

## Books For Young People



—“Fireworks for Windy Foot.”

**E**ACH YEAR we look forward to the announcement of the Newbery and Caldecott awards. On March 4 in the office of Frederic Melcher, president of R. R. Bowker Co. and donor of the awards, Mrs. Charlemae Rollins, children's librarian of the Chicago Public Library and, as vice-president of the Children's Library Association, chairman of the Awards committee, announced this year's winners. The Newbery Medal was given to Virginia Sorensen for her “Miracles on Maple Hill,” illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush (Harcourt, Brace) and the Caldecott Medal to Marc Simont for his illustrations for “A Tree Is Nice,” by Janice Udry (Harper). Runners-up for the Newbery Medal were “Old Yeller,” by Fred Gipson (Harper), “House of Sixty Fathers,” by Meindert De Jong (Harper), “Mr. Justice Holmes,” by Clara Ingram Judson (Follett), “The Corn Grows Ripe,” by Dorothy Rhoads (Viking), and “Black Fox of Lorne,” by Marguerite De Angeli (Doubleday). Runners-up for the Caldecott Medal were “Mr. Penny's Race Horse,” by Marie Hall Ets (Viking), “1 is One,” by Tasha Tudor (Oxford), “Anatole,” illustrated by Paul Galdone, written by Eve Titus (Whittlesey House), “Gillespie and the Guards,” illustrated by James Daugherty, written by Benjamin Elkin (Viking), and “Lion,” by William Pene DuBois (Viking).

Reviewers for this issue: Augusta Baker, Storytelling Specialist, Office of Children's Services, The New York Public Library; Ruth Gagliardo, Director, Traveling Exhibits, Kansas State Teachers Association; Elizabeth Nesbitt, Associate Dean, Library School, Carnegie Institute of Technology; Alice Lohrer, Assistant Professor, Library School, University of Illinois; and Elizabeth Williams, Supervisor, Library and Textbook Section, Los Angeles, Cal., Board of Education.—FRANCES LANDER SPAIN, Coordinator, Children's Services, The New York Public Library.

**THE STORY OF THE “OLD COLONY” OF NEW PLYMOUTH.** By Samuel Eliot Morison. Illustrated by Charles H. Overly. Knopf. \$3.50. With Mayflower II soon to sail again, “Old Colony of New Plymouth” by the distinguished historian Samuel Eliot Morison is most timely. Morison's style is so spirited, his presentation so refreshing that readers of twelve years and up will read his book with real enjoyment. Here are no “souped-up stories of fictionalized Pilgrims in plug hats.” Instead the author pictures them as the stanch and lovable people careful research has shown them to be and he carries them through to 1692 when the colony was absorbed by Massachusetts. More history like this and it would be no chore at all to “read one good serious book of history every year” as Dorothy Canfield Fisher urged upon her listeners at a college commencement years ago. “If you don't,” she added, “you won't be worth educating.” [EDITOR'S NOTE: This book was recently given the Thomas A. Edison award for the children's book of 1956 which best portrays America's past.] —RUTH GAGLIARDO.

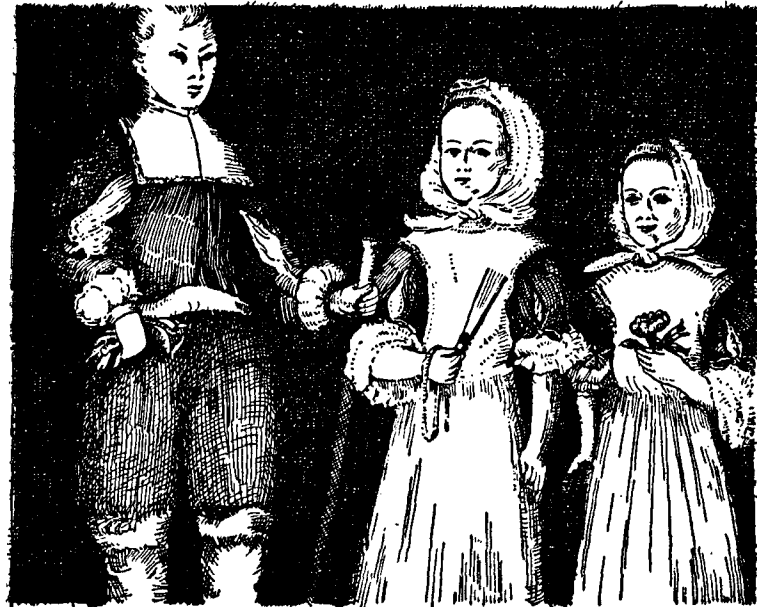
**FAMOUS DANCERS.** By Jane Muir. Illustrated with photographs. Dodd, Mead. \$3. The lives of eleven outstanding dancers are presented here in an in-

