\* Born Kalamagoo, Mich. 1886 Ferber Edna, writer Jacob Karltaferfather come from See her autobiography to u.s. when
Rev. P. Lloyd 1939 July 30(18)



PERSONAL APPEARANCE: In August, 1940, Edna Ferber fulfilled a lifelong ambition and took a lead role in one of her own plays. For one week only, in Maplewood, N. J., she acted with a professional company, which included Louis Calhern, above, in "The Royal Family," written in collaboration with George S. Kaufman and originally produced on Broadway o George S. Kaufman, and also in 1927. "To my amazement," she reports in "A Kind of Magic," "I found I was bored. Bored by the routine of coming down to the theater nightly and twice on matinee days; making up . . . going on stage to say those same lines, night after night."

## In Moonlight and Magnolia the Protest Was Lost

A KIND OF MAGIC. By Edna Ferber. 335 pp. New York: Doubleday & Co. \$5.75.

By W. G. ROGERS

DNA FERBER again, we ask ourselves? When hasn't there been Edna Ferber? About 40 years ago she gave us the Pulitzer winner, "So Big," followed by "Show Boat" and "Cimarron." Her public, she says, extends over four generations. She keeps on like "Of Man River," and we're glad of it, and we're lucky.

She's lucky, too, in her parentage, in what she describes as her "declarative and purposeful" self in her health, her drive, even her name, which is a clipped and catchy run of four syllables, easy to remember, short enough to fit the spine of a book or, in bright lights, a theater entrance.

Over the years there have been a lot of theaters, and there still are, she doesn't hesitate to remind us. She has done six plays, five in collaboration with written 25 books, including this one.

Her life divides roughly in

Mr. Rogers is a roving journalist and critics with a special interest in novels and novelists.

three quarter-century stretches. She refers to herself as old and gray, without really meaning it, no doubt; her busy days certainly belie that, and who ever heard of an old gray dynamo? In four years of Midwest newspaper work, she covered everything which, she says, was not marked "Men Only." She had a real character for a mother, Julia; her father, Jacob, Hungarian-born Jew, went blind and left his wife to run a general store and bring up two daughters. Generous swatches of Julia help fill out many Ferber fictional persons, as in the ever popular Emma McChesney.

ER first book came out 52 years ago. Her first quartercentury of writing was described in her autobiographical "A Peculiar Treasure" of 1939. That was, in a way, she recalls, a patriotic gesture. If other Americans must remain indifferent to Hitler, she would answer him with a picture of a middle-class Jewish family in America.

This book, covering the third quarter-century, is about Ferber, writing, food, war, women Negroes, our fine but less than perfect country, and how wonderful it is to be alive. Miss Ferber's sturdy old fashioned

strain shows in her nostalgia for the long-ago childhoods that were not pampered, and the outmoded pleasures of walking. Her attitude toward Negroes is only one of her unwavering liberal convictions. Muckraker Ida Tarbell was one of her idols, and there's a wide streak of unconventional Tarbell daring in the Ferber thinking.

Deciding she must have a little country place, say half an acre, where she could work without interruption, she wound up, amazingly, with 116 acres on a hilltop, and built a 14-room house with swimming pool, gardens, drives, terraces. During the war she did assignments for the Writers' War Board, sold bonds by speaking and contributing her own manuscripts for auction, and served for a time in Europe in captain's uniform. A visit to Buchenwald horrified her. She partly recovered from the appalling shock by mixing with American soldiers—she is sociable and has a host of friends. A soldier repeated from memory a passage from "Show Boat." It was a tonic, a renewal. a heart-to-heart communication. She calls it "A Kind of Magic"-a magic she works in this volume only in the stirring account of wartime.

Her novels were written as protest, she says, but adds "loving protest." She exaggerates their social vigor and bite. "Ol' Man River," to her is "a compassionate and terrible indictment of the white man's treatment of the Negro." Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein wrote a moving song, but with more moonlight and magnolia than revolt, and no one ever came away from "Show Boat," book or musical, determined to fight segregation. To her, "Saratoga Trunk" is about "the rape of America" by "the land grabbers . . . the old-time railroad millionaires." Of course it's only the love affair, now dated, of a daughter of the New Orleans red-light district and a handsome, broad-shouldered uncouth Texan.

Miss Ferber bares no soul here, but says a lot of very sharp, astute things-the very things that sparked her books. Nevertheless while the novels will not serve as models for future novels, Miss Ferber herself will serve as model for future novelists. She has been unremittingly dedicated to her task. She is the 24-hour a day professional, forthright and uncompromising. As a working woman, writer, she has no superior.

\* Born Kalamazoo, Mich. 1886 Ferber Edna, writer Jacob Karltaterfather come from See her autobi ography to u.s. when "5 Lyuns Tiol and, "after a long emediano was process the word v of obscure arisdevoid of meaning on his mother's one point Ramiro eginning he is a hears Molinos say of , one who will if He doesn't com enter into life." the worse for Him, ail to enter into Himself will be los re; he was born perdition." pain during the monarchy, the The framework ie Rivera's dicstory is an interv ne follows Ragives to a newspa rticipation, but years after he beg in an Anarfession of hangmar sing very simi-Franco regime. S creates it, to took part in the C ising in Cadiz an officer in the iblican Governarmy, has not writ 7, 1933) to his cal tract, but he c ven forced, enwritten a political le Nationalist regime which does vil War breaks men to act freely i plexity of Senthat is to say, ac mes easier to amputates every ma is no significance i ts a world, and ing politics if the h the tensions ly genuine podoes not exist. Re impossible. It tism was condemn ogether approin the 17th centu iro should be political quietism quietism of the century, whether the Right or the Le miard, Miguel quietism that to make genuine hangmen, for the y of the will an until it enthe truth. e castle of his his misery is Fiction Rev cts proceeding Continued on Page e meaningless