

# Books for Young People



**C**HILDREN'S reading continues to be a topic of consuming concern to parents and teachers alike, leading to the proposal of many kinds of devices intended to improve and encourage it. One such device, and a good one, is a program in family reading conducted by a large industrial concern (*Harper's*, December 1956). Here books were made available to employees with an invitation to take them home and read them with their children. The only inducement that boys and girls need to read widely for pleasure and

for learning is a large, carefully selected collection of books easily accessible, with someone who knows books and children at hand for guidance. If the school library, the public library children's room, the bookmobile, and the home have enough good books, the children will read.

Reviewers for this issue: Della McGregor, Chief, Youth Services, St. Paul, Minn., Public Library; Alice Brooks McGuire, Librarian, Casis Elementary School, Austin, Texas; Lucile W. Raley, Consultant in Library Service, Waco, Texas, Independent Schools; Elizabeth Williams, Supervisor, Library and Textbook Section, Los Angeles, Calif., Board of Education.

—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN, Coordinator,

Children's Services, The New York Public Library.

**WHISTLE FOR THE TRAIN.** By Golden MacDonald. Illustrated by Leonard Weisgard. Doubleday. \$2.50. All trains have a fascination for the three-to-five-year-old, and this one is especially intriguing from the first picture of the long curving track disappearing into the hills to the last tunnel with the train barely visible in the distance. There is suspense as the drawbridge rises, and there is a lesson in safety too, as the busy little train blows its whistle, warning cats and rabbits, cows as well as children to stand back as it goes "clickity, clack down the track."

—ELIZABETH WILLIAMS.

**THE BLUE MOUNTAIN.** By Beth Lewis. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams. Knopf. \$2.25. Excitement abounds from beginning to end in this warm, appealing Irish fairy tale. The search for Prince Desmond's wife by his father, the good king, and his counselors is positively frightening. For, you see, the young prince loves a gentle princess of his own choosing. But, never you fear. To his rescue come the "wee folk" on Blue Mountain. They help solve the dilemma and bring about a happy ending.

Numerous detailed, fragile, fairy-like illustrations placed at strategic points make this fairy tale all the more intriguing.

—LUCILE W. RALEY.

**THE PINK HAT.** By Velma Ilsley. Lippincott. \$2. The underlying theme of this charming little book is, "Pride goeth before a fall," but the more obvious precept is the oft-heard admonish-

ment, "Pick up your things!" Penelope, following her customary practice, left her lovely pink hat on the floor and went out to play.

What happened while she was away

Was very clear to Penelope.  
The hat was gone! A B C  
(rabbits)

Beside the satin ribbon slept.  
Penelope wept!

And of course becomes a wiser (but not sadder) child. Velma Ilsley's first book, with its whimsical childlike illustrations and gay little verses, gives promise of more good things to come.

—ALICE BROOKS MCGUIRE.

**THE LOST POND.** By Marguerite Fellows Melcher. Frontispiece by Paul Lantz. Viking. \$2.50. This is a nostalgic story of leisurely summer vacations spent by the author on her grandfather's farm in the New Hampshire mountains. The activities best remembered revolve about Pauline, who has just turned fifteen. While timidly probing

and testing her desire for personal independence and acceptance as an individual in the family circle, she discovers that greater freedom of action also brings with it greater personal responsibility. This story of the gradual flowering of a young girl at the turn of the century is told with fine integrity, grace, and charm.

Since fifteen-year-old girls of today no longer lead the sheltered lives they once did, Pauline's story, and the inclusion of a mystery surrounding Lost Pond, will probably find a wider circle of readers in the twelve-to-thirteen age bracket.

—DELLA MCGREGOR.

**SECRET FRIEND.** By Neta Lohnes Frazier. Illustrated by Henrietta Jones Moon. Longmans, Green. \$2.75. Girls under twelve will enjoy this new story about Rhoda Sperry, her family, and her friends. Rhoda's need for a close friend with whom to share secrets and daily experiences is one common to many girls at this age. The story is told with sympathetic understanding and practical realism. Rhoda puts aside giggling older sisters, self-sufficient brothers, and designing classmates when Miss Purvis, an understanding teacher, and Danny, a newly acquired boy friend, convince her of her own talents. Then she finds within herself contentment and happiness.

