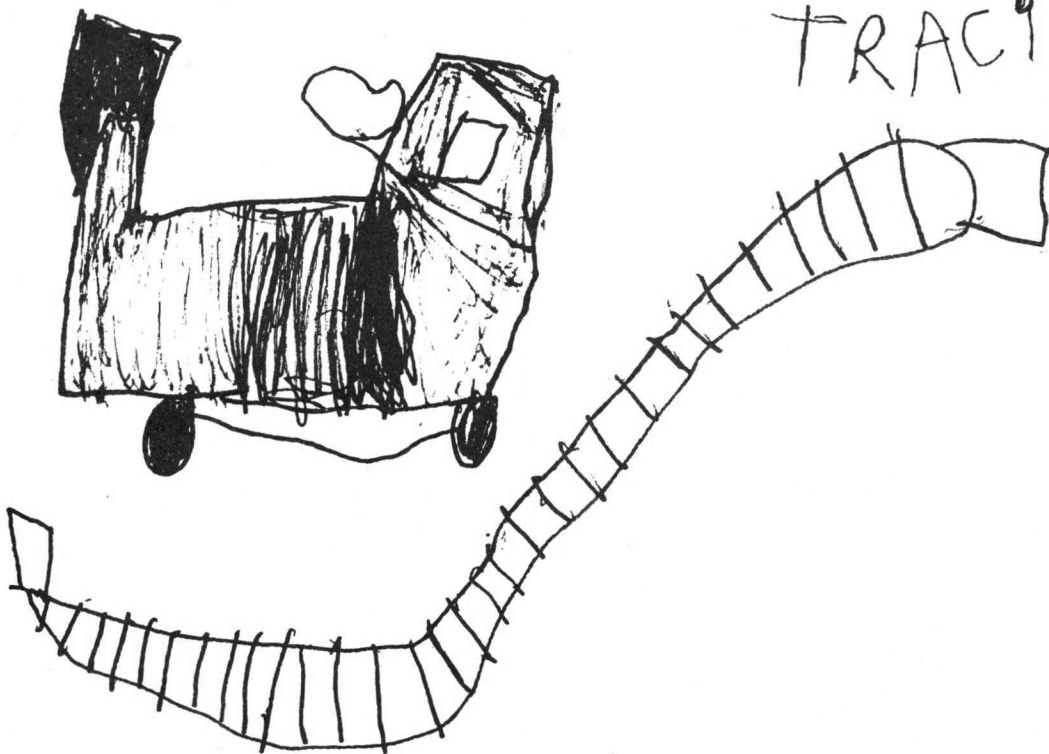
I eat spaghetti by taking a fork and then I twirl it in the spaghetti and then I sip it up and that is how I eat spaghetti. The end!

*David J. Price, 7*

I like spaghetti I like to yous a fork and knife I cut my spaghetti with a knife I eat my spaghetti with my fork

THE END

*Michelle, 7*

TRAC<sup>9</sup>*Traci Tarquinio, 6*

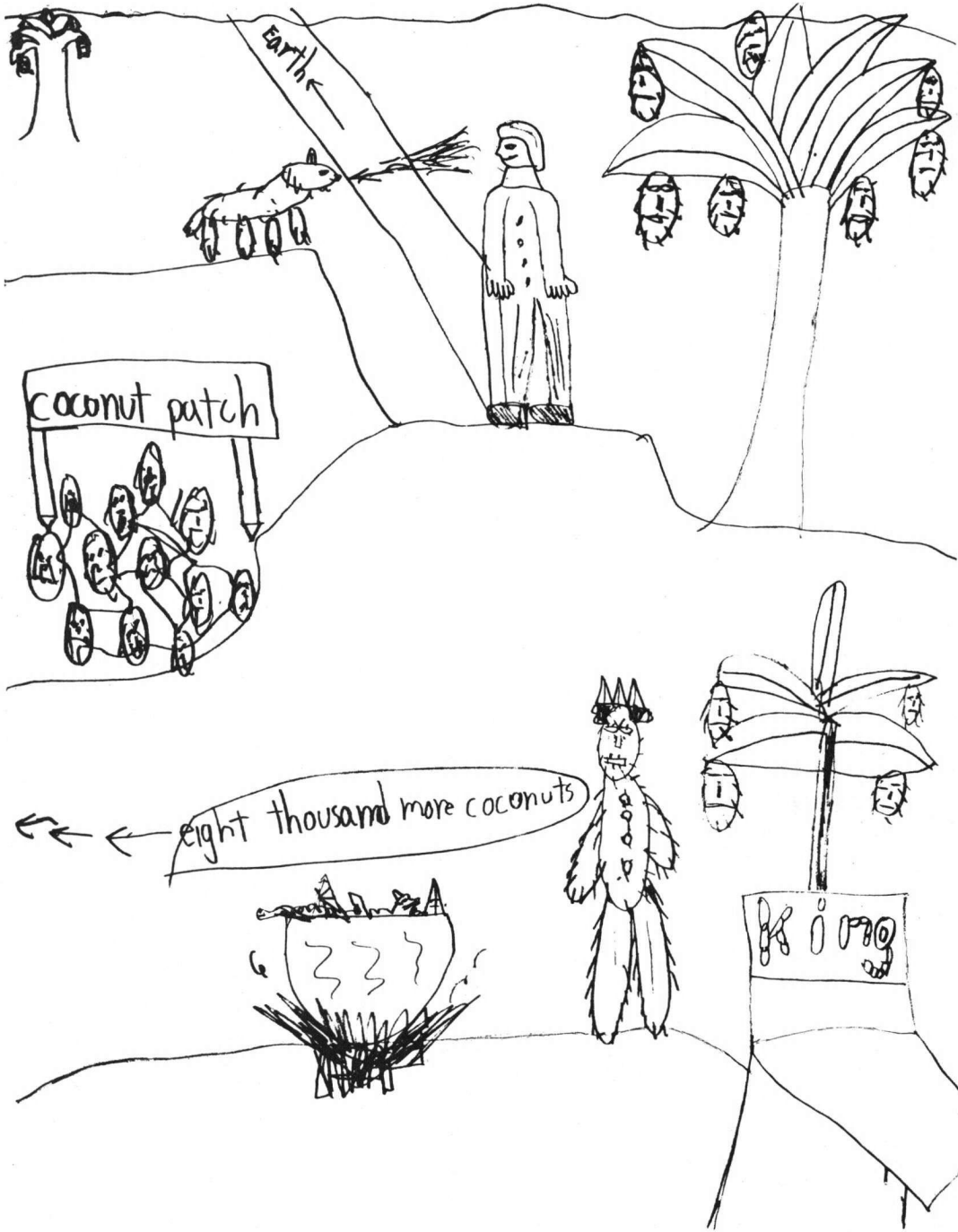
I was playing tag. William was after me. Before I knew it I tripped and I was sliding head first down an underground tunnel. Then a train was passing and it stopped and got out a rope and gave it to me and pulled me up into the train and the train took me where I came from. I went home and I told my mother the whole story. My mother said she would not let me play near the tunnel. Then the next day when my mother went to work I went to play near the tunnel and William pushed me into the tunnel then I walked out of the tunnel. When my mother got home and went into the house my mother said "You will not go out to play." And every day before she went to work she locked the door with the keys.

*Yemi Sangonaike, 9  
Horizons Edge School  
Canterbury, New Hampshire*

I was playing tag. Eddie was after me. Before I knew it I tripped and I was sliding head first down an underground tunnel. When I got to the bottom I saw 50,000 coconuts. Some people had coconut heads. Their whole body was made out of coconuts. I had a fight with a coconut dog. He was mad so he squirted milk at me. There were so many trees it was like a crazy coconut jungle. I was hungry so I cracked open a coconut and I drank the milk. Some coconut natives captured me and they brought me to their king. He said he was going to cook me because no one in coconut land is suppose to drink the milk. I said I can fight you. You're only coconuts. I took the natives spears and blasted every coconut, all 50,000. I started when I was 10 and I ended when I was 20. I found a path out when I was 30.

*Philip Crowley, 10  
Horizons Edge School  
Canterbury, New Hampshire*



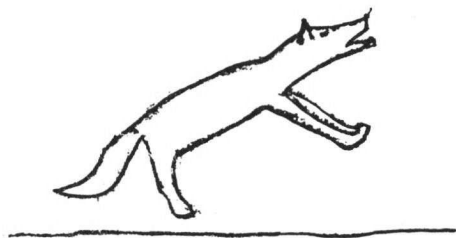


## MY DOG PRINCE

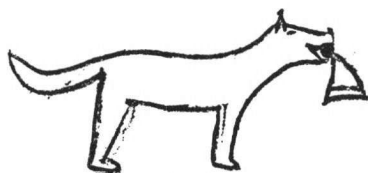
My dog's name is Prince.



He is a silly, and mechevous dog. When I come home from school he jumps up in the air.



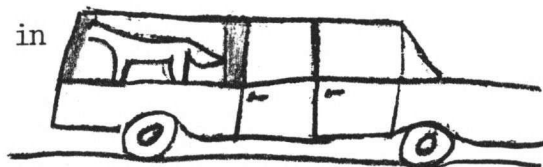
Once he tore the tassles off my cap.



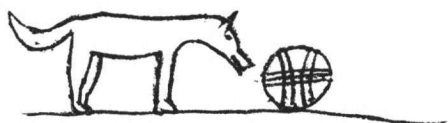
Prince sleeps in my bed. He likes to play with my kitten Spotty.



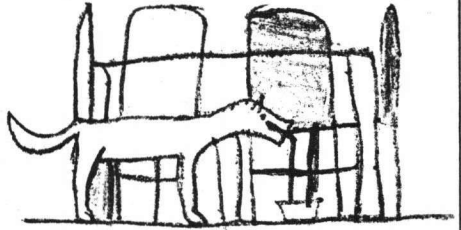
He likes to ride in the family car.



Play ball.



He eats ten cents  
bars.

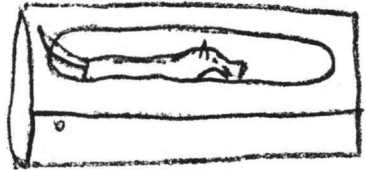


When he wants to use  
the bathroom he goes to  
the door.

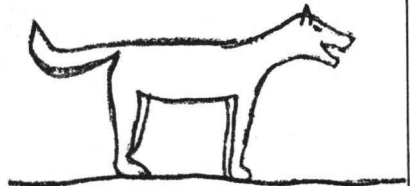
He likes to go in the  
woods too.



When we put him in the  
bathtub, he stays in one  
place.



I like Prince because  
he is a silly dog. Prince  
is my pal.



