

# Music Classes To Open With Native Song Fest

On Tuesday, Dec. 2, Harold Karl Halpert is opening the Center's Music Appreciation program with a come-one come-all songfest of American music. This means that every member of the listening audience is going to be a part of the program. It means that every one of you will be able to take a deep breath and reach that note you've been aiming for these last ten years. You will hear the women bemoaning Susanna, and the men lustily cheering on Casey Jones. You will lilt in your seats while you take the repeats, and a rhythmical, rowdy second or two will be in good order. Come prepared to have a good time and a dozen laughs. There's gold in American folk music, and that's what we are digging for this coming Tuesday.

Chief digger in this treasure hunt of American music will be Bert Silverman. He's gone from Maine to California on his jogging mule with his banjo on the saddle, (at least you'll think so when you hear him) and he's learned the why and the wherefore of men who sing in the woods and men who sing on the boats; he's all set to tell you about the prairies and the cotton fields, and before the evening is over, you will have reviewed a few glowing pages of American folk history. And there's no test afterwards.

At the piano Harold Halpert will strum the tunes that Bert will talk about. Each of you will be fortified with a typewritten sheet of verses for all the songs. You will get the tunes at once (you've heard them since you were two) and you will have the words just in case. For the rest, Maury Cox is going to get right out there in front of you, left his hands and his voice, and then you'll make the rafters ring, and you'll get complaints from the bowling alleys.

All this will take place in the comfortable, gracious atmosphere of the Men's Club Lounge. Turn out for an evening of fun with music. (Incidentally, you'll probably have to listen to a few serious remarks about the origin and character of Folk Music, but it can't hurt much.) Everything starts at eight o'clock. Get in in time to have a seat. Of course, there's always the floor.