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MONDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1955

An Outdoor Drama For Mecklenburg?

EVER since the closing of SHOUT FREEDOM, stubborn hopes for a permanent outdoor historical drama have churned mightily in the breasts of a handful of dedicated Mecklenburgers.

Last week, at the annual dinner of Mecklenburg Historical Association, the first dim outlines of a new plan for an outdoor drama began to take shape.

The proposal has merit. It clearly deserves the thoughtful consideration of Mecklenburgers in and out of the association.

Mecklenburg's heritage is rich. The romance, triumphs and tragedies of the county's early history are etched in the annals of America's struggle for independence.

The experience with SHOUT FREEDOM, which made use of much of the same

material, need not put a damper on the operation. In fact, valuable lessons were undoubtedly learned in the earlier project.

There is apparently an audience for such a venture. More than 20,000 people attended the free VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS of four nights.

There is also fine talent available—only LeGette Blythe, the Mecklenburg novelist and historian.

Certainly every angle of the proposed project should be scrutinized carefully. If local sentiment for such an attraction is sturdy enough and if the proper business and artistic talent can be recruited,

Mecklenburg should have its outdoor drama. If all conditions are not completely ripe at this particular moment, then plans should be stored away until they are.

Words themselves have various shades of meaning to various people. "Liberal" may be just another way of saying "Communist" to one man and "conservative" may mean "fascist" to another.

It was Clement Attlee who said, "The peoples of the world are islands shouting at each other over seas of misunderstanding."

When I use a word, "Humpty Dumpty said, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can make words mean so many different things."

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all."

Insert 'Blah-Blah' & Let It Go At That

TO 1955's bulging collection of American political neologisms, a new label can be added. Gabriel Hauge, one of the President's administrative assistants, told the Commonwealth Club of California the other day that the nation is riding the crest of something called "Eisenhower dynamic conservatism."

Does this mean that we are in the midst of a period of liberalized conservatism? A period of conservative liberalism? A cross between liberalism and conservatism? Plain old-fashioned conservatism dressed up with a new name?

It is, of course, impossible to discover concrete meanings in all of these labels today. Such words are too charged with emotional overtones for that. They certainly no longer are distilled to absolute values like x and y in algebra.

Many of the words and phrases being tossed around in U.S. politics are like writing on jazz. His main beef is that the coverage is "astoundingly unintelligent and imperceptive."

Jazz, like most folk arts (urban, suburban, rural), is basically simple fare. Recent attempts to make it complicated, introverted and profoundly intellectual have been slightly ludicrous. Take this tortured excerpt from the album notes accompanying a jazz trio's recent LP recording:

"A material consists of the juxtaposition of plus opposed triad tonalities. The material for the succeeding sections is derived from section 'A,' using fixed notes. The jazz line is utilized in a new light, marking the ends of sections and having a catalytic effect. The form, an analysis of the jazz line would be ABACA, resembles rondo form.

Seems the joint was jumping. Or was it? No matter. Give us the simple beat, the rough and ready phrase, the joyful innocence of unsophisticated harmonies. And never mind all those labored explanations of the opposed triad tonalities.

Who's For Apple-Bobbing?

He must have a family but he must be ready to sacrifice their right of privacy to the purposes of publicity on all and every occasion.

He must be totally telegraphic, combining the appeal of Burt Lancaster and Liberace with a touch of Marlon Brando for good measure.

He must be able to solve all the problems of the nation and the world; any confession of modesty that he has less than this capacity will be an immediate disqualifier.

He must never appear in anything less than a mood of smiling confidence; but never under any circumstances shall he lapse into humor.

He must have a heart and arteries certified by a board made up of 10 of the nation's leading specialists to be strong enough to endure any and all stresses and strains.

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'Superman For President': A Catalog Of Qualifications

By MARQUIS CHILDS

A SECRET committee made up of the most sober minds in both the Republican and Democratic parties has met in the deepest vault in Fort Knox to decide on the qualifications required of the candidates for President next year.

