

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

THOMAS L. ROBINSON Publisher
J. E. DOWD General Manager
R. S. GUNFITH Executive Editor
C. A. MCKNIGHT (On Leave) Editor

MONDAY, AUGUST 23, 1954

Usher L. Burdick And Abraham Multer

SIXTY-SIX years ago Usher L. Burdick was born near the little town of Owatonna, Minn. He moved with his parents to the prairies of Dakota Territory, where he helped on the farm and learned the Sioux language. He was an end for Minnesota's galloping Gophers in '03 and '04, when they won Big Ten championships. He earned a law degree and by 1907 was in the North Dakota state legislature. He went through the rough and tumble life of North Dakota politics as a member of that storied combination of oratory, unconventional, independent northwesterners, the Non-Partisan League and as a member of the Republican Party. He wrote books about the Sioux range cattle and farm political action. He has been in Congress since 1934.

He was a grown man when Abraham Multer was born in New York City. Multer went to P.S. 80 on Coney Island, Boys High School in Brooklyn, and night school at City College, then on to Brooklyn Law School for his law degree. He was a joiner, active in the affairs of his synagogue, Tammany Hall, the Flatbush Boys Club and a host of civic and philanthropic organizations. He served as counsel to many city, state and federal commissions, had his own law firm and, in 1947, went to Congress.

The careers of these two men are so strikingly dissimilar. But they, alone among the U. S. senators and representatives, had the courage to voice and vote convictions which their colleagues shared but feared to express when the measure sought to outlaw the Communist Party went before Congress.

"If you can do away with the Communist Party today," said Multer, "tomorrow you might do away with the

Transylvania: Great Music With A Southern Accent'

By FRANCIS CHURCH
In The Winston-Salem Journal

SOME HAVE called Brevard's Transylvania Music Camp the "Interlochen of the South." Others have attached the name "Berkshire of the South" to the Brevard Music Festival that follows the camp session.

Actually, the combination campsites of Brevard is neither. It has an individuality, after nine years of festival and to a camp, all of its own.

The National Music Camp in Interlochen, Mich., has the camp feature but no festival. The Berkshire Festival at Tanglewood, Mass., has the festival but no camp.

And Brevard has that southern accent, its music, from these Northern places. The southern accent is important, for in the past this section has been almost a cultural stepchild to the major cities of the North. An intense desire by everyone there to change this situation gives Brevard the dedicated spirit one would expect at a mission.

DISTINCT CONTRIBUTION

As a result of its making a distinct contribution to southern musical life. Students from Transylvania Music Camp, past and present, are in a symphony orchestra in the Southeast, including the major ones in the Southeast and New Orleans. People from all sections of the Southeast are flocking to the rustic shed at the camp to accompany the dedicated spirit one would expect at a mission.

Brevard is performing new music by southern composers. Just recently, "The Marches of Glyn," by Winston-Salem's Charles DeLaage was presented by the Transylvania camp orchestra and chorus. "We want North Carolina composers to send music to us and we'll try to play it," says Director James Christian Pfohl of Charlotte.

Other sections of the country are learning about Brevard. Network radio broadcasts of music are being beamed to all sections. Transylvania-trained musicians are turning up on the faculties of large northern schools of music and in major symphony orchestras. Dick Siskler, a native of Winston-Salem, is in the Boston Symphony, while others are in the Cincinnati, Baltimore, National, NBC, Kansas City, Rochester and Houston Symphonies.

SUPPORT WIDESPREAD

Southern communities are expressing their gratitude for what Brevard is doing. Their symphonies contribute many of the musicians for the Brevard Festival Orchestra in return for the many Transylvania-trained members there. Most of the practice cabins at the 116-acre camp have been used by hundreds of students from the southern state music clubs, community music clubs,

such as those in Winston-Salem and Raleigh and individuals. The 1951 North Carolina State Legislature appropriated \$30,000 so that Brevard's Music Foundation, which sponsors the camp and festival, could pay off its debt on the camp. Southerners, southern communities and the symphonies have been providing the bulk of the 80 scholarships which go to campers; 52 scholarships in all offer these grants.

