



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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A 'Straw Hat' Theater For Charlotte?

Charlotte's summers are essentially unvarying. For those seeking excitement or "something different," the season is a benign blank July slides lazily into August and one evening follows the other like a string of wet sponges. By September, all that is heard after nightfall is the sound of innocent snores.

Against this tradition, the goings-on at Charlotte's Little Theater this week are positively revolutionary. The Queens Road Playhouse, usually shuttered for the season, is pleasantly engaged in a production of "The Boy Friend." It is a gay and gaudy affair, full of music, dancing and a great deal of laughter and audiences are enjoying it hugely. This latter matter is important because "The Boy Friend" is billed as an "experiment" to test the appeal and drawing power of summer theater in Charlotte.

We are happy to endorse the project, lock stock and scenery. It is a worthy venture because it meets a crying need. It is ridiculous for a city this size to dispense completely with music and drama in the very season when they ought to be enjoyed most. Other cities have responded to this demand with outdoor concerts in

parks and stadiums and with summer stock theatricals. Charlotte ought to follow suit.

There are opportunities galore. Some are being investigated. The Charlotte Symphony Orchestra Society has a committee at work on the idea of a summer concert series. In addition, we would like to see the Little Theater schedule a summer series of light drama in 1960. Undoubtedly there would still be a potential audience large enough to spill over into summer stock productions in some appropriate barn in the vicinity. The summer theater at Tanglewood, near Winston-Salem, has demonstrated how successful these ventures can be—even when they are far removed from a big resort area.

The point is that Charlotte's population is big enough and varied enough to want a wider range of seasonal entertainment. Furthermore, Charlotteans are sophisticated enough to enjoy flesh and blood actors as well as shadows on a screen. Live sound as well as mechanically reproduced "hi-fi." Actually, we believe, they hunger for these pleasures. The hunger ought to be satisfied.

Lady Chatterley's Trouble With Spies

To many elated pundits, Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield's purge of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" almost ranks as a Good Thing.

In a sense, says the Washington Post, "it is just as well that the censors flail away so often at genuine works of art instead of the shoddy cheesecake so blatantly on display at most newsstands." The removal of James Joyce does an incalculable debt to the attempt of censors to keep that long and difficult, work, "Ulysses," from American readers. And it is also an indubitable service to English literature to have the reading of D. H. Lawrence become a commonplace rather than a rarity.

Certainly all great works of art deserve large audiences, and in that we agree with the Post and others who endorse Mr. Summerfield's censorship for making Lady Chatterley popular.

But it seems the quality of appreciation is being neglected for mere quantity.

Of what consequence to the world of art would it be that a billion people had gaped at the Venus de Milo, if all they saw in her was a slightly shocking nude woman?

Mr. Summerfield's prudish ban on Lady Chatterley has obscured the real judgment of the book-reading public, so that it is impossible to know whether the large sale of the book is good or bad for art.

At the moment, Lady Chatterley sells like popcorn at a movie house to "best sell-

er" appetites that have, in recent years, gobbled up "Peyton Place" and the like. To the literary merit of such books, the public pays little attention. It is just that they appear in a society where romance distorts sex, mystique beclouds its function, and it frequently appears as vaguely smutty or scandalous. And not only do such books raise the subject, they make a great point of parading sex with devil-may-care "frankness."

Has "Lady Chatterley's Lover" become a best-seller because it may be art—or because Mr. Summerfield's hullabaloo arouses the same peek-a-boo instinct in habitual patrons of best sellers? Americans, Britain's angry young playwright John Osborne observed, are as preoccupied with sex as a medieval monastery. Earthly functions and passions that Chaucer wrote about with merriment and civilized understanding are advertised, six centuries later, as "shocking ... startling ... dangerously frank, etc."

Probably James Joyce and D. H. Lawrence would spin in their graves if they knew Molly Bloom and Lady Chatterley, both created in hours of anguish with the intent of conveying some powerful truth about human beings, were being read for shock effect.

