

A PAGE ABOUT THE AREA DEVOTED TO Information For Visitors

WNC Can Still Boast Pioneers - In Music

By CHRISTINE M. BAERMANN

Pioneering days aren't gone in Western North Carolina. At least one pioneer is left in the person of James Christian Pfohl, founder and conductor of the only out-door center in the south for the teaching and performance of the world's greatest classical music.

The Brevard Music Festival, 3-week series of concerts by full symphony orchestra, chorus and soloists, has recently closed its 18th successful season. It also ended the 6-week Transylvania Summer Music Camp for teenagers.

These projects often go almost unnoticed in their home mountains but have won acclaim in national magazines like Newsweek and international newspapers like the New York Times.

Mastermind of this nucleus of culture in our midst is "Jim" Pfohl, whom I interviewed a few days ago shortly before he left Brevard for his winter-time duties as conductor of the Charlotte and Jacksonville symphony orchestras. Dynamic Mr. Pfohl talked to me in his rustic cabin-office a few feet from waterfall, lake and woods, but complete with files, typewriters and efficient secretary. For this man must not only be a musician—orchestra conductor, organist and director of faculty—but also manager and business man.

"Years ago, before I started this camp, I knew just one thing—music!" Pfohl told me. "But I have long since learned to make plans and decisions on large-scale projects in plumbing, sewers, kitchens,

construction, maintenance, or the hiring of faculty. I have been a caretaker and a swimming coach." For the first time this fall, however, the Festival Association is employing an executive secretary, John Eversman, to relieve their conductor of some of the hundreds of details to be considered in housing, educating and entertaining some 200 campers and 100 faculty and staff each summer. In addition there is the tremendous job of organizing and producing the top-notch concerts, to which people come from all over the United States.

Purpose of his camp? Pfohl said "to give the young people of the south the best possible opportunity to a sincere approach to music." He claims to (and from all signs succeeds in) avoiding veneer and commercialism. He says that he feels the camp succeeds most by establishing a close relationship between student and faculty, not only through the medium of music, but also with sports, good times and living in the out-of-doors.

The camp is the realization of a dream he had in his own student days at National Music Camp, Interlocken, Mich. He started his summer camp on college campuses. During World War II while on vacation in Brevard, he and Mrs. Pfohl stumbled upon an old abandoned summer camp, weed grown and melancholy. But there was a big, open-shed gymnasium which could serve for both concerts and sports. There was a lake, and there were enough buildings to house students, and so the camp started with 80 students — as a business venture.

By his fourth year, Pfohl realized that business and an educational ideal do not mix; that if the camp were to remain a music camp, it would have to become a non-profit corporation. Only then could it develop into a reality of national significance. In an exciting and harrowing 30 days, Pfohl raised enough money from donations and his own financing to buy out his partners on the very last day of his option.

As the years went on, the Camp and Festival grew and managed to pay for themselves, but the original mortgage was not reduced. It was only 3 years ago, following a colorful appearance by both Mr. and Mrs. Pfohl before the State Legislature, ("I really learned politics that day," said Pfohl) that money was granted by the State to pay off the original debt.

Today Pfohl says the Foundation's greatest need is for more scholarships and, of course, more basic capital. "So many potentially fine musicians come from low-income families. We try to take as many of these talented youngsters as we can. We keep the tuition below our own costs, but there is still need for student financing."

As I left, he said to me, "We here in Transylvania give our students a 'musical pill,' and it takes effect through their whole lives." I felt that this year's Brevard season may be over, but that something big was just beginning.

Chimpanzees are regarded as the smartest of the apes says the National Geographic Society.



AROUND EVERY CURVE, and over every hill, there appears a new scene in this area. And here is one that is just a little different, and the lane nears the top of the hill, shaded by the tall maple, in the Max Patch section of Haywood, one of the many favorite spots for those who like varied scenery. (Mountaineer Photo).

My Favorite Stories

By CARL GOERCH

Down on the coast, in the county of Carteret, is the quiet, peaceful little hamlet of Sea Level. It is located on Core Sound and is a favorite spot for fishermen in the summertime and hunters during the winter months.

Before acquiring the name of Sea Level, incidentally, the place was known as Wit.