What, then, is Transylvania Music Camp and Brevard Music Festival? The answer is simple: "The camp is located around a clear lake near Brevard in the mountain-enclosed French Broad valley. There's a faculty house, lodge, dining hall, main auditorium, junior camp gymnasium, art shop, store, public relations office, library, main office, infirmary, practice cabins and 33 housing buildings."

FROM 25 STATES

The camp had 200 students this summer, 100 boys and 100 girls from 25 states. Thirty of these were junior campers between 10 and 12 years old—they had their own musical organizations and instruments, including an orchestra.

The campers stayed busy this summer, in fact, the camp schedule announced by a bugle takes care of practically every minute in the day. If it's not orchestra or band practice, it's a private lesson or theory. If it's not music, it's recreation. That recreation is important, for the campers need a relaxing period to take music off their minds, Director Pfohl believes.

The campers don't rehearse music just the sake of rehearsing either. They play concerts which have brought hundreds more to the music shed this season than last. Camp concerts included 13 by the student band, symphony orchestra, choral and instrumental ensembles; four by junior camper aggregations and two student recitals.

NO LILY-PADS

The programs the campers gave were no lily-pads either. They included such orchestral show-pieces as Rimsky-Korsakov's Rhapsody in Blue and Ralph Vaughn Williams' Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis for double string orchestra. They performed 200 works in all. More important still, these included five premieres and 30 works by American composers. Young American artists were afforded the opportunity of solo appearances.

When the camp season ended on August 8, many campers said goodbye to a summer of music and play. For 14 of the most talented young American artists were selected to the Brevard Festival Orchestra, which was to begin rehearsals next day. This was the largest number of campers ever to play in the orchestra.



James Christian Pfohl Conducting His Shirt-Sleeved Brevard Festival Orchestra

The festival orchestra contains 84 musicians from the South's symphony orchestras. It rehearses intensively for the Brevard Music Festival.

The programs maintain a high standard. "We all never compromise with quality for the sake of commercialism," stresses Pfohl.

"What makes Brevard tick?" It's the "right" approach, as contrasted to the commercialism of so many similar ventures, declare visitors such as New York Times critic Olin Downes and CBS music commentator Jim Fassel. It is certainly true that the approach is different.

During camp and festival seasons, all eat together, play together, and worship together. Here is music in a community in the strictest sense of the word.

The festival orchestra's texture makes it unique. At what other summer music festival will one find musicians from age 12 through professional all playing together? There are 19 so-called professional musicians of whom all but six are veterans of the Brevard Festival. These professionals are the core of the festival members work especially hard in the orchestra, says conductor Pfohl, because they don't want to let those youngsters show them up. Of course, the youngsters work for all they are worth to try to "show up" their more experienced companions in the orchestra.

The group is dedicated. No one can fail to see that on paying either the camp or festival a visit.

But there is still more that makes Brevard tick: That's the tradition derived from ten years as camp and nine as festival. A lot of hard work went into its founding and its directors intend that it should grow "better all the time."

The music camp idea was planted in the Southeast by Pfohl in 1936 three years after he had taken over as music director at Davidson College. He got the idea from attending the National Music Camp in Interlochen. His first camp consisted of boys only, and hand music was featured. Came the war, and the camp had to leave the Davidson campus, which was being used full time for college classes. He moved operations to Queens College for women in Charlotte and made the camp educational. Vocational it has remained since.

'ACT OF GOD'

Then came what Pfohl describes as an "act of God." He

and Mrs. Pfohl were visiting the Brevard area when they happened upon the site of Camp Transylvania, which had closed because of the war. The section offered for the program envisaged was too much for Pfohl to resist. He and three men arranged for the purchase of the camp, and it started operations at Transylvania in the summer of 1945.

