A MESSAGE FROM
THE AUTHOR

The beginnings of the idea for the book started with a piece of popcorn on a blue silk chair.
My three children and I were visiting the Met, wandering through the period rooms on the first floor when I spotted a single piece of popcorn on the seat of a blue silk chair. There was a velvet rope across the doorway of the room. It had been a long time since I had eaten popcorn in such a place. I thought about that piece of popcorn on the blue silk chair and how it got there.

In October of that same year, I read The New York Times that The Metropolitan Museum of Art had purchased a statue for $225. The statue had come from the estate of Mrs. A. Hamilton Rice (not Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler). The newspaper reported that Museum officials were not certain what they had bought, but they knew they had a bargain. The following summer, I read Hamilton Rice (not Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler) was written, the mystery of the bargain statue has been solved. The state bed, scene of the alleged murder of Amy Robsart, the bed in which Claudia and Jamie slept, has been dismantled and taken away.

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The water sprites of the Fountain of the Muses no longer live in the Met Museum. They now live out of doors at Brookgreen Gardens in Murrells Inlet, South Carolina. (The directors of Brookgreen do not allow taking baths in their pool any more than do the directors of the Met Museum.)

The sarcophagus where Claudia hid her clothes is still there and so is the urn where Amy has her new tomb. The small chapel where they said their Sunday prayers is closed, but the Egyptian Wing still has the kids.

Once all the parts of the idea crystallized in my mind, my children and I did research. We made many trips to the Met, many, many trips. And we took pictures. We were allowed to use a Polaroid camera, but we were not allowed to use a flash. Laura and I posed in front of the various objects that we could get close to. However, they did not take a bath in the fountain. They made the bed in the morning, made it thoroughly and neatly, and the sun was melting the icing on the cupcakes. This was hardly roughing it, and yet my small group could think of nothing but the discomfort. They could lose their thin veneer of civilization and become piratical themselves. On the open seas in the company of those pirates, the children could discover the secret of luxury. Probably, they wouldn’t consider a place even a smidgen less civilized than their suburban home.

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In the Egyptian galleries, find something else that caught Claudia's fancy. She especially liked a beautiful bronze statue of a cat, which can be found in the left-hand corridor as you walk back from the Tomb of Perneb at the entrance to the galleries.

Can you guess what this status was used for? It's actually a coffin and would have held a mummified cat. Cats were sacred animals of Bastet, goddess of the household, and cat mummies were donated to temples dedicated to the goddess and buried nearby.

Now let's move on to the Charles Engelhard Court in the American Wing. (It's easy to get to the Egyptian galleries—walk through the Temple of Dendera, down the corridor with all the clocks, and right into the cortyard.) If you visit the American Wing, where Claudia and Jamie bathed and collected coins? Although the Fountain of the Muses is no longer on display, you can see many other beautiful fountains and pools throughout the Museum. A very pretty fountain can be seen in the Englehard Court. If you need a rest, this is a good place to sit down and take a break before you continue on your journey.

Speaking of taking a rest, the Kincaid's needed a place to sleep while they were here. They chose a very fancy, elegant bed. One day, that bed isn't on display, but plenty of beds fit for royalty can be seen in the Egyptian galleries, especially in the Mummy court. Let's walk over there and find one.

On the first floor, look for a large storage jar in The Robert and Renée Belfer Court. (From the Great Hall, walk left, and enter the first gallery to your left after you enter the Greek and Roman galleries. One side of this jar shows a Greek myth: Herakles (or Hercules) is grabbing a centaur who has tried to steal his wife. Can you find other kinds of decorations on the jar as well? While you're in these galleries, look at some of the other jars, or vases, M. of all them show pictures that tell wonderful stories.

Telling stories is, in fact, one of the things that works of art are all about. Do you think that we come to see the story in the first place? You'll also find an activity that lets you tell your own story about a special place.

You could write a story about a special place at The Met that you would feel happy and safe. Draw a picture of what you would put in it, where you would put it, and why you would put it there. Then give it to The Met, where we'll send it to a friend of The Met's who has tried to steal his wife. Can you find other kinds of decorations on the jar as well? While you're in these galleries, look at some of the other jars, or vases, M. of all them show pictures that tell wonderful stories.

Claudia said, “different.”

Never forget to look up when you're in the Museum—you never know who you might see.