Although the meeting was surrounded by every kind of security precaution, this reporter, thanks to a remarkable new listening device that picks up conversations anywhere and any place within a range of several hundred miles can report on the prescription that was agreed to after many hours of discussion.

The basic specifications are as follows: YOUNGER He must be between 47 and 57 years old.

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'The people like a man in public office with a family background, rich in American heritage... Let's see... if we could only show that you were related to Davy Crockett...'

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number of men in each party who might fit the prescription. The answer in both instances was: None.

If he existed, he would be Superman. While the search will go on, it is possible that both parties will have to settle next year for a burban being; a human being with all his strengths and weaknesses and his vices and virtues.

For 14 years the Democratic party was under the spell of Franklin D. Roosevelt. For a variety of reasons he was built to a stature larger than life size. So when the process came that he was re-elected to a fourth term even though the outward and visible signs of his illness and his incapacity for high office had been obvious.

During the past three years the Republican Party has come under the spell of Dwight D. Eisenhower. He has emerged in the same larger-than-life image to whom his party and a large segment of the American people have looked for continuing miracles.

But in the process some time he has re-emerged against this kind of concentrated hero worship the process of making a mortal man into a superhero. But though he spoke with evident sincerity and feeling on this score, his words were politely disregarded.

NO ENOUGH The remarks made the other day by Sen. William F. Knowland of California, the minority leader in the Senate, are pertinent in this connection. Knowland suggested that a bright smile and a good television appearance were perhaps not enough and it might be well for candidates to let the public know where they stood on issues. In his own conduct in

public office and as a potential presidential candidate, Knowland has talked about the big issues. But in this day of the public relations expert and the TV-making artist, that is the exception rather than the rule.

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Brave New Folk Art For The Few

SOONER or later, all folk arts seem to fall into the clutches of some self-conscious clique bent on making them mysterious, esoteric and only for the anointed few. It has finally happened to American jazz.

But now something called "serious jazz" has emerged to be nursed and nurtured by a whole set of professional contakers who scorn the attention of the great unwashed majority. These experts have, in short, staked out their own private preserve in the public domain and we're frankly indignant.

One Nat Hentoff, a usually adroit critic and the co-author of Hazz Me Taxed Down To XA, complains bitterly in the latest Down Beat magazine of "an unfortunate and unnecessary outgrowth of the public interest in jazz in the last few years."

He notes, with appropriate concern, that an unprecedented number of national magazines and newspapers are writing on jazz. His main beef is that the coverage is "astoundingly unintelligent and imperceptive."

Jazz, like most folk arts (urban, suburban, rural), is basically simple fare. Recent attempts to make it complicated, introverted and profoundly intellectual have been slightly ludicrous. Take this tortured excerpt from the album notes accompanying a jazz trio's recent LP recording:

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Like Feeble Minded Orphans

I AM DELIGHTED to read that we moderns were originally set "concentration" camps, to get rid of the troublemakers. When we pinched the Cherokee property, we just herded 'em West, for instance, but a few rows that decided they wanted to stay in the Smokies.

RELOCATION When the Indian Bureau is attempting to do this, as I read it, is to encourage the Indians to re-serve themselves, whenever possible or feasible, and move into assimilation with the white stragglers who side the country. This is called "relocation," and the relocation has been doubling itself lately.

The un-revered Indian has shown a remarkable ability to blend with the population. The red blood mends will with the white blood, and there is nothing really wrong with the full-blood as a copper with the times, if he has had any experience off a spot-ter and can learn to duck a taxicab. All the part-Indians I know, especially the Oklahoma and North Carolina varieties, are

prouder of the red blood than of the white.

We, who have so proudly meddled with other peoples' colonies abroad, have been so long time coming to the assumption that it is impossible to maintain a tiny aboriginal minority — our Indian population is around 400,000 — in the middle of a TV, atom-bomb, street-of-seared life.

Once you set him out of the bush, the Indian absorbs, if given any sort of a chance to start the absorption on his own experience. A Navaho herdsman makes a good copper on a modern ranch, for instance — and his kids can go to school and not die of tuberculosis.

