

CHIMNES



MUSIC FROM MANTED TO MURPHY

Honoring the National Council of Home
Demonstration Clubs and The Associated
Country Women of the World. Oct. 26-31
Raleigh, N. C.

I AM MUSIC

I am MUSIC, most ancient of the arts. I am more than ancient; I am eternal. Even before life commenced upon this earth, I was here -- in the winds and the waves. When the first trees and flowers and grasses appeared, I was among them. And when Man came I at once became the most delicate, most subtle, and most powerful medium for the expression of Man's emotions. When men were little better than beasts, I influenced them for their good. In all ages I have inspired men with hope, kindled their love, given a voice to their joys, cheered them on to valorous deeds, and soothed them in times of despair. I have played a great part in the drama of Life, whose end and purpose is the complete perfection of Man's nature. Through my influence human nature has been uplifted, sweetened and refined. With the aid of men, I have become a Fine Art. From Tubalcain to Thomas Edison a long line of the brightest minds have devoted themselves to the perfection of instruments through which men may utilize my powers and enjoy my charms. I have myriads of voices and instruments. I am in the hearts of all men and on their tongues, in all lands and among all peoples; the ignorant and unlettered know me, not less than the rich and learned. For I speak to all men, in a language that all understand. Even the deaf hear me, if they but listen to the voices of their own souls. I am the food of love. I have taught men gentleness and peace; and I have led them onward to heroic deeds. I comfort the lonely, and I harmonize the discord of crowds. I am a necessary luxury to all men. I am MUSIC.

Allan C. Inman

PROLOGUE

Once upon a time a State needed music. Young people, old folks, women, men, churches, communities – no class was exempt. Of course, a radio was in practically every lodging, but somehow that did not answer the burning desire of people for music. A great lady, seeing her people in distress, pondered the question night after night, In the spring of the day a solution came and she said, “They shall have music, even unto the last house on the road.”

She called a half dozen of her friends together and told them of her idea. They were so aroused they could not eat of the bountiful dinner she had provided. When they parted late in the evening a course had been set, a pattern made and definite plans laid that

ALL MAY TOUCH THE MAGIC STRING.

It hardly need be said that our basic aim was to undergird and strengthen the spiritual fiber of a people recovering from a nerve-shattering war. Our stated objectives were to organize and promote choruses, to improve the music of rural churches, to adopt a state song book and encourage county choruses to enter Radio Station WPTF's contest.

During this past year 53 counties have enjoyed organized singing. Some 1600 men and women participate regularly. Many rural church music schools have been held, some by local leaders, some by college faculties, others by the director and accompanist of the state chorus. More than 500 rural churches have benefited from these schools. That state song book, long ago compiled, printed and distributed, now rests comfortably amid the numberless and beloved oddments of over 18,000 women's handbags. Nineteen counties entered the WPTF contest and these weekly quarter-hour broadcasts vied with baseball scores in popularity. You have heard the four prize winners sing.