A Note from the Museum Kids Folks
What other objects can you find that resemble those mentioned in the book? What else can you find that is different? What is the same? The space containing the small chapel referred to in the book has undergone a renovation to make space for the new entrance to our Children's galleries. Other changes occur all the time as well, since the Muses is constantly being used by the public.

At-Home Activity: Designing Kids
People love to find places and objects that make them feel happy and comfortable. Like Claudia and Jamie, you can also find places and objects that make them feel happy and comfortable. Can you find a place where you would like to live, where you would be happy and safe? Draw a picture of the place. Show us what it would be like, where you would relax, and what you would do. Write a short story about a diary entry where you're getting a new room that you love, because you love where it is. Or you could choose a place where you would like to be, where you would be happy and safe. Draw a picture of the place. Show us what it would be like, where you would relax, and what you would do.

More on Michelangelo
In the book, Claudia and Jamie spent much of their time trying to figure out if a statue of an angel that is on display from the Italian wing was created by the great Michelangelo. Although that’s not actually a sculpture by Michelangelo, it does have a drawing by him called Studies for the Libyan Sibyl. He drew it in preparation for painting the Sibyl in the Sistine Chapel in Rome. The drawing isn’t on view very often because, over time, light will actually darken the paper and you wouldn’t be able to see the drawing that the artist used to do the painting. He is using a black ink that too much sun destroys. But, if an angel is on display, you can find it in the Drawings and Prints Galleries on the second floor.

Early in his career, Michelangelo did carve a small statue of an angel holding a candida, a large candle holder. It was made for the tomb of Saint Dominic, in the church of San Domenico, in Bologna, Italy, which had been left incomplete by the sculptor Niccolò dell’Arca. But amazingly enough, a mystery involving a possible Michelangelo sculpture does exist.

In the beginning of the twentieth century, a picture of a marble sculpture appeared in an auction catalogue. The figure of a curly-haired boy, the sculpture had been damaged and was missing both its arms and its legs. The below the knees. It didn’t sell, and after the auction in 1902 the sculpture disappeared for many years.

In 1968, the photograph was published again. This time, it was suggested that the work might actually be an Apollo statue by a young Michelangelo. A curator at the Met saw the 1902 photograph, and realized that it was actually a statue that now stands in a mansion on Fifth Avenue—as it turns out, across the street from the Museum (Today that building houses the Service Cultural of the French Embassy).

Is the statue really by Michelangelo? Some scholars and art historians say yes—arguing that it does many of the same techniques used by Michelangelo. Others say no—they feel there aren’t enough similarities at all.

The discussion continues.
Claudia and Jamie spent much of their time in the Egyptian galleries. It is a good idea to do a whole visit of issue Museum Kids to it. The book is about a wider and brother named Claudia and Jamie Kinsell, who run away and camp out in The Mosan Roy. Art. You can, of course, camp out, but you can have a lot of different things to visit each time you visit (and at least not feel if you get tired).

We took the kids you see in some of these pictures on a journey through the Mosan. Let us find out what they liked and what they thought you would like. We came up with objects that are similar to one that the Kinsells encountered on their trip, but we hope that you’ll also enjoy them because they’re wonderful works of art.

If you haven’t read the book, don’t worry. You can still come to write the story in the first place. You’ll also find an activity that kids tell you your story about a special place.

More on Michelangelo

In the book, Claudia and Jamie spent much of their time trying to figure out if a statue of an angel that is on display in the Mosan was created by the great artist Michelangelo. Although their search hasn’t actually uncovered a sculpture by Michelangelo, it does show a drawing by him called Studies for the Libyan Sibyl.

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Is the statue really by Michelangelo? Some scholars and art historians say yes—it is perhaps one of the masterpieces used by M Chango. Others say no—there aren’t enough similarities at all.

The discussion continues.
A “MIXED-UP” JOURNEY

Claudia and Jamie spent much of their time in the Egyptian galleries, looking for objects that would appeal to them and what they thought you would like. We came up with objects that are similar to ones that the Kincaids encountered on their trip, but we hope that you’ll also enjoy them because they’re wonderful works of art.

If you haven’t read the book, don’t worry. You can still have a great time here at the Museum—though we can’t invite you to spend the night (and please don’t try on your own!), you can still have a great time here at the Museum, or send it to:

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
Attn: The Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler
500 Fifth Avenue
New York, New York 10017

Never forget to look up when you’re in the Museum—there are many wonderful works of art that no one knows about but you (well, maybe your best friend)! People love to find places and objects that make them feel happy and comfortable, like Claudia and Jamie did in the book.