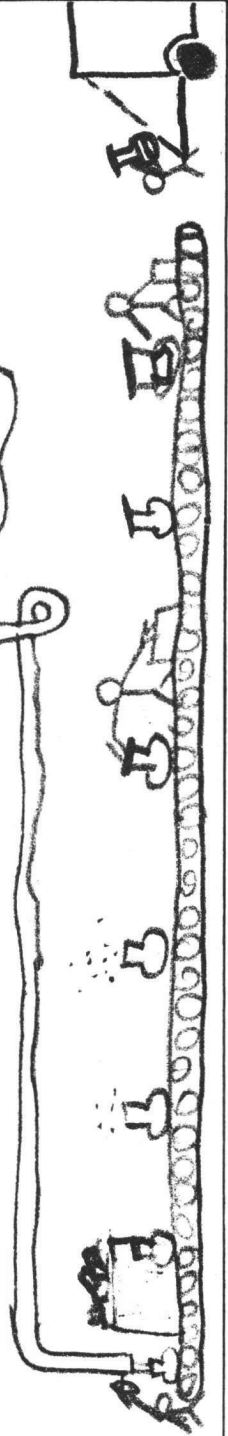
*Gerard O'Keefe, 9  
St. Teresa's Elementary School  
Port Aux Choix, Newfoundland, Canada*

The following three inventions are by Krinkle Dot (alias Norman Mahr, 11), a close friend and colleague of the famous inventor, Silverburg (alias Darryl Reveaux). Together, Krinkle Dot and Silverburg, aided by the inimitable McSchlurt, have patented 62 inventions. They range from the Silverburg Machine Wrecking Machine, Q.S.

patent #10, to the Krinkle Dot Air Pellet Loading Device and Underwater Air Pellet Breathing Bulb, Q.S. patent #19.

The editors of STONE SOUP are anxious to receive communications from other inventors. Please be sure to clearly explain the workings of any invention you send us.

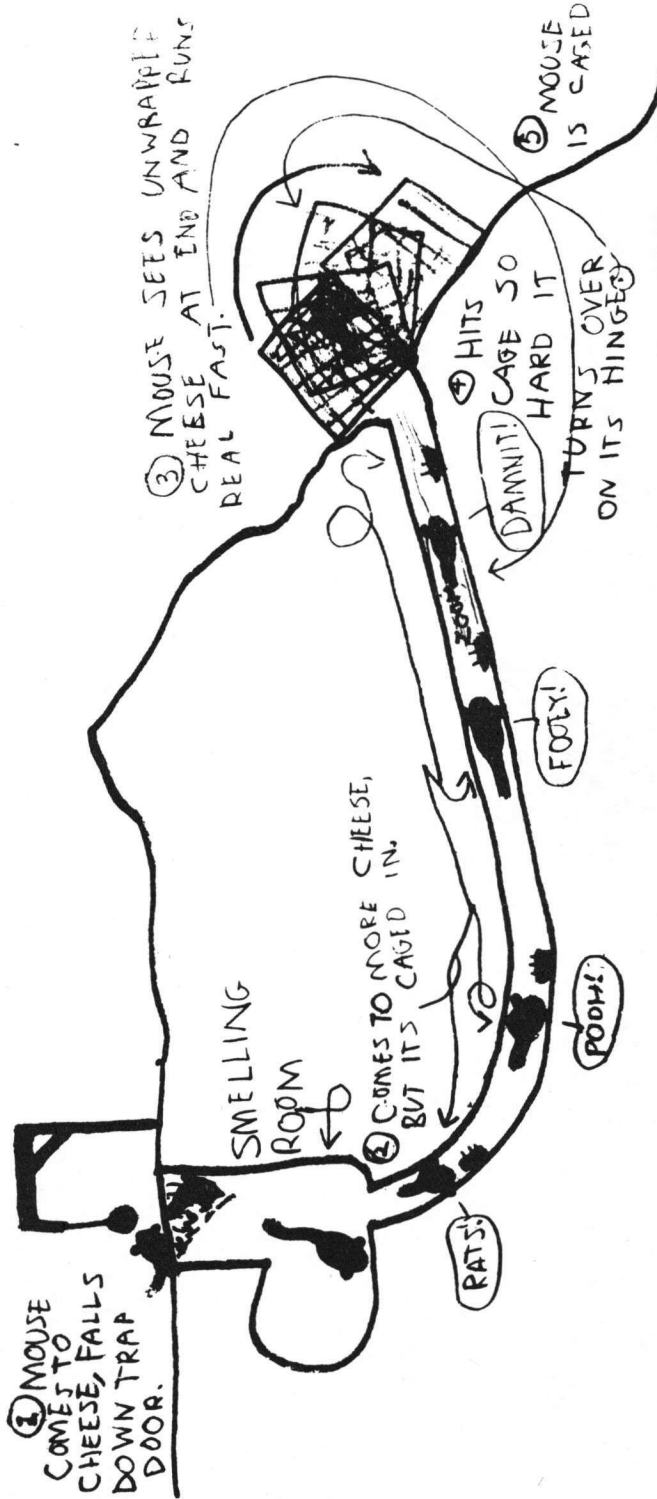
*The Editors*

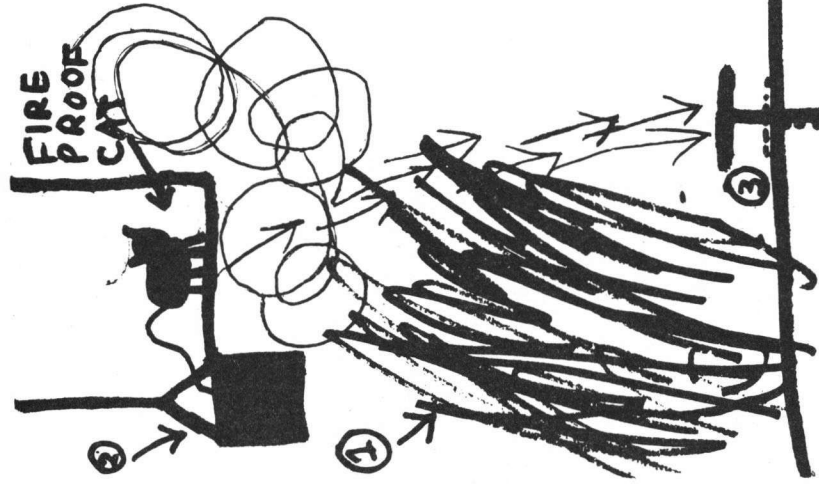


Q.S. PAT. NO. 2

# KRINKLE DOT UNDER GROUND CAGER

DELUXE MODEL





# KRINKLE DOT FIRE CAT ALARM SYSTEM

① If house catches fire, water in pail boils. ② When water boils cats fail starts cooking, so eat falls off. He hits lever ③ and pushes it down the other end with bed ④ goes up. person ⑤ in bed hit wet sponges ⑥ wakes up, and screams. (Grrrr)

Q.S. PAT. NO.12

# KRINKLEDOT CAGED CAT JUMP AND SPRING AT THE MILK MOUSE KILLER (SURE KILL)



③

Cat sees milk,  
and jumps to  
get it, but  
he falls on place  
with springs under  
it and bounces.



②

Mouse  
pulls  
string  
on cheese  
and spills  
milk.



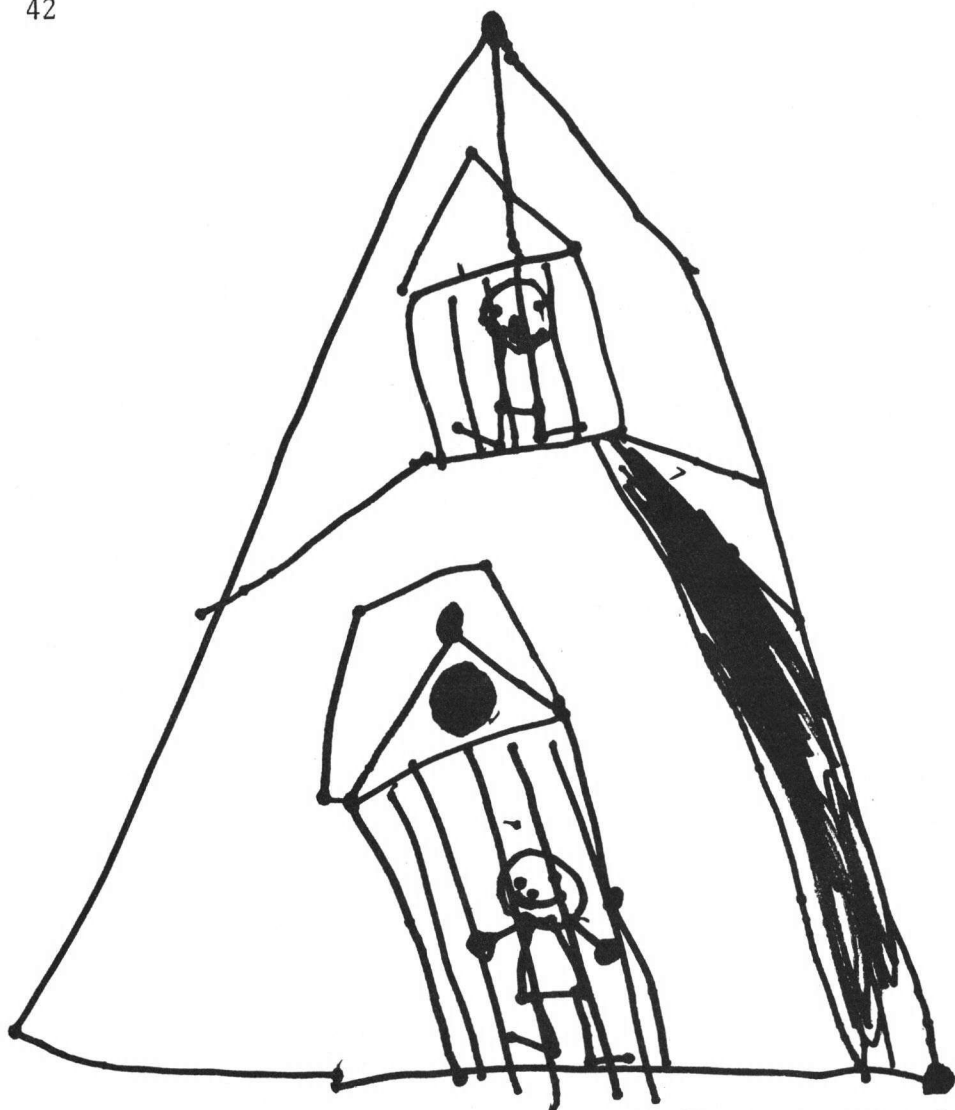
④

Cat Bounces  
right to mouse  
and gets him.

①

Mouse sees  
cheese and  
comes to get it.





*Geoffrey Conway Jones, 6*

Scott has a picture of God.  
 Scott has a picture of baby Jesus nailed on a cross.  
 Some people thought baby Jesus was a bad man so they  
 nailed him on a cross.  
 Scott told me.  
 That was in the old days.  
 They don't do that now.  
 Now they have a Wayne County Jail.

