

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina
 125 E. Rosemary Telephone 9-1271 or 1881
 Published Every Tuesday and Friday
 By The Chapel Hill Publishing Company, Inc.
 Louis Graves, Contributing Editor
 Joe Jones, Managing Editor
 Oswald Campbell, General Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In Orange County, Year \$4.00
 (6 months \$2.25; 3 months, \$1.50)
 Outside of Orange County by the Year:

State of N. C., Va., and S. C. 4.50
 Other States and Dist. of Columbia 5.00
 Canada, Mexico, South America 7.00
 Europe 7.50

ADVERTISING RATES

National, for agencies, 84c col. inch. . . . Local
 transient, 75c; open, 65c; regular, 60c; consistent
 (50 inches or more average per week), 54c. . . .
 Classified, payable in advance, minimum, 60c for
 12 words, every additional word 4c; All classified
 ads running four or more times carry a 25% dis-
 count. . . . Legal and tabular, 1 time 50c per inch;
 2 times 75c; 3 times, 75c; 4 or more times, 65c
 . . . "Readers," separate from reading matter and
 clearly marked "adv." 75c. . . . Political (in ad-
 vance), 75c.

The Folk Festival Gets a Severe Drubbing From a Folklore Specialist

Arthur Palmer Hudson, folklore specialist in the University's English department, gave the Eighth Annual Carolina Folk Festival, directed by Bascom Lamar Lunsford, a rough going-over in his review in last Friday's issue of the Weekly. A large proportion of what he wrote was uncomplimentary, and when you came to a passage that started as a compliment you found, in many cases, that it ended with a qualification that brought to mind Pope's famous line about damning with faint praise.

Parts of the performance on which Mr. Hudson bestowed a real accolade, without dropping any poison of detraction in his cup of commendation, were the dancing numbers and the singing and playing of George Pegram, Red Parham, J. Laurel Johnson, and Obrey Ramsey. He said these numbers were first rate.

Of the Festival as a whole he wrote: "It was uneven, ragged, imperfectly disciplined, and over-exuberant. The number of performers and the acts was too great, much was lacking in the authentic folk note, and what talent there was did not display its best resources."

"The instrumental music was, with a few exceptions, but little above the ruck of hillbilly stuff which rides the radio—too many electric git-tars, too much screeching, nasalizing, gum-chewing, and gargling of old Tin-Pan-Alley stuff and saccharine orphan and parted-lovers songs of the last century."

As to the singing, "it was keenly disappointing. The talent was there, but it did not choose the right pieces—with a few honorable exceptions. Mrs. Freda English did not sing a single good traditional secular song. Miss Eunice Arnold's selections were only so-so. Virgil Sturgill gave his usual 'Jackie Frazier,' which is a bit too long for outdoor audiences accustomed to television and radio spots; his 'Pretty Polly' was also too long, and was not the best version."

Here are some of the compliments trailing off into depreciation, of which I have spoken:

"The much advertised Donald MacDonald was a cultivated and smooth singer; but for a man reputed to have spent a year in Scotland learning the Lalland songs, his Harry Lauder imitations were not up to expectations. He hit the true note only once, in a Gaelic folksong."

"Miss Claire Simmons, a charming personality and a trained singer, pleased with Burns' 'My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose,' but only tried the audience with 'Robin Adair' and another long song. Little Joan Moser, with a large and beautiful repertoire, sang three times 'Green Willow in My Hat.' Why couldn't she have varied her offerings?"

"Mrs. Sherrell, accompanied by Mrs. English on the guitar, gave, three times, 'The Lonesome Valley,' a beautiful and impressive spiritual, and beautifully and impressively rendered—only it begins to wear after one has heard it once or twice."

"Bob Keppel gave a fine 'Twa Sisters,' that was too long for that time of night, and missed his chance of doing something better adapted to the audience's temper when he appeared the second time with 'Whiskey in the Jug' instead of a short mixture of the spiritual and the animal song that he learned from his Mississippi mother."