The festival was born next year, as the result of discussions between Pfohl and 30 Brevard alumni, led by Mrs. Samuel Bullock and Mrs. Henry Carrier. Later, in 1947, the festival and camp were wrapped up together under the Brevard Music Foundation.

And the camp hopes it can expand its facilities still more. Says Pfohl: "We are always in need of more facilities. We need more practice studio, another rehearsal hall, additional library space and better accommodations for faculty and staff."

Brevard is growing, all right. The camp will be limited to an enrollment of 200, but no limit will be placed on quality.

On To The Televised Convention

AMERICAN Legionnaires are in the unavoidable position of being scolded for pleasures they have not yet enjoyed. The veterans will meet in Washington, D. C., next week. However, editorial eyes have been raised and temperance tongues have been wagged ever since the President asked Congress to appropriate \$102,000 to maintain "public order" during the Legion convention. On top of this, the convention committee is having trouble with government officials. They want the Legionnaires to parade down Constitution Avenue, where they wouldn't tie up too much traffic. But, says exasperated Civil Service Commissioner Philip Young, who finds it hard to concentrate on the Legionnaires' stay civil, "the Legion has insisted on marching down Pennsylvania Ave."

Furthermore, the Legion and the government are at loggerheads over the question of giving government workers a half holiday on parade day, which the Legion requested. The government, in this request is not consonant with this business administration, and that efficiency and economy, as advocated by workers should get a paid parade rest only when President and potatoes go by.

In view of these difficulties we suggest that future Legion conventions be conducted in the Westinghouse manner—by television.

Recently about 2,000 Westinghouse Electric Corp. people around the country went to the nearest CBS studio. Here, by private telecasts, they saw the latest lines of goods and listened to the top men give pep talks. Then they went home, without hangovers or aching, overlapped backs, to wives who for once weren't worried about hubby's extracurricular activities at the convention.

Legion orators, a good sound effects man and a bevy of chorus girls could whump up a reasonable facsimile of the convention. Of course it would be hard to pass those hundreds and hundreds of television resolutions by television. But possibly the government could rock along without this annual advice.

The Legionnaires ought to be realistic about this proposed televised convention. After all, business has never played a role in the Legion's good and bad resolutions. Most of the convention pleasures of World War I veterans are now enjoyed vicariously. And the veterans of World War II and Korea who walk briskly home from the studio, instead of dragging in from the convention train, will be spared several days of trouble on the home front.

In the central regions are Old Hundred, Erect, Surf, Cognac, Welcome, Snow Camp, Rubyart, Denim, Triangle, Advance, Methow, Saxaphaw, Bear Popular and Friendship.

In the west, the names almost seem to answer the call of the wild. There are Bearwalk, Roaring Gap, Bandana, Trap Hill, Blowing Rock, Bat Cave, Raven Crest, Banner Elk, Bridtown, Bee Line, Cricker, Grapevine, Horse Shoe, Shuckstock, Sandymush and Relief.

Ashe County alone can boast of Fig, Treepot, Comet and Sly.

Wilkes County, long a stronghold of Republicanism, has a town named Radical.

Madison County in the west has Luck. Moore County in the Sandhills has Spies. Jones County in the east has Comfort. Surry County in the north has Toast and Devotion.

Women supplied their names to an unusually large number of North Carolina communities too. There are, for instance, Alma, Amy, Bertha, Charlotte, Elizabeth, Florence, Lora, Mabel, Margie, Mame, Marion, Margaret, Mollie, Ronda, Ruth, Sonbia, Stella and Thelma.

On and on they go. Names? North Carolina will put its collection up against any old New England state ready to settle this matter one and for all.

A Name Is A Name Is A Name Is...

THE name sleuths are at it again in New England. Now Dean Arthur H. Hughes of Hartford, Wash. Colner, Aske, credited with collecting and cataloging 20,000 strange and exotic place names from Connecticut alone.