In the beginning of the twentieth century, a picture of a marble sculpture disappeared for many years. The sculpture had been left incomplete by the sculptor Niccolo dell’Arca. But amazingly enough, a picture of a marble sculpture, which was probably left incomplete by the sculptor Niccolo dell’Arca. But amazingly enough, a picture of a marble sculpture, which was probably a mystery involving a possible Michelangelo sculpture does exist.

In the book, Claudia and Jamie spent much of their time trying to figure out if a statue of an angel that is on display in the Museum was created by the great Michelangelo. Although the book doesn’t actually say a sculpture by Michelangelo exists in the Museum, it does say in drawing by him called Studies for the Libyan. The drawing isn’t on view very often because, over time, light would damage it. But you might see it in the Drawings and Prints Gallery on the second floor.
Claudia and Jamie spent much of their time in the Egyptian galleries, because they do devote a whole issue of Museum Kids to it. Moreover, they are among the most popular in the whole Museum, especially with the kids. And if you haven’t read the book, don’t worry. You can still have a great time when you visit the Museum, no matter when you come or what you see.

When you’re still in the Egyptian galleries, find something else that caught Claudia’s fancy. She especially liked a beautiful bronze sculpture of a cat, which can be found in the left-hand corridor as you walk back from the Tombs of Ramses at the entrance to the galleries.

Can you guess what this statue was used for? It’s actually a coffin and would have held a mummified cat. Cats were the sacred animals of Bastet, goddess of the household, and cat mummies were donated to temples dedicated to the goddess and buried nearby.

Now let’s move on to the Charles Engelhard Court in the American Wing. (It’s very easy to get from the Egyptian galleries—walk through the Temple of Dendur, down the corridor with all the clocks, and right into the courtyard.) If you look over here, where Claudia and Jamie stayed and collected—although the Fountain of the Nile is no longer on display, you can see many other beautiful fountains and pools throughout the Museum. A very pretty fountain can be seen in the Englehard Court. If you need a rest, this is a good place to sit down and take a break before you continue on your journey.

Speaking of taking a rest, the Kincaids needed a place to sleep while they were here. They chose a very fancy, elegant bed. One day, that bed isn’t on display, but plenty of beds fit for royalty are. In fact, an especially gorgeous one is near the kotek, where Claudia and Jamie hid some of their belongings in a huge urn. You can find urns—something like big vases or jars—in many different galleries, especially the Greek galleries. Let’s walk over there and find one.

On the first floor, look for a large storage jar in The Robert and René Belfer Court. (From the Great Hall, walk left, and enter the first gallery to your left after you enter the Greek and Roman galleries. One side of this jar shows a Greek myth: Hekate (or Hercules) is grabbing a centaur who has tried to steal his wife. Can you find other kinds of decorations on the jar as well? While you’re in the ceramics, look for some of the other jars, or vases, in the room. There are all kinds of photographs that tell wonderful stories.

Telling stories is, in fact, one of the things that works of art do—indeed, what they come to do as part of our little journey, you can read how the author of The Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler, E.L. Konigsburg. In fact, we get so many questions about this book that we decided to devote a whole issue of the Museum Kids Folks to it. If you haven’t read the book, don’t worry. You can still have a great time when you visit the Museum, no matter when you come or what you see.

If you need a rest, this is a good place to sit down and take a break before you continue on your journey.

In the book, Claudia and Jamie spent much of their time trying to figure out if a statue of an angel that is on display in the Museum was created by the great artist Michelangelo. Although they haven’t actually seen any sculptures by Michelangelo, it is very much a statue by Michelangelo. It is very much a statue by Michelangelo. It is possible that it shows many of the same techniques used by Michelangelo. As it turns out, the sculpture was actually a statue that now stands in a mansion on Fifth Avenue—as it turns out, even though it was created by Michelangelo, it was never actually seen by Michelangelo. It has been left incomplete by the sculptor Niccolo dell’Arca. But amazingly enough, it is still a wonderful work of art even when it is incomplete.

The discussion continues.

Never forget to look up when you’re in the Museum—you never know what you might see.

A “MIXED-UP” JOURNEY

Photographs of visitors at the Museum by William Miller. All other photographs by the staff of the Photograph Studio of The Metropolitan Museum of Art.
The beginnings of the idea for the book started with a piece of popcorn on a blue silk chair.