In conclusion Mr. Hudson wrote about the bearing of this year's Festival on the outlook for future Festivals:

"The disappointingly small audiences, the ragged performances, the low per-

centage of fresh and genuine folk stuff, the gradual falling away of attendance and support by students and Chapel Hillians, the failure of the performers to give their best, bode ill for the Festival. Mr. Lunsford has to do the best he can with what he has, if he wants people to come out and see and hear. This year he got together too much. It was not properly screened and processed and monitored."

All this adds up to a very severe drubbing. Now, it is reasonable to suppose that the performances in the Folk Festival were short of perfection, some of them by a wide margin, and from the point of view of a perfectionist Mr. Hudson's criticisms may have been justified. But is that the right point of view from which to observe, and comment upon, a show put on by amateurs gathered together from scores of widely scattered communities?

I have a theory about what is the trouble with Mr. Hudson as a reviewer of a show of this character. My theory is simply this: that he knows too much. This makes him less easily satisfied than the ordinary run of people. He has made a lifelong study of folk music, folk dances, folk drama, folk medicine, folk fairy tales—all the amusements and practices embraced in the term, folklore. He has read innumerable books about them and delivered lectures about them. He has attended gatherings at which folklorists exchange voluminous information about folklore. He has gone into the forests and swamps and mountain coves of Tennessee, Mississippi, Louisiana and other states, and in foreign countries too, to make records of the natives' songs and tales and banjo- and guitar-playing and to take photographs of them at work and at play.

With his head full of all this knowledge, and with his experience of having seen on the stage and in movies the world's most expert practitioners of singing, dancing, and instrument-playing, it is no wonder his spirit is troubled by imperfections, at a folk festival, that are not even noticed by the average citizen—me, for instance—who goes to such a show for no other purpose than to have a good time.

Consider, for example, the singer, Donald MacDonald. I was utterly oblivious to the faults that Mr. Hudson found with him and so I enjoyed his Scotch song thoroughly. I have heard several acquaintances of mine, who are certainly to be classed as educated persons (not educated in folklore, however), express the same good opinion of these songs. And these people have told me they liked the festival in general. Some lamented the rain, which drove them away before they had seen the whole show, but all I questioned said they enjoyed what they saw.

There were about three hundred participants in the Festival. They are amateurs who, in their communities, sing and dance and play instruments for the fun of the thing. Most of them come here at their own expense. Some, from places far off, are helped out by shares in the gate money, but the help they got was meager this year because the bad weather kept the attendance down.

Though my sympathy and good wishes are with the manager and his associates who sweat and stew to produce a show like this, and with the performers, I don't mean that, out of gratitude for their efforts, we ought to praise everything they do. I don't mind at all, in fact I like, to see Mr. Hudson criticize "too much screeching, nasalizing, gum-chewing." But I think it ought to be kept in mind that the main purpose of a Folk Festival is merely to entertain the spectators, not to meet the exacting demands of a folklore specialist. The testimony I hear persuades me that, by the entertainment test, last week's Festival was a success. My complaint against Mr. Hudson's review is that it placed too much emphasis on imperfections. It seemed to me to be over-balanced on the side of censure.—L. G.

People with Money Get the Best Seats

(From the Charlotte News)

In spite of what the calendar says and the weatherman predicts, there is just a touch of autumn in the minds of the University of North Carolina's football faithful this month. Ticket application forms have already been mailed out to thousands of alumni. Many Tar Heel fans—dazzled by a home schedule which includes Notre Dame, Oklahoma, Maryland and Tennessee—have responded with checks and money orders.

But what are the chances of getting a choice seat on the 50-yard line for a 1955 game at Chapel Hill? Pretty good—if you have money enough to contribute to the support of an athlete.

The list price of a ticket to the Notre Dame game is \$4.50. But that is hardly enough if you want what the UNC Ath-

letic Association delicately calls "preferential treatment" or one of the high "priorities" in seating assignments.

For instance, it is best to be a member of something called the "Century Club" and have your ticket order processed during the special June 1-15 "priority period." This is even better than being a member of the "Educational Foundation," organized some years ago to raise money for worthy athletes who would win for Carolina.