The inclination to get cosmic over Yankee locations like Obutse, Gadpuch, Lull and Wallop is shared by name sleuths everywhere. But name sleuths will have to come south of the Mason-Dixon Line to North Carolina for the nation's eye-catching nomenclature.

The Tar Heel imagination when it comes to naming civilization, looks at crannies cannot be topped this side of the Little Big Horn. And Uncle Sam has been compelled to raise many of these outlandish monikers to the rank of post office.

Take a map of the Old North State. Push a pin in anywhere. In the east you're likely to prick an oddity like Salvo, Heartsease, Toddy, Alert, Bug Hill, Pungo, Waterly, Topsis, Beargrass, Stumpy Point, Waves, Cash Colner, Aske, kewanee, Duck, Turkey, Sans Souci, Speed, Batchelor Bay, Calico, Gum Neck, Calypso, Supply, Kittywawk, Kill Devil Hill, Hexlena, Old Trap, Ivanhoe, Nags Head, Oriental, Deep Run, Sealevel, Hog Island, Supperground, Falcon, Swanquarter or Bath.

From The St. Louis Post Dispatch

TEDIUM OF A HOG

HOGS get bored, an authority on them says, to our considerable amazement. Looking at a hog in a wallow on a drowsy, droning summer afternoon, we had sworn that if lying there interminably didn't bore it, nothing could.

Yet Dr. Jacob A. Hofer, senior researcher at Michigan State College, says the reason pigs bite off each other's tails when crowded together may be that they are bored. How biting of each other's tails alleviates the boredom, he doesn't say, and maybe it doesn't. Perhaps it only expresses the irritation, which some

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

MOST important development to come out of the last session of Congress was not the legislation passed but the education of Dwight D. Eisenhower. He has now learned the techniques of being President.

He went into the first session of Congress more than a year ago, nervous, ill-at-ease, dubious about his job. He has come out of this new session with political know-how. He now knows how Congress works, how to crack the whip, how to push a program through despite opposition.

He knows how to stay back in the general headquarters tent and let the lieutenants slug it out in the front line trenches. This was something Franklin Roosevelt knew how to do to perfection, but which Harry Truman never learned. Truman could never resist going into battle himself, almost seemed to relish getting his nose bloodied. He never let his cabinet members take the punishment for him, Ike does.

Some of Ike's leaders have been so battered and bruised that their political future is dubious. But the Gallup Poll shows Eisenhower's rating is still in the upper brackets. Sen. Knowlton has been so tough, has aroused so much resentment that he may be ditched at the next Congress. Congressman Hallock in the House cracked the whip hard at some of his Republican colleagues late

him. The President was able to stay aloof, unswayed.

Collected His Fee Late

The important lesson Eisenhower learned was that a lawyer knows: "Collect your fee while your client's ears are hot." He failed to collect his fee at the first session of Congress last year when his popularity was at its height and his power over Congress at its apogee. Instead of collecting his fee, Congress adjourned last summer after passing only the Refugee Immigration Bill, a curtailed military budget, and other minor legislation.

Almost the entire program was postponed until this year. That was the reason for the logjam, for the killing time, but which Harry Truman never learned. Truman could never resist going into battle himself, almost seemed to relish getting his nose bloodied. He never let his cabinet members take the punishment for him, Ike does.

Music Is Mystic Science To All But 'The Chosen'

By ROBERT C. RUARK

ONE of the great frustrations that have beset me over the years is an inability to play any musical instrument, whatsoever, and so help me, before the current year runs out I am going to find me a music teacher. At least I can learn the drums.

For years I have been hanging around low dives with low musicians. I own a piano. I can't play a note in it. I can reproduce in my head nearly the whole score of a musical comedy. But I have never learned to play "Chopsticks." I remember the day when the ukulele or mandolin was as necessary to courtship as a canoe, and I owned neither. I was even a bum in a rumber suit.