Anyway, we have a sneaking suspicion that Lady Chatterley's trysts are being spied upon by many who see less "art" in them than delicious scandal.

Welcome—To A 100-Horsepower Mind

When Dr. William H. Potat quit Caldwell Hall in Chapel Hill two years ago and went to Austin, Texas, to teach candidates for the Episcopal ministry, he left North Carolina without a teaching Potat for the first time in generations.

The remarkable Baptist family (Dr. W. H. the only apostate, is an Episcopalian) of Potat has given North Carolina William Louis Potat, president of Wake Forest in the Twenties and a stout adversary of the type of Monkey Law that disgraced Tennessee. Dr. Hubert Potat, a great Latin teacher at Wake Forest; Miss Ida Potat, long-time head of the Meredith art department; and Dr. E. McNeill Potat, perhaps the outstanding Baptist theologian in the world until his death a few years ago.

With all his distinguished forebears gone, it was doubly painful to see the lone remaining Potat leave the state.

We are therefore glad to note, from Editor Henry Belk of Goldsboro, the news that Dr. Potat is returning to become a

professor at the Duke Divinity School. To his ex-philosophy students at Chapel Hill, the return may be vaguely disconcerting, but welcome nonetheless.

The phrase someone once applied to Winston Churchill—"hundred horsepower mind"—is precisely fitting for the returning Dr. Potat. His philosophy students in Caldwell Hall will remember him as a teacher who could demolish a shoddy proposition with the observation: "Perhaps so, but there are at least eight things wrong with your way of putting it."

With unceasing wit and merriment, and with a jaw-breaking vocabulary that delighted in such terms as "egocentric predicament," and "disfigurement of nature," Dr. Potat led his students far down the trails of the off-beats—Budd, Sartre, Camus, Kafka, Rilke—as well as the on-beats—Plato to Jefferson.

Regardless of his subject matter, goodness knows, a teaching Potat is welcome back to North Carolina—any time.

How To Tell Donkeys From Elephants

Outside of the weather, the hottest issue in Washington is economy in government. Both Democrats and Republicans have gone to absurd lengths to hang the "spender" tag on their opponents.

We don't know who is right, but actually, the economic philosophies of the two parties are put to a beautifully revealing

test each evening in perhaps a hundred hotel rooms in the nation's capital. Here's the tip-off, according to a particularly perceptive pundit:

"When serving a drink, the Republican usually measures it with a jigger. The Democrat just pours."

From The Green Bay Press-Gazette

LESS NOISE, PLEASE

One of the remarkable feats of this age of technocracy is the creation of HISS (high intensity sound simulation) to test equipment used for trips through outer space.

This project is probably worthwhile. The sound is so dreadful it can shake buildings off their foundations and will never be heard by a human ear because it would kill first. Fortunately sound waves dissipate so fast that they can't be used as a war weapon, at least as now conceived.

And yet it would seem that some creative mind might instead find a way to drown out everyday sounds that may not kill directly but certainly can drive adults crazy. A cap pistol shot off suddenly in a small room and accompanied by a shrill "Gothga," golf balls in the wash-

ing machine, the off-beat of rock 'n' roll, a plate, particularly a valued one, dropped on the kitchen floor, the all-night shrieks, giggles and only slightly muffled screams of a slumber party, all seem to be unimpaired in velocity by the most up-to-date sound proofing constructions.

If there are unearthly and piercing sounds in outer space, perhaps this is one reason why men in their thirties and the fathers of small children were picked as Astronauts for the first trip.

A national news magazine says it's "getting harder and harder to find much to worry about in today's world." Its editors just don't know what the score is in the depressed baseball areas—Lexington Herald.

What Is Crippling The Crashing Humphrey Moose?

By JOSEPH ALSOP

WASHINGTON
With all the shy hesitation of a mouse in the rutting season, the presidential candidacy of Sen. Hubert Humphrey has now crashed out of the secret glades into the open place of day.