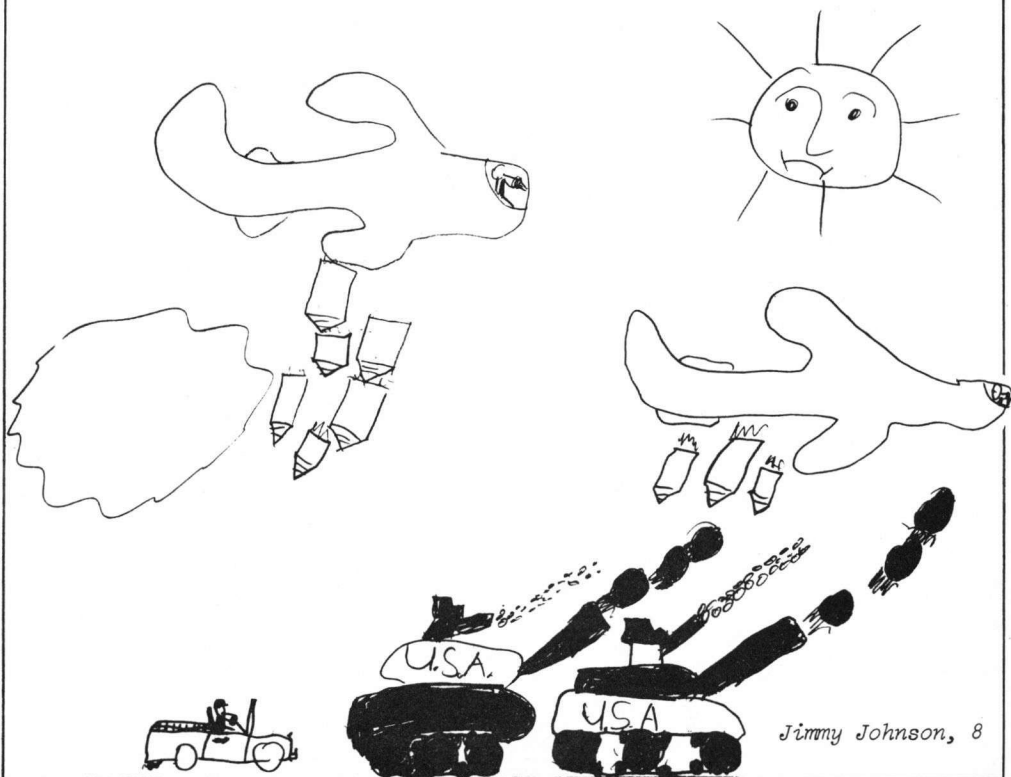
*Jude LaRene, 4  
 Plymouth, Michigan*



Miguel tiene un retrato de Dios.  
 Miguel tiene un retrato del nino Jesus clavado  
 en una cruz.  
 Algunas personas creyeron el nino Jesus un  
 hombre malo y  
 lo clavaron en una cruz.  
 Miguel me dijo.  
 Eso fue hace mucho.  
 Lla no hacen eso ahora.  
 Ahora tienen una Wayne County Jail.

*Jude LaRene, 4*

*translated by Jacinto Gardea*

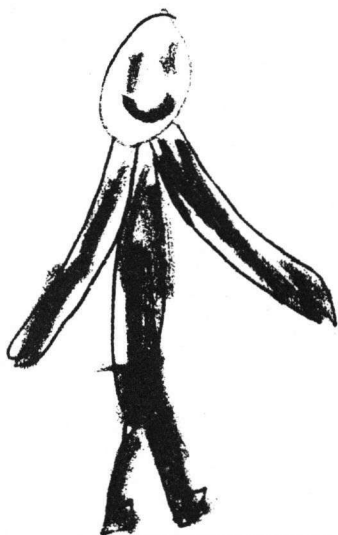




## ON PLUTO

It was O.C.T. 14 1980. I was watching T.V. I'm 8 so I have to go to bed at 8:30. I was about to go to bed when I herd a avertisement about a U.F.O. It said thare would be more about it at ten. I desided that I would wach in my room. I went to bed then. I woke up just on time. The news man said that the U.F.O. was a big dimened with blak sircules comeing out. He alsoe said that thare is a thosin doller reward for the first persin too tell what it was. I turnd off the T.V. and went too sleep. In my sleep I drempt that I had toled what it was and got the monny. Then I

woke up and saw a blinking light  
 outside it was a huge dimend like  
 thing. I went up to the man (Who I  
 mite say was dimend shaped) and  
 said who are you? He said I am  
 Hoptop Plot. I said what is a Plot?  
 Pepul that com from Pluto. Oh!  
 Sundinley thare was a grate gust of  
 wind I was swept into the ship.  
 Evreything went wereley. When I  
 woke up I found that Hoptop was  
 walking out a door shouting wake up  
 and come on out. I slowley got up  
 and went outside. I asked Hoptop  
 werre we were. He said on Pluto  
 of coruse. Oh! I said will you take  
 me to your leeder. No first you  
 have to go to jail he said. Me go  
 to jail! Yes because you came into

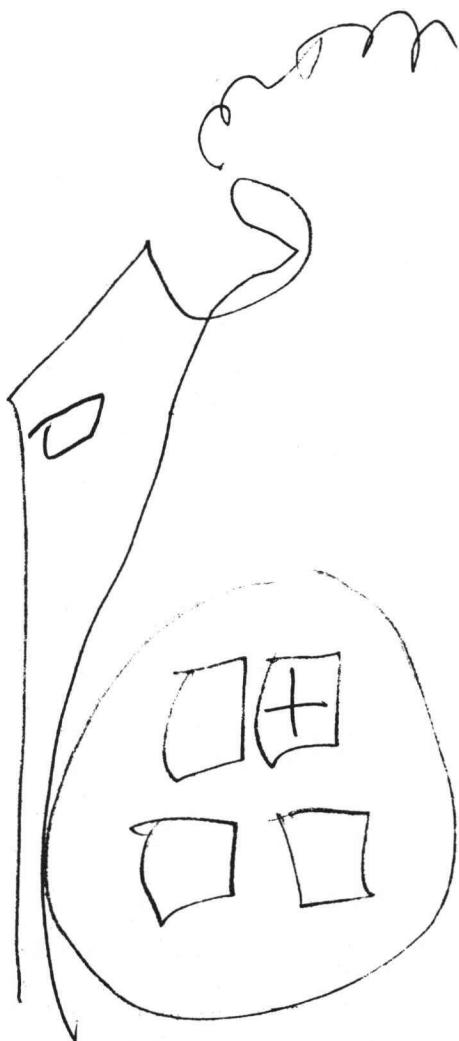


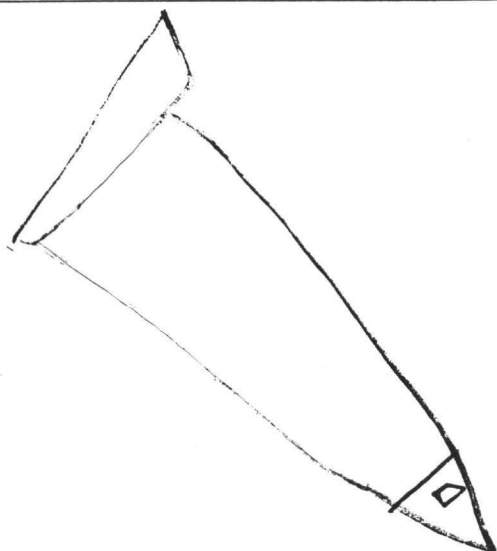
my ship without prmishin. I coul-  
dent help it the wind pushed me in.  
The wind is part of your earth. By  
now a crowd of Plots had sorwonded  
them and said plus you prventit us  
from destroying the earth! Ohkay.  
So they took me to jail. I finely



got out of jail after about a week. I said take  
me to your King or I will kill you. They laughed  
at this but they took me ennyway. I said will you  
let me go now. Yes he said as soon as we build  
another ship. In the meentime Hoptop give him a

tour of our plantit. So I set out on my jurnny. On my jurnny I dint see much. But I did see the citty and that was interesting. It had rond buldings and manny ode shaped ones. It took us onley five days to go arond the hole plantit. On one of the stops I saw a tinny littel plot in the bushis. I dint tell Hoptop but I put the babby in my pockit. In the city of craters (witch was the most inportint city on the planit aside from the kings palis) we heard that the new ship was red-dey. We went strat to the palis. When we got thare I asked the king if I could go alone? He said I could. Then he took me to a grate big room with nothing in it... I asked whare the ship



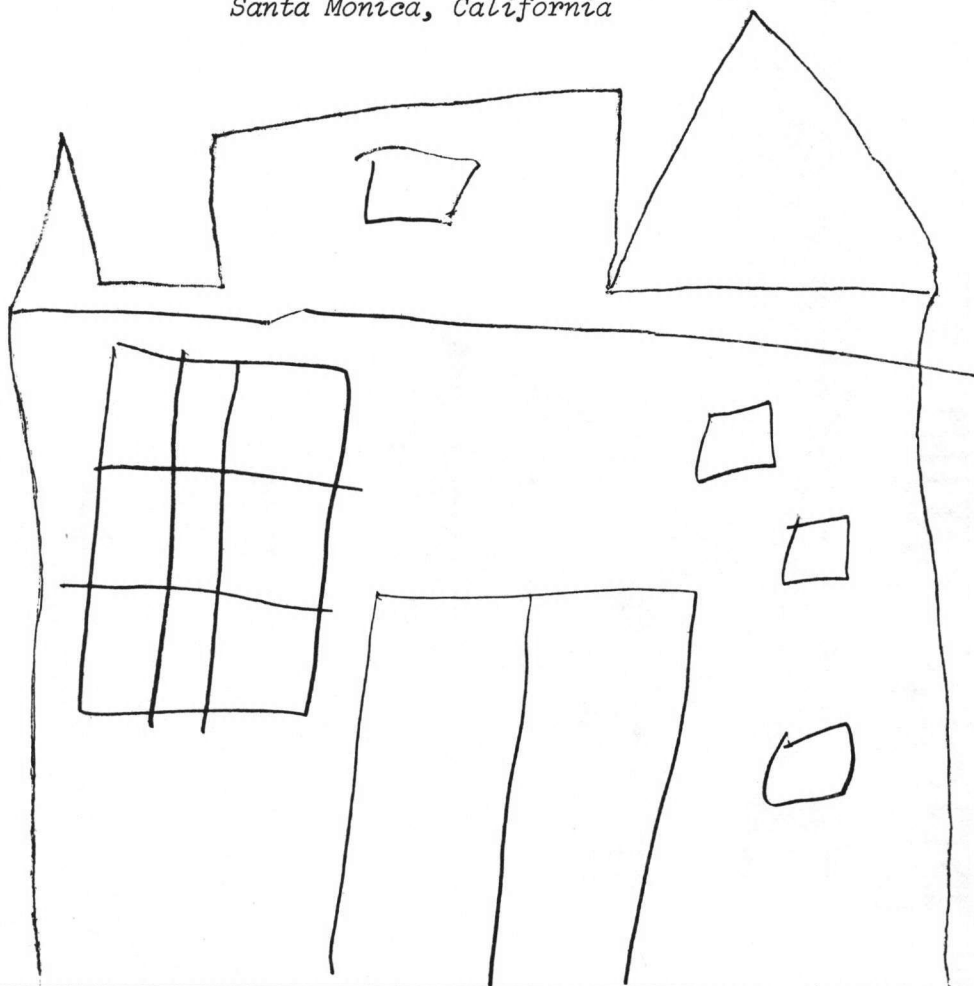


was? He said it is right in front of you. I made it invisubul so that your oun peepul wont shoot you down. I asked if I could go right away? He said yes but take this spase map with you so you can find your plantit. I hoped in the ship and satarted to go. First I found a map of earth so I could land in the right place. I wanted to land in Washting D.C. so that I could show off my story. When I finely got thare they thote that I was rushin comeing to drope a bome. They took me to the presidint. When I told him my story they all laghfed. But then I took out the babby plot. They stared in wonder. They called the siyintist. Then they ran manny tests on him. Finely they desideit

a plane home with some of it. When I got home the first thing I did was to take a pikshur of my plot. Then I went to the myouzum. I soled my Plot to them for one Millein \$. I was a Milleinare. When I got home my parints were veary happy to see me. When I toled them I was a milleinare they were so happy that we went riyte out and bout a big hous. And lived happley ever after.

