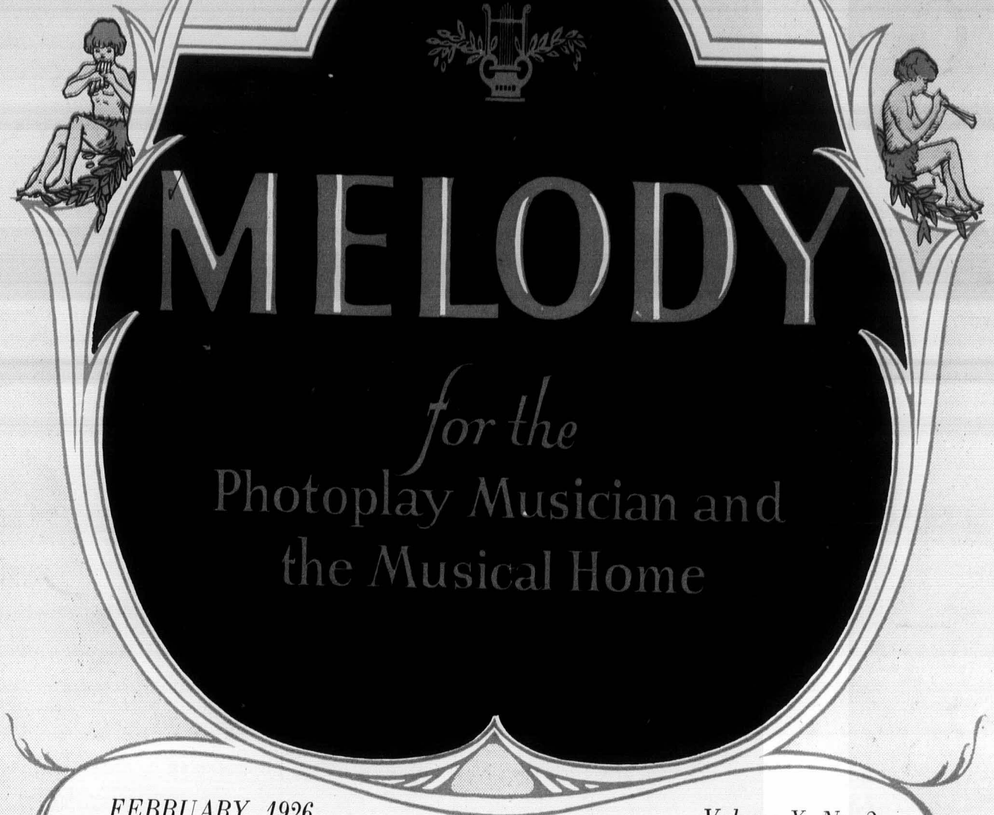

MELODY

for the
Photoplay Musician and the Musical Home

FEBRUARY, 1926 *Volume X, No. 2*

IN THIS ISSUE

IN THE KEY OF X AND WHY

An interesting discussion of an ever-present question.

Published by
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BOSTON, MASS.

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TWO OF THE MANY LETTERS RECEIVED

I am using with much success your recent edition of "Band Music for Young Bands" and wish to compliment you on this vast improvement over the "junk" which has been on the market for years.—GEO. J. ABBOTT, Supervisor of Public School Music, Schenectady, N. Y.

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1—Baritone (Treble Clef)
1—1st Trombone (Bass Clef)
1—2d Trombone (Bass Clef)
1—3d Trombone (Bass Clef)
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38	**Veronica** (Barcarolle)	*Weidt*
39	**Blue Streak** (Galop)	*Allen*
40	**Dance of the Teddy Bears**	*Weidt*
41	**The Winner** (4/4 March)	*Bertram*
42	**Mountain Laurel** (Waltz)	*Allen*
43	**The Line-Up** (6/8 March)	*Bertram*
44	**Just a Memory** (Reverie)	*Weidt*
45	**Carita** (Dans Espana)	*Weidt*

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Melody .. February

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Articles in This Issue

Music in This Issue

Rockport, Mass. — Miss Virginia May Sargent, although only sixteen years of age, is quite busy as a pianist and organist. She serves as pianist for all the High School associations — the High School Orchestra, Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs, etc., as "movie" pianist in the Town Hall once a week, and also as organist in the Methodist Church in Gloucester. She is continuing her musical studies and, at the same time, still finds time to teach piano.

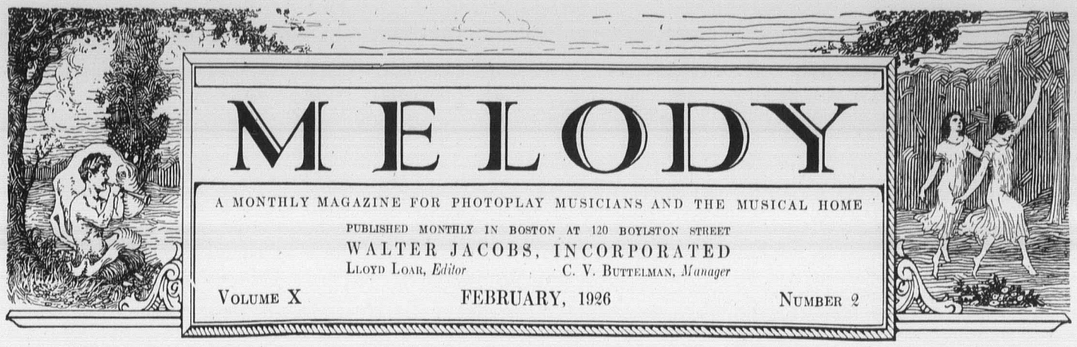
Pacific Beach, Wash. — Mrs. Edna M. Baker is certainly versatile in her musical activities as well as in her literary capabilities. There is no theater here, so Mrs. Baker plays the piano alternately at one in Noclips and one in Aloha, both these theaters being under the same management. For the past year she has "written and directed, compiled and collected" amateur shows. She composes songs and music for her own amusement, teaches voice, and is devoting considerable of her time to short-story writing, all of which keeps her quite busy.

Ellwood City, Pa. — Mr. W. Glenn Hoffman, who, previous to the study of the organ, had years of band and orchestra experience playing the trombone, saxophone, and marimba, is now featured organist at the Majestic Theater here, playing on a Wurlitzer unit. He makes the most of his spare time by teaching and also tuning and repairing pianos.

Turners Falls, Mass.— It will be seven years this coming spring that Mrs. Ruth Holmes has been serving as pianist for a photoplay theater here.

Have used some of the Walter Jacobs' Piano folios and like them. — JOSEPHINE PHILIPPA, *Shakopee, Minn.*

Thank you for the offer to become a subscriber to MELODY as I intended to become one quite some time ago. I have seen the magazine and read it and also played its piano solos, and was fully satisfied with it all.— JOHN P. KRAJCI, *Brooklyn, N. Y.*



MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHOTOPLAY MUSICIANS AND THE MUSICAL HOME

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN BOSTON AT 120 BOYLSTON STREET
WALTER JACOBS, INCORPORATED
LLOYD LOAR, *Editor* C. V. BUTTELMAN, *Manager*

VOLUME X FEBRUARY, 1926 NUMBER 2

In the Key of X and Why

By PRAGMA

IT SEEMS as though there are more bunk-clusters haloing the head of Euterpe than any other personification of any of our mental, spiritual, or physical activities. Music has an element of mystery and indefiniteness to even many of those who specialize in it; its appeal is largely emotional, whether that appeal be high or low, and mystery, indefiniteness, and emotionalism are seldom neighbors to logic. Where logic is not, there will you usually find bunk.

Consider for instance the many opinions advanced about jazz, our colorful modern popular music. Continuing our personification, we can picture jazz as a mysterious grass widow in gown of watermelon red, golden slippers, hastily rolled purple stockings, a spangled silver veil obscuring a more or less important and imported physiognomy, an impudent hat with a harlequin flavor carefully revealing a 1950 bob that fails to conceal in its suspicion of kinkiness a dab or two of the tar-brush. A pair of carelessly darned old-fashioned black silk mitts cover her hands — one of which holds a white lily and a four-leaf clover, while in the other is a spray of orange blossoms and a sprig of hash-eesh. A gold medal that she polishes vigorously every few minutes is pinned on her back and announces to all who follow her that she awarded it to herself for First Place in something or other, a large gob of academic mud, of whose existence she seems unaware, decorates the front of her gown and tells all who see her coming that here is a target for some piously vigorous imp with a nicely indelicate aim. A most aggravating gait is taking her some place or other with a great show of haste and not much speed, and a brazenly dulcet voice persuades us to follow her blindly and with uncritical ears to some wonderful promised land.

We all know who and where she is — but what she is — strumpet or saint, jade or guardian angel — 'tis an entirely different question. The inquisitive gallant who claims to enjoy her favor finds so much to admire that we are suspicious. The meddlesome gossip who is so eager to tell us of her dubious past is so venomous we are even more suspicious. And the lady herself won't stay quiet long enough for our many self-appointed philosophical weighers of newcomers to get an accurate snap-shot of the lady's character, for about the time it is decided that some apparent characteristic of hers is not in good taste, we learn she discarded it last month and has no intention of ever using it again.

As to where she's going, although she's in a tremendous hurry, the lady doesn't really know. We can hazard a guess or two, without an unreasonable amount of faith in their correctness, and then follow her with not too much expectancy, casually with a careless air of just happening to be proceeding in that direction anyhow, hope for the best and see if she takes us any place we want to be.

Really there have been so many varying opinions on jazz that we are forced to conclude it is something like the confused orator's idea of Caesar's wife — "All things to all men." Hopeful prophecies, hopeless forebodings, clever analyses, cute little *bon mots*, saucy diatribes, worried anxious cluckings, and paregorical panoramic panegyrics have followed each other in such profoundly shallow haste and profusion that not only he who runs may read — he'll have to run darned fast to read at all, and then he won't know much more about jazz than he did before he started on his mental marathon.

Something like our cousinly British theorist Ebenezer Prout, who devoted considerable time to a careful analysis and exposition of one of Bach's fugues and then wrote a book about it. If you read the book carefully, you'll decide that Ebenezer decided that it was pretty hard to decide what it was all about.

Not that we're preparing you for an analogy (clever or not) between a Bach fugue and jazz, although a reasonably nimble wit could establish a half-dozen or so. Reasoning by analogy is sometimes clever, but it never proves anything. It can be done very prettily but there's no nourishment in it. No — what we are getting at is something entirely different.

Opinions Differ

For instance: — "Jazz is a compound of a four-four measure with a double accent, and a syncopated melody over this rhythm — that provokes jerky motions of the body," according to Virgil Thompson. "It is for the head and not for the heart; it is intellectual and not emotional," says Ernst Von Dohnanyi.

Daniel Gregory Mason considers that "Jazz is the doggerel of music . . . a monotonous repetition of stereotyped figures." On the other hand, Percy Grainger says, "The best of jazz is the finest popular music known to me in any country of today or even of the past."

"Jazz, as per my observation, is simply another word for 'pep,'" thinks John Philip Sousa.

Antonette Sabal, executive secretary of the Los Angeles Music Federation announces that "Public band concerts in the park supervised by the Federation would have no jazz on their programs." After which we presume he gets rained on freely along with the unjust.

"Classical tunes which have been treated jazzily have led to appreciation of the original versions on the part of the most confirmed jazzites — jazz has improved greatly — we have nothing to fear." So says Charles Wakefield Cadman.

Mrs. Anne Faulkner Oberndorfer, former chairman of the music committee of the National Federation of Music Clubs is of the opinion that, "Boys and girls are going wrong in alarming numbers because they get drunk on jazz intoxicants."

While Judge James Pope of the Los Angeles Juvenile Court says, "It is NOT a direct cause for moral degeneracy. I have had no cases where jazz was wholly responsible."