The Minnesota senator's campaign was formally launched by his two leading Minnesota collaborators, Gov. Orville Freeman and Sen. Eugene McCarthy, who announced the formation of a Humphrey-for-President committee. That makes it official, although Sen. Humphrey has

promised to add his own formal announcement later on. This will be availed with the breathless interest usually accorded last week's weather bulletins.

ALWAYS COMIC

Whoever makes the grand, time-hallowed gesture, the ritual of American politics is always wonderfully comic, precisely because it is so transparently phony. In Humphrey's case, however, there was a serious side to the elaborate,

conventional disclosure of what had long been transparently obvious.

In plain terms, there are reasons for thinking that the Humphrey announcement was made so early because the more demure tactics of his rivals have not been working very well for Humphrey. But, and other indices have been suggesting that something big and bold was needed to get the show on the road. But why should this be so?

Logically, the Humphrey candidacy should have won much support in its earlier, unan-

nounced phase. After all, Humphrey is a brilliantly clever and fearlessly energetic politician. Few men today are more effective on the platform. He has warmth and humor that even his enemies admire. His record may be disliked by many southern Democrats and by all conservative Republicans. Yet it is a record that ought to command great northern Democratic enthusiasm. What, then, is his handicap?

There's nothing wrong with the Humphrey campaign that wouldn't be cured by your assumption. This is a generally blunt remark was made to Adlai Stevenson by Humphrey's able campaign advisor, the Washington lawyer, James Rowe Jr. It answers the question about Humphrey. The plain truth is that the natural Humphreys among the northern Democrats are also the loyal Stevensonites. They are not plugging for Humphrey because they still love Stevenson and make a third presidential try.

Humphrey himself has not directly pressed Stevenson to stop blocking the road. He has only intimated that a time may come when he will ask for Stevenson's support. Rowe, who worked hard and long for Stevenson in 1952 and 1956, has gone some further than Humphrey. In particular, Rowe has pointed out that Stevenson is going to have to speak his mind eventually, unless he wishes to be entangled in the primaries that have not been foreclosed by favorite sons. More than half seriously, Humphrey-advisor Rowe has suggested an unprecedented gentleman's understanding with Kennedy. "Whoever wins two out of three primaries will win the ball game, and the beaten candidate will back the winner." This is the essence of the bargain.

GRISLY THOUGHT

This is because all generally mentioned potential candidates, announced or unannounced, are automatically entered in the primary in Oregon. When confronted with the grisly thought of Oregon, Stevenson asked Rowe to find out how he could keep out of the primary there. Rowe thereupon secured a letter from the national committee from Oregon, C. Girard Davison.

Davison wrote that unless Stevenson was entered on petition, he could escape the primary by filing an affidavit that he "is not now and does not intend to become a candidate" in the forthcoming presidential election. The letter, which is in Stevenson's hands, has not yet evoked any answering affidavit.

SPHINX

Stevenson remains sphinx-like. One or two of his immediate entourage favor planning for Humphrey. At least two more favor doing business with Sen. John F. Kennedy of Mas-

'We're Having Trouble With This Nose Cone, Chief'



What's The Lady Sell?

Ross' Mag Goes Flossy

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain
This family has formed a habit, like marijuana, of automatically buying the New Yorker Magazine for better than 20 years, because some people like Sid Perelman and Charles Addams did outrageous things in it, and E. B. White was something special in the front of the book. The New Yorker, you must understand, they was edited by the late Harold Ross, a hick. He put out a flossy magazine for other hicks. He was aiming, he said, at the old lady from Dubuque, and well he aimed, indeed he did. He was helped by people like Jim Thurber, an Ohio boy, in his deadly aim, as Mr. Thurber will tell you in his book on Ross.

ROUGH GOING

I find the N.Y. or a little rough going these days, because all the stories seem to start out, quote: "When I was a little girl in Upper East Pakistan, my amah always used to ... and so on for 90 years with the wrong amah."