Black-and-white illustrations are adapted to the text. —L. W. R.

**THE HOUSE OF SIXTY FATHERS.** By Meindert DeJong. Pictures by Maurice Sendak. Harper. \$2.50. From an experience Mr. DeJong had while serving with Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force of World War II fame, he has made a stark and moving story of a little Chinese boy, separated from his family, and his incredible escape from Japanese-held territory. This harrowing tale, compounded of Tien Pao's terror and courage, despair and endurance, of Chinese guerrillas and their resourcefulness, of air battles high over the mountains, and of the little pig Glory-of-the-Republic, all end happily. The little boy was adopted by an American bomber unit and



"... a wiser (but not sadder) child."

—From "The Pink Hat."



—From "Rocks and Minerals."

Cinder cone formed by volcanic eruptions—"... violent action."

eventually becomes reunited with his family.

Mr. Sendak's pictures and the style of the narrative give universality to this story of a child caught by the relentlessness of war.  
—F. L. S.

**SABRE PILOT.** By Stephen W. Meader. Illustrated by John Polgreen. Harcourt, Brace. \$2.75. Aviation is a new subject for Mr. Meader, who with his usual skill has built this fast-moving, exciting story around experiences of Kirk Owen, a boy of seventeen. Action begins when this stalwart young American turns from hot-rod racing to enlist in the Air Force during the Korean War. His experiences in becoming a "sabre pilot" and in actual combat duty will thrill young teenage boys and those older. There are vocational possibilities too. Threads of romance running through the plot add color and interest, plus special appeal for girls. Black-and-white illustrations are worthily done.  
—L. W. R.

**PADEREWSKI.** By Charlotte Kellog. Viking. \$3.50. This is both a timely and very moving biography of a great patriot, a distinguished composer, and a man loved and respected in many parts of the world. The episodes pertaining to the history of Poland have been carefully documented. The warmth of Mrs. Kellog's presentation is due largely to her many years of service as a Polish relief worker.

Because of the diversity of Paderewski's interests, and the tensions of his era, the character of the biography is of necessity complex, but only in the sense that the development of a theme in a well-knit symphony is complex. This compact, well-integrated, tragic account of Paderewski's struggle for Poland's liberation leaves one with much the same upsurge of feeling one experiences following a performance of Sibelius's "Finlandia."  
—D. McG.

**ROCKS AND MINERALS AND THE STORY THEY TELL.** By Robert Irving. Illustrated by Ida Scheib and with photo-

graphs. Knopf. \$2.75. Emphasis on science in the school curriculum will bring this interesting book into focus for parents, teachers, librarians, and boys and girls of upper elementary grade levels. Stories about the formation of mountains, continents, and oceans; volcanoes as scenes of violent action in rocks; hiding places in rocks for gold, silver, diamonds, and rubies, as well as iron, coal, uranium, and thorium, have real human interest. The last chapter tells how to start a rock collection. Numerous black-and-white drawings and photographic illustrations explain the text. An added feature is an index at the end of book.  
—L. W. R.

**THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF ARCHAEOLOGY.** By Ronald Jessup. Art by Norman Battershill and Kenneth Symonds. Diagrams by Isotype Institute. Garden City. \$2.95. Readers of all ages will be pleased that another title has been added to the "Wonderful World" series. Ronald Jessup, practical excavator and skilled writer, tells how archeologists have solved the world's most baffling jig-saw puzzle, the history of man's past. Historical events, told in legendary form and in chronological sequence, give credit to all members of the great exploration team—amateur collectors of Ur, primitive hunters, Biblical kings and leaders, ancient artists, merchants, atomic scientists, and flying photographers.