*Jill N. Lederman, 8*

*St. Augustine by the Sea Episcopal School  
Santa Monica, California*



## RAIN

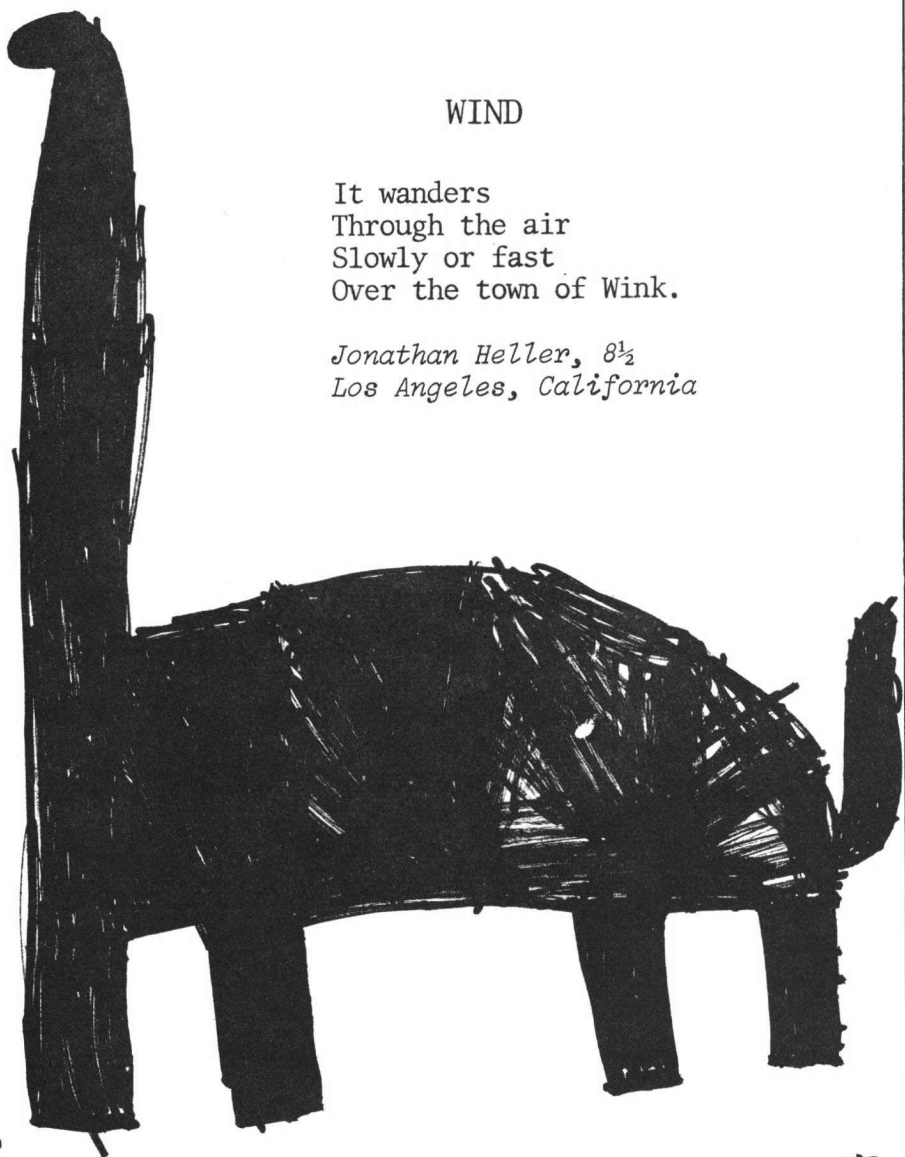
Pitter patter falls on the ground  
Feeds the flowers in the town of Wink

## WIND

It wanders  
Through the air  
Slowly or fast  
Over the town of Wink.

*Jonathan Heller, 8½  
Los Angeles, California*

BRONTOSAURUS



JeAhetre LONG-STREET

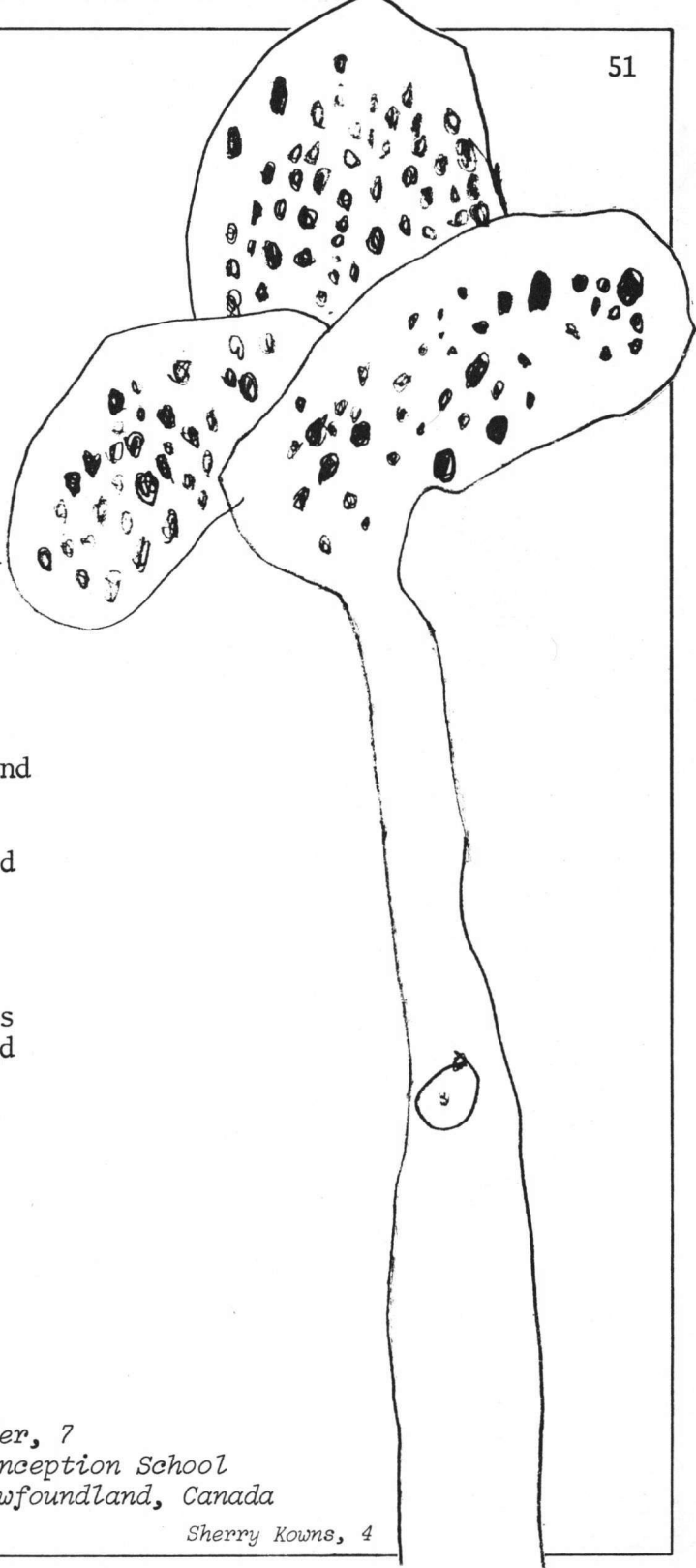


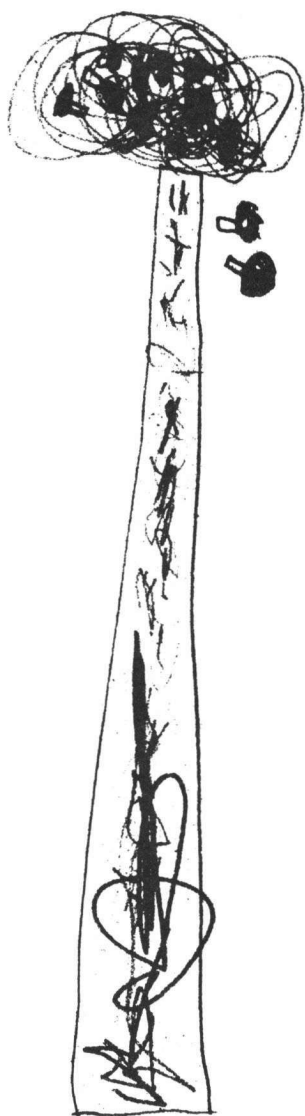
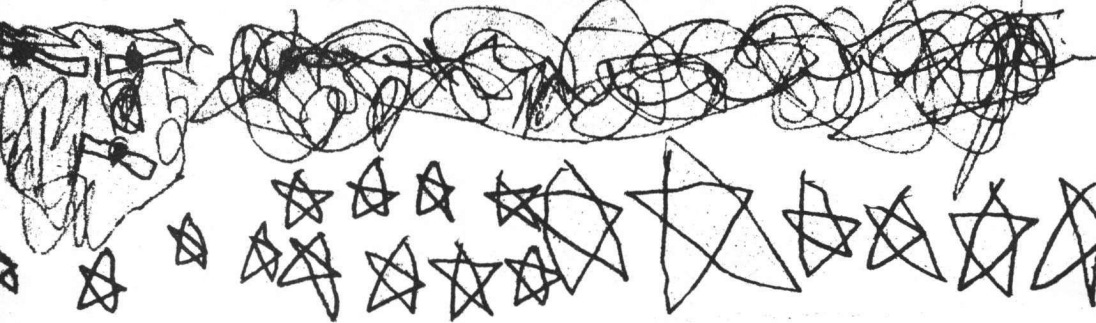
## SUSAN STORY

my name is  
Susan I have  
a Dog he  
Love me?  
I have a friend  
She plays  
With me and  
She got killed  
because  
She got  
Killed  
because  
She ran Across  
the street and  
got killed  
and She never  
ran  
and  
She never  
ran Across  
the Street  
never ran  
Across the  
the end

*Delfina Hillier, 7  
Immaculate Conception School  
Deer Lake, Newfoundland, Canada*

*Sherry Kouns, 4*





Dear Readers,

Every month dozens of new children's books - some good and some not so good - are published in the United States. These books for children are always reviewed by adults, in adult magazines, and schools, libraries, and bookstores buy the books the adults like best. Why shouldn't children have a say about the books that are meant for them?