The "Century Club," according to the University's order blank, is "composed of Educational Foundation members who contribute annually \$100 or more for grants-in-aid to University athletes. They are given the highest preference in location (of seats) and are granted permanently assigned seats."

Ordinary "Educational Foundation" members (lesser contributors) share the June 1-15 priority period but are not promised "highest preference" and "permanently assigned seats."

"Other alumni"—presumably those who just pay the list price of football tickets and cannot afford to subsidize athletics at the University—had to wait until the June 15-July 1 "priority period."

The general public will get its ticket orders processed July 1-15, say order form instructions.

Despite the fact that all citizens of North Carolina support the University of North Carolina with tax money, we have no objection to alumni getting first choice on tickets. But beyond that, there certainly should be no favoritism in seating assignments. Tickets to these public functions should be handled on a first-come-first-serve basis. For a state insti-

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

nearness of relatives or close friends may be a factor. I have known some alumni who say they would like to settle here after retirement but whose wives, having no old-time ties with Chapel Hill, are of an opposite mind. These wives' slant is certainly not surprising. Why should a woman whose associations have been all with Boston or New York or Chicago, and who likes city life with its theatres and music and art museums and other attractions, want to hole down in a village that seems to her as alien and remote as if it were in the mountains of Peru or the jungles of Burma?

Well, those of us who live here, and wish we could see more of the exiles, can only urge upon them that they choose Chapel Hill as a vacation spot more often than they do. With the Carolina Inn on the edge of the campus and several new motels close by, there is now an abundance of living quarters.

The exiles may think they know all about the climate, but they don't know that we have begun to have coolness in the summertime. It's the 21st of June as I write this and we haven't had any really hot weather yet, except for a few hours in the middle of a few days. Everybody is amazed at it. Maybe we are coming into one of those cycles that the meteorologists write about, that bring regional climatic changes. But maybe—and I fear this is more likely—Chapel Hill will have a hateful surplus of hot weather before the summer is gone. But, you exiles, don't forget the new applied science of air-conditioning. All the modern motels are air-conditioned, and when I was in the Carolina Inn the other day Manager Rogerson told me they were expanding the air-conditioning system there. Unless you have an occupation that keeps you out in the sunshine you will find that air-conditioning takes the curse off summer heat.

My chief mission in Washington was to make the acquaintance of my two great-nephews, Ralph Henry Graves, three years old, and Robert Barclay Graves, one year old.

These are the sons of my nephew, Major Ernest Graves of the U. S. Army

tion to give preferential treatment to the wealthy—on the sole basis of how much money is contributed for grants-in-aid to athletes—is rather distasteful. It is, of course, a symptom of something far worse: Super-commercialization of athletics at a great institution of higher learning. Such a system of values has no place at Chapel Hill.

Spudtime Beats Springtime

By Blanche Cohen in the Coastland Times

Many an ode has been written about the month of June—brides, lovers, birds and the weather—but to the Tyrrellonians it means the Mardi Gras of the year—Spudtime.

Fields alive with pickers; warehouses roaring with the sound of graders, bustling with hand truckers; laden trucks awaiting in line for their turn at the graders; large vans waiting in other lines to be filled to pull out for markets, to be replaced immediately by the next in line.

With roaring of diesel motors; the clank of tire irons at service stations; people hurrying here and hurrying there, too engrossed and too busy for even a casual greeting, taking time to await only for the phone call, which might inform them that market prices are stronger. This alone will tend to relax the grower and make him give forth a trace of a smile.

Kept up too, are the merchants, filling the physical needs of the throng; knowing in the subconscious, that if the market should fail, he, too can expect again to wait and hope for the money due him—for most of the surplus money from the laborers goes to the carnival which is always here at potato season.

Engineers. Four years ago I saw him married to Miss Nancy Barclay in Paoli, Pennsylvania. That was only time I had seen her till last Saturday. Not long after the marriage they went to Paris, where he was stationed with NATO under General Eisenhower. Both of the boys were born there. Since last fall my nephew, who is a specialist in nuclear physics, has been with the Atomic Power Development Research unit, at Fort Belvoir, the Army Engineers' post down the Potomac from Washington, near Mount Vernon.