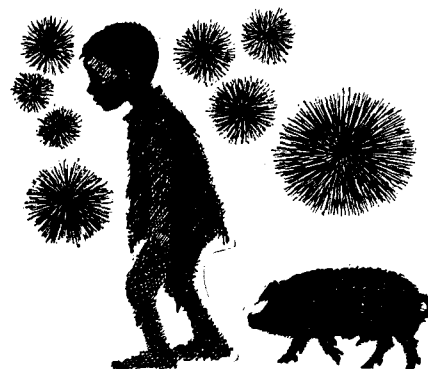
Over 250 full-color paintings, maps, photographs, and diagrams add action and understanding to the readable, accurate text.  
—L. W. R.

**TIME FOR THE STARS.** By Robert A. Heinlein. Scribner's. \$2.75. Hundreds of years in the future, when exploration of our space extends beyond radio waves, the Long Range Foundation uses twins skilled in mental telepathy as communicators on an expedition to the stars. Tony, who goes on the torchship, remains ageless, while earthbound Pat becomes an old man. With his usual mixture of fact and fancy, Robert Heinlein tells a

plausible story that moves quickly. Epidemics and attacks by strange creatures kill most of the crew and lead to a near mutiny. Grimmer than most of the author's books, this one will be read with interest by harder high school space fans.  
—E. W.

**THE STRANGER.** By Stella Weaver. Illustrated by Genevieve Vaughan-Jackson. Pantheon Books. \$2.75. The mysticism and beauty of the green countryside of Ireland is pictured here as Edmund and his sister Emily search for the mystery surrounding the childhood home of their father. Their adventures with the perils of rivers and steep cliffs in the wild mountains are vividly described as they lose their way seeking to solve the secret of *Donarink*, the old estate which Edmund has inherited. They are guided by the "stranger" who personifies an angel manifesting himself as a guardian spirit to guide them in distress. Teen-age readers will enjoy this sensitive story of the Irish people and their way of life.  
—E. W.

**THAT JONES GIRL.** By Elizabeth Hamilton Frierwood. Doubleday. \$2.75. The last year of World War I is the background for this high school story, which will have the same reality for girls as one set in the present year. Plain Lizzie Lou, struggling with lack of confidence, indulges in self-pity and day-dreaming over Theda Bara movies. When Aunt Lou, a Broadway actress, comes to recuperate from an influenza attack, Lizzie Lou discovers the difference between a genuine personality and movie glamor. The gaiety and charm of the actress infect the somber household and make the Jones girl into a believable social success. The year 1918 is brought vividly to life with bond rallies, meatless days, and popular songs—all a part of our near past which up to now has been neglected in young people's fiction.  
—E. W.



—From "The House of Sixty Fathers."

"... stark and moving."

# American Society

Continued from page 14

other suburbia—that they approach absurdity.

When the rampaging Mr. Keats speaks of psychological and financial problems he cavalierly fails to mention that these are not monopolized by any means by the development suburbanite, a fact made plain recently in A. C. Spector'sky's bristling dissection of that gilded species "The Exurbanites," and William H. Whyte Jr.'s report on our nation's middle class represented by "The Organization Man."

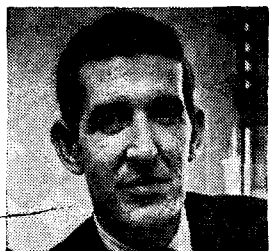
One of the few telling points in Keats's negative recital seems to be

the charge that the mass-produced development has a deadly sameness of appearance, a "homogeneous, postwar Hell." Again, suburbia, like other sectors, has its share of architectural monstrosities. You will find that over the years the face of a development changes in degree to the ingenuity of the homeowner in making the exterior and interior of his house look tastefully different from that of his neighbor. A good deal of individuality is at play here.

In a final convulsion of disgust with developments Keats suggests that "some business firm . . . gobble them up and put them on a rental basis." It is hard for me to see what this would accomplish other than destroy my and other suburbanites' advantage and pride in being our own landlords, our

active participation in civic affairs to improve community life, and the deep satisfaction in shaping up grounds and home with our hands.