STONE SOUP prints three or four reviews by contributors in each issue. We try to have each book reviewed by an adult and by two or more children of different ages. We hope many of our readers will want to review for STONE SOUP. If you are interested, please write and we will send you a book to review.

IN THE SOUP is a separate section of book reviews where Darryl Reveaux, 11, Snoopy Steinhardt, 9, and I get together to select a few of the best new books for children and to tell what we think of them. We would like our readers to participate in this section, too. If you have access to an outstanding new book (through a library or bookstore), send us your comments and we may print them IN THE SOUP.



Please tell us what you think of the book reviews in STONE SOUP. Do they make you want to go out and read the books yourself? What would you change to make STONE SOUP's reviews better? If you disagree with anything said in the book reviews, write and tell us. It is up to you, our readers, to shape STONE SOUP into the magazine you'd like to read.

Gerry Mandel  
Book Review Editor

## IN THE SOUP

*Reviews of selected books by Snoopy Steinhardt, 9,  
Darryl Reveaux, 11, and Gerry Mandel*

**KASHO AND THE TWIN FLUTES** by Adjai Robinson, *pictures by* Jerry Pinkney; Coward, McCann & Geoghegan: New York, 1973; \$4.97.

Good very good and very good but!!! it dose not have a exsitetmet!!!! It is missing the way of the human race. It was straight with no fastness.

S.S.

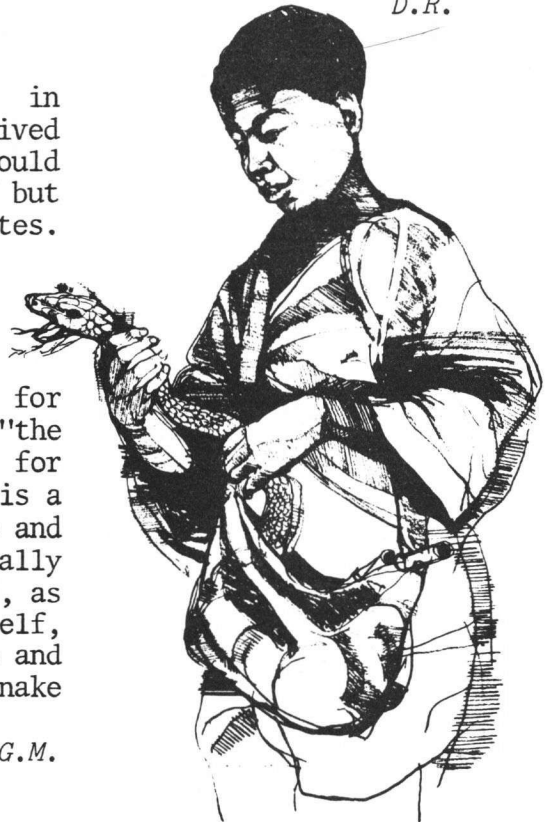
This is a pretty good book. In pictures of him playing the twin flutes, he has them in front of him, so they're African flutes. Its about a boy who plays flutes. He wants to be the best flute player, like his father. All the people are negroes.

D.R.

A long time ago, in the Tasso islands, lived Kasho, a boy who could think of nothing but playing his twin flutes.

"Tomorrow, tomorrow, for sure," he sang, "the snake will dance for Kasho." The story is a light and happy one and its climax dramatically tense. The drawings, as you can see for yourself, are as full of life and movement as the snake music itself must be.

G.M.



## IN THE SOUP

CRAZY BROBOBALOU *by* Jan Wahl, *pictures by* Paula Winter; G.P. Putnam's Sons: New York, 1973; \$4.69.

This is a good book. Its about an ugly smart person and a couple of beutifull idiots. Brobo-balou is very intelligently ugly. There are two witches, one bad, one good. They are sisters.

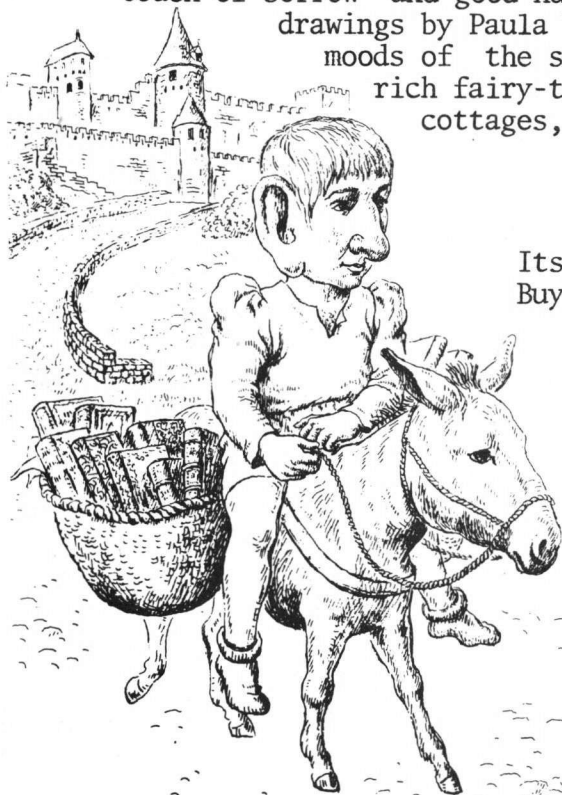
*D.R.*

Poor Brobobalou -- cursed with ugliness by an ugly witch and crazy in love with the beautiful (but stupid) princess Star. How he comes to terms with his own curse and gets some "brains" for Star are what this book is about. It is retold from the original French version with just the right touch of sorrow and good humor. The pen and ink drawings by Paula Winter depict the many moods of the story and recreate a rich fairy-tale world of forests, cottages, and royal courtyards.

*G.M.*

Its Great!! Great Great!  
Buy it!!!

*S.S.*



## IN THE SOUP



A BIRTHDAY FOR THE PRINCESS *by* Anita Lobel;  
Harper & Row, Publishers: New York, 1973;  
\$5.95.

A sad little princess leaves her awful terrible parents to run away with an organ grinder (and his monkey). And they live happily ever after! The beautiful color pictures and decorations by the author reveal a new hidden secret each time this lasting story is reread.

G.M.

This is a good book. Its about a princess who nobody ever pays attention to, even on her birthday, and she isn't allowed to do anything she wants to, she has to write neatly in her copybook, sit straight in her chair, and be good all day long.

D.R.

I think that it was good in a way and bad in a way. The king and queen were not right to invite the people, they should have asked the princess who she would want and what she would want. It was nice for a music grinder to come along.

S.S.



*Walter Melion*

As the last bit of orange turned blue in the sky I set out.

I walked till I met the water, I leaped to where I left my boat, and as the first morning breeze came the boat sailed away carrying me far far away.

We sailed days & days until we reached the rainbow sky. The color lifted us up up up...

Till we came upon a city made of GOLD AND SILVER.

The city twinkled as the sunset fell. My boat nested in the harbor as I went on the shore.

I walked down the streets and everything was made from gold. I went over to the inn and the Keeper let me in. He gave me a golden key to my golden room.

As I reach my room and there I find that everything was silver, even my bed!

I slept that night and in the morning my bed was all bronze.

I took a swim that afternoon but when I came out of the pool my body was all gold so I went home across the sea.

And I got home just in time to hear my mother tell me to get up & get dressed for breakfast.

*Ann Turner, 12  
Teachers & Writers Collaborative  
New York City*

## MONELY

To get to Monely you must go to M.T.A. (Monely Transportation Authorities) office at 85 Columbia St., #20F, in Manhattan. You will be questioned and if we like you we will put you in our "Machine" and you will be in Monely.

Monely is a great state, you don't work, or at least you don't act like it. Everyone picks his own job and believe it or not, things do get done. Many people want to farm but can't but in Monely they get their chance. It is paradise. On weekends you do your own thing. There are no riots, wars, and other primitive acts of violence in Monely. You can't get in unless we're positive you won't cause any sort of trouble. We don't have drugs or anything. If you don't like a simple life, you don't get in. It is exciting however. There's always a good movie. In Monelyland, our new amusement park there are so many things to do, you could go all of your life and never see anything there. There is fishing, boating, hiking, camping, and many other things. If you're ever sick of this world and you want one full of peace, come and see us at our office. You never know. You might get in.

*Anonymous, grade 6  
Teachers & Writers Collaborative  
New York City*

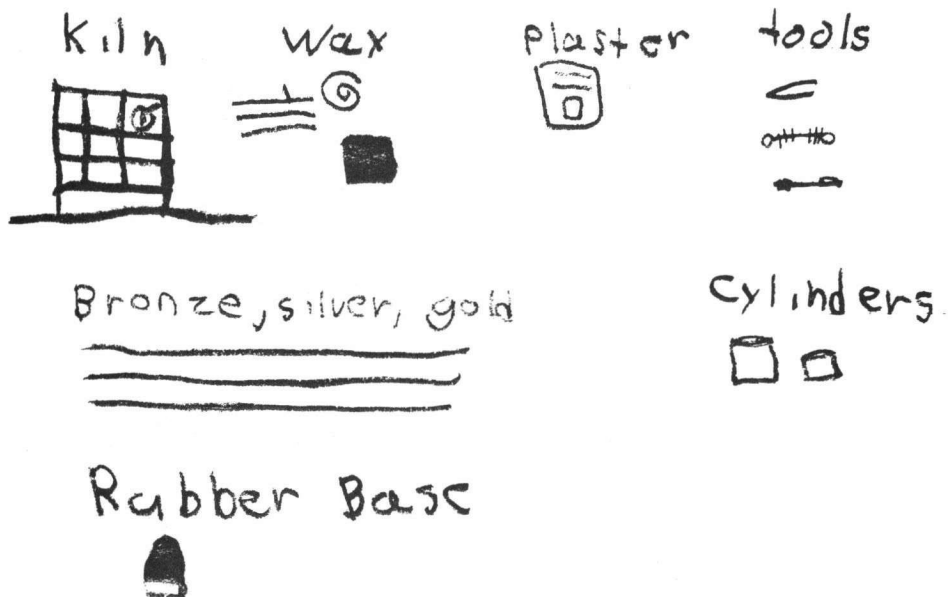




Susan Solomon, 8

## LOST WAX CASTING

Lost wax casting is a form of casting. The basic materials are:



### How to do it

1. You make a ring, bracelet, etc. out of wax.
2. Mount it on a rubber base with stick wax.
3. Put in cylinder.
4. Pour plaster in cylinder.
5. Let dry.
6. Dig hole in top of cylinder.
7. Heat up metal, pour in hole.
8. Let dry. Dig out.