I put up at the Everett hotel on H street and went out to the Fort to visit the family. I had a fine time playing with the two sprightly and charming children; talking with the parents and with my sister-in-law, Mrs. Ernest Graves, sr., who drove out from Washington with us; and consuming the food and drink they had for me.

I saw a game between the Kansas City Athletics and the Washington Senators on Saturday, and Ralph and his father and I went to the Zoo and drove around Arlington on Sunday.

Altogether, a splendid holiday for me.

Air travel made the trip an easy one. The plane I went on, each way, was non-stop between Raleigh-Durham and Washington, and the flight took only an hour and 15 minutes. Coming back, I left my hotel early enough to allow me to call on the Fred Archers. They have a

On the Town

By Chuck Hasser

ITEMS ON THE FRONT PAGE of Wednesday's Durham Morning Herald tell us, among other things, that (1) A million and a half Americans have quit smoking cigarettes in the last 18 months, apparently as a result of the lung cancer scare, and (2) The State College agronomy department is working on the development of a nicotineless tobacco.

This should inspire some R. J. Reynolds researcher to come up with a tobaccoless cigarette, or maybe a Liggett and Myers vice-president to dream up a cigaretteless cigarette, one of those ersatz jobs that just glows and smokes up the place and gives the user a feeling of satisfaction and a look of sophistication without slipping him any of those deadly tars the doctors talk about. And then there's the woman in Kennebunkport, Maine, who says she has invented a mechanical cigarette which puffs like steam. She says she's sure water can't inspire any dread diseases, but she's now looking for a way to keep from scalding the throat.

HANK MESSICK, THE DURHAM HERALD correspondent for the Chapel Hill area, confronted me at the Town Hall day before yesterday and light-heartedly accused me of unfair treatment of our competition (namely, him). In the picture the Weekly ran on the front page Tuesday showing a group of children drawing names for the Father's Day fishing trip contest, there was one little girl whom we left unidentified. Her name? Marda Messick, aged 4½, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hank Messick.

WHICH BRINGS US TO A REQUEST for two brief but pertinent bits of information: (1) The Weekly would still like to know the name of that little boy who was holding the cow's tail for Carrboro Mayor R. B. Todd in the milking contest last weekend, and (2) We're also hunting for more information on the person for whom Bolin Creek was named. A lady who saw our story on the name controversy last week called in to suggest that there was a Confederate States functionary of some minor distinction whose friends in Chapel Hill sought to honor him some years after the War by renaming Closs Creek as Bolin Creek. And while we're on the subject, does anyone know who Mr. Closs was?

"HOW DO YOU PLEAD?" asked Charlie Hodson, who was acting as solicitor in Recorder's Court Tuesday morning.

"Guilty," murmured the tall blond youth. He was charged with drunken driving.

"This is a very serious offense," Judge William Stewart warned the young man, "and I want to make sure you understand what you are doing." The youth nodded his understanding, and stuck to his plea of guilty.

Carrboro Police Chief J. A. Williams told the court the story of how he had stopped the young man when he observed him driving in an intoxicated condition. The defendant had nothing to add.

"Let the record show the defendant paid a fine of \$100 and costs," said the judge.

The youth didn't even blink. He remained poker-faced as he walked over to the clerk's table and shelled out the money in cash.

beautiful apartment and we live, is not far from the airport and they took me there walks were covered with books. The colony named me to catch my plane for Park Fairfax, where they home.

For Comfortable Summer Living...

... cool your home with a



GE ROOM AIR CONDITIONER

3/4 Ton ----- \$239⁹⁵

... travel on vacation with



Men's Journeyer, \$27.50
 Ladies' Wardrobe, \$25.00
 Ladies' Personal Q'Wise, \$17.50

SAMSONITE LUGGAGE

— OPEN FRIDAY EVENINGS TILL NINE —
 — CLOSED WEDNESDAYS AT ONE —

Johnson Strowd Ward Co.

"Quality is remembered long after price is forgotten"

422 W. Franklin St. Phone 6-451