As three children and I was visiting The Metropolitan Museum of Art, wandering through the period rooms on the first floor when she spotted a single piece of popcorn in a chair. There was a velvet rope across the doorway of the room. If one had entered that lovely period room, one would have discovered that spot of popcorn on the blue silk chair. Had someone sneaked in one night—no, it could not have happened during the day—slipped behind the barrier, sat in that chair, and snacked on popcorn? For a long time after leaving the Museum that day, I thought about that piece of popcorn on the blue silk chair and how it got there.

In October of that same year, I read "The New York Times" that The Metropolitan Museum of Art had purchased a statue for $225. The statue had come from the estate of Mrs. A. Hamilton Rice (not Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler). The newspaper reported the Museum officials were n't certain what they had bought, but they knew they had a bargain.

The following summer, I read "High Wind in Jamaica" by Richard Hughes. It tells the adventures of some children who, while being transported from their island home to England, are captured by pirates. On the open sea in the company of those pirates, the children lose their thin veneer of civilization and become piratical themselves. Shortly after reading that novel, my family went on vacation to Yellowstone National Park. One day we went on a picnic.

After buying salami and bread, chocolate milk and paper cups, paper plates and napkins, and potato chips and pickles, we got into the car and drove and drove but could not find a picnic place. So when we came to a clearing in the woods, I suggested we spread out our meal. Then the complaints began. The chocolate milk was getting warm, and there were ants all over everything, and the sun was melting the ice on the cupcakes. This was hardly roughing it and yet my small group could think of nothing but the discomfort.

Unlike the children in the novel I had read, my children could never become barbarians even if they were captured by pirates. Civilization was under their control; it was a crust. If they ever wanted to run away, where would they go? Certainly, they would never consider a place less civilized than their suburban home.

Never consider a place less civilized than their suburban home.

In every sense of the word—they could discover the secret of the mysterious statue that the Museum had bought for $225. And then, I thought, while away from home, they could also learn a much more important secret: how to be different inside their suburban crust—that is, different on the inside, where it counts.

Once all the parts of the idea crystallized in my mind, I started thinking about writing a book for kids.

The following is a true account of how I, E. L. Konigsburg, came to write From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler and what has happened since.

From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler

THE AUTHOR
The following is a true account of how I, E. L. Konigsburg, came to write From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler and what has happened since.

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My three children and I were visiting the Met, wandering through the period rooms on the first floor when we spotted a single piece of popcorn on the wall of a blue silk chair. There was a velvet rope across the doorway of the room. It had been a long time since we had visited the Met, but I thought about that piece of popcorn on the blue silk chair and how it got there.

In October of that same year, I was in The New York Times that The Met had purchased at auction a statue for $225. The statue had come from the estate of Mrs. A., and while the newspaper reported that Museum officials were not certain what it had been, they knew that they had a bargain. The following summer, I read in a book by Richard M. Hingle that "the adventures of some children, while being transported from their island home to England, are captured by pirates. On the open seas in the company of those pirates, the children lose their thin veneer of civilization and become piratical themselves."

Shortly after reading that novel, my family went on vacation to Yellowstone N.A. Park. One day we went on a picnic. After buying sausages and bread, chocolate milk and paper cups, paper plates and napkins, and potato chips and pickles, we got into the car and drove and drove but could not find a picnic table. So when we came to a clearing in the woods, I suggested spreading out our meal. Then the complaints began. The chocolate milk was getting warm, and there were ants all over everything, and the sun was melting the icing on the cupcakes. This was nothing but the discomfort.

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"What if we eat there?" one of the children asked. "No, I said. There was a velvet rope across the doorway of the room. How could we enter that room?

As I started thinking about hiding in the Met, I thought about that piece of popcorn on that chair, I, E. L. Konigsburg, want you to know that neither Claudia nor Jamie left it there. For the M usual human being--no popcorn on chairs--no traces at all.

The Met had bought the statue for $225. The statue had come from the estate of Mrs. A. Hughes. It relates the adventures of some children who, while being transported from their island home to England, are captured by pirates. On the open seas in the company of those pirates, the children lose their thin veneer of civilization and become piratical themselves.

The chocolate milk was getting warm, and there were ants all over everything, and the sun was melting the icing on the cupcakes. This was nothing but the discomfort.