Mr. Waldron Baily, now living in Aurora, told us recently of a church episode that happened in Wit and that caused the people of the little community considerable concern. It all took place a number of years ago. The people of Wit erected a church-house near the shore at an exposed point on Core Sound. At this particular place the prevailing winds were very strong, especially during the summer season. In designing the little building—or rather in locating it—the builders forgot all about the winds; they placed the entrance to the structure on the southwest side of the church.

Nobody thought anything about it until a few Sundays after the first services had been held in the new building. It was a fair Sunday in March, and the Southwest wind was blowing half a gale. As the church hour arrived, people began to assemble for worship.

All went well until the ladies of the flock started rounding the corner of the edifice and had their long and voluminous skirts whipped by the stiff breeze. Conditions became even worse as they walked up the two or three steps that led up to the entrance.

When the women—with blushing faces—finally got inside the church, they gave sighs of relief and thanks, but they made a solemn vow that never again would they attend services when there was a high wind blowing.

And they kept that vow, too. For some time the preacher was puzzled over the startling drop in attendance on certain Sundays. And then one of his parishioners, who was half blind and could see only a very short distance, told him what was the matter.

"It's the wind and the skirts," he informed the pastor.

The latter was inwardly troubled, and mediated for some time upon the problem. Finally he had a conference with some of the

brethren to see whether something couldn't be done about the proposition.

The conferees sat and thought, and at last one of them announced: "I've got it!"

The others looked at him expectantly.

"Tell the women to sew net-leads in the bottom of their skirts," he proclaimed triumphantly. "Then the wind won't bother them none."

The men looked at one another and nodded in solemn agreement. They went home and told their wives, and their wives told the other women of the congregation, and there was an immediate run upon net-leads.

The following Sunday the wind was strong once more, but the women turned out in large numbers. Confident of the effectiveness of the precautions they had taken, they marched firmly in the direction of the church. They rounded the entrance corner. The wind whipped their skirts vigorously, but the skirts stayed down.

The preacher, who was standing outside with some of the men, watched proceedings with a satisfied smile. So did the man who had suggested the idea.

But, judging from the expressions upon the faces of some of the ladies after they had gained admittance into the church, everything was not well. They sat with stern and somewhat tense faces, and occasionally one of them would reach forward and rub her legs tenderly.

The explanation came out shortly after services broke up. The strong wind, blowing the leader's skirts against the women's legs, had inflicted painful bruises upon tender shins and calves. The ladies once more decided that the church was no place for them on a windy Sunday, so they told their husbands in no uncertain fashion that when the wind blew, they'd stay home.

Once more the attendance dropped seriously, and once more the preacher was downcast, for he liked not to preach to empty benches. There was only one thing to do, and that was to call another conference of the leaders.

The man who had suggested the leads was present, but he had run out of ideas, and could only shake his head disconsolately when called upon for another suggestion.

But just before the conference was about to break up, an elderly gentleman raised his hand and said: "Parson, I believe I've got an idea that'll work."

"What is it?" asked the preacher.

"Well, it's like this. We'll just swap ends."

"What do you mean — swap ends?" inquired one of the other men.

"Swap ends of the church," explained the inventive genius. "We'll board up the side to windward and move the pulpit over to that side. And we'll cut a new door on the leeward side of the build-

Bookmobile Schedule

Sept. 4
L. JUNALUSKA - RATCLIFFE COVE

- Jack Long 9:20- 9:45
- New Bridge 9:50-10:10
- Ann Shelton 10:20-10:45
- Ollie Mack 11:00-12:00
- Roy Meador 12:15-12:30
- Hugh Frances 12:35- 1:00
- Ratcliffe Cove Groc. 1:10- 1:30
- Mt. Experiment Sta. 1:40- 1:55
- Wiley Franklin 2:05- 2:30
- Henry Francis 2:45- 3:00