And Dr. Aaron Rosanoff, who is a psychiatrist, thinks, "It is an excellent stimulus, a release, a vent, an outlet. Most juvenile criminals are inhibited in some way. Jazz should tend to socialize them."

"It is taking us back to barbarism — and will destroy our great symphonic organizations," Professor Smith of Boston University decides.

John Alden Carpenter says it is "the most important musical expression that America has achieved."

Possibly all of these opinions are correct from the several standpoints of those who hold them, but it's self-evident they don't stand together nor even point in the same direction.

With those opinions, if they are sincere, as to the musical value of jazz — I have no violent quarrel, even though I can't agree with all of them. But when it comes to blaming any kind of music for an apparent lack of morality or ethical standards in those who are fond of it, I find myself unable to contemplate the situation with sufficient equanimity and aloofness to remain comfortable.

Why consider music *per se* responsible for anything that we do or do not do, except itself. In its relation to character isn't music a symptom rather than a cause; doesn't it express moral characteristics for its hearers rather than create moral characteristics they would otherwise be free from? Isn't this true of all the so-called "arts" (I don't like that word) Upton Sinclair and *Mammonart* to the contrary? If all of life includes all of art — besides numerous other things, then why twist it so that any of art will try to include all of life.

Music of itself expresses abstract ideas or emotions, not concrete ones; and it doesn't create either kind. If the idea expressed seems to become concrete, it is because of something the listener associates automatically with the music, because of words fitted to the music, because of suggestive motions in time to the music, not because of the music itself as such. Therein lies music's greatest possibility for charm and loveliness. It can have something

within itself that will reach and appeal to any of us; it won't affect us all in the same way, it won't tell all of us the same thing — the effect and the story depend on what we have in our consciousness to be affected and with which to understand; it won't even effect any one of us the same way at different times. But music itself has about as much of ethics, religion, or morality, as the light from a star or the perfume from a flower.

If music be sincere, interesting, and have beauty, what more can we expect of it? If it have these attributes for me, it is good music for me; if it have them for you, it is good music for you. What is good music to some may not be good music to others, that's true; but, if you're one of the others, don't listen to "some's" music if you don't like it — at least, no more than you have to. If "some" hears enough of what they like, they'll get tired of it and be ready for something better; and in the meantime you can be sure that any alarming social tendencies displayed are not caused by a preference for music that for you has no value.

At the worst, an overwhelming preference for trivial, banal, and tawdry-seeming music is not apt to indicate anything worse than a shameful general lack of musical taste. That's serious enough, but people aren't supposed to be hanged for it, although there are times when it would be convenient if they could — regardless of the fact that doing so would be worse than bad taste. And lack of taste is just as apt to be revealed in neckties or table manners as in music, and with about as serious portent.

For that matter, what we call jazz isn't in such bad taste any more. About the worst that can be said of it is that it's inclined to be rather rawly obvious in its effects and conspicuously angular in its structure — and isn't making very much of an effort to resist its inclination.

What Is It?

It begins to look as if I couldn't get much farther without attempting some sort of a definition of jazz — a sort of sitting down in my own flypaper, as it were. Really, though, I can't see that there's anything about it necessary to define. I've heards lots of it but I've not heard anything in it I haven't heard before. It seems to me to be something old used on a new audience rather than something new used on an old one.

What do we hear when we do hear a well played jazz number of the better class — listening, that is, as a member of the so-called classicist school? A quite good melodic line, somewhat angular, maybe lacking in the suavity and effectiveness of skillfully contrived commas, periods and accents, but still pleasing; much variety of tone-color used so as to make the most of the instrumentation available; good contrapuntal effects from the inner voices, an intelligent use of imitation and subordinate melodic figures to complete the harmonic structure; a richly varied background of harmony that, while it clings to certain modulations somewhat too faithfully, has variety and interest; a suggestion of development of the thematic material in the way in which bits of melody are presented in different tone-colors, keys, and against different backgrounds; an over-emphasis of special effects such as the tremolo, the vibrato, the glissando, the slur, and distorted, veiled or muted tones; instrumentation with brass and brass-reed-winds as the core of the structure instead of strings; bizarre rhythmic figures, cross accents, independence of the rhythmic and melodic lines, rhythm instruments of definite pitch, with a steady pulse present or suggested underneath it all; a lack of repose and tenderness in the presentation, a general effect of being in a great hurry; and all of these elements combined in an effect that is generally pleasing and certainly interesting — for a while.

There's nothing startling about any of these things in themselves. The significant thing is that we find them in popular music — music, that is, that appeals to the musically uninformed public.

Retaining for the moment our uncomfortable, dignified, and classic analytical viewpoint, we can see that all the above characteristics of jazz that are pleasing to us have long been the stock in trade of the classical school of composers, while what we find that is not altogether pleasing and doesn't wear well has just as long been characteristic of so-called primitive or popular music.

It would seem that if we must define jazz, all we can do is to say that it is a type of popular music that has more to it than popular music in our land of the free and uneasy and home of the brave but cautious has previously had.

The steady rhythm usual in dance music, the comparative obviousness of melody and harmony of popular music, and the special tricks or smarty effects of the showman are there; that is, enough of the characteristics of popular music are retained to appeal to popular taste. But with them are used the more varied harmony, instrumentation and tone color; contrapuntal counter-melodic accompaniment (instead of so much *um*-pa-pa or *um*-pa-*um*-pa); variety of rhythmic figures; and the more extended melodic line developed by generations of really good music writing.

Its Significance

Avowed popular writing doesn't form public taste, it follows it — and the interesting thing to me is that in doing so it has been found necessary or desirable to use so many of the tricks of artistic writing. Popular taste is improving, that's all, and again I insist it's nothing to be alarmed about. Change is constant and forward, growth is inevitable and upward, and improvement is ultimately unavoidable and universal. This is true of music and popular taste no less than of all physical organisms, cooking, foot-racing, science, and religion revealed and concealed; although the revealed sort becomes less so as it becomes more so — if you know what I mean.

It seems we're well on the way to another definition of jazz; no matter — they won't conflict, and most of the best definitions are unintentionally so. The best one of any sort I've heard recently is that of the school-boy who defined *Pax in bello* as "Freedom from indigestion." So if we define jazz as a phase of music-evolution, it might be well to follow it hastily, for the benefit of the musical fundamentalists, with the casual blessing *Pax in bello* and hope that it works, even while we doubt it. If fundamental literal illiterateness insists on translating it as peace in the interior, it's all right with me as long as I'm not forced to accept it myself, nor asked to live under a law that makes any other definition illegal. Most fundamentalism, musical and otherwise, is suspiciously like dyspepsia anyhow, and this is one case where two wrong interpretations might be better than one correct one — but it's the only such case I can think of.

It's true that to the musically sophisticated it may seem that jazz has a long ways yet to go; it seems so especially if much of it is heard, for it doesn't wear very well. But the faster it changes the more quickly it improves, so don't complain about the transiency of most of the popular jazz numbers or consider that it proves jazz to be hopelessly commonplace. Take the advice of our cockney friend at a political meeting, who, when someone in the back kept complaining he couldn't hear, advised him to "Thank Gord an' set down." I can't imagine a more unfortunate dilemma than perpetual popularity for our recent crop of musical hits.

The main thing is that popular taste in music is improving; if it weren't, so-called jazz would not be popular music.

It's always easier to seem smart than to be wise, to pretend with bathos than to express true pathos, to incite excitement than to deserve admiration. But the wish to seem smart is apt to be a prelude to acquisition of wisdom, bathos in time becomes pathetic, whether it knows it or not, and the evanescent effectiveness of excitational influences emphasizes the time-resistant value of admiration-compelling achievement.

Arithmetic prepares for calculus, curiosity leads to truth, the lesser is found on the way to the greater. We can't move upward from slush, silliness, slap-stick, sordidness and superstition, to solidity, sagacity, sincerity, spirituality and sanity without traveling some distance and doing and being something on the way. Although it would be more to my liking if popular music progress *a la jazz* were less noisy about it, and didn't clutter up the highways and air-ways quite so much.

The benefit is not all in one direction either. Classical writing will benefit as much from the jazz influence as popular music has benefited, via jazz, from the classical influence. Classical writing has a tendency to formalize itself, to over-emphasize technic at the expense of sincerity and freshness, to become a dried husk holding the ashes of yesterday's fires. Much of the music that we now consider solidly established as classical, at the time of its inception drew from the intellectually contemptuous nothing but sneers for its popular appeal. Primitive things may be crude but they have strength and they get under the skin and touch the fundamentals of conscious existence.

A decadent civilization benefits ultimately from the invasion of a virile and barbarous one, even as it absorbs the invader. The rawly obvious strength of jazz will give new life to the modern classicist school of writing, while the subtlety and sophistication of the latter is refining and tempering the crudity of jazz.

Instead of being crammed with comparative immorality, jazz is potent with preparatory immortality. Keep it fully understood that music in itself causes neither morality nor immorality — that effects cannot bring about causes, and musical progress to truth may be comparatively free from the clumsy cramping Neanderthalic hostility to which most other such progress is liable. There'll be more time for acceleration of the progress if no time has to be spent in self-defending and protecting. Anyhow, we're on our way and can't be stopped.

THE music supervisor of a public school, not a great ways from Boston, received quite a shock the other day. He was paying one of his periodical visits to one of the several grade schools under his supervision, and as he was passing the open door of the room that housed temporarily the class in singing for one of the grades, an excited childish treble shrilled out, "Hey, teacher, you've dropped your windpipe!" With visions of some mysterious physical catastrophe that would require the services of at least a doctor, two or three nurses, and an ambulance, the supervisor rushed into the room to render what first aid he could until more expert help could be secured. As he fearfully gazed at the winsome young lady who was conducting the singing class, he saw that unknown to her the pitch pipe with which she gave the singing class the proper pitch had rolled from her desk to the floor.

Which only serves to again remind us that words do not always mean what they seem to. Sometimes, however, the unorthodox meaning is more accurate than the one that is intended. Some time ago, we heard a program of unaccompanied vocal music that was advertised as "part-singing." After the program, we were forced to conclude that a very small part of it indeed was real singing.

I am a theater organist and pianist and I have been using the Jacobs' Folios. I certainly like them. —Miss Irene Crabb, *Winchester, Indiana.*

The Photoplay Organist and Pianist

By L. G. del Castillo

NO MATTER how firmly established becomes the art of fitting music to pictures, no matter how definitely it becomes limited and set by precedent and accepted method, for the organist there will, I think, never be an end to the controversy between realism and impressionism. The reason it can never be satisfactorily settled is that in his case it will always be largely a matter of technic and preparation.

This is not so in the case of the orchestra, save insofar as there are certain effects, such as the pipe organ itself, the harmonium, the calliope, the harmonica, and so on, which the orchestra cannot successfully imitate. But for the most part the use of effects is facilely dependent on the trap drummer, and it merely becomes a question of taste as to how far he should go. And while "a question of taste" is itself so elastic a term as to preclude a definite dictum in the matter at present, still it is apparent that definite conclusions are being reached by the leaders of photoplay presentation which are bound to permeate through the profession. If it were not for the present growing influence of the bombastic Chicago school, I would feel safe in stating that the constant tendency has been away from realism.

In the early days, as all the old-timers can remember, the thing to do was to imitate every sound called for on the screen, even down to the conversation. Hark back to the old Lyman Howe shows, in which what seemed to be an immense horde of muscular and leather lunged young men would make out of scenes of steel mills and train races spectacles of deafening uproar; or the screen stock companies, in which a ready wit, protean adaptability and an imaginative and spontaneous script enabled a company of five or six men and women to furnish the lines, fortified by one or no rehearsal, to any feature from "Pawnee Bill's Revenge" to "The Burning of Rome."