formal, chatty style enlivened by many anecdotes. The book opens with Stockholm-born Taglioni, the first ballet dancer to go up on her toes, and closes with Maria Tallchief, the greatest living American ballerina, daughter of Alexander Joseph Tall Chief of Fairfax, Oklahoma. All but two of the eleven are ballet dancers, the excep-

tions being Isadora Duncan and Martha Graham. Especially valuable are the discussions of the contributions made to the dance by Duncan, Graham, and DeMille. The book is very well written, and is good ballet appreciation for the junior and senior high school student of the dance and indeed for all who love the art. —R. G.

**THE LITTLE ELEPHANT.** By Arthur Gregor. Photographs by Ylla. Harper. \$2.50. On her ill-fated last trip to India in 1955, Ylla, one of the foremost photographers of animals in our time, made some remarkable studies of a baby elephant. These photographs have now been made into a charming sequence by Arthur Gregor, who tells the story of Japu the baby elephant. Japu dreamed he was asked to lead the King's parade. But Japu was little. Japu was not strong and great like his father who walked like a king in the King's parade. The photographs showing how Japu made his dream come true will enchant grown-ups as well as children, and animal lovers and photographers whatever their age. —R. G.

**THE HAPPY LION ROARS.** By Louise Fatio. Pictures by Roger Duvoisin. Whittlesey House. \$2. The Happy Lion was sad and lonesome because he lived alone. One day a small traveling circus stopped by and the Happy Lion saw for the first time the Beautiful Lioness. Each was at once delighted with the other, and late in the night the Beautiful Lioness slipped away into the Happy Lion's house at the zoo. Such a to-do there was looking for the Beautiful Lioness, what a roaring when the keeper tried to take her away, and finally what joy when



—From “The Story of the ‘Old Colony’ of New Plymouth.”

“No ‘souped-up stories of fictionalized Pilgrims in plug hats.’”



—From "The First Book of the West Indies."

Underwater swimmers—"rhythm, color, and vibrant life."

the Town Council made arrangements for her to stay! This third book continues, in easy text and humorous drawings in tawny browns and red, the story of the Happy Lion, already a beloved favorite of little children.

—F. L. S.

**ONE IS GOOD BUT TWO ARE BETTER.** By Louis Slobodkin. Vanguard. \$2.50.

One can swing  
Alone in the sun,  
But you need two  
To have more fun.

A fond grandfather, watching his twin grandsons share in their play, has undoubtedly been inspired to put his thoughts in verse and bright, colorful pictures. The result is a lively picture book which will delight the youngest child when he sees his own ideas and activities so well interpreted, for the very youngest knows that "one is good but two are better."

—AUGUSTA BAKER.

**DAVID'S LITTLE INDIAN.** By Margaret Wise Brown. Illustrated by Remy Charlip. Scott. \$2.50. Written shortly before the author's death, this slight story for the youngest children reveals a sensitivity to a child's intense capacity for living each moment and for signaling each day. A little boy finds an Indian, "no bigger than an ear of corn." Together, they grow up, in a world of their own, each day of their lives marked by a single wonder: the day of the first robin, the first trillium, the day of the tall, cool trees, of the white daisies, of the crystal tree, the day when the crocus bloomed. The illustrations in color reflect the book's sense of wonder.

—ELIZABETH NESBITT.

**FIREWORKS FOR WINDY FOOT.** By Frances Frost. Illustrated by Lee Townsend. Whittlesey House. \$2.75. The Clarks are here again—Toby growing up and learning what it means to

walk in someone else's shoes; Johnny still speaking in free verse but big enough now to be Yankee Doodle in the Fourth of July parade; Betsy, one sprained ankle and one broken arm but still going strong; Cliff, the hired man, and Mr. and Mrs. Clark, each kind as ever; and of course all the animals.

One of the most endearing things about the Windy Foot stories is their richness of detail. None of this holds up the action, but it is a deep sense of the country along with rich family living and affection that makes Miss Frost's stories such good reading for eight-to-twelve-year-olds and for family reading aloud.

—R. G.