Unlike the children in the novel I had read, my children could never become barbarians even if they were captured by pirates. Civilization was not a veneer to them; it was a crust. If they ever wanted to run away, where would they go? Certainly, they would want all those conveniences plus a few extra dashes and so is the urn where Jamie hid his trumpet. The small chapel where they said their Sunday prayers is closed, but the Egyptian Wing still has its mummy.

The bathroom stations on the first floor are there, and so is the room from the Hôtel de Varengeville. Visit it. Do you know that neither Claudia nor Jamie ever had a fountain in the restaurant in which they could take a bath.

And while they were there--while they were "insiders"--in every sense of the word--they could discover the secret of the mysterious statue that the Met had bought for $225. And then, I thought, while away from home, they could also learn a much more important secret: how to be different inside their suburban crust--that is, different on the inside, where it counts.

Once all the parts of the idea crystallized in my mind, my children and I set out to find everything that might have inspired the Met officials when they purchased that ancient statue. The Lady with the Primroses. It is plaster, not marble.

The statue of the fountain of the Met is no longer in the Met museum. They now live out of doors at Brookgreen Gardens in Murrell's Inlet, South Carolina. (The directors of Brookgreen do not allow taking baths in their pool any more than do the directors of the M) Their mummies are not allowed to use a flash. Laurie and Ross posed in front of the various objects that we could get close to. However, they did take a bath in the fountain. I took pictures of the fountain and painted my children at home and combined them in the drawing.

The Met had purchased the statue for $225. The statue had come from the estate of Mrs. A. Hughes. It relates the adventures of some children who, while being transported from their island home to England, are captured by pirates. On the open seas in the company of those pirates, the children lose their thin veneer of civilization and become piratical themselves.

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The following is a true account of how I, E. L. Konigsburg, came to write *From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler* and what has happened since.

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In October of that same year, I read *The New York Times* that the Metropolis Museum of Art had purchased at auction a statue for $225. The story had come from the widow of Mrs. H. E. Hamilton Rice (not Mrs. B. E. Frankweiler). The newspaper reported that the Met owners officially were not certain what they had bought, but they knew they had a bargain. The following summer, I read *High Wind in Jamaica* by Richard Hughes. It relates the adventures of some children who, while being transported from their island home to England, are captured by pirates. On the open sea in the company of those pirates, the children lose their love of civilization and become primal themselves. Shortly after reading that novel, my family went on vacation to Yellowstone National Park. One day we went on a picnic. After buying salami and bread, chocolate milk and paper cups, we got into the car and drove and drove but could not find a picnic table. So when we came to a clearing in the woods, I suggested that we eat there. We all crouched slightly above the ground and ate our picnic into the car and drove and drove but could not find a picnic table. When we came to a clearing in the woods, I suggested that we eat there. We all crouched slightly above the ground and ate our picnic table. So when we came to a clearing in the woods, I suggested that we eat there. We all crouched slightly above the ground and ate our picnic table. So when we came to a clearing in the woods, I suggested that we eat there. We all crouched slightly above the ground and ate our picnic table.

That is when I started thinking about hiding in the Museum. Unlike the children in the novel I had read, my children could hardly rough it, and yet my small group could think of nothing but the discomfort. Unlike the children in the novel I had read, my children could hardly rough it, and yet my small group could think of nothing but the discomfort. Unlike the children in the novel I had read, my children could hardly rough it, and yet my small group could think of nothing but the discomfort. Unlike the children in the novel I had read, my children could hardly rough it, and yet my small group could think of nothing but the discomfort. Unlike the children in the novel I had read, my children could hardly rough it, and yet my small group could think of nothing but the discomfort.

The water springs of the Fountain of the Muse no longer live in the Museum restaurant. They now live out of doors at Brookgreen Gardens in Murrells Inlet, South Carolina. (The directors of Brookgreen do not allow taking baths in their pool any more than do the directors of the Metropolis Museum.)

Tessa F. L. Konigsburg’s books, From the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler and *The View From Saturday*, have been awarded the prestigious Newbery Medal, an award given annually from the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler and *The View From Saturday*, have been awarded the prestigious Newbery Medal, an award given annually from the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler and *The View From Saturday*, have been awarded the prestigious Newbery Medal, an award given annually from the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler and *The View From Saturday*, have been awarded the prestigious Newbery Medal, an award given annually from the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler and *The View From Saturday*, have been awarded the prestigious Newbery Medal, an award given annually from the Mixed-Up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler and *The View From Saturday*, have been awarded the prestigious Newbery Medal, an award given annually.