But man, I am here to tell you that this broad on page 127 has got me dead. The headline says: "Look at her and you know (with no period) ..."

"She uses a Hasselblad 500 C and she is attracted to the man who always looks for this shield" (inserted picture of shield).

"She is often seen at Van Cleef and Arpels, and she is attracted to the kind of man who always looks for this shield" (inserted picture of shield).

A SHIELD

She keeps time with a Lucien Piccard. He does with a Patek Philippe, and he is the kind of man who always



JAMES THURBER
The Dubuque Market

looks for this shield (inserted picture of shield).

This dame begins to bother me, now. If she wants to use a Hasselblad 500 C, that's her own business, but it sounds suspicious to me, and she might, well get tattooed and switch to that, since she has a shield which does NOT avoid the manufacture of stereo and monaural records under the same roof, like it says, just plain, which does NOT avoid the manufacture of stereo and monaural records under the same roof, like it says, just plain, which does NOT avoid the manufacture of stereo and monaural records under the same roof, like it says, just plain.

Now any dame that is always hanging around Van Cleef and Arpels, a jewelry joint, is just hunting trouble.

WATCH THIS ONE

Believe me, if I were either Mr. Van Cleef or Mr. Arpels, I would watch this one like a hawk, and check the Dun & Bradstreet record on any gentleman she brings in, especially if it carries cane, and wears a hard collar and

bowler hat. You just can't tell who's what these days, ever since the tea-tasters and head-wearers invaded The New Yorker. Even an eye patch is suspected, because the wearer might be hustling another brand of shirt.

We have an unusual law in New York which can put a lady in the snetzer for loitering, and every time I look at this lass and I know that she uses a Hasselblad and is often seen at you know who's Five-and-Ten (million, that is) and I keeps time with Lucien Piccard. Well!

SHIFTY

When I was living on the Left Bank, and practicing how to grow a beard so I could be either a writer or a jazz musician, I knew a fellow named David Piccard. And if this girl is keeping time with that Lucien Piccard, all I can say is that Van Cleef and Arpels, and Lucien Piccard, and the fra house dicks, I know a fellow in the Moroccan quarter named Philippe Patok, too.

Shifty is all I can say. Both these people claimed relationship with famous watch-making firms, but they were actually in the hot machine gun trade.

HUSTLING WHAT?

I've been reading this advertisement over and over, and still can't quite figure out what this girl is hustling. Blue Cross or Warner Bros. stereo records? But that shield is there, loud and strong, and, if you see a girl keeping time with Lucien Piccard, you just call up Van Cleef and Arpels and ask them, straight out, has anybody seen Hasselblad 500 C lately? If they hang up, call the cops.

People's Platform

Paul Butler Needs Praise, Not Blame

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

If I didn't read the two letters that appeared in last Saturday's People's Platform written by Messrs. Charles L. Morris and Joe Malsen, I might not have written this letter, but to my way of thinking Mr. Paul Butler, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, deserves more praise than blame. Notwithstanding that occasionally I disagree with certain statements that he makes.

More often, however, I believe that he uses great wisdom in his expressions and his deeds.

Ever since he was selected by the Democratic National Committee to represent them as their chairman, he has shown himself to be a very good and loyal Democrat and an exceptionally able leader, in spite of the fact that certain members in Congress obstruct his work.

Some of our members in Congress, particularly our leaders, have nothing to brag about. They have proven themselves, and very conspicuously so, by their inactivities and indifference during many campaigns, particularly during the presidential, not a party but the national Democratic Party.

Often have I wondered whether this was due to their feeling of the security that they believe they possess, because of the length of time they serve as members in Congress. For many a year I had a desire to propose a change



SEN. HUBERT HUMPHREY
Out Of Secret Glades

sachusetts. The real, allegedly including the former candidate's closest advisor, William Blair, favor a wait-and-see policy. Under the circumstances, therefore, it seems doubtful that Humphrey will get the thing he needs most, which is Stevenson's early and active backing.