Or, when this experimental phase had begun to sink into oblivion, look at the somewhat more recent stage in which the pianist and organist (either, or two in one) was assisted by a drummer or an "effects" man. I am not referring so much to those small stereotyped combinations of drum and piano as to the somewhat more pretentious houses in which a more or less adequate organ was supplemented by an imaginative individual back stage, generally a drummer by profession, to be ready with all the pistol shots, breaking glass, door bells and the more excitable or humorous portions of the lines. What is now known as the theater organ, with its wealth of percussion and imitative effects, had not then reached its present stage of development and popularity. In fact it was just about this time that the Wurlitzer company subsidized Hope-Jones, a step that after extensive and expensive experimentation resulted in the standardized Wurlitzer Hope-Jones Unit Orchestra.

Coincident with these changes was the steady development of large orchestras in the urban motion picture "palaces," and the tentative progressive steps toward the present form of photoplay presentation, guided in New York by three figures — Sam Rothafel, then and now known as "Roxy," soon to retrieve the ill fortune of the new Capitol, Hugo Riesenfeld, later to become managing director of the Famous Players houses, and Joseph Plunkett, then as now managing director of the Strand. In all of these houses the original tendency of emphasizing dynamic effects of auto horn, door bell, airplane motor and the like, steadily gave way to a more impressionistic convention in which these various noises were only suggested in a milder and less obtrusive fashion, or done away with altogether. Literal imitation came to be confined almost entirely to comedy, and even in the news, rushing water or motor noises received only minor consideration with a subdued tympani roll. New York, always the unquestioned center of the drama, was now accepting the leadership of the movie theaters also, and decreeing that art necessitated the repression of this literal creed.

But for the first time since the development of the motion picture to its present pretentious state, New York's supremacy is threatened. The curious point is that it is through NewYork presentations that Chicago is wielding the upper hand. The amalgamation of Famous Players with Balaban and Katz has practically turned the Rialto and the Rivoli over to Chicago control, and the immediate noticeable result has been a "jazzing up" of the whole program. We are returning to the psychology of the circus to impress the crowds. This may not be wrong, it may be supremely right from the box-office point of view. But any attempt to consider and estimate the logical development of music for the photoplay is balked by the injection of this new and unexpected detour from what has been a consistently steady, conservative tendency.

It is noticeable that under this new régime the drummer is regaining the ascendency he originally enjoyed. No noise is too humble to be reproduced in the pit, provided (and this is important) it does not jar the atmosphere of the scene. In other words, the axiom of generally abstaining from realistic effects in a serious atmosphere is retained. To use the woodblock in a dramatic scene showing a woman lashing a man, a thing I have recently heard in a metropolitan theater, would be unanimously voted hopelessly provincial and bad taste. But in the comedy, the news and the cartoon, anything goes, and the drummer must go buy out Woolworth's before he is properly equipped to play the show.

Whether this tendency will prove permanent, time alone can tell. There is a certain excitable vitality about this form of presentation that keys an audience to a higher pitch, though there may be some doubt as to whether it wears as well in the long run. The chief point to emphasize, I think, is that it is not fool-proof. It must be done perfectly in order not to appear ridiculous. And here we come to an important analogy between the organ and the orchestra that must be brought out.

The modern theater organ is supremely competent to produce all these effects, even more so than the orchestra, since it can, as indicated above, perform certain imitative effects which even a large orchestra cannot. But in one respect the organ is at a disadvantage. The orchestra is a multiple personality — any unit or units of which may be detailed to perform imitations, while the remainder sees to it that the melodic and purely musical flow remains constant and uninterrupted. At the console this can only be accomplished by independent expert facility of both hands and both feet, painstaking preparation with minute attention to detail, and a full utilization of the manifold resources of the organ.

We are all of us familiar with the type of player who will stop playing in order to ring the bell, bark the dog, meow the cat, or put in a little conversation on the vox humana. Such a player is usually the same as the one who aimlessly rambles through a few innocuous chords with one hand while looking for a new piece of music with the other. His work is messy because his technic and habits are messy. I do not think it a disadvantage for us to have a little of the prim old maid about us in our playing. Just as a fussy housekeeper always has everything clean and neat and in its place, and cannot be taken by surprise if an unexpected visitor appears, so it behooves the conscientious organist to have his music laid out in its proper sequences with numbers on inside pages made ready at hand with the use of clips, and everything correctly timed to eliminate this sloppy habit of stalling for time with unnecessary and meaningless chords while turning a page or waiting for the next cue.

So far these remarks seem to have little bearing on playing effects, but have patience. We are now coming to it. Having made the above step toward putting our house in order by the mechanical means of properly arranging music and cues, we must now do the same thing for our mental equipment, and train ourselves to think one jump ahead for the registration of direct cues. It is obvious that if a harmonica or hand organ cue suddenly springs at you from the screen when you are not looking for it, you are either going to bungle it or ignore it. For that matter the same thing is true of any cue. If you have not trained yourself to notice just when it is coming, by the use of the preparatory cue as I have explained it in previous issues, you are generally caught in the middle of a strain, and are obliged to stumble over your own feet in order to start the next number.

The point in the case of the imitative cue is, that in the majority of cases, the smoothest method of introducing the imitation is *through* the music rather than in sequence to it. Of course there are imitations and imitations, and not only the kind of effect, but also its position in the picture, will determine how it should be treated. Certain effects that are of a purely musical nature with a tune attached, such as the phonograph, the hand organ, the calliope and the harmonica must generally be treated as independent cues of their own, though this is not invariably the case.

We have recently had an illustration of this. In Betty Bronson's recent picture, "Not So Long Ago," Sam, the churlish suitor, is seen at one point playing a little jig-tune on the harmonica; a cue obviously requiring an independent number in harmonica style with the appropriate string and thin reed registration. (Incidentally, how many theater organists realize that the harmonica has a chord formation all its own in which the root, mediant and dominant always go together when breathing out, while the other four tones of the scale are produced together by breathing in?) On the other hand, in Menjou's first starring picture, "The King on Main Street," the harmonica bits in the scenes where the boy gives him the instrument are all in short snatches, and must be carefully interwoven with the piece being played, or, what is best in this case, improvised.

Then there is another class of effect, in which can be grouped the door and telephone bell, the shot, the scream and the knock, of which a different generalization can be made. It is, in brief, this. If it is not important, ignore it. If it is important, use it as a *sforzando* climax to the number, followed by a pause. Mr. Frank Stewart Adams, in an article in the January issue of *The American Organist* entitled "On Time Or Not At All,", disposes of this general point with the following succinct observation: "When an effect or point is interpolated on the screen without interruption of the continuity, the same should be true of the

music accompaniment. Effects, imitations, points of emphasis, should generally be brought in against an underlying background of music." Incidentally, his whole article can be read with interest and benefit. It treats of a good deal the same subject matter as has been the topic of this discussion, and, now that I think of it, is probably what started me off on this train of thought.

Obtaining Cue Sheets

As an encyclopedia and general information bureau, I must confess I am sometimes found wanting — especially now that I am up here among the Buffaloes in New York State where I take my morning dip in Niagara Falls and five cent beer, it is a little difficult for me to appeal to a higher court for quick decisions. Mr. Victor Emanuel writes me a most courteous letter from Sanford, Maine, in regard to cue sheets. Mr. Emanuel started playing pictures in my own home town, Boston, fifteen years ago, so I feel he has some claim on me, as we bean eaters, only I don't, must stick together. His inquiry is whether it is possible to get all cue sheets by writing to the different film concerns.

Speaking wholly at random, I am inclined to think that this would be a rather unsatisfactory process. I do not believe the exchanges would give him satisfactory service. I should say the first person to take this up with would be the house manager, who is in a position to insist to the exchanges, if he will, that cue sheets for all features be included in the other publicity material that is sent on in advance of the film. If this will not do, he may get assistance from the Cameo Music Service Corporation of New York City (address unknown), or from the Music Buyer's Corp., 1520 Broadway, New York City, which is primarily a retailer of photoplay music, but may be able to help him out of his dilemma. I must confess that I do not myself use the published cue sheets, and only see them when they happen to be sent down to me from the office.

Imitations Listed

Having changed the subject for two brief paragraphs, let us now get back to effects again. Miss Evelyn Haines of Gardner, Mass., apparently not dismayed by earlier attempts to seek solace from these columns, confides: "Just now I am wrestling with bee buzzes, lion roars, cat meows, and all the rest of it. We must have imitations. The only thing I haven't tried is the 'haunted voice.' Perhaps you can assist me again."

In the issue of Melody for August, 1924, I gave a fairly complete list of effects and how to obtain them, with the exception of the bird and animal imitations. I append below a partial list of the latter, with the qualification, as I mentioned in the other list, that they are more difficult to obtain on a straight organ than on a unit.

Bird Chirp: Flat of hand, top of keyboard, 2′ stops.

Cuckoo: Minor descending third, E to C sharp, octave above middle C, Clarinet registration without soft flute and twelfth.

Duck: Flat of hand, middle of keyboard, kinura.

Hen: Rapid reiterations of two or three chromatics together vacillating up and down within a half octave compass, upper middle register, on selected thin reed and string combination.

Rooster: Vox without tremulant as follows:

Owl: Descending chromatic, upper middle register, full bodied flute like Tibia or Major Flute.

Cat: Descending chromatic, five notes, upper middle register, kinura and orchestral oboe.

Dog: Flat of hand in descending motion ending on the heel of the palm of the left hand, middle register for large dogs, upper middle register for small dogs; for a yelp make the motion upward instead of downward, mezzo forte mixed registration with all classes of tone, but not too much string or thin reed.

Pig: Flat of hand, bottom of keyboard, kinura and vox.

Lion and elephant: Flat of hand in rocking motion, up or down or both, bottom of keyboard, heavy registration with no mutation.

And last but not least, *The Haunted Voice:* Stick a song plugger or your most obliging baritone or tenor friend up in the organ chamber, and have him sing, substituting for the words the single syllable "Ah" with a clothespin over his nose, meanwhile using the swell shutters judiciously. If you are tricky enough and can get enough victims, you can even pull a duet, a trio, or a quartet in the same manner, either as a unit or divided among the different swell chambers at your disposal. It has been done.

The instructions given above are of course approximate. If you have an imitation that sticks you, the only thing to do is to work it out after office hours. For safety's sake, why not take a whole morning sometime and work out the various effects on your organ? They are bound to vary on different instruments, and you can thus save making yourself ridiculous by using an imitation so bad that it will get a derisive response from the audience. If you can't do them half decently, leave them out; but a little practice and observation will surely keep you from such a glaring admission of inefficiency.

Speaking of Photoplay Organists

YOUTH and Music! Hand in hand they skip along! Nowadays you find a youngster doing well that which only would have been attempted by a seasoned performer, and then only after many years of preparatory study. The installation of pipe organs for solo use in the theater is responsible for bringing to the attention of the public many capable musicians, and a most engaging young chap lately has been added to our list of musicians. He is Robert Machat, organist at the Park Theater, Washington, D. C., whose programs receive favorable comment, adding much to the enjoyment of the pictures shown.

ROBERT MACHAT

Mr. Machat really has been raised in the "show business" atmosphere. His father has a chain of theaters in this city, besides like interests in New York City, and has been actively connected with the business for twenty years. When the New Park was added to the chain, his son Robert was brought here from New York to take charge of the Wurlitzer organ. He undoubtedly has more pupils than any other teacher of the theater organ in this city, and is very thorough and conscientious in his work as a teacher. He will spend any amount of time with a pupil who is apt and interested, but will waste no time upon anyone who just wants to "play a little bit." Robert is very progressive, and frequently goes to New York for new ideas and music.