Through effort, the American Negro has achieved great things in America, and they started out as black slaves from the most savage country in the world. It is a little difficult to say why they have dallied, until now, with the process of civilizing the original owners of America to a point where they are willing to accept us as equals.

Civilizing The Original Owners

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain was originally set "concentration" camps, to get rid of the troublemakers. When we pinched the Cherokee property, we just herded 'em West, for instance, but a few rows that decided they wanted to stay in the Smokies.

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People's Platform

THE SCENE was an intersection, two blocks from Eastover School. Two cars approached the intersection from the south and following the other at a safe distance. Just before the safe distance reached, the intersection, a third car but had come up from the rear pulled out to pass despite the fact that the first driver had been advised to pass at a distance of about 65 feet that he intended to make a left turn. The third car came and passed the leading car in the intersection. Just in time, the driver of the leading car saw in his mirror what the third driver was doing and stopped in time to avert a collision.

The driver of the third car was a mid-appearing man in his fifties. Since his car was not a sleek and driving habits make his eyes Chevrolet in such a situation a deadly menace. "Driving habits" is a three correct term, for few drivers commit such an offense. They have a habit of doing such things.

These of it who mean to drive to stay alive to profit by such experiences. One again was borne out the lesson that it is not enough that you signal what you intend to do; you had better take time to look fore and aft before you turn.

If that precaution had been overlooked this time, a middle aged father, his daughter, and three neighbor children would have been injured while on the way to school.

— HOWARD K. ALLEN

Myrtle Beach, S. C. Editors, The News: FOR several days now I have been doing a slow burn over a matter now before the U. S. government that involving those of us quarreling people, Egypt and Israel.

In the first place, let us get one thing straight: The Jews in Israel cannot claim it as a fatherland (land of them) because many of them have not lived in the Holy Land for a thousand years. Others even longer. There is no Jewish race, only a religious belief. A book called the Talmud guides many of the orthodox Jews.

Drive To Stay Alive

England, France and other nations have for generations been robbing the Arabs and Christians of the Near East for the benefits of their own people. The Suez Canal episode can easily show us that England for all her bluster and brass is slipping and knows it. The next move of Egypt will be to take over the Egyptian and Upper Sudan areas from England. Yet all this could be checked by a firm stand on the part of our own government.

For far too long the Christian and the Near East has been ignored and the side of the Zionist Palestinian Jew looked after. It is time for the people of this nation to awake and to recognize that black out-lawy has ruled the business of Palestine and the Near East and to the tremendous cost and disaster to the people of the area.

Maybe you want to spend your money for their misdeeds but I certainly don't feel that we should be spending with a better that it be spent in hurricane relief for our own people. We too need help.

— DR. WALDO H. JONES

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Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

THE biggest Army maneuvers in history are now staged in Louisiana. They are the opposition largely of one man.

He is William T. Burton, wealthy oilman, who is holding out on 30,000 acres near Camp Polk, La., which the Army needs for its war games.

Burton, who once served three years for income-tax evasion and who feels he owes nothing to the federal government, objects strenuously to having tanks, trucks, and half-tracks range promiscuously over his property. He has not surrendered but has indicated his friends that he will give his answer to the Army today or tomorrow.

Army's Biggest Maneuvers Stymied

Army appraisers were so miserably assessing the damage that the Texas refused to permit maneuvers there again.

On top of bigwigs' Army appraisers, the General Accounting Office ordered all claims out in full as an economy measure, so that when maneuvers normally are held there some wells for them.

Whereupon the Army made a deal with Maj. Gen. Raymond Fleming, now Louisiana's adjutant general, that Louisiana would turn over 7,000,000 acres for "Operation Sagebrush" this year if the Army in turn would reopen Camp Polk on a permanent basis.

15 Cents An Acre

When they promised me \$14 an acre for some land — 20,000 acres of my land — and in the end the Army was instructed to fix a price of \$2 an acre.

(Burton is reported to have purchased this land from the government at only 15 cents an acre.)

And since 1948 they've been trying to condemn my mineral rights. So you see," he explained, "I don't feel that I owe them anything."