

Over The Hill

The Would-Be Musician

Somewhere in the brain or inner depths, the place where ancient longings or remembrances or never-have-beens are kept — somewhere in these spaces of many an old hag there dances the young, supple girl, the beauty queen she feels herself really to be. Hidden within many a TV sports-watching man is the strong, square-jawed athlete, the conquering hero.

My own inner, impossible person is different. Male or female, graceful or gawky, ugly or not, it wouldn't matter. The leashed, untutored creature within me, somewhere between the solar plexus and the larynx, is a phantom musician, reproaching me for keeping it chained all these years.

It would be reassuring to blame it on careless parents, or mocking teachers, or taunting schoolmates. All were above reproach. Or on the unavailability of instruments or music teachers; again, no. The facts, hard as they are to face, are that real musicians are either highly motivated and self-propelled from early childhood, or pushed, cudgeled, or coerced into practicing throughout their youth. While the rest of us climbed trees and pulled the cat's tail they learned scales and arpeggios. While we snoozed through all the calls to breakfast they were up at five to practice.

I was philosophical about this, as I was about not being a movie star or a baseball player either, until I made a remarkable discovery. At an early age I learned how to hide between two good singers and pretend to be an alto in choral singing. When you've practiced this deceit for a number of years, you can elaborate on it with some satisfaction. In my case, if I can sit (or stand, if I'm not thrown out before a real performance) between a strong alto and a soprano so that I can hear both parts, and not hear (especially not hear!) my own voice, I can carry this fantasy to the mind-boggling conclusion that I'm a part of a mini-symphony.

George Plimpton, of course, is the all-time master of this kind of thing. He has, with hard work and some success, taken on top prize fighters, big-league football and playing the cymbals with the New York Symphony Orchestra under an indulgent Leonard

Bernstein. He does it on the grand scale, I do it on the small; the lion and the mouse are both God's creatures.

Tom Grenfell good-naturedly let me carry on this pretense for several years, in spite of the fact that I tend to faint at the real performance and sit humming harmlessly to myself in the wings. So has Joe Erwin; and Hans Vigland has given me cautious encouragement. Now Mary Ann Kilver, who has courageously started a choral singer's dream, a small year-round group that for its kind and for my taste is practically perfect, is exhibiting the same tolerance. I must live in the care of a guardian angel with a kindly feeling for frog-throated humans who like music.

If you'd like to try this rather off-beat group — 15th century madrials are just one kind of music we do — let Mary Ann know. We still need a few tenors, altos and basses, and you can reach her in Saluda. There is a limit of twenty singers in all. Or 19 and me.

Mary Ann is a present-day Renaissance Woman in jeans. Ask her for her expert opinion on scale, and she'll ask you which kind, a musical scale or the pest that is ruining your euonymous. She earns her living tending the gardens of her clients in the area, and her other interests run to music and English literature. She is about a comma and a semi-colon short of a PhD in literature, and she has taught it in college, but she prefers her rural life and independence. One of her sweatshirts observes that "A woman without a man is like a fish without a bicycle." Independent and sure of herself, as I said.

She's patient with people like me in our choral group, now called the Chamber Singers, and when we know a piece well enough we sit around in a circle to practice so that we can hear each other and so that she can sing, too.

If you can read music and like to sing chamber-type (and other) music, call her for an audition. But if you're an alto you'd better be good. One like me is enough. — Margaret Wheaton

"The love of liberty is the love of others; the love of power is the love of ourselves." William Hazlitt

Communication

For three months, fifty captivities have languished in an Iranian Embassy jail! For three months, endless unproductive plans to free them. Refusal of the President and his unelected advisors to release, the Shah for trial. No, no, a trial would reveal the identity of the planners, the plight of the hostages and the Iranian people: The confusion brought the President of the U. S. to the microphones to address the Congress, our Nations and the World about the general confusion concerning hopes of stopping the complete encircling of the world with the Satanic Octopus of Russian Communism! Too late, with too little to do that, all in the bitter cold of winter!

The President stated twice our complete commitment to the sate of Israeli, the underlying cause or woes of the Iranians, Egyptians, Palestinians, Pakistanian, etc., which has been avoided by the media for three months. In the name of peace, our President has awarded funds to assure no peace, World War III and Armageddon. The President was careful not to insult anyones religion by calling on the Christian God, the word made flesh, upon whose word our U. S. Constitution was founded to help him of others of like mind to deal with the world problem! Ponder that!

Yes, our boys and girls will be drafted, the nation's cream of the crop, our potential future leaders will be taken from their loved ones as a sacrifice to another no win war, the grief and carnage that accompanies such action ensuing!

Those who do not spiritualize Genesis 3:15, with grief of compassion have watched world affairs, and the possession of the City of Jerusalem! Under the covenants, who are the rightful owners?

J. F. Gallimore

Dividend For Mid-Continent

HUDSON, OHIO, January 24, 1980 — Mid-Continent Telephone Corporation's Board of Directors declared regular quarterly dividends today on the common and preferred stock of the Company. The 42c quarterly dividend per common share is payable April 3, 1980 to shareholders of record as of February 29, 1980.

On all series of preferred stock,

quarterly dividends are payable on March 15, 1980 to owners of record as of February 29, 1980.

The Board of Directors resolved that the Annual Meeting of Shareholders will be held at 2:30 p.m. on April 24, 1980. The meeting will be at Denison University, Granville, Ohio, in the service of the area of The Newark Telephone Company which was recently acquired by Mid-Continent. Shareholders of record as of February 29, 1980 will be entitled to vote at the meeting.

Mid-Continent, the Ohio-based telephone holding company, has operating subsidiaries in 13 midwester, eastern and southern states, serving more than 1 million telephones.

DANCE COMPANY IS ORGANIZED

A dance company for serious young students has been organized in Spartanburg.

Green Creek area students enrolled include Tammy Thompson, Krista Cantrell and Wendi Wolfe.

At their recent organizational meeting, the Parents Advisory Board voted to name the Group "Miss Marion's Youth Dance Theatre." The group will be under the artistic direction of Marion Feinstein and will provide an opportunity for serious young dancers to perform for an audience, while offering entertainment for local groups.

The group is a voluntary non-profit company available to perform free of charge for nursing homes, civic groups and other community functions.

Any group interested in having this group of young dancers perform for their organization may contact Miss Marion at (803) 582-8557 or Margaret White at 863-2194.

TAX TIP (Rentals)

Question: My wife and I are both over 65 and we receive social security. The only other income we received last year was from a rental house. Our gross income from the house was 7,600 and our net income was \$3,300. Do we have to file a return?

Answer: Yes. The filing requirements are based on gross income and your \$7,600 gross income exceeds your minimum filing retirement of \$7,400. — Provided as a Public Service of H&R Block, The Income Tax People