The young man was playing for rehearsals of road shows in New York City before he was sixteen years old, and for a number of years was pianist with traveling orchestras and shows. Such training proved valuable when he took up motion picture work, and with his ability as a musician enables him to cue pictures in a novel and pleasing manner. One of his pupils, Mrs. Watkins, has been trained by him to play exactly as he does himself, and is now his assistant at the Park. Mr. Machat also acts as music supervisor of the various other theaters under the control of his father, and his supervision guarantees public satisfaction with the musical programs presented.

Irene Juno

Speaking of Us

From my experience of ten years here, I should say the photoplay musicians need your style of music. Melody is very instructive fo rganists and will do wonders for any who will read intelligently. — Mrs. J. Bellinger, *Petersburg, Fla.*

I wish to express my great appreciation of Melody, which I find very interesting and very helpful in my work as a player of feature numbers. — Dorothy Silett, *Long Island, N. Y.*

Really, I cannot explain how much I have enjoyed the last two issues of Melody. The reason I say last two is that they are the only ones I ever received. I want to congratulate you for such a wonderful music magazine. — Bernadine Littiken, *E. Columbus, Ind.*

Am certain that I am going to enjoy Melody very much, and am glad of the valuable reading matter which will be of great help in my work here, as I am an organist.—Arnold D. Scammell, *Lynbrook, L. I.*

I have already received two copies of Melody and certainly recommend it. I like the way in which it is printed, making it possible to use the separate pieces. I am making a scrap-book of mine, which has a stiff back and thus is much more easy to use. — Joye Hope Bunch, *Osage City, Kansas.*

I like your style, your magazine, and your writers. I might say that I can see that one man is not afraid to say what he thinks, and that man is Mr. del Castillo. Most men are gagged and afraid to hurt someone's feelings, but this man is open and above board. — Harry S. Ellis, *Paterson, N. J.*

Copies of Melody received. I am well pleased with the music contained therein. — Mrs. Edna M. Baker, *Pacific Beach, Washington.*

I have always wanted to be a subscriber of your Melody and am glad that I can do it. — Mrs. Bert Taylor, *Charlevoix, Mich.*

I am pleased with the music in your magazine and with the piano music you sent me. — Miss Hazel Russell, *Little Falls, Minn.*

Some Old Wine in a New Bottle

By Arthur Cleveland Morse

IT MAY appear to some who read the following that a number of the points discussed have been advanced many times by radio broadcasters and as many times been refuted by the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers.

In extenuation, I should like to say that as the arguments of the opposition appear to lack somewhat that variety which, we are told, adds zest to this slightly flat affair we call "Life," those of us who are endeavoring to hold on to the none too generous rewards, which follow on the heels of our sweatings, find it necessary to counterbalance the same old — er — misstatements with the same old answers.

The reason for this is quite plain. The public consciousness in such matters resembles the geological strata of which old Mother Earth is composed in this respect — it is the final layer only which meets the eye. From this it follows that the truth to be effective must be uppermost. It is the writer's object to contribute his shovelful of this somewhat rare soil to what he confidently and sincerely hopes is the final layer.

The word "free" bulks large in the annals of radio. It meets one at every turn. There is the much touted "freedom of the air"; free entertainment for the listener; in the earlier stages (and today in a small group), "free" talent for the stations; and now, then, and forever, free use of music — non-copyright and copyright (the latter a wish, not an actuality) over the air.

There are notable exceptions — I beg correction if I am wrong. The writer has never heard of free radio sets for the public nor free tubes, batteries, headsets and loud-speakers. He has yet to learn (though the contrary may be true) that broadcasters expect to be served by "free" announcers or "free" hostesses. Neither does he believe that the watchful gentlemen in the control room allow their enthusiasm for the sport to interfere with their enjoyment of a proper pay-check at the end of a week's dabbling in their hobby. It would appear also that "free" use of a station by the makers of Bennie's Bountiful Buns (shall we say?) is not a custom which meets with the exigencies of the moment.

In short, this word "free" finds itself strangely out of place in the majority of its contacts with the radio industry. It will become more *de trop* as time goes on. The "freedom" of the air is due for an unpleasant experience. The wailings and groanings of an overburdened ether are forcing a warning growl from an usually supine and patient public. A certain radio editor (and I will refer to this again a bit later) puts forward the claim that the public does not get its radio entertainment "free," but it pays for its seat by and with its attention. "Free" talent will soon be a museum exhibit. There remains the "free" use of copyright music for purposes of radio-broadcasting. Here we must progress gently — we are touching upon the sorest spot on the whole of this enormous carcass. Although the word "free" is apparently in the final stages of dissolution (as far as radio is concerned) and Cheyne-Stokes breathing is already indicated, it is still able to raise its head and, to use a vulgarism, attempt to "spit in the eye" of composers, lyric writers and music publishers who are so gross, selfish and lacking in the finer feelings that they wish not only a compensation, but even an adequate compensation for the merchandise they produce. (I use the word "merchandise' advisedly. The writing of music may be a matter of fine frenzy and cloud-diving [as a matter of fact it generally is not], but the marketing and realization of profits from this same music is a business and therefore has to do with merchandise.) Now this unregenerate death-bed scene is scarcely to be qualified by the adjective "pretty." In fact, there are points of similarity between it and the historical end of one Voltaire, the French philosopher.

The year 1926 will see a well-concerted effort to revive this word "free" and clap it for all time on the (as-it-is-hoped) well-caned backs of the aforementioned authors, lyric writers and composers for their presumption in defending their property rights and as a species of saline plaster to their wounds that they may be continually reminded of the (as-it-is-hoped) castigation received at the hands of radio-broadcasters.

Having failed in the courts to substantiate their claim that the present copyright law does not give the writer or publisher control of his own property (a claim well booted by the United States Supreme Court), they probably will once again attempt an amendment of the law whereby they will be able to possess, without cost to themselves, a large and valuable slice of this same property. If they cannot realize this Utopian condition, they will without doubt attempt a law which will force this merchandise on the bargain counter by arbitrarily fixing the charge which can be asked for copyright music from the broadcaster by the A. S. O. C. A. & P.

Now there are several angles to the legal aspect of the matter and for their exposition I refer the reader to the article by Mr. Mills of the Society appearing in the December Melody. The writer would like to turn the searchlight on a different quarter.

It appears that the claim will be made (as it has previously) that radio broadcasters will not be able to pay the outrageous (sic!) and indefensible tariffs imposed on them by the mercenary Society above mentioned and still have their books appear without a red-ink balance at the end of their business year. And that they will be driven off the air and in consequence the radio listener will be deprived of his inalienable right of listening to Mlle. Fifi's Four Sky-larking Hairdressers or the Tin Products of Sweden's Musical Ash Cans. Small chance! These entertainers will always be with him — that is, as long as their sponsors are willing to pay to the indigent broadcasting station which shoots them into (or is it onto?) the ether, the far from insignificant sum which is charged for their particular manifestation of this modern miracle.

I doubt if any station, or group of stations, can be forced off the air (under our present laws) by any device known to man, much less by the demands of the Society. As a radio listener I, personally, would shed no tears for the departed if one-half the stations now broadcasting were forced into unwilling silence but, although I am an optimist by nature, no such glowing prospect stretches before me.

All of which brings me to the radio editor mentioned some time back. This gentleman wrote an article aimed at the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers in which he deplored the fate of radio broadcasting if Tin Pan Alley (a far from euphemistic term used inexactly by him to designate the Society) were allowed to pursue its nefarious way. His article was headed "Shall Tin Pan Alley Ruin Radio?" This ruin was to be accomplished by an excessive financial drain on the broadcasters' treasuries by the inexactly-referred-to Society. The following month another article appeared in which the same writer made mention of the fact that radio listeners did not get their entertainment free — that they paid for it with their attention and that this attention was of great value to the radio broadcaster — *of so great a value that a recent sale of station and wave length rights netted a sum of nearly six figures for the vendor.* He drew attention to the fact that people do not pay such sums without good reason and pointed out that a goodly percentage of this figure was above the cost of station installation, which indicated that the wave-length right held considerable prominence in the transaction.

Well, "there you are," as Roxy would say. Take your pick. From the same pen are two pictures — one that of the harrowing spectacle of a station suffering eclipse because of the leech-like (?) qualities of the A. S. O. C. A.& P. and the other that of the self-same station proudly rising to a sales value of six figures in spite of these outrageous demands. The gentleman further prophesies that in a short time wave-length rights will command the price of a seat on the New York Stock Exchange. I believe him, but when this time does come, talk by the broadcasters about their inability to pay the Society for the use of its members' music will have an even more offensively piscatorial odor than it gives off at present.

"What's Good in New Music"

Owing to a series of unavoidable circumstances, over which we have neither editorial nor publication control, it is necessary to omit from this issue the department by Mr. del Castillo "What's Good in New Music." We can assure MELODY subscribers, however, that it will appear in the March issue; in fact, we now have on hand Mr. del Castillo's manuscript copy for this department in which he has written up, in his usual capable and interesting way, many of the recent publications of interest to MELODY subscribers. We realize that a goodly number of our friends will be disappointed because so many of you have been kind enough to express chirographically your appreciation of and interest in this valuable and healthy new department.

—*THE EDITOR*

MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHOTOPLAY MUSICIANS AND THE MUSICAL HOME

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LLOYD LOAR, *Editor* C. V. BUTTELMAN, *Manager*

In the Music Mart of America

Boston, Mass. — Lewis E. Bray, one of Boston's popular organists, has returned to the New Shawmut Theater and is "Saying it With Music" at the Estey console. While the Shawmut was being rebuilt this past summer, Mr. Bray filled a limited engagement with the Strand Theater, Rockland, Maine, and his work there won many favorable comments from the press and other music lovers of that city. The organ there is a Robert Morton, and one of his most popular stunts was putting over musical shows with the organ, which won the enthusiasm of the performers as well as listeners.

The New Shawmut is elaborately decorated, and is now the finest theater in that section of the city. The seating capacity is increased to 2500 and Mr. Bray's work is thus appreciated by larger audiences.

Mr. Bray is a strong MELODY booster, and is also a member of that renowned organization, the "Whatdoyercallit Club." He says it is useless for the members to try to think of a name for the Club, because it may never have one other than Whatdoyercallit; and he thinks the members had better be considering the serious business which is before the club, whatever this is. When asked what he thought this should be, he answered, "Let X equal the business of the club. Now let us proceed.— *Q. E. D.*"

Santa Maria, Calif. — It was a lucky day for this city when Professor Hayes arrived. His remarkable organ performance greatly increased the attendance at the local theater. It was but a very short time until Mr. Hayes listened to the many demands for musical instruction. Leaving the theater, he opened a studio and in less than a year Mr. Hayes had a class that numbered over one hundred pupils. Last season we attended a recital given by the pupils of Professor Hayes. The interest of all those present was held throughout, and we could see the work of a master musician as each and every pupil rendered his selection. Professor Hayes teaches piano, organ, theory, composition and all band and orchestra instruments. — *F. Littig.*

New Albany, Ind. — The piano playing contest recently conducted at one of the local theaters was won by Miss Pearl Leas, a normal school graduate on piano. Miss Leas also plays the cornet, the violin, and the piccolo, doing both orchestra and band work with these instruments. Although this young lady is handicapped by being a cripple, she has accomplished much more than the average student through her musical studies. Being more or less limited in her contacts with other musicians, she would probably appreciate hearing from MELODY subscribers and music lovers.

Charlevoix, Mich. — The Palace Theater has been served by Mrs. Bird Taylor as pianist for the past year.

E. Columbus, Ind.— Crump's Theater is one of the largest and best in Southern Indiana. Bernadine Littiken is the pianist, playing with the orchestra at night and doing solo work with pictures in the afternoon. The other theater, under the same management, is installing a Photoplayer, and Miss Littiken is to preside at its keyboard.