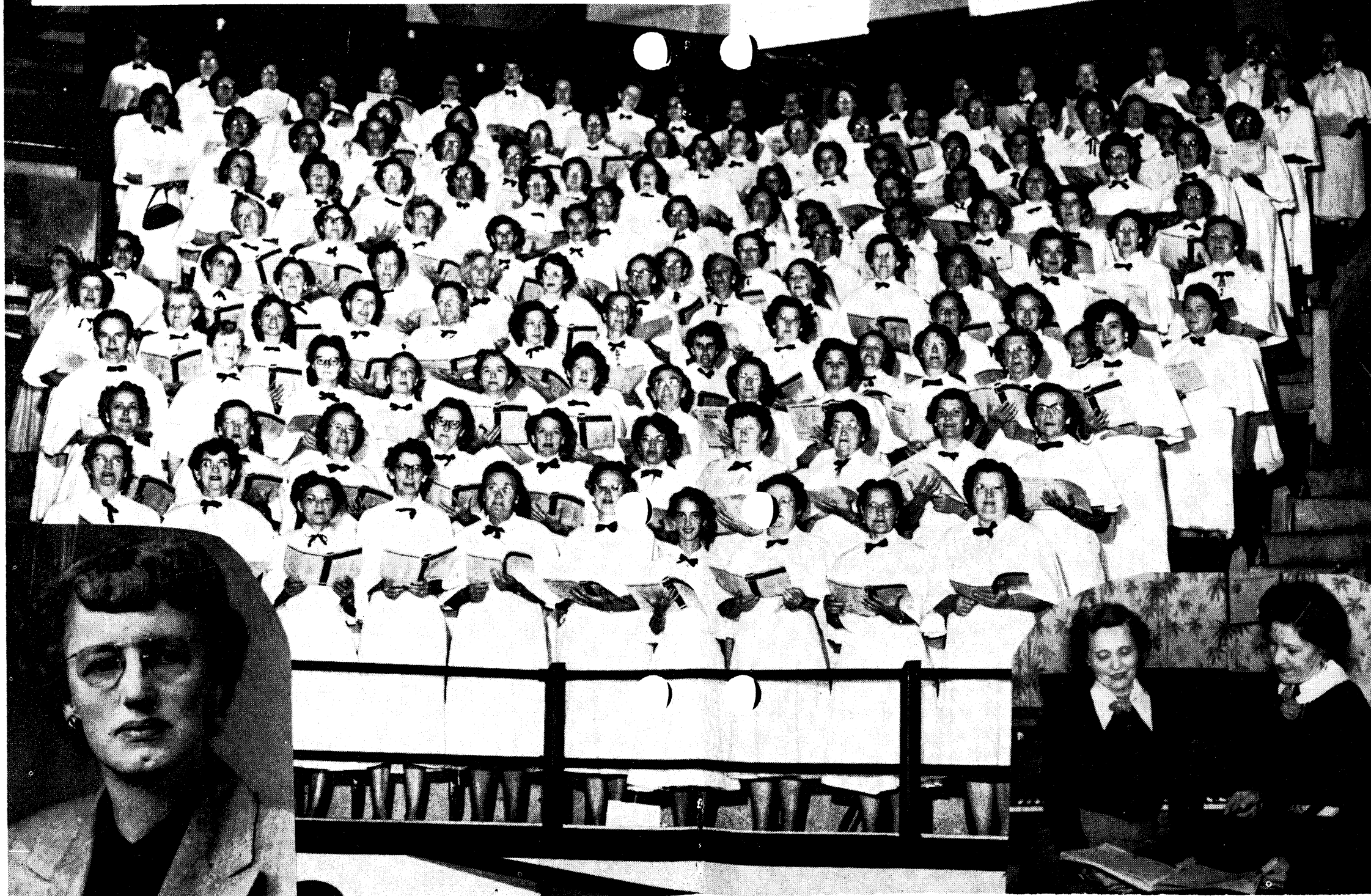
On North Carolina night you will hear our State Chorus. We are proud of it, proud of the quality of music we perform, proud of the labor of love and sacrifice our members make to sing in it, proud of our director and accompanist who exact from us that which we did not know we had. Our greatest pride is the effect our music has on us. We think we are better women for it, and that happier families, stronger communities, and more vital churches will follow as the night the day.

Current Quote: “Everything that is worthwhile in life takes work, time, and sacrifice.”

North Carolina's Home Demonstration Clubs' State Chorus of 19.

Inset, left: Mrs. J. Paul Davenport, Pactolus, N. C., Chairman, State Music Committee

Inset, right: Mrs. George Lindsay, Accompanist, and Mrs. Eugene Umstead, Director



STATE MUSIC COMMITTEE



Mrs. K. H. McIntyre, Red Oak
Chairman, Northeastern District



Mrs. Broadus Jones, Hope Mills
Chairman, Southeastern District



Mrs. George P. Smith, Conover
Chairman, Southwestern District



Mrs. Oliver Richardson, New Bern
Chairman, Eastern District



Mrs. John Bennett, Burnsville
Chairman, Western District



Mrs. J. C. Dodson
Chairman, Northwestern District

CHIMES MUSICAL NOTES

October 1952

Vol. 5

Margaret Dodson, Editor

Editor's Note

This, the fifth edition of 'Chimes,' has been prepared especially for this occasion at Miss Current's request. Its purpose: to tell you the story of our music program. A daily newspaper would be a more proper medium to do this, for even

as we write, one county is staging a 'Music Is Fun' program, another is setting the date for a Rural Church Music School, while still another is trying to find just the right spot for that brand new piano.