This is Humphrey's present hope is the strategy of trying to defeat the Democratic front runner, Sen. Kennedy, in the primaries that have not been foreclosed by favorite sons. More than half seriously, Humphrey-advisor Rowe has suggested an unprecedented gentleman's understanding with Kennedy. "Whoever wins two out of three primaries will win the ball game, and the beaten candidate will back the winner." This is the essence of the bargain.

TOO COMMON SENSE?

The bargain is probably too common-sense to be quite feasible. For who would shake their security, and the lobbyists in Washington could not reach them too easily. And their contentions expect the representation promised before the elections.

Nobody can deny that the lobbyists in Washington have great influence because of the money they are allotted by their money firms, which helps creating great temptations among the members in Congress.

Most members in Congress when first elected could hardly cover expenses for themselves and their families, but they have since then, and yet serving many years in Congress some of them are well provided financially, whether by sharing great profits in different business enterprises or other valuable holdings.

That is one reason why I think there is something wrong with our leadership there. Our President is elected by the people, and for American people he is elected since he took office, he fought hard to give away to foreign countries in the neighborhood of \$5 billion yearly and did not consider this act inflationary, but when Congress submitted bills for health, education, health or general welfare, which amounted to no more than a few billions of dollars donated to foreigners, he considered inflationary and vetoed the bill.

—HENRY KAYE

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
Jimmy Stewart, who has won many a woman's heart with his acting in "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington," "The Glenn Miller Story," "The Spirit of St. Louis" and many other movies, has been forced to surrender to the lady of the Senate.

He has finally put in all his reserve flying time to qualify for promotion as a reserve Air Force general. He surrendered after Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine remained adamant that he was not fair to drop some 60,000 lb. against McDonald for president and rolled up the amazing total of 223,516 votes. McDonald got 404,172. Rarick had no build-up, no chance to campaign, and his vote was largely one of protest against McDonald.

During the current steel negotiations, most union members have not wanted a strike. Too many had been out of work during the '37-'38 recession.

Now that the strike has been called, to gauge what's going to happen in the steel strike you have to understand

some of the difficult cross-currents inside the union, inside the steel industry, and inside the Eisenhower administration. Here are some of them:

Solidity?

Cross-current No. 1 is inside the United Steelworkers, where David J. McDonald has not been too popular with his men. In April, 1957, Donald C. Rarick, a relative unknown, ran against McDonald for president and rolled up the amazing total of 223,516 votes. McDonald got 404,172. Rarick had no build-up, no chance to campaign, and his vote was largely one of protest against McDonald.

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however, it should solidify McDonald's union behind him. He didn't want the steel industry to benefit from his administration. Here are some of them:

Cross-current No. 2 is among the steel executives. In the past they have played ball with McDonald, and he has been a cooperative union-industry relationship. When wages were granted, the increase was passed on to the public—plus. But since then, however, the steel executives have taken over big steel. The days of Ben Fairless, who worked his way up from coal miner to be chairman of the giant U. S. Steel Corp., are over. Younger, tougher Roger Blough is now running U. S. Steel.

More Profane

Eugene Grace, 83-year-old longtime czar of Bethlehem Steel, and Tom Girdler, iron-fisted boss of Republic

Steel, resisted union organization like tyrants. But once the union was recognized, they cooperated. New executives have resigned ever since. Charles White, new head of Republic steel and more profane than any steel puffer ever thought of, is far more difficult to get along with than Tom Girdler.

Showdown Line

Months ago, the steel executives decided there was going to be a showdown with the union. The decision went higher up than even the steel industry. The auto manufacturers, the iron and steel makers, and those who sit around the Duesenberry Club in Pittsburgh, all decided that now was the time and McDonald's union the place to take a stand against the continued round of wage hikes.