Little Falls, Minn. — The Lowell Theater here is served by a Bartola organ which is played by Hazel Russell. Miss Russell is working on a system of symbols to use in connection with improvising, and is very enthusiastic over its possibilities. She believes that the average photoplay musician needs a "more efficient system" in playing for the musical production part of the photoplay entertainment, and that "better screen stories" to go with these more efficient musical systems are in order.

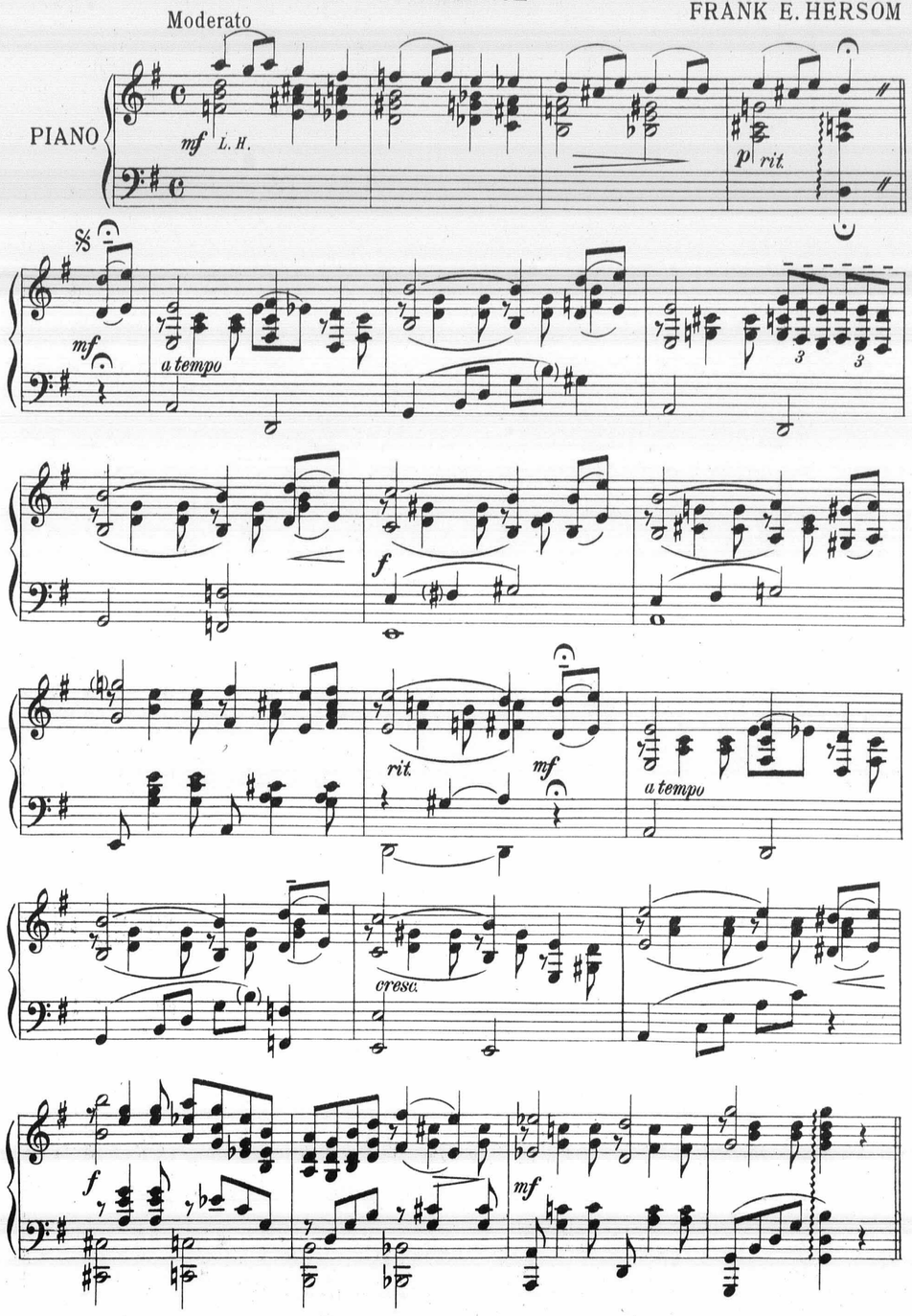
Lutesville, Mo. — The Pastime Theater in this city is probably one of the very few theaters in the country operated by two ladies, who were both piano teachers — Mrs. Homer Chandler and Mrs. George Clark. Needless to say, this partnership of exhibitors is most intelligently and directly interested in the musical part of their theater's program. Miss Grace Kinder is the pianist at this theater.

Green Bay, Wis. — Celeste Ward is organist at the Strand Theater.

Fireside Fancies

ROMANCE

FRANK E. HERSOM



Con moto

f

più animato

rit.

cresc. e accel.

ff

ff

Continued on page 23

Gang Way!

GALOP

JANE CALDWELL

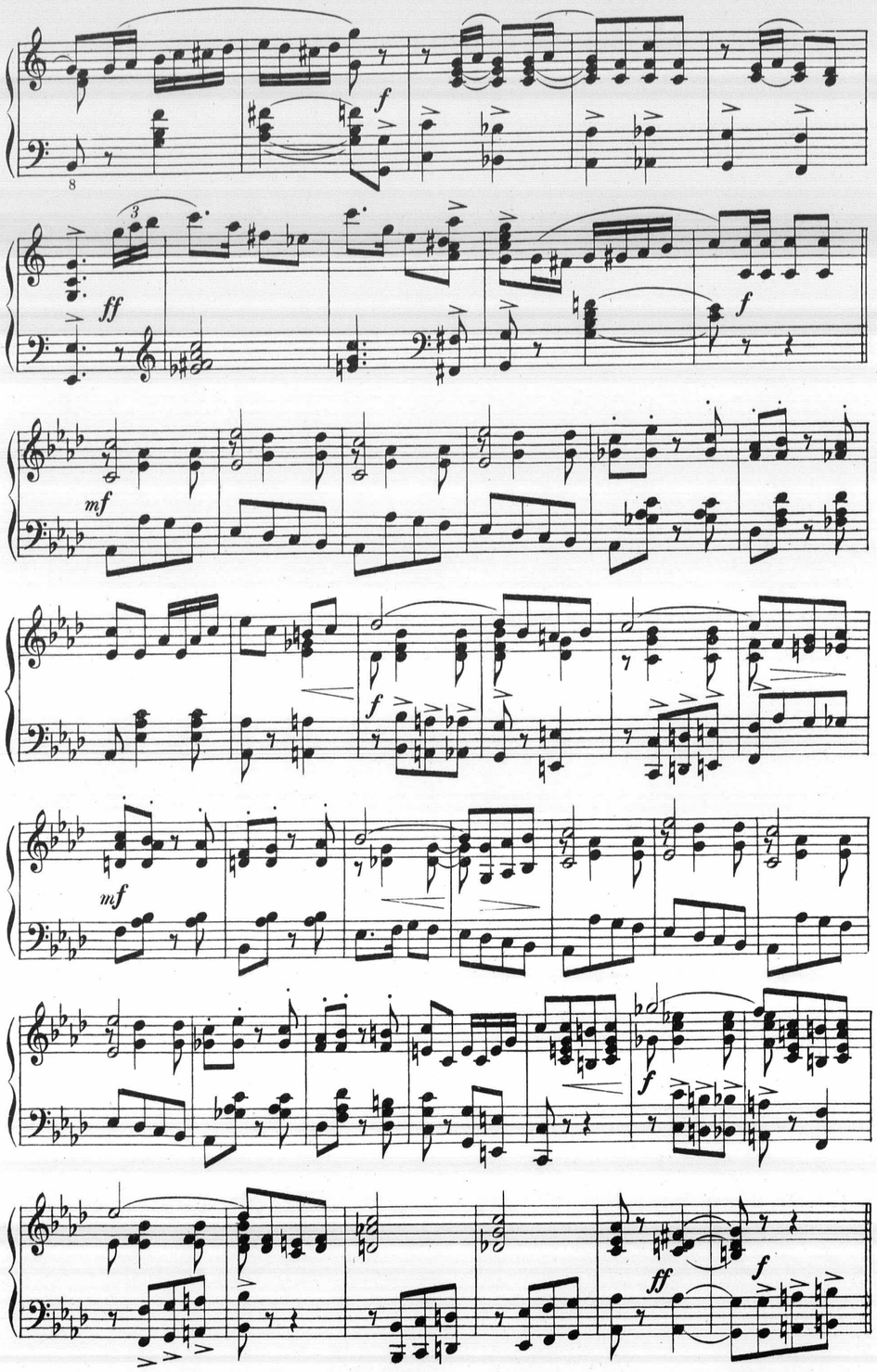
PIANO

f *ff* *f*

mf *cresc.* *f*

ff *f*

mf *cresc.*

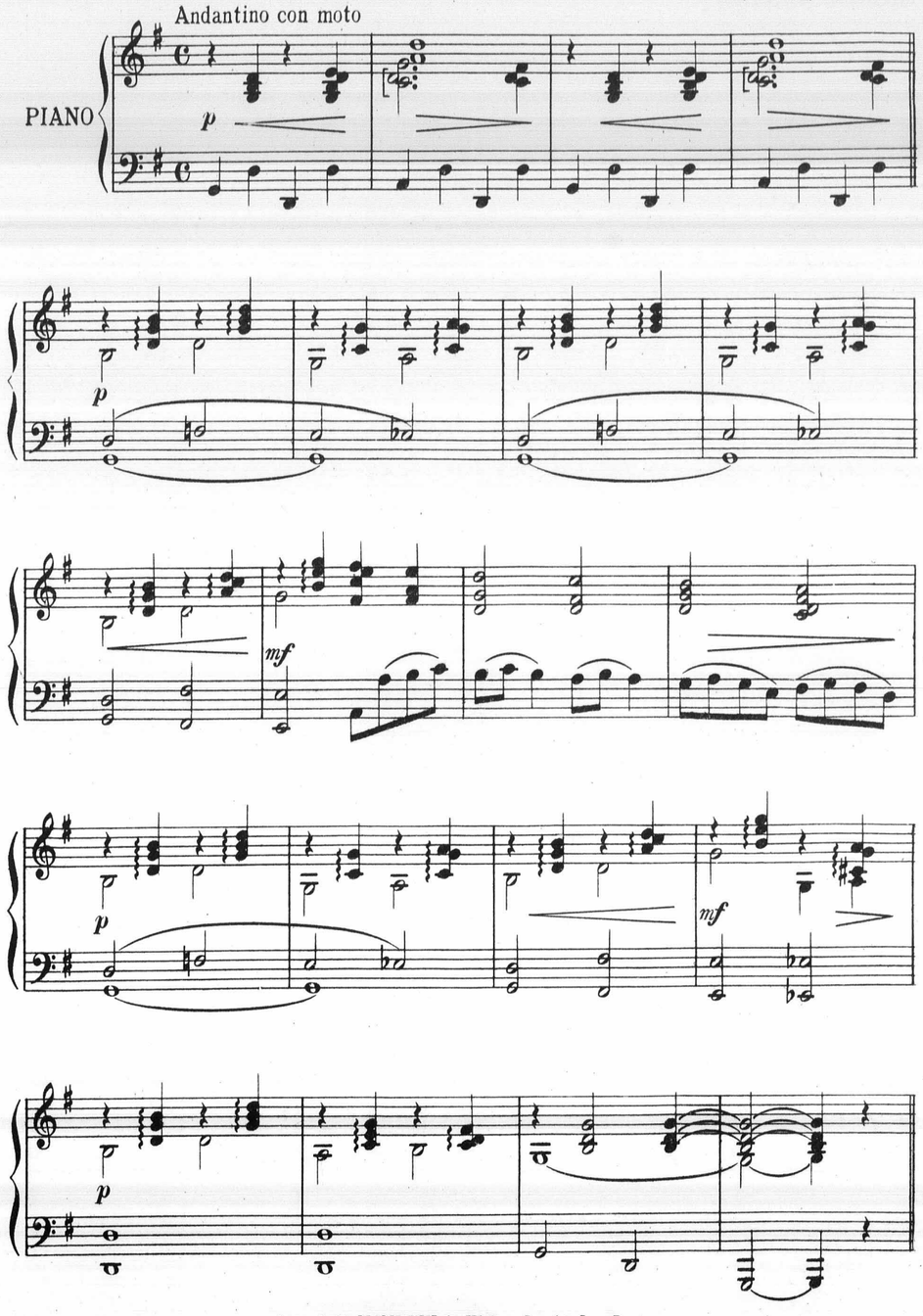


Continued on page 21

Remembrance

GEORGE L. COBB

Andantino con moto



Un poco animato

f

poco rit

molto rall.