You have your ring! (or whatever)

Mike Webster, 10  
Curiosity Shop School  
San Mateo, California

## CROSSWORD PUZZLE

## ACROSS

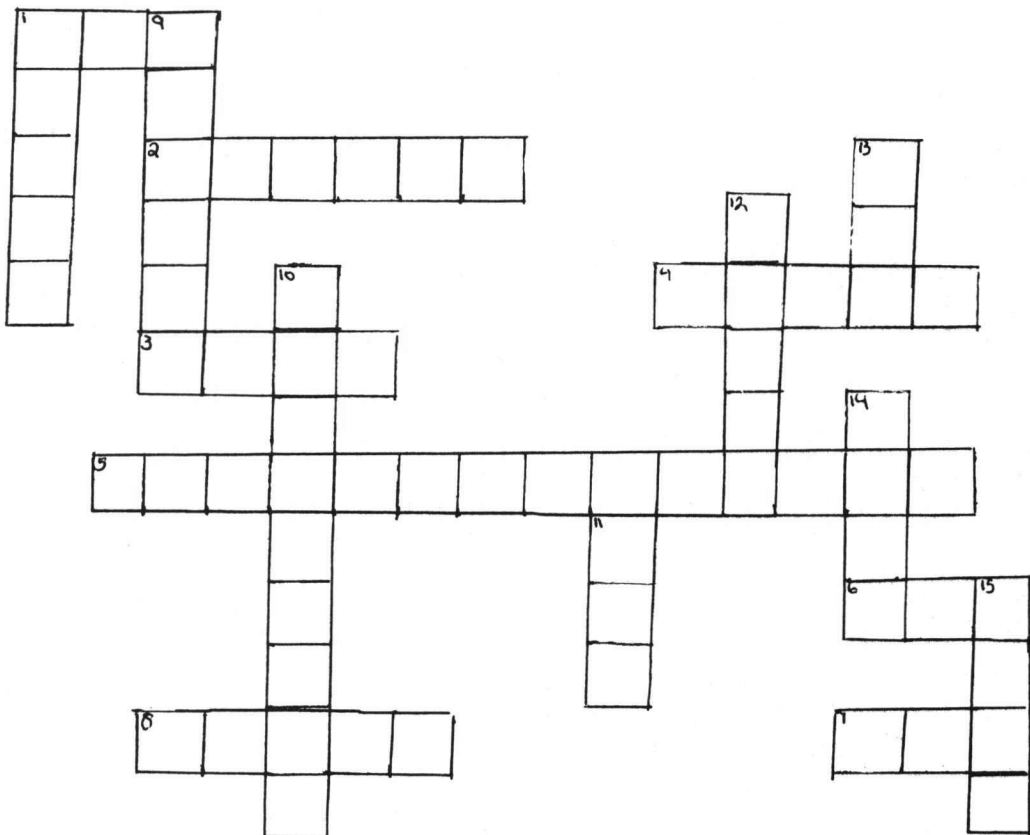
1. There are 24 hours in one
2. Small
3. There are 7 days in one
4. This ladies husband has died
5. Opposite of division
6. Opposite of women
7. This is a small green vegetable that grows in a pod
8. Most men do this everyday to prevent growing beards

## DOWN

1. There are 12 in one
9. Colour of the sun
10. The day before to-day
11. Short form of cannot
12. Root word of visitor
13. The sound cows make
14. Bed \_\_\_\_\_ or Bath \_\_\_\_\_
15. Tidy \_\_\_\_\_

*Sue Hopkins, 12  
Toronto, Ontario  
Canada*

*(answers on page 76)*





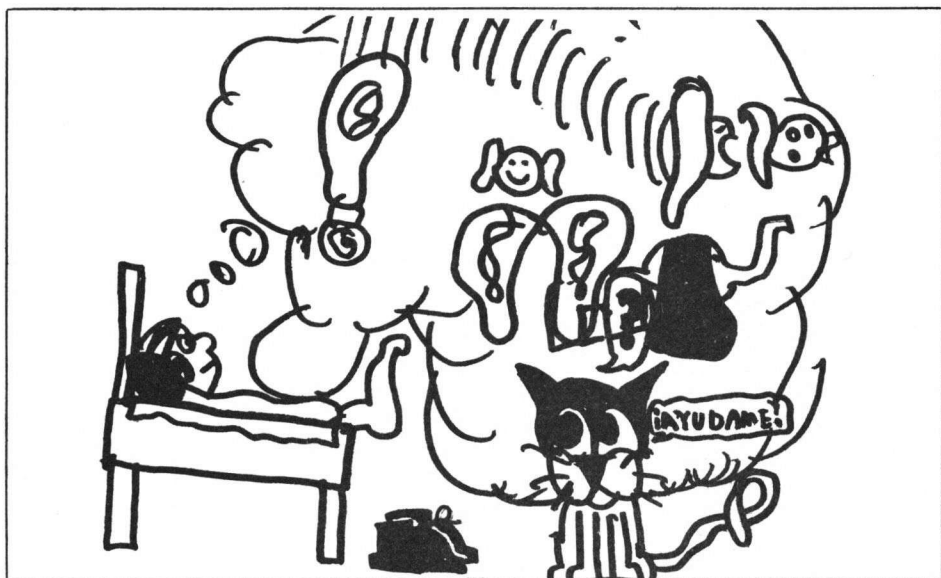
Darryl Reveaux, 11

## EARS

Ears are to hear with and to listen with. They are important in the body but not only that. Because there are more important things in the body, like the eyes. I am glad I am not an ear because the only thing I could do was hear.

Ears are something like sea shells. Ears are like potato chips. There is something I hate about ears. Because when my ear hurts, I get a horrible pain, like if a cockroach got in your ear and started moving around. In the middle of the night when everybody's asleep, the ear listens to the silence. The silence says to the ear, "Go to sleep," and the ear becomes invisible like the heart.

*Lucy Rosa  
Teachers & Writers Collaborative  
New York City*



## OREJAS

Orejas son para oír y para escuchar. Son importantes en el cuerpo pero no nomas eso. Porque hay cosas mas importantes en el cuerpo, como los ojos. Que bueno que no soy una oreja porque la unica cosa que pudiera hacer seria oír.

Orejas son algo como conchas del mar. Orejas son como potato chips, Hay algo que desperecio de siento un horrible dolor, como si una cucaracha se metiera en mi oreja y comensara a moverse al rede-dor. A media noche cuando todos estan dormidos, la oreja, escucha al silencio, El silencio le dice a la oreja, "Vete a dormir," y la oreja se vuelve invisible como el corazon.

*Lucy Rosa  
Nueva York*

*translated by Jacinto Gardea*

## NIGHT STORY: THE SUN

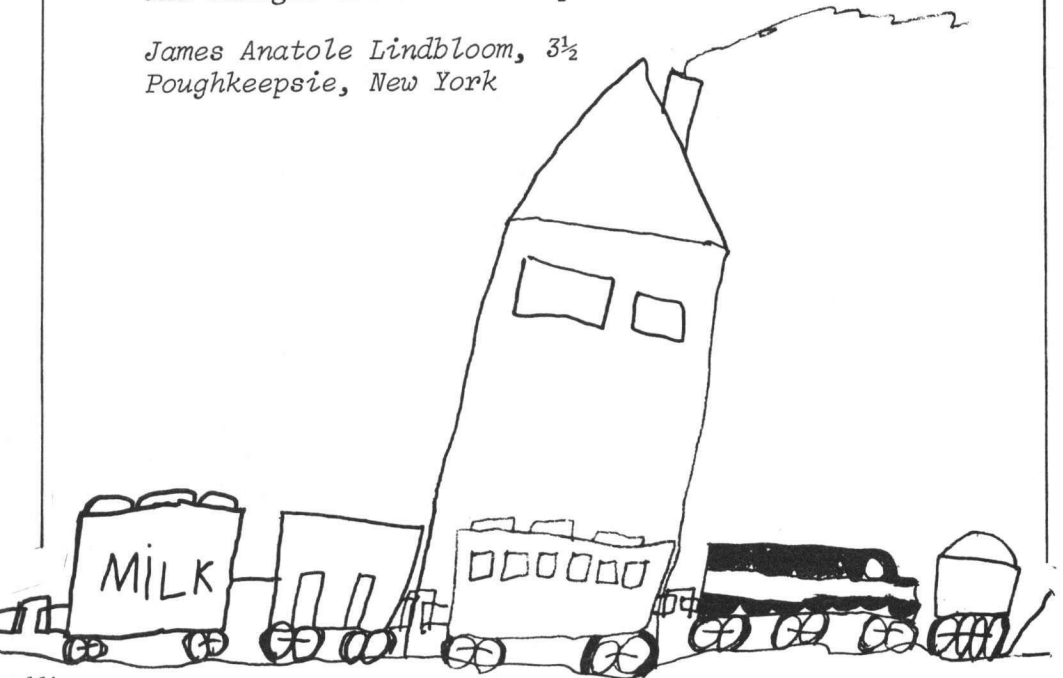
He find train and he got in it  
and he eat some orange pie,  
goes to Lapland  
and he goes to Elle Kari's house

he ate some orange pie  
he have paper towels  
wipe his face  
ate some crusty pies  
wiped his face

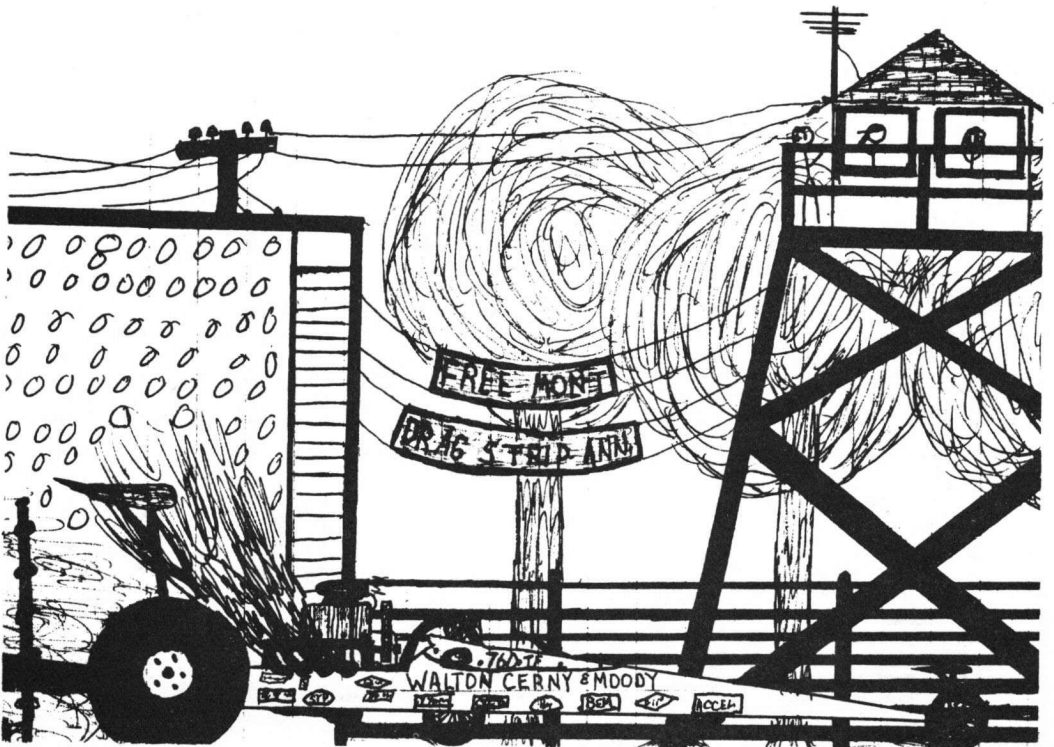
went down the ground  
the morning make the sun  
and the orange pie again

what he did next  
he did playing cards  
he cried  
and went up in the sky  
and died and the moon came out  
and the sun came back  
and changed the moon's diaper