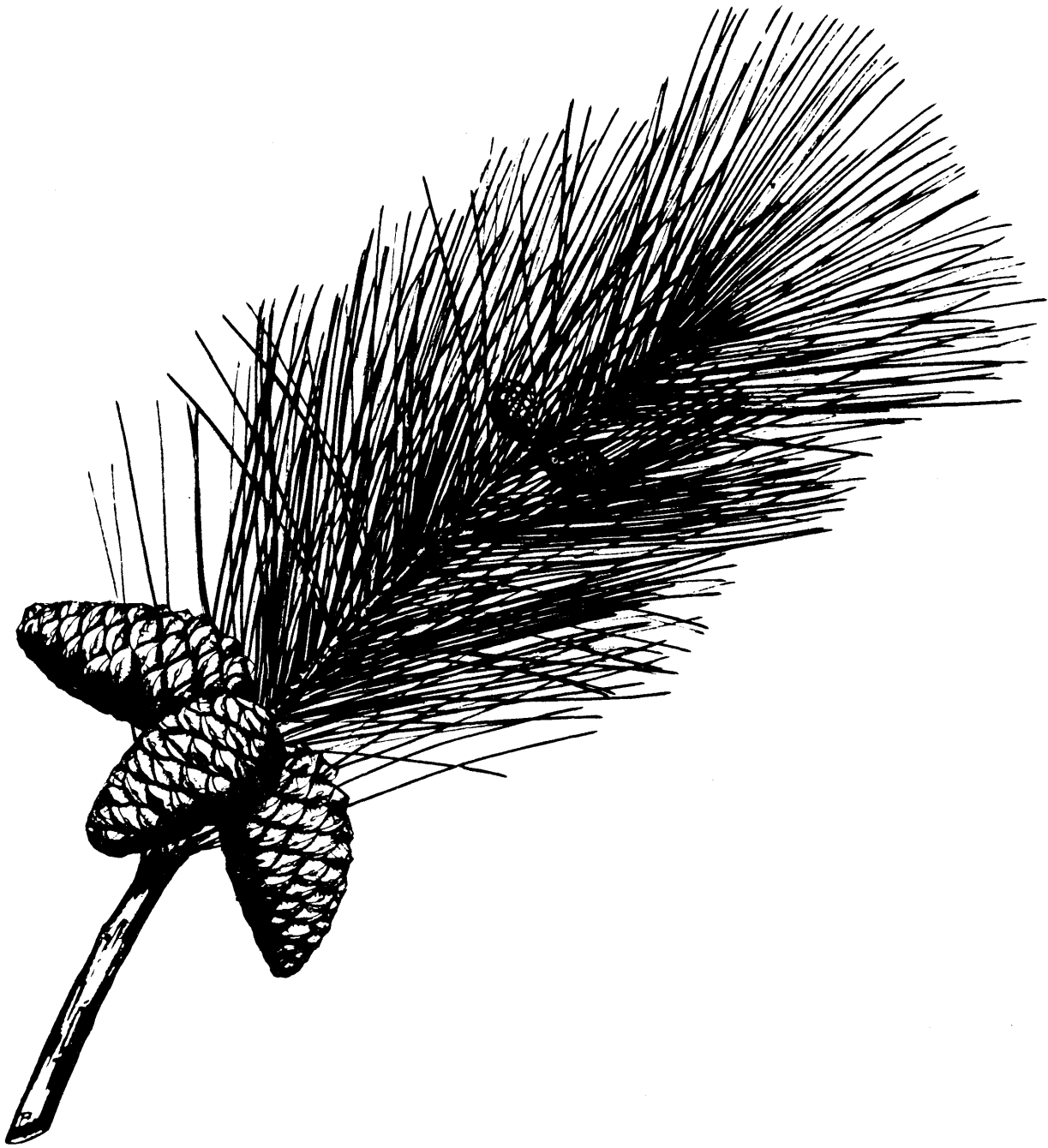
Just the other day we heard about a group that rehearsed in a building across from a fire station. We can see the firemen lolling in chairs on a summer evening in front of the station, joining in sometimes or keeping time. The singers parked their cars along the street and as the parking hour ended, the firemen put the necessary money in the meters so the cars would not be tagged.

We wanted to say something very profound but the click of the firemen's pennies says everything, doesn't it?

We hope you will tuck this friendly little message in your bag to take home, store the remembrance of all beautiful music in your soul and treasure forever in your heart the joy we have in your visit.

VESPER CHIME

Sleep! I do not woo thee nightly
Though thou hast not always been my friend.
Is there a secret? Yea, and rightly,
Trust in God, His power to mend
All thy errors of the light time
Every thought not of thy best.
Believe in man! And so at night time
Sleep will come and perfect rest.



Here's to the land of the long leaf pine,
The summer land, where the sun doth shine
Where the weak grow strong, and the strong grow great
The land that we love, the Old North State.

Mrs. Harry Martin