Continued on page 19

The Battling Line

MARCH

ARTHUR C. MORSE

PIANO

ff

f

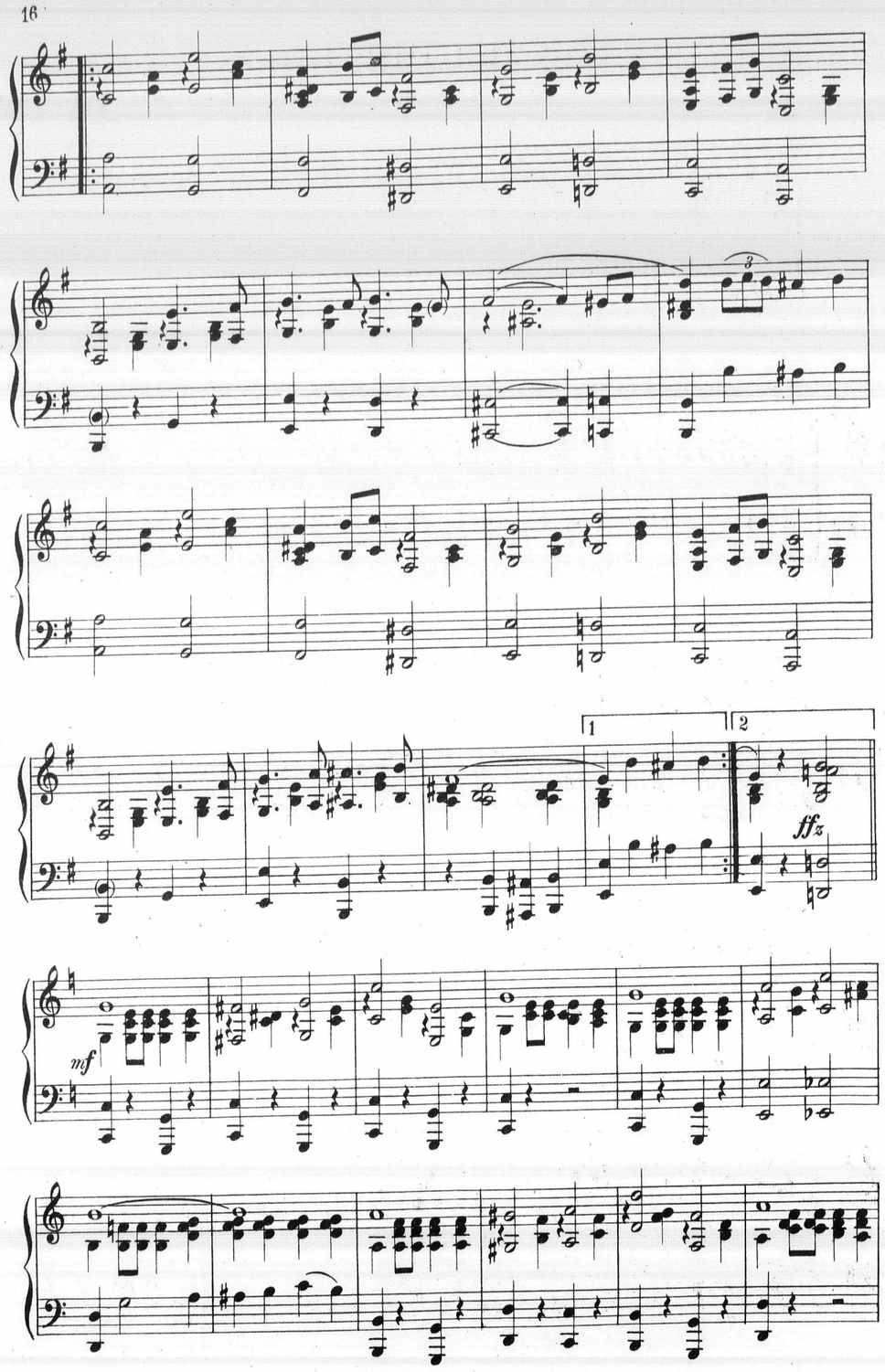
mf

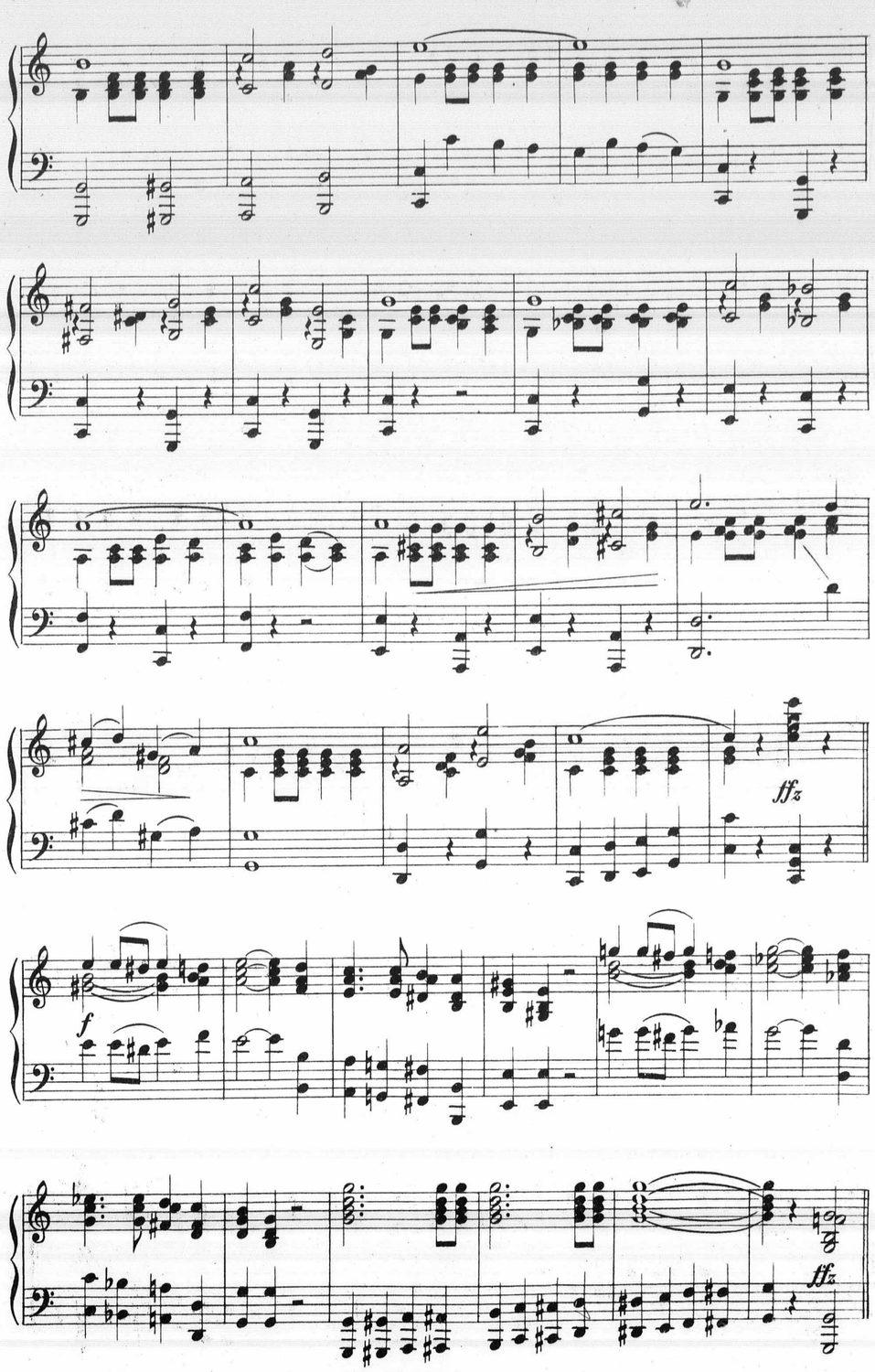
f

1

2

ff


1
2
ffz
mf


ffz
f
ffz

f

ffz

Tempo I

p

mf

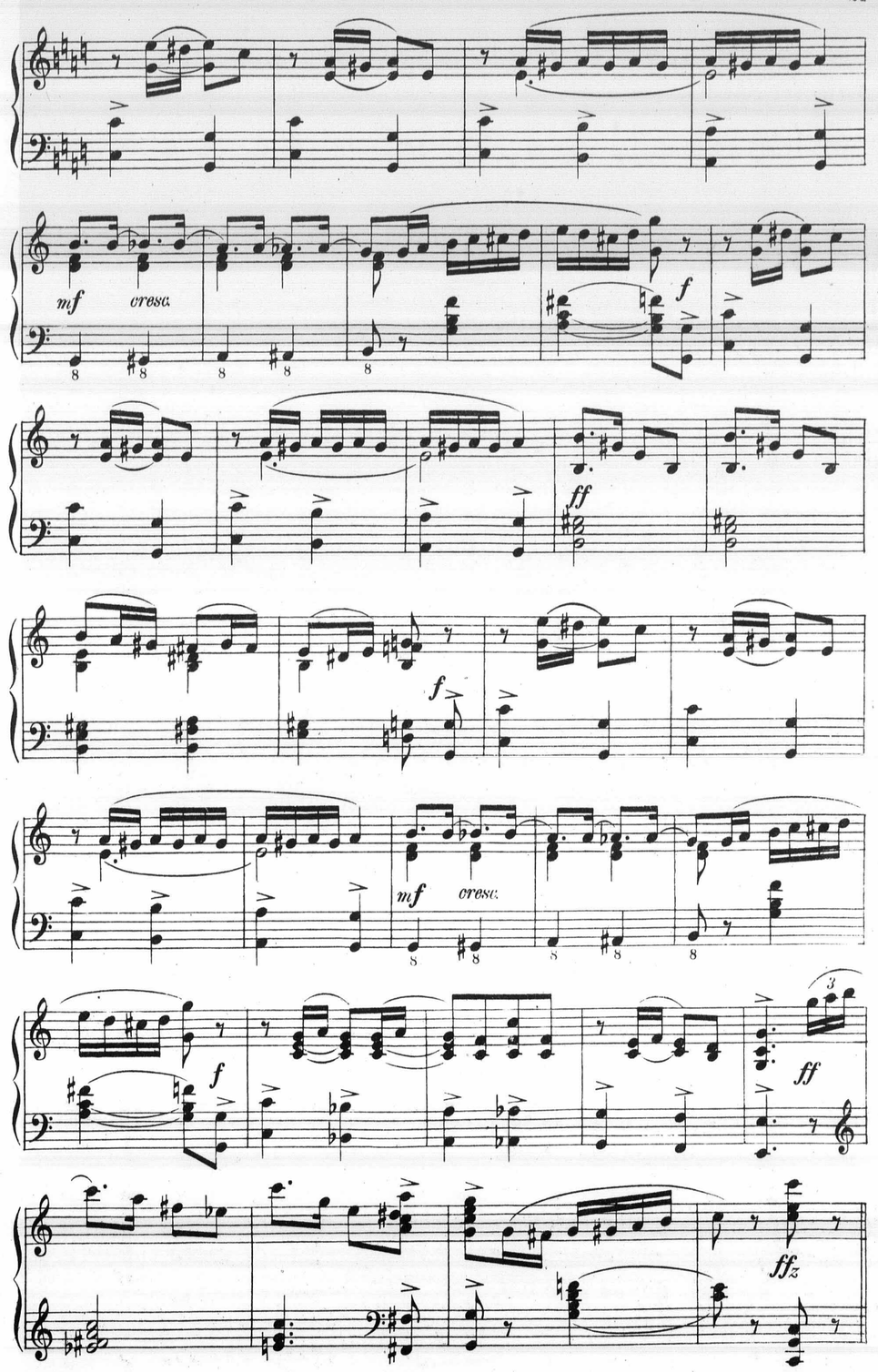
p

mf

p

mf

p *rall.*



TRIO

mf

f

1 Last

ff *fz*

mf

fz *mf* *fz* *f* *cresc.* *ff*

D.C. Trio al

MELODY

Tempo I

mf

f

rit. *mf* *a tempo*

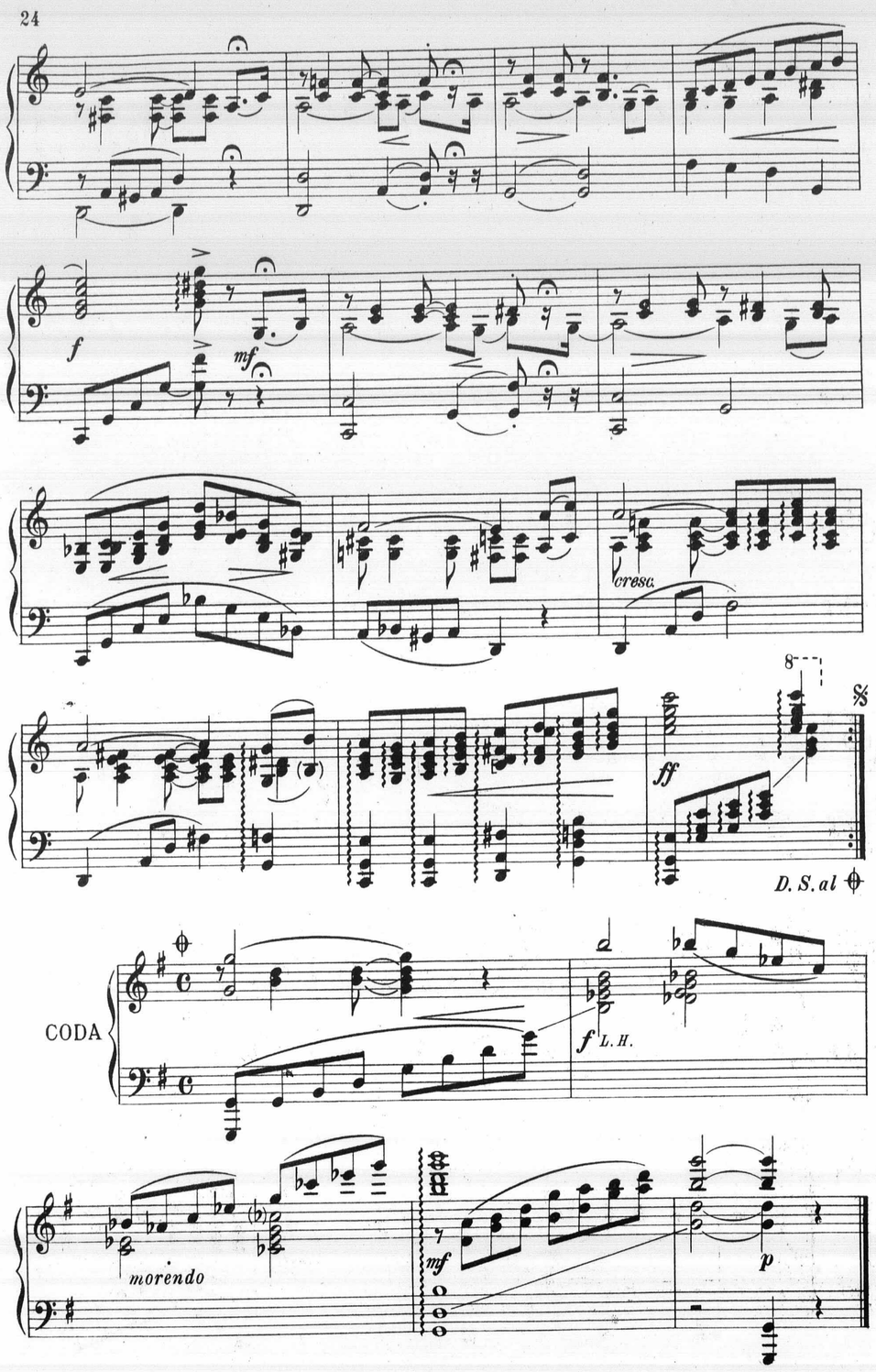
cresc.

f *mf*

Espressivo

mf

MELODY



MELODY

Long Island, N. Y. — Miss Dorothy Silett, who has previously served as photoplay organist in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and New York City, is the capable organist at the Park Theater in this city. She is very successful in fitting her musical program to the pictures so that the effect produced is one of naturalness and spontaneity.

Mrs. Lizeta Mowen of Lima, Ohio, is one among many MELODY subscribers who does not do photoplay work nor teach music, but plays the piano for her own amusement and subscribes to MELODY for the pleasure of playing its music for her own benefit and that of her friends. She has written several vocal and instrumental numbers that have been accepted for publication.

Walla Walla, Wash. — The Waterman Piano School of this city, specializing in form playing, is under the direction of Harry C. Mayer. Mr. Mayer studied piano with Lucille Cummins of Portland, Oregon, and for a time taught classical music in Portland. He attended the University of Oregon from which school he graduated in 1923. After several seasons of work with various important orchestras, including the "Brownies," he decided to devote his entire time to popular music, with the result that he established his present connection with the Waterman School. In addition to the branch at Walla Walla, he also controls three branch schools.

Montreal, Quebec. — Miss Julia Bocruet, who recently was awarded a laureate diploma from the Royal Academy of Music, when she was but fifteen years of age, is at present using her musical talent solely for the delight of herself and her friends. The rather delicate health of this talented young lady and her extreme youth makes this plan seem the wisest one. It is to be hoped that the next few years will increase her strength and stamina as much as it will round out and develop her musical talent so that the public can benefit by it as much as her friends and her family have.

Osage City, Kansas. — This small city boasts of a first class photoplay theater. Miss Joye Hope Bunch is pianist at this theater, and for certain pictures, violin is used in addition to the piano.

Akron, Ohio. — Mrs. Carrie Bowman is pianist at the National Theater.

Roseville, Ohio. — Florence Riley is putting in a busy season this year. She is pianist at both the Majestic Theater and Opera House at Crooksville and organist at the Grand Theater, New Lexington.

Alexandria, La. — The Rapidex Theater of this city is served by Mrs. Frank Hayden as organist.

Duluth, Minn. — Ethel V. Olson is organist this season at the State Theater here.

Chicago, Ill. — The Wallace Theater, an attractive suburban house, has Raymond C. Grins as organist.

Woodsville, N. H. — Eve P. Field is pianist at the Henderson Theater.

Grand Rapids, Mich. — John Malinowski is pianist at the Wealthy Theater of this city.

Philadelphia, Pa. — Wm. F. Pressell is serving as pianist at the Aurora Theater.

Easton, Pa. — The 4th Street Theater of this city has Maude K. Roseberry as organist.

Mankato, Minn. — Mrs. Lulu May is pianist at the Lyric Theater.