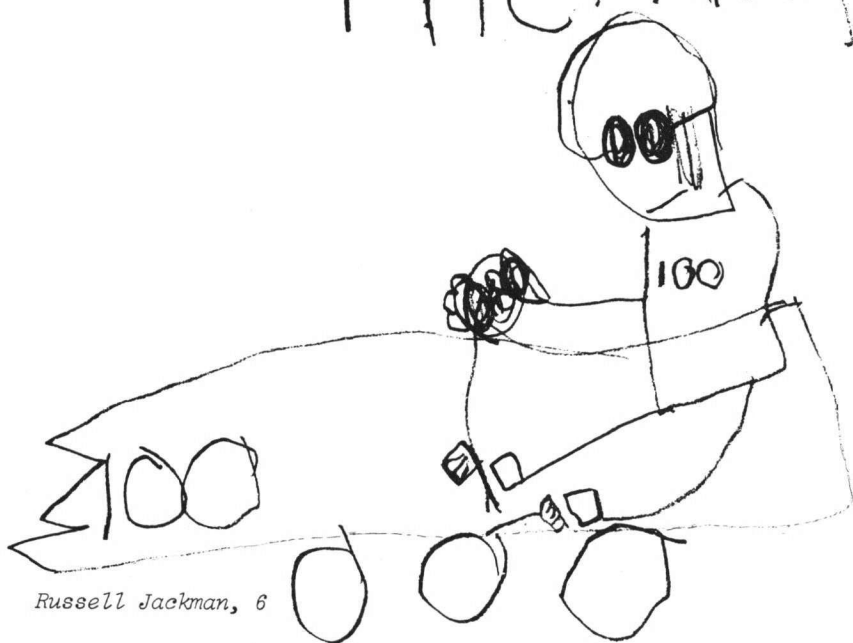
*James Anatole Lindbloom, 3½  
Poughkeepsie, New York*



# FUTURE RACING CARS



# The ACEY.



Russell Jackman, 6



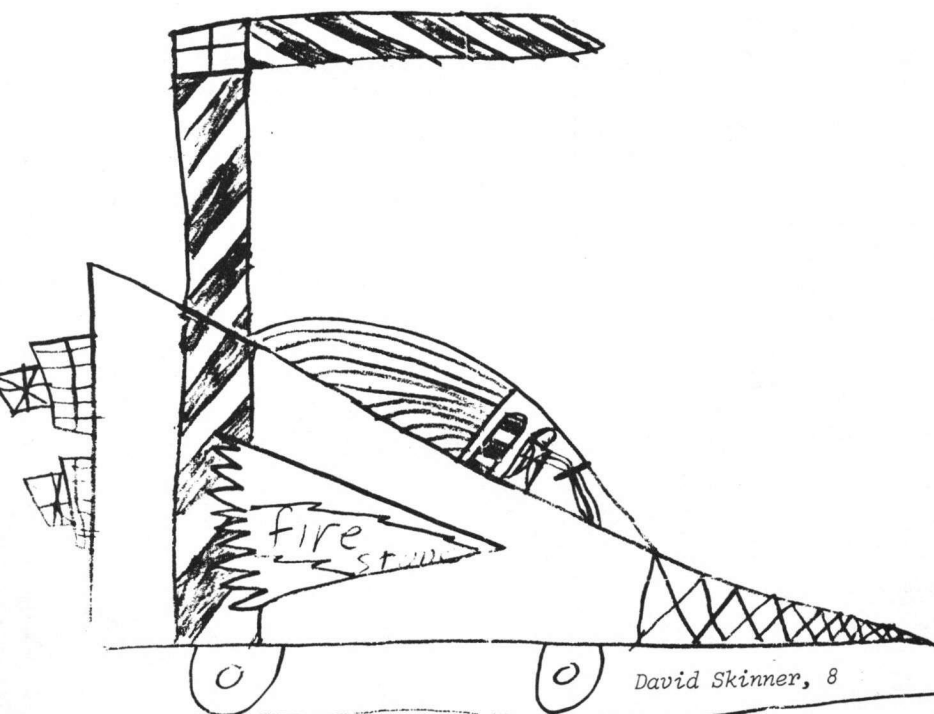
Regina Junior High  
Newfoundland, Canada





## FAT WHEEL

*Regina Junior High  
Newfoundland, Canada*



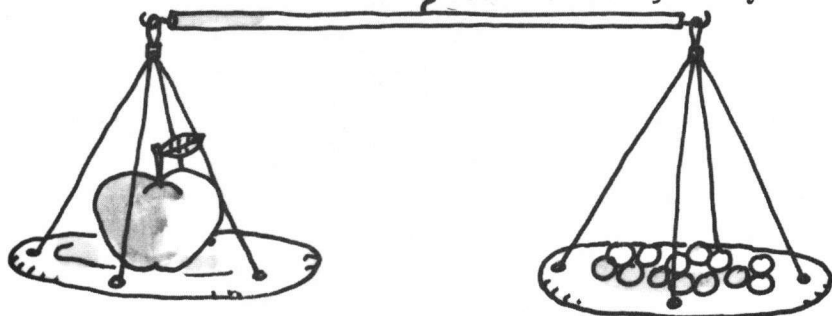
*David Skinner, 8*

## A BOOK REVIEW

WEIGHING AND BALANCING, A "Young Math Book" by Jane Jonas Srivastava, pictures by Alik; Thomas Y. Crowell Company: New York, 1972; \$.95.

I think WEIGHING AND BALANCING was a very interesting book. I tried to make the scale that had two paper plates and string, it didn't turn out great but it turned out pretty good anyway. It was a very good book.

Bill Solomon, 9  
San Francisco, California



Bright, attractive, inexpensive, colorful paperback book which explains weighing and balancing. Teachers and parents of young children, 3 to 5 year olds, would find this full of suggestions and ideas to present to their charges. Seven, eight and nine-year olds would be able to read and follow directions through the words and pictures in this book.

The illustrations on how to balance things - through making a mobile, holding things in your hands with your eyes closed, building a seesaw, a balance scale, are excellent.

The author suggests that the child go out and discover all the places weighing machines can be found - a real adventure for the young/old child to do alone- with family or with classmates. Delightful book.

Estelle Kramer, Director  
Center for Early Childhood Education  
Los Angeles, California

The book **WEIGHING AND BALANCING** by Jane Jonas Srivastava and illustrated by Alikı Brandenburg was really a good book. It has thirty-three really colorful pages all on weighing and balancing. There was one part in the book which I don't think is very easy to understand. It's the part on standard weight. I think the kilogram should be explained better. I had to read it over and over again before I had an idea how to do it. In the pictures of the super market all I saw were mothers. I think fathers should be able to shop too. I'd say that the age group would be ages 7-11. I liked writing about this book and would like to do more, so please send me more!

*Diane Wortis, 10  
Cambridge, Massachusetts*





KEVIN CARROLL

## HAIKU POETRY

Hummingbirds hum songs  
Woodpeckers peck at trees  
But bluejays just fly.

*John Cristopher, 9*

Chupaflores zumban canciones  
Picapostes picotean los arboles  
Pero los azulejos nomas vuelan.

*John (Juan) Christopher*

*translated by Jacinto Gardea*

I once had a bird  
His name was Cottonyellow  
He took off on me.

*Ernest McIntyre, 9*

## DISCOVERING OUR WORLD NEIGHBORS

*A Sixth Grade Geography Book (exerpts)*

BY: *Marianne Ettisch, Peter Ortiz, Jason Brill,  
Victoria Larkin, Howard Taikoff, Dina Venezia*

A class project sponsored by the *Teachers & Writers Collaborative, I.S. 70, New York City*



*Allison Clough*

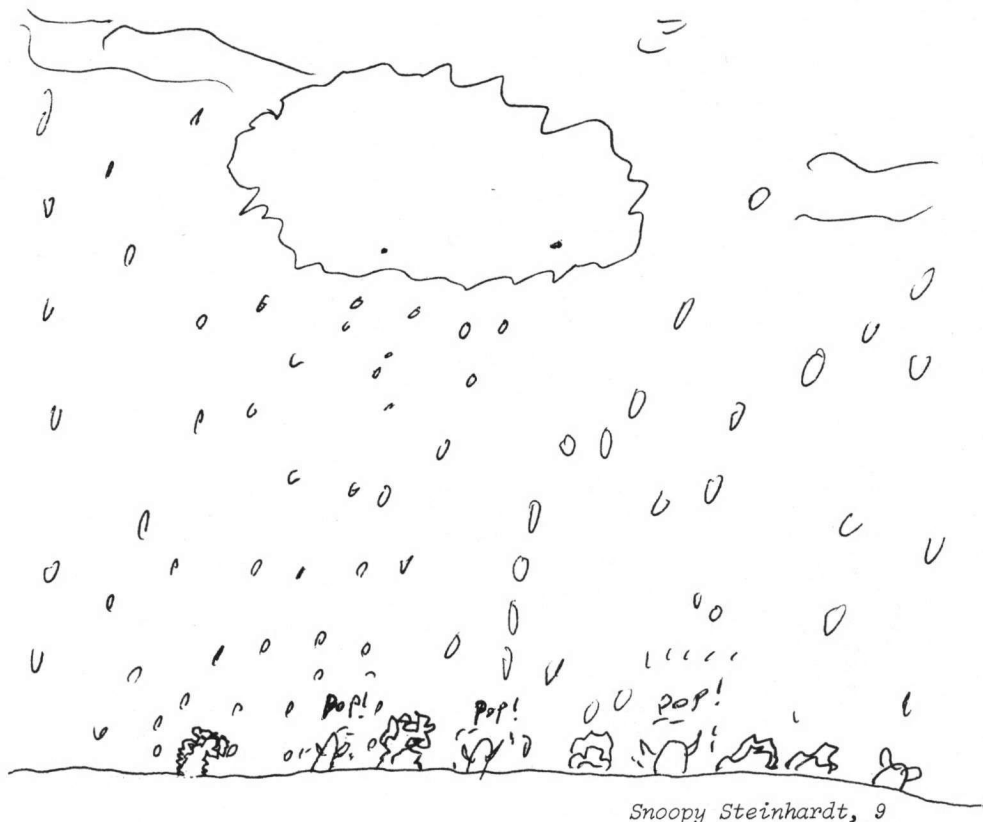
### THE LAND OF WITHERSHINS

#### The Great Fissenless Frample

In the western half of Withershins there is a desert called The Great Fissenless Frample. The climate in the following parts of The Great Fissenless Frample:

- North - 350 degrees F.
- South - 375 degrees below 0
- East - 40 degrees F.
- West - 875 degrees F.

