

TRADE Winds

PUBLISHERS' ROW, staggered by the unexpected loss, in rapid succession, of such stalwarts as Robert Sherwood, Bernard DeVoto, Marquis James, Harold Williams, and Amy Loveman, began this year's holiday season in a somber mood indeed.

It remained for Billy Rose, author, columnist, impresario, restaurateur, and what have you, to pick up everybody's drooping spirits with a characteristic outburst. Appearing in the unlikely role of lecturer at Town Hall, Mr. Rose, whose instinct for what will hit a front-page headline is positively uncanny, made a passionate and totally unexpected plea for "a sweeping program of rehabilitation for Central Park."

The previous ten Town Hall speakers combined hadn't garnered one respectable paragraph in the town gazettes, but Billy reeled in whole columns—with pictures, yet! Flabbergasted publishers and stage-folk in the audience would have sworn before he launched his tirade that the nearest he ever had strayed to the Central Park greensward was when a schmaltzy Romberg musical by that name achieved a modest run a few blocks from his own Ziegfeld Theatre some years ago. They were not prepared, therefore, for a rhapsody about the Park's secluded nooks and bosky dells, now, alas (mourned Billy) surrendered supinely to "purse snatchers, rapists, perverts, bums, and in general the scum of humanity."

Mr. Rose had a remedy to suggest: turn the city's most famous park into a mammoth entertainment center, something like the Tivoli Gardens in Copenhagen, featuring band concerts, a midway, a couple of dozen restaurants, dance pavilions, floodlighted baseball diamonds and tennis courts, and underground parking lots.

Mr. Rose predicted cheerfully

(while reporters scribbled away) that his proposals would bring down upon his head the wrath of "every bird-watcher and dandelion fancier in the city." Indeed, the very next morning, Park Commissioner Bob Moses, no birdwatcher he, obligingly rose to the bait. "As long as I'm around," he thundered, "Central Park never will be turned into a blooming nightclub. Showman Billy Rose is taking in entirely too much territory."

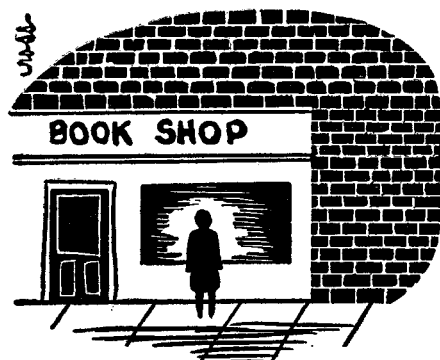
Not displeased, Showman Billy Rose balanced a score of new lecture offers on his breakfast tray and autographed a copy of his "Wine, Women, and Words" for a lady who said she sat in Central Park every night listening to the crickets.

Meanwhile, in more serious vein, Billy Rose is quietly preparing to produce next fall Paul Osborne's new play, "Maiden Voyage," directed by Joe Manckiewicz. By that time, he probably will have forgotten all about his blueprint for a new Central Park. And what, by the way, has happened to his plan for an exhibition palace eighty stories or so in height, to be erected above the open tracks west of Penn Station? If Mr. Rose cares to hold forth on this project, space in **TRADE WINDS** is wide open for him.

HARD ON THE HEELS OF MR. ROSE'S Town Hall lecture, a determined landlord named David Bergner aimed a body blow at literary folk in a municipal courtroom nearby. Landlord Bergner sought to evict long-time tenant Adele Gutman Nathan, a respected, law-abiding author of numerous successful books, from her apartment on the astonishing grounds that she was "using a residential premise for commercial purposes."

Mr. Bergner conceded that nobody had so much as heard Miss Nathan pound a single typewriter key. She does her writing, as a matter of fact, in longhand. For an author, she's as quiet as a sales conference trying to stay awake through an editor's half-hour summary of a marginal novel at the end of a long, hard day. The landlord simply claimed that by writing a manuscript she had violated a clause in a standard residential lease: "A tenant shall use the premises as a strictly private dwelling apartment and for no other purposes."

Miss Nathan suggested that the fact that her landlord had been trying valorously for months to talk his old tenants into decamping, thereby leav-



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ing him free to convert his building to commercial occupancy, just possibly was back of his foray into court. The judge suggested that the case be postponed until after the holidays. The landlord suggested that Miss Nathan had alerted the press to the case in order to publicize her books. Miss Nathan rebutted, with some justice, that not one newspaper story had mentioned the name of a single book she had written. I am happy to repair this situation. Adele Nathan is the author of a popular volume in the Landmark Series entitled "The Building of the First Transcontinental Railroad."

Miss Nathan's case is scheduled to be heard on January 20, and the SRO sign will be up outside the courtroom. As her attorney points out, if a tenant can be evicted on any grounds like these, what price the leases of all other freelance writers and artists, not to mention teachers and legal lights who work on papers in their homes? Any bets on how the judge will rule?

DOROTHY RODGERS, wife of the celebrated composer, Richard, numbered among her Christmas gifts one that has brought her pleading for aid from **TRADE WINDS** readers. A friend, knowing how much she likes games and puzzles, presented her with a trim little collection of double-crostics called "Catch Who Can," by "Sphinx"—but here's the rub: a note on the reverse side of the title page reads "A key to these acrostics is published separately, price six pence"—and "Catch Who Can" was brought out in London by Longmans. Green way back in 1869!