Plymouth, Indiana. — The Band Box Theater has for its pianist Lyla M. Casterline.

Grand Forks, No. Dakota. — Blanche Warnken presides at the console of the organ in the New Grand Theater of this city.

Seaside, Oregon — Jean Cocks-Dyche is the organist at the Strand Theater.

San Benito, Texas. — Alpha Laws is musically interpretating the pictures at the Palace Theater.

Akron, Ohio. — Mrs. L. Keitt is playing at the Alhambra Theater this season.

Philadelphia, Pa. — Mr. Eric Wilkinson is still the regular pianist at the Oxford Theater here.

Mineral Point, Wis. — Miss Beth Tucker is pianist at the World Theater.

Salinas, Calif. — Henry E. Lingley is organist at the California Theater.

Tamaqua, Penna. — Hal. Longenback is playing at the Majestic Theater.

Cleveland, Ohio. — Miss B. Goldberg is organist at the Fairyland Theater.

The Elevator Shaft

DINNY TIMMINS SAYS:

The Boss says, don't fergit to say something about this Wedding of Irving Berlin and Ellin Mackay, and I says, what I'd like to say about that couldn't be printed. A feller has enough troubles on his hands getting married without a bunch of Smart Aleck reporters on his heels all the time trying to find out what him and Ellin had for breakfast, and if Papa has give his consent yet.

BERLIN'S MARRIAGE

And they's another side nobody seems to have paid any attention to. This bird Mackay he's done a lot for Music generally helping to support the Metropolitan and a lot of other things. Now he's going to get so fed up on Music and Musicians they'll have to go find theirselves another Angel. The whole business looks like a Sassiety version of Abie's Irish Rose to me. Maybe we'll see the third act staged next year. Maybe.

But that ain't the worst of it. As near as I can make out this girl Ellin she fell for Irv on acc't. all them sad songs of his like All Alone and You Forgot to Remember. Now them's the songs that Irv made his money on, but what's he going to do now? If he writes any more like them he'll have a Scrap on his hands with his Wife. It looks like Irv has got to think fast. Maybe he'll become the Pollyanna of Tin Pan Alley, and specialize on the Smile a Little Bits and Learn to Smiles and Then I'll be Happys. Or maybe he'll start writing that Grand Opery that Kahn wanted him to. Then his Papa-in-Law will give the Met the Air for sure.

This outbreak of Irv's kinda put Hennery Ford's old time fiddlers in the shade. They went ahead and had contests in Providence and Worcester and other places, but the Jazz King had 'em pushed out of the Picture. Hennery can sell Automobiles, or Fords anyway, but it would take a Constitootional Commendment and a Civil War to make people stop doing the Modern Dances. And anyhow where does Hennery get that way? It was riding in Flivvers that first started people doing the Shimmy.

Irving Berlin ain't the only Feller with marriage troubles. Isadora Duncan, whose chief Claim to Fame is that she first started the motto, Izzy Do a Can Can, she went and married a Rooshian Poet a Year or so back named Serge Yessinin, who she found out was anything but a Yes-Man, which is the kind she wanted. They didn't get on very good together, and when she started dancing around the U. S. dressed in a Red Flag, why him and the U. S. both objected, and they both got out and went to Rooshia. So one thing led to another and Serge he wasn't so hot for the Bullsheviks as Isadora was, so they finally decided to call it Quits. Serge got into the Rooshian Cooler about that time anyhow for gossiping about the Gov't., and what with one thing and another Isadora concluded Serge was cramping her style.