Up to a point it is amusing to watch the widening of "The Crack in the Picture Window," but when Keats wields a verbal sledge hammer to wreck the living room, kitchen, and even the bedroom, he lapses into irresponsibility. Perhaps his inability to strike roots—he claims to have wandered about the forty-eight states—accounts for his jaundiced view of the suburbanite's healthy permanence. Though he is a remote relation to the English poet John Keats, he is even more remote in his understanding of the "poetic" and material rewards—despite inevitable frictions and growing pains—that suburbia has to offer.



## The Organization World of William H. Whyte, Jr.

*A Review of "The Organization Man,"  
by Gilbert Seldes*

**I** DO NOT know in what terms to make my admiration of "The Organization Man" persuasive to the reader of a review. I read the book before I knew I would be writing about it, read it with sheer pleasure in following a close argument on an absorbing subject, cleanly and clearly written, documented without pedantry, witty and shocking and full of illuminating details. Having long escaped the satisfactions and intrigues of working for an organization, I kept feeling that this book told me something I should have known—I had experienced something I didn't understand. The book is a revelation—and it is about a revolution.

The revolution is against the individual, particularly against those whom *Time* once named "the free-wheeling s.o.b.s." Here is the story of the great migration of Americans, not from the farm to the city, not from the laboring to the service jobs, but from independence to organization as the basic mode of existence.

The second rule of reviewing is not to review a book by quarreling with what another reviewer said. I propose to violate this rule since I have obeyed the first one—I've read the book. A few weeks ago Miss Dawn Powell, a

witty novelist and usually a perceptive person, wrote of it, in the *New York Post*, as if Mr. Whyte were defending what he is actually describing. She called the author "Univac Whyte" and said he "would like to have you think that some of the time his tongue is in his cheek. But it isn't. It's right there lapping up the saucer."

Let's see. Mr. Whyte is describing "the dominant members of our society . . . their values will set the American temper." These people accept what Whyte calls a Social Ethic (as against the Protestant Ethic of individual salvation through work, thrift, and competition). This Social Ethic has three major propositions: "a belief in the group as the source of creativity; a belief in 'belongingness' as the ultimate need of the individual; and a belief in the application of science to achieve the belongingness."

His study has a section on the Organization Scientist, beginning with "the Fight Against Genius" in which we discover not only that only 4 per cent of all the money (government, industry, and universities) spent on research is allotted to the section called "pure," but that of the 235 top scientists in the country only four are in industry. With the honorable exceptions of Bell Laboratories and General Electric no industrial research is manned by top people and "chemists could think of only one new chemical

reaction discovered by an American chemical company during the last fifteen years."

Of the Social Ethic which produces such results, and similar ones in wholesaling and education and living generally, Whyte has this to say in summing up: it is redundant, it is premature, it is delusory, it is self-destructive. What he doesn't say is that there is no good in it and no hope to transform it. His job is to make us aware of what's going on.

One of the things going on is the system of recruiting organization men and one of its weapons is personality measurement. Whyte had a lot of fun with tests and filing systems and Activity Vector Analysts. If you want to work for Sears, Roebuck you would cheat by pretending to be obtuse in esthetic and cultural matters, since "there is evidence that such interests are detrimental to success."

The book is full of things like this—with shrewd glances into the suburbia inhabited by the organization man and sidelights on religion and education, fiction and the movies. They are all cool and shrewd.

How could anyone imagine that Mr. Whyte—except for the fact that he works for a big organization—really admires the life which the organization man must lead? I think I know the answer. This book is in the same area as C. Wright Mills's "The Power Elite," a much abused but excellent work in itself. Unlike "The Power Elite" it hands the material and the utensils over to you and lets you churn up your own indignation. It tells you why people succumb to the organization life and lets you pity or scorn them, as you will. It doesn't try to organize *you*. And is, in my mind, all the better for it. It's our turn to think, now. And to think fast.