All sorts of idiots, panhandlers, reefer smokers, bonze fighters, wine beaters, and other assorted jehism can pick up any instrument from a Steinway to an ocarina and coax noise out of it. Not me. I never even learned where to look for a chord. What is a chord, anyway?

Away back in grammar school they injected us with a course of music, and the teacher kept talking about so many beats to a measure. As a country boy, the word "beat" to my ear meant a red vegetable with a green top, and a measure was a round wooden bowl with a narrow iron band around the top, with which you doled out oatmeal to the crew.

The "sharp" and "flat" business never meant anything to me except what the edge of a

knife was, and what everybody else but Columbus thought the world was. And when I was in the mi fa so la ti do, backwards and forwards, I thought the lady was just plain nuts.

I was trying to make some sense out of the piano the other day. It was raining and Mama wouldn't let me go out to play with the other boys. But it was impossible for me to string one note after another. What I can't understand is how they know where to put the fingers.

MUSICAL MYSTERY

There must be some knack to playing an instrument that is given only to a few of the chosen. The best ones I ever have heard never had a lesson, can't read music, but can orchestrate and synopsize and play anything that's got a key or a reed or a plunger on it. How did they start? How did they know how to blow the horn or push the valve down or where to put the fingers? I was even a failure with the musical comb.

This is the year of decision. I shall study with a teacher, and one of these days I shall turn up on "Talent Scouts" and stun them by leading Godfrey into a contract. He never has no fear of my invading the ukulele field, since I consider it an inferior weapon, and besides, Godfrey used to use once took Godfrey's ukulele away from him, denoting an intense dislike of the instrument. The way I feel about him, he will either the French horn or the zither, but I think I shall practice up on the mouth organ first.

Ike Learns How To Crack The Whip

Every President develops his "machines" to influence votes in Capitol Hill. But none has ever operated more efficiently, more ruthlessly than that which rammed Ike's program through Congress. Instead of one lone Capitol Hill contact man, such as Jim Barnes or Joe Feeney, used by Truman, Ike had a battery of eight. His leaders were: Maj. Gen. "Slick" Persons and Gerald Morgan, once paid \$10,000 a month to lobby for private business.

In addition, various Cabinet members backed up the battery. Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey was chief back-stage wheeler in passing the St. Lawrence Seaway Bill, while Postmaster General Summerfield took the prize as heaviest cracker in the whip.

When Congressmen Robert Corbett

and James Fulton of Pennsylvania, both Republicans, failed to support Summerfield's Postage Stamp Increase, Summerfield post office hatcher man named Charles Godfrey turned up in their home districts to apply the pressure on the voters back home.

Other non-conforming Congressmen were hauled down to Summerfield's office. One of them, Godfrey, was told to vote "right" or expect no help on a mail transportation problem in his home district. Congressmen Otto Passman of Louisiana signed a discharge petition to force the postal pay boost. But that the Rules Committee was not Summerfield's usual thump happened in New Orleans.

Summerfield had fired the postmaster of New Orleans, A. Frank Fairley, who happened to be a good friend of Congressman Passman's. But, believe it or not, when Passman agreed to take his name off the petition to force a vote on the postal pay bill, Postmaster Fairley was reinstated.

Such were the tactics used in one of the toughest, toughest to support of Congress Washington has seen in this century. Ike got his program through and we learned the good friend of Congressmen Passman's. But, believe it or not, when Passman agreed to take his name off the petition to force a vote on the postal pay bill, Postmaster Fairley was reinstated.

Such were the tactics used in one of the toughest, toughest to support of Congress Washington has seen in this century. Ike got his program through and we learned the good friend of Congressmen Passman's. But, believe it or not, when Passman agreed to take his name off the petition to force a vote on the postal pay bill, Postmaster Fairley was reinstated.