**THE FIRST BOOK OF THE WEST INDIES.** By Langston Hughes. Pictures by Robert Bruce. Watts. \$1.95. A well-known poet and writer, who knows the islands intimately, has written a lively, well-rounded introduction to the West Indies. He has caught the rhythm, color, and vibrant life which one finds throughout the Caribbean. There is history, geography, and legend within these few pages, along with the Trinidad Carnival and calypso. The end of the book has interesting botanical, biographical, and geographical charts. Robert Bruce has reflected the islands' spirit in two-colored illustrations.

—A. B.

**FOUR WAYS OF BEING HUMAN.** By Gene Lisitzky. Illustrated by C. B. Falls. Viking. \$4.50. A brief review cannot do justice to this informed, humanly interesting, vigorously written introduction to anthropology. The author has selected four primitive tribes living in completely different lands and climates. By vivid description of their ways of life, she excitingly demonstrates the way humankind develops cultures to conquer and utilize environment. The book does more than

this. It also reveals that the culture always adds something more than the merely necessary. "Every useful skill becomes the germ of an art or science." The attractive illustrations are a distinct addition to the book.

—E. N.

**MR. JUSTICE HOLMES.** By Clara Ingram Judson. Illustrated by Robert Todd. Follett. \$3.50. Against a dramatic and eventful period of American history Clara Judson develops the character of Wendell Holmes with warm, human understanding and reality. From his carefree boyhood days in Boston, throughout his life at Harvard University and his military service, his interest in law grows and also his concern that the laws of the land were "out of step with the changing times." With the support and encouragement of his famous father the young Wendell becomes a lawyer, lecturer, author, professor, judge of the State Supreme Court and, finally, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court. His story reads like fiction and will fascinate boys and girls from sixth grade through junior high school.

—ELIZABETH WILLIAMS.

**MYRTLE ALBERTINA'S SECRET.** By Lillian Pohlmann. Illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Coward-McCann. \$2.50. In a California gold-mining town in the 1880s lived a little girl who was always told she could never keep a secret. This simple story for the beginning reader centers around a birthday secret she successfully kept. An element of suspense enters the story when a "high-grader" or gold thief is detected in the Red Dog mine and becomes involved with the keeping of the secret. The story is plausible and is told in a simple style for the average reader. Black-and-white sketches by Erik Blegvad highlight the costumes and scenes of early pioneer days in California.

—ALICE LOHRER.

**MIRACLES ON MAPLE HILL.** By Virginia Sorenson. Illustrated by Beth and Joe Krush. Harcourt Brace. \$2.95. There are books which are not distinguished in plot, character, or writing, but which nevertheless have a positive quality. This is such a book. For the ten-year-old Marly the miracles on Maple Hill are of two kinds. There is the miracle of the changing seasons in the country. There is the miracle of the mental and physical healing of her father, a former prisoner of war. The theme of the contentment of life based on essential rather than artificial standards has been used before, and sometimes with greater distinction. Nevertheless, sincerity gives this story merit.

—E. N.



## Walter's "Magic Flute," Symphony By Kubik

**I**F THERE is anything musical New Yorkers have to be smug about these days, it is the opportunity provided first by the Philharmonic-Symphony and now by the Metropolitan Opera to participate in a large part of the work Bruno Walter has allotted himself for this winter. With the Philharmonic he completed two weeks of memorable effort with a Beethoven program for the Pension Fund (Dame Myra Hess as soloist) and at the Metropolitan he has resumed where he left off last season with the revived "Magic Flute."

It is something of an irony (for a musician of his refinement) that, in conducting Mozart at the Metropolitan, Walter has also been conducting a seminar in musical manners for bright young talents not yet of the maturity his standards merit. This was true of his "Figaro" performances in the early 1940s, when those of later repute were just learning how, and it is in certain crucial areas true in this "Magic Flute." Theodor Uppman is a dream Papageno if the work is going to be sung in English, as it is in this revival, and Jerome Hines a sonorous Sorastro (he managed his mostly static role despite the "inconvenience" of a fractured ankle).

But not even a Walter can make vital artists of those to whom nature denied the gift—which, in this cast, takes in the improved but still tentative Pamina of Lucine Amara (often beautiful in sound, but of no consistent color), the stilted Tamino of Brian Sullivan, and the pinpoint Queen of the Night of Laurel Hurley. With all credit for diligence—even to the extent of dislocating her normal production to fabricate the breadth of sound desirable for the dramatic aspects of the music—Miss Hurley may be said to have just squeaked through.