Sometimes it rains in The Great Fissenless Frample. Sometimes it rains with special chemicals. One day a week it rains to help the crouchies grow, then another day to help the quaichies grow.



*Snoopy Steinhardt, 9*

Crouchies are ugly little things which are delicious when you cover them with breadcrumbs and boil them in cold water. They can't grow unless it rains a certain chemical. The chemical, as it approaches the crouchies, it makes them sprout out seeds. The seeds then dig into the ground and grow within one day.

When it rains a certain chemical the quaichies all pop out of the ground and land in the main plant. The plant then grows. The quaichies are delicious when you boil them in hot water and then roll them in mud.

## Lakes

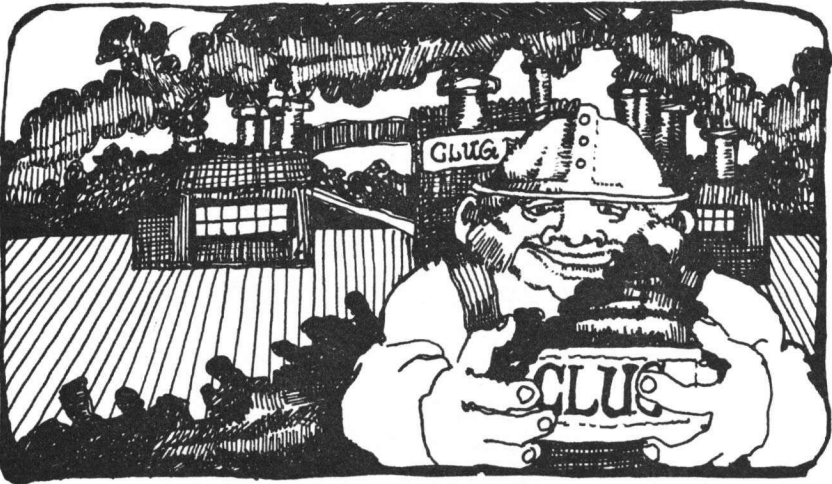
There is a lake in Withershins called the Curmurring Caber. The temperature is approximately 850°F. The water is yellow, orange, and red and always looks like it's on fire. In the water live Ettles which are red, yellow, and orange. They feed on little plants on the bottom of the 350 foot lake.

## Mountains

The Gawsey Geks are the biggest mountains in Withershins. They range in sizes from 2 feet to 4 feet. At the top they are 450° below 0 and at the bottom they are 449°F. The Gawsey Geks are in the middle of Withershins and surround the Curmurring Caber.

The Great Fissenless Frample,  
Lakes, and Mountains

*Dina Venezia*



## Industry in Withershins

*Allison Clough*

There are clug factories that make lots of clug and when they burn it, it turns to clugier. The main branch that makes clug is Clugfuffle. The manager is Cugclear Clufman. You find clug in the ground. You drill for it. The clug factories make low lead clug. They sell it at Clesso.

*Howard Taikoff*



### Religion in Withershins

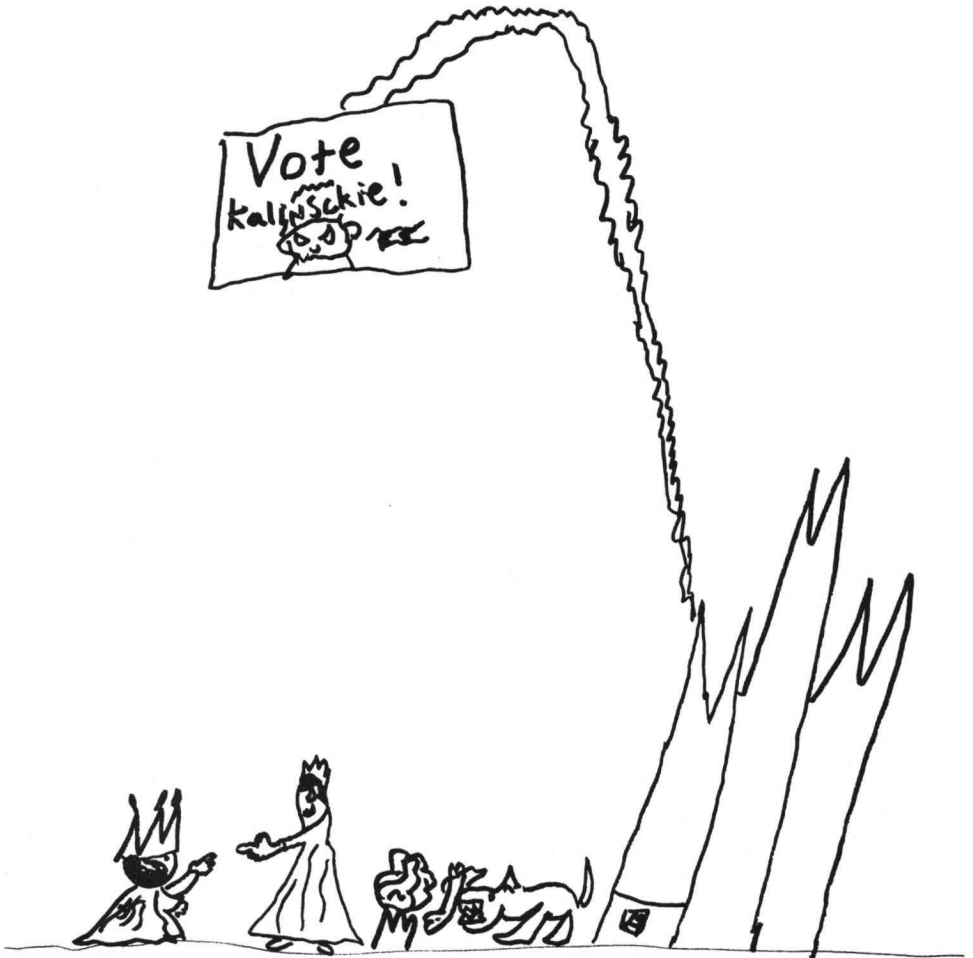
The religion in Withershins is Betrusminy. This is a prejudice.

*Randy Besman*

### The Government of Withershins

Withershins has 24 Kings and they are very good enemies. The people are always voting for the bad king. The king lives in the royal dungeon. The capitol is Zillabony. Every year they kill the king then they give the dog the bones.

*Peter Ortiz*



*Snoopy Steinhardt, 9*

## HOW WELL DID YOU READ?

Question: Who made the first Grushie?

Answer: Withershins Garguffle.

Question: Who discovered Smedderdumm?

Answer: Vivers Wooerbab.

Question: What is the history of Withershins?

Answer: In the beginning there were slicklestomp  
ernickerstolings and then the present...

Question: Who griblinked the first octupucle?

Answer: Lillier Trasidone in 30.D.

## ON YOUR OWN

1. Get 27 Braxy's and Balloot them. For extra credit write a report on how the Withershinians manufacture them.
2. Go buy some dunsh and give it to your friends. Tell them that it tastes better in Withershins and then sell the rest and go to Withershins.

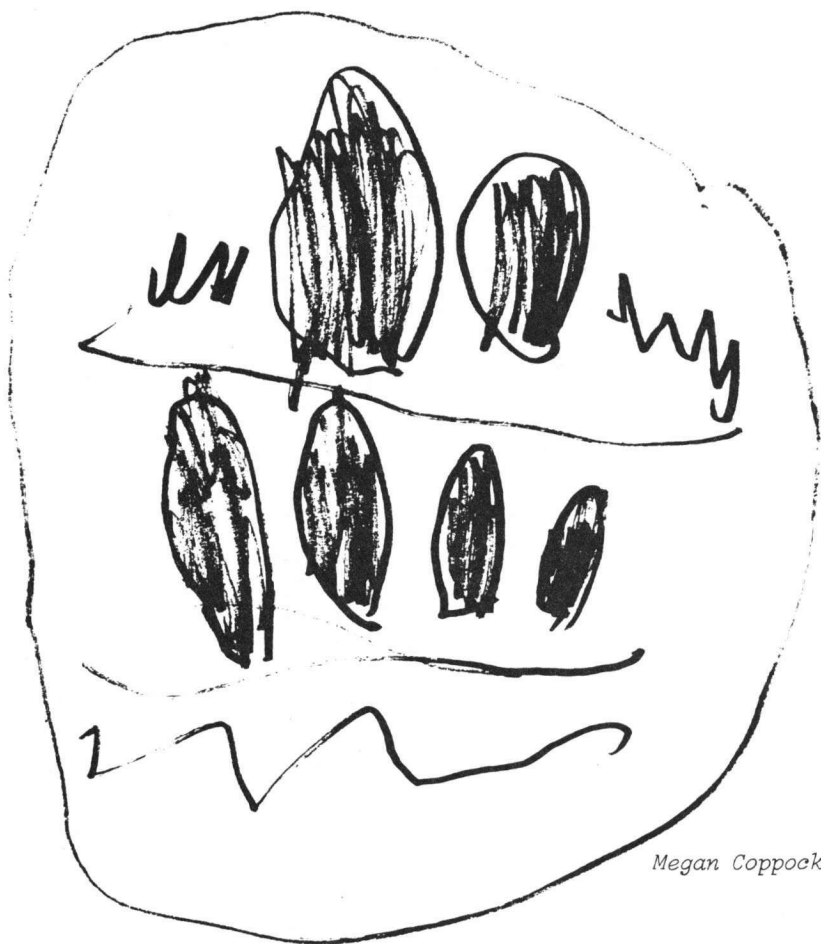
Here are the answers to the crossword puzzle on page 61. ACROSS: 1. day; 2. little; 3. week; 4. widow; 5. multiplication; 6. men; 7. pea; 8. shave. DOWN: 1. dozen; 9. yellow; 10. yesterday; 11. can't; 12. visit; 13. moo; 14. room; 15. neat.

# KING KONG

77



*Jennifer Simmons, 7*



*Megan Coppock, 3*

1973

I like 1973. It was fun and me and my sister were doing a famous kind of art. We did lots of it.

*Marc Pitters, 7  
Yerba Buena School  
Agoura, California*

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There were several mistakes in the last issue which cannot go uncorrected.

"Monster Tastes a Puerto Rican Dish" was written by Lillian Rodriguez of New York City when she was nine. The book review on page 68 was by Kristen Seanson, age eleven, from Aptos, California. The correct title for the poem on page 63 is "Whimpering Willow." It was written by Paul Spring. "Sing a Song," page 36, was written by Benjamin Gorman. Paul and Benjamin are both nine and both from Shaker Heights, Ohio.

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