By the merest chance, can any reader come up with a copy of that missing key? Without it, nobody is going to solve many of the crostics in "Catch Who Can." They're too darn tough!

SPEAKING OF DICK RODGERS, his lilting melodies are the chief lure of "Pipe Dream," the new musical based on John Steinbeck's "Sweet Thursday" (and why that fine title was side-tracked is beyond me). Most of the rollicking gaiety of the Steinbeck novel got lost somewhere in its transition to stage fare—and when you've waited in vain for Helen Traubel to belt out just one of the many fine songs assigned to her, you feel rather Isolde down the river—but "Pipe Dream" is still the best new musical in town. Better see it. Even second-string Rodgers and Hammerstein is far above average.

As for new non-musicals in the Broadway area, there are so many solid hits this season that a visitor

with only a few days in New York must be hopelessly confused. If you have time for just one, I think it should be "The Chalk Garden," which delighted me. Other champions: "No Time for Sergeants," "The Lark," and "Tiger at the Gates." I also laughed long and loudly at "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" I have not yet seen "The Great Sebastians," "Janus," or "Matchmaker."

Incidentally, among the insiders on Broadway, **SR's** own Henry Hewes has come to be recognized as one of the country's top ranking drama critics.

BOOKSELLERS THE COUNTRY OVER reported record sales all through the holiday season. Rarely have there been six such lusty sellers at one time as "Marjorie Morningstar," "Andersonville," "Auntie Mame," "Ten North Fredrick," "Cash McCall," and "Gift from the Sea"—and it's a proven fact that a couple of solid blockbusters help sales all the way down the line. A real phenomenon of the winter season has been the jump in dictionary sales—up a clear thirty per cent in some sectors. Children's books disappeared so quickly that publishers' stocks were depleted by the middle of December.

FOLKS WHO ARE WORRYING about juvenile delinquency will find fresh food for thought in this story from the Carolina sector. The manager of a department store book section, located just across from the toy exhibit, was bracing himself for the daily holiday turmoil when he noticed a determined kid dragging a heavy, odd-shaped sack across the floor. A companion was kicking it along methodically from behind. The manager stopped the boys and said, "If you keep on getting in the way like this, Santa Claus is going to skip by you on Christmas morning."

The kid who was doing the kicking answered, "Who do you think we've got here in this sack?"

—BENNETT CERF.

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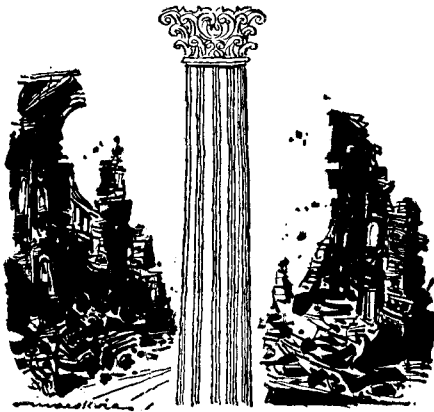
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NEW VISTAS FOR THE HISTORIAN

EDITOR'S NOTE: For the third time *The Saturday Review* dedicates its first-of-the-year issue to America's expanding horizons. Riding on a longer-sustained prosperity-swell than ever before in their history, our citizens are wracking up record expenditures and record adventures of all kinds: Aunt Harriet may turn up on Samoa for her Sabbatical, and Uncle Joe may have given her a \$10,000 ruby for Christmas. There are also more books, more records, better and cheaper reproductions of paintings and sculptures, and, as Mr. Toynbee points out here, wonderful opportunities for us to stand aside from ourselves and look at history. This article is drawn from the Gideon Seymour Memorial Lecture given by the famous English historian in Minneapolis, under the auspices of the University of Minnesota, financed by the *Minneapolis Star and Tribune* as a tribute to its late executive editor.

By ARNOLD TOYNBEE

ONE of the characteristics of human nature is the capacity for intellectual detachment. Even at its highest, this capacity is, no doubt, limited; but perhaps every human being possesses it in some degree. As human beings, we have a double relation to our experiences. Even when we are most deeply engaged in acting and in suffering—when we are in danger of death or when we are committed to some enterprise which may either make or mar our fortunes—we are

able, to some extent, to be at the same time spectators, and indeed almost disinterested observers, of what we are doing and of what is happening to us.

Probably all human beings at least a slight curiosity of this intellectually detached and disinterested kind about the human history of which their own personal lives are part. The range of one's historical interests may be very narrow. It may be limited to the recent history of one's own family. It is perhaps easiest for it to be wider for those of us who happen to have been born and brought up somewhere in that belt

of countries in the Old World, extending from Japan through Indonesia and the Levant to Ireland—in which the records of civilization stretch back over a time-span of anything between 2,000 and 5,000 years.

In the East End of London, during the Second World War, when large quarters of the city were being destroyed by bombardment from the air it was noticeable that the people who were losing their homes and property, and were in daily danger of losing their lives as well, began to show an interest in the local historical monuments which, like the people's lives, were now being destroyed or being threatened with destruction. In peacetime these same people had appeared to be quite indifferent to them. But now they began to show a lively interest in the monuments, at the very time when they might have been expected to be entirely preoccupied with the new and terrible experiences through which they themselves were passing. They had become interested in their historical monuments because these, too, as well as the people themselves, were in jeopardy. In this moment of stress and tragedy, human nature's capacity for some degree of