Nevertheless, Walter showed the equanimity born of long professional suffering by keeping his ear tuned to the Mozartian essence, his eye on the fundamental reason for his presence—the best possible results. There were numerous moments of true exaltation—the overture, many of the ensembles (especially those involving the finely matched trio of "boys" sung by Emilia Cundari, Rosalind Elias, and Margaret Roggero), the choral sequences and those involving Hines, the gay Papageno of Uppman, and the instru-

mental interludes of Act II, in which the solo flute sang with a more eloquent voice than the better-paid principals. This much was all in a high tradition of Mozartian devotion, for which Walter (and, inferentially, Rudolf Bing) may be thanked. Of course, if we had Maria Callas as the Queen of the Night, Richard Tucker as Tamino, and Hilde Gueden as Pamina—no unthinkable thoughts—this would have been a different opera, also a different opera house.

Mildred Allen, an Ohio-born soprano, made her debut as Papagena (the role vacated by Hurley). A small person, with a voice of like dimensions, Miss Allen qualified well in the action of the part. To say that she delivered more than a kind of flustered charm would be premature. The long list of subordinate parts were creditably performed by the wholly American cast, and the Harry Horner settings assert a durable practicality if not a penetrating sense of Mozartian fitness.

Last year's combination, for "Tosca," of Dimitri Mitropoulos, Renata Tebaldi, and Leonard Warren had a happy reunion at the end of February, with Jussi Bjoerling as Cavaradossi in place of Richard Tucker. Broadening acquaintance with Tebaldi's resources makes it clear that Tosca is one of her very best parts, suited to her in all the conventional elements it presents—good sound, ample figure, and by no means least recognizable temperament. It seemed to me that she has added nuance and subtlety to her first act since last year, preparing better for the tempestuous outburst of the second. This addition was complemented by the subtraction from Bjoerling of enough superfluous weight to give him a new dramatic profile, while sustaining the beauty of a voice which has now maintained its quality over a full twenty years' use.

Along with the others, Warren's Scarpia was accompanied by partisan demonstrations which threatened to make a Neapolitan holiday of Puccini's Roman drama, from one of those non-subscription gatherings which make their own rules of behavior. In the face of this Mitropoulos showed notable authority in turning full-faced to the audience applauding Tebaldi's entrance while continuing to direct the performance. The obvious inference that the audience would be

deprived of what it paid to hear while the demonstrations went on was quickly understood. This way of controlling unwanted applause should serve as a valuable lesson to some of Mitropoulos's less resolute colleagues.

**W**ITHIN the same week, Mitropoulos was busily concerned with a Philharmonic program in which Schubert's youthful, songful symphony No. 5 (in B flat) was juxtaposed with Gail Kubik's not-so-youthful, not-so-songful Symphony No. 3. There is no disposition here to belabor Kubik for not being Schubert. The obvious conclusion had to be, nevertheless, that Schubert's symphony, however loose-knit, contains nothing but music; while Kubik's, however expert, aims for an audience-pleasing finale and values any ingenuity above substance.

Kubik has earned more than a little esteem for scoring cartoons in the "Gerald McBoing Boing" series (which, I am sure, Schubert would enjoy) and such films as "The Desperate Hours." This is in no way prejudicial to sound results; though what Kubik has achieved in his Third Symphony is just that—sound, and not much else. He has a strong sense of orchestral combinations, a knack for putting his choirs and components together in a novel-sounding way, as in the finale with its high woodwinds and brass in a perpetual-movement rondo. The reflective slow movement, with its touches of Bartok, was also colorfully contrived. But the integration of thought, the continuity of style implied by the word "symphony" are in small supply. As well as directing the Schubert score energetically and the Kubik understandingly, Mitropoulos had the odd chore of conducting the orchestra in Beethoven's G major concerto for the second time in a week, with Rudolf Serkin as soloist. Previously it had been Walter and Hess.

**O**NE of Haydn's lesser but still great symphonies made an infrequent appearance in the week-end sequence directed by Max Rudolf with Erica Morini as violin soloist. It was the D major, No. 86, on which Rudolf lavished much thoughtful attention. The orchestra responded with a performance of care and sensitivity. Following Norman delo Joio's Hindemithian "Variations, Passacaglia, and Chaconne," Rudolf conducted a spirited accompaniment for Miss Morini's deft and expressive playing of Glazounoff's A minor Concerto. It all went well down to the final chord or two, in which downbeat and bow-stroke sounded at variance.

—IRVING KOLODIN.