Sept. 7 (Labor Day)
BEAVERDAM

- J. T. Smith 9:30- 9:45
- David Burch 9:50-10:15
- Charles Jacobs 10:20-10:35
- Williamson Groc. 10:45-11:05
- Mrs. T. G. Murray 11:10-11:30
- L. L. Moore Groc. 11:35-11:45
- Allen Grocery 11:50-12:20
- Robert Harris 12:35-12:55
- J. E. Henderson 1:10- 1:25
- Ed Queen 1:40- 1:55
- Ray Pruett 2:00- 2:20
- Mark Swaim 2:30- 2:45

Sept. 8
MORNING STAR - STAMEY COVE

- Quay Smathers 9:25-10:15
- Geo. Wilson's Store 10:25-10:50
- J. L. Rhodarmer 11:00-11:20
- B. M. Stamey 11:30-11:55
- Smathers' Dairy 12:00-12:15
- A. B. Watts 12:30-12:50
- L. L. Allen 1:00- 1:15
- Cromer Crisp 1:30- 3:00

It's In The Book

What does the law say about following too closely? I don't believe there is any specific distance outlined.—K.L.M., Mt. Holly.

You're right. The Motor Vehicle Manual doesn't specify a set distance for tailing another vehicle. However, the regulation reads as follows: "The driver of a motor vehicle shall not follow another vehicle more closely than is reasonable and prudent, with regard for the safety of others and due regard for the speed of such vehicles and the traffic upon the condition of the highway." This rule doesn't count for trucks, though. Outside business or residential areas they must not follow within 300 feet of another vehicle.

The Great Smoky Mountains National Park has been the leader in attendance among all United States National Parks for more than a decade.

Ever try adding butter-browned diced onions to cooked carrots for a quick taste change?

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Forests Cover Mountain Slopes

Western North Carolina is a land, not only of mountains, but of forests that cover the mountains.

The great timber stands on the slopes of the Blue Ridge, the Smokies, the Black and the other ranges are among the richest and most varied known anywhere in the world.

On a 30-mile trip from Marion to the top of Mt. Mitchell, a traveler could identify more species of trees than in a journey all the way across Europe from France to Turkey.

From yellow pine, oaks and hickories in the foothills, up through yellow poplar, buckeye, black cherry, beech and birch to the spruce and balsam of the heights, climate and forest types change from hot Piedmont at the base to cool, Canadian-type growths on the peaks.

Minnie The Moocher Spurred Her Freedom

World War II rationing at the Asheville Recreation Park, ended a zoo. Non-native animals were sold and native creatures were released in the forests.

A bear—Minnie by name—didn't take to her new-found freedom near Mount Mitchell. Days after her release, she was seen plodding through Swannanoa resolutely headed for the free hand-out to which she had become accustomed.

Finally she was back in her old cage—skinny and worn from her bearfree days.

Mt. LeConte honors the memory of Joseph LeConte, native of Georgia, who worked with Arnold Guyot in measuring many southern Appalachian peaks.

Sequoyah, the Cherokee Indian who invented the Cherokee alphabet, lived and evolved his masterpiece in the region of the Great Smokies.

Sale of forest products from the National Forest in Western North Carolina brings 25 per cent of the total to counties involved, in lieu of taxes, to be used for schools and roads.

Combine canned okra, canned tomatoes (drained), and cooked rice for a delicious casserole to serve with meat or fish. Season the casserole with salt, pepper and minced onion.

Buck, Bear, Boar Hunts Soon Open

Teh Wildlife Management of the Pisgah and Nantahala opened each fall to periodic hunting. There's a special fee charged to participate in these, but with a hunting permit can be on them.

Last year, in the Pisgah National Game Preserve, sportsmen participated in the organized hunt, bagged 346 bucks and 14 bears.

The Santeel Wildlife Refuge in the southwestern corner of the state is the scene of the annual boar and bear hunts. Sportsmen from everywhere have participated in these, including Gen. Athan Watwright, a regular or over the last few seasons.

Western North Carolina's hunting season is a highly colorful show. In this part of the country the Plott bear hunt, a mountain breed, is the principle feature in the hunts. He hunts in packs of up to 25, and he's famed all over the nation for his endurance, courage and persistence.

The Plott hound has earned a high reputation that he's called on occasion by cattlemen in Texas to come track down hounds that have been raiding stock. Also been used in the last few years in experimental hunting in Michigan.

The Tower of London was built in 1078 by William the Conqueror.

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