ISADORA DUNCAN'S DITTO

Later Serge got out of the Cooler, and he thought over the Sitooation, and he says to himself, this Gal of mine is such a Wild Hussy she might change her mind and they's only one way to keep us Separated, so he pulled out a Gun and Shot hisself. So it looks like he's made the Divorce permanent, because I don't think him and Isadora is going to the same place. Isadora can keep right on waving her red flag, because them's the National Colors of her future home, but she won't need it on her to keep warm.

She and Elinor Glyn, Margot Asquith and Mary Garden are all examples of them Kinds of Superior Woman that admit they're Good. When Mary got back to the U. S. lately she discovered she was even Better than ever, if possible. She found it out through the Radio. She says to the Reporters, The Radio gives me more Emotion than any man I ever met in my whole life. (There's a Hint to the Old Maids.) I adore it, she says. I have a Perfect Radio voice and broadcasting has convinced me of it, she says. Only persons of marked personality can broadcast successfully she says.

MARY GARDEN

If Mary's gentlemen friends sent her a Bunch of Violets I wonder would she get the point? But probily they send her Sunflowers. The reporters they ast her about getting Married. It's funny about Reporters, they must have a Marriage Complex. She says, when I retire I hope it will not be through Marriage. Rather, she says, I will hie me to a Nunnery, she says. Yes, she would. She'd Hie herself to a Nunnery with a Weather Eye cocked on the Newspapers and a six month's Cancellation Clause in the Lease, like Pearl White.

Or perhaps, she says, have a Apotheosis (Archie, look that up) like that as ends Faust, she says. Archie says it means Deeification. The dum little shrimp, now go look up Deeification. He says it means Apotheosis. . . (I gotto apologize for the delay; I just had a little Argyment, and I had to go tell Mr. Jacobs Archie had to go home sick and would not be back for a couple a weeks.)

I looked it up myself. It says to Deeify is to Regard or Worship as a God. I don't get the Idee. What's she want something she's already Give herself? And besides, as near as I can remember Faust, the end of it is about the Gal Marguerite that gets vamped by Faust and kills her Baby and goes Crazy and dies in the Cooler, where the Angels take her up to Heaven. It don't seem to me Mary has sketched out much of a Career for herself. I guess maybe she likes Exitement.

Singers is Cuckoo anyway. Did you read about what happened to the Rooshian Bass Singer Charlie Arpen? He was to a Hotel somewheres and he couldn't Indentify hisself, so he Sang the Clerk a song, jest like Little Tommie Tupper. "He got the Job," like the Anickdotes in the American Magazine say. What I would like to find out is whether the Gests in the Lobby started throwing Pfennigs at him or whether they Called the Manager and says, throw out that Big Bum that's making that Racket.

CHALIAPIN SINGS FOR HIS MAIL

Because you know how it is. A Musician makes a Repitation by having other Musicians and Criticks saying he's good, then all the Peasants start to go listen to him and think he's great, because they been told so. After a Feller gets a Repitation he's a Dum Fool if he ever opens his Yap or plays a Note where anybody can hear him without making sure they all know who he is. Like the time Caruso lost a bet by singing the Area at the beginning of Cavalleria in the wings in place of the unknown Tenor who was supposed to sing it, and nobody clapped. Anyway that's the story, I don't say it's true. I don't say nothing's true you read in this Colyum, for that matter.

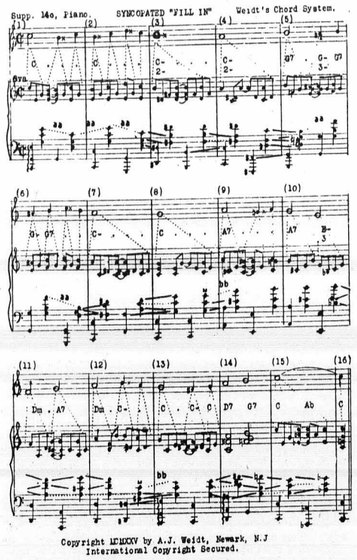
Harvard College has been in quite a lot of trouble lately. Ever since the game with William and Mary. They never got over the insult to their pride when Mary scored a touchdown, and they been trying to fight everybody since, and they all been argying together about not playing football unless they could get treated better. Of course this all belongs in Lloyd Loar's Sporting Colyum on Acowsticks, but I'm getting to the musical part, where the Glee Club got huffy too. It seems they been joining in a Intercollegiate Glee Club contest every year, where one number of the contest is picked by a Committee and all the Clubs has to sing it as a part of the Act. Doc Davison, who runs the Glee Club, says the song that was picked was Sentimental Mush, and they wouldn't play.

THE SULKY HARVARD GLEE CLUB

So everybody's sore, and Pickernell, who ought to be Pres. of the Mandolin Club instead of the Int. Glee Club which he is, says they're sore because they ain't been winning lately, jest like the football team, and they want to choose a harder song that the little colleges couldn't tussle with. Only in the case of the Footballers it seems like it was the little colleges they had most of the trouble with. Anhyow Pick seems to think they're bum sports and Pick's a Harvard man his own self. But Pick was Pres. of the Harvard Glee Club back in the good old days when Boys was Boys, and Booze was Booze, and ever the Twain did meet, as the Poet says. Any club that could sing "Drink, Drink, Drink" and "One, Two, Three, Four" was a good club, and he don't quite see what the Fuss is about.

A Lesson in Syncopated Fill-in for the Pianist

WE REPRODUCE herewith a piano supplement example and the explanatory text that goes with it, from Weidt's Chord System. This supplement shows how to syncopate and fill in the harmony for a typical melody of the popular fox-trot variety. As the text presented in explanation is from the Chord System, references to previous lesson material will have to be taken on faith; but MELODY readers can nevertheless get some valuable hints as to this phase of piano playing and as to just how the Weidt Chord System plans its instruction therein.



The upper of the three connecting staves shows a melody in fox-trot time and the letters below this staff indicate the harmony. The second staff shows the same model of "filling in" as is shown in Supplement 3a with the following exception:

A modulation or change in harmony on the third count must be anticipated or played on the first of the tied notes. How this is done is shown by the dotted lines connecting the melody and tied notes in the fifth, eleventh and thirteenth measures of the first and second staves. Notice that the melody is also anticipated by the use of tied notes, as shown in the first and ninth measures. The method of syncopating the melody is indicated by the dotted lines connecting the notes of the first and second staves throughout, which should be carefully analyzed.

The proper notes to add to the melody notes were explained in Supplements 10 (new) and 12b, excepting where the relative diminished chords occur. The fifth of the diminished chord is usually omitted in a three-note chord played by the right hand. (See the fourth and seventh measures.) In the third measure, the real root, C, is also omitted because it is too close to the melody note, and the chord appears as the dominant seventh chord of E, or B7, although it is really a diminished seventh on C. The second and sixth measures show the method of filling in consecutive quarter notes. Note that the same chord intervals are added to the melody notes as in the preceding measures (first and fifth).

The two different syncopated models of "filling in" are used alternately to avoid monotony. No. 1 is used in the first, third, fifth, seventh, ninth, eleventh, thirteenth and fifteenth measures. No. 2, a variation, is used in the fourth, eighth and twelfth measures. The "fill in" shown in the tenth measure is explained in Supplement 4a.

A study of the third staff (bass clef) will be instructive. A change from one chord inversion to another is permitted when there is no modulation (see dotted lines in measures marked "aa"). The chord charts, Supplement 1a and 1b, also Supplement 6 on transposition to the bass clef, should be used as a reference when arranging or improvising.

Lesson 14 shows the construction and progression of the diminished chords in detail. A review of Lesson 12 on chord progression will show the importance of this rule when modulating, i. e., always move to the *nearest* note or interval of the following chord. An analysis of the connecting lines where a modulation occurs will show that all the chord intervals move up or down *without* a skip, i. e., diatonically or chromatically, and the mutual tones (see dotted lines) are *repeated*. *Exception:* A skip from or to a mutual tone is permitted (see "bb," eighth and ninth measures; also twelfth and thirteenth).

N. B.—The "fill in" (second staff) should be played an octave higher.

WHATDOYOUCALLIT CLUB HALL OF FAME

Purporting to be an Interview with Leo Reisman

WHAT do you think of the Whatdoyoucallit Club?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Reisman, "we are having very good winter weather. Did you hear the story about the Scotchman?"

"So's your old man. This is not a club meeting; you are being interviewed and I asked you a question. What do you think of the Whatdoyoucallit Club? R.S.V.P."

"I never think of it if I can help it. What's your next question?" replied Boston's world-famous maestro of dance music in his best, or non-singing voice.

One question is as good as another in an interview — at least when the interview is to be printed on the club page, so we decided to stick to the original one. "What do you think you ought to think of the Whatdoyoucallit Club if you thought you should think of it?"

"Well, about that Scotchman you asked me about: It seems that Jock and Sandy —"

"Wait a month," said we interpolating a stern look, "what do Jock and Sandy have to do with the question?"

"— Jock said to Sandy 'Will ye sup wi' me taemorrow nicht?" —

"I guess you didn't hear us, Mr. Reisman. We asked you —"

"Yes, you asked me, and now it's your turn to listen. Jock said, 'Will ye sup wi' me taemorrow nicht?' And Sandy said, 'That I will, wi' pleasure.'" (Here Leo repressed our feeble attempt to gain control of the interview with a firm gesture of the bow arm.) "'Guid,' said Jock, 'let's make it at 8 o'clock. *At your hoose.*' There," said Leo before we had time to recover from the uproarious laughter we politely rendered in tribute to his Scotch joke, "there is a good one for you to work up for a radio meeting of the Whatdoyoucallit Club."

LEO REISMAN

Purporting to be a likeness of the famous director of the dance and recording orchestra featured by Columbia Records, Hotel Brunswick (Boston) and Radio Station WBZ (Springfield-Boston)

"We thank you, naturally, and of course, but what about the Whatdoyoucallit Club?"

Leo carefully regarded our new spotted necktie. "Well," he said, "that's just what I say, but please don't mention it in the paper. I am glad to belong to the club, perfectly willing to speak in the meetings or have my orchestra play, or even on occasions of sufficient moment to sing" (here Leo coughed modestly and we offered him our box of Smith Bros. which unfortunately was empty), "but it hardly seems fair for you to ask me to solve the mystery about the origin of the club or why it is permitted to exist."

"Yes, yes," we murmured, "it is a mystery. In fact we don't even know what you are talking about."

"Neither do I," said Leo swiftly moving toward the Egyptian Room of the Hotel Brunswick where his band of musicians and the eager crowd of diners and dancers were impatiently awaiting his return.

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I have heard of all kinds of fish except the Wifumpoof and I judge this must be the species that swims backward to keep the water from going in its eyes. — T. J. McNAMEE, *Springfield, Mass.*

Quite right, Bro. McNamee. However we hesitate to print your suggestion of an improved method to capture a specimen of the fish, as we would not want to assume liability for any accident that might befall club members who attempt to follow instructions. We are reminded of the wise member who decided that the answer to the famous old question, "Why do they build the ocean so close to the shore" is that the arrangement was provided so that folks could climb into their boats without getting their feet wet. . . . We hope to hear your son play his tenor banjo solo over the radio when he broadcasts from Springfield.

Whatdoyoucallit CLUB

Apologies to Music Trade News

Friday, February 19

9:00 to 12:00 P. M.

IT will be a big night Friday evening, February 19! Westinghouse Stations WBZ-WBZA, Springfield and Boston, will broadcast a radio ball from Cook's Butterfly Ballroom in Springfield. Five of New England's well known dance orchestras will be heard, and between the thirty minute dance programs the Whatdoyoucallit Club will be on the air. Following is the program outline:

9.00 Copley Plaza Orchestra of Boston, W. Edward Boyle, director.
9.30 Whatdoyoucallit Club
9.45 Ray Stewartson and his Symphonic Band of Boston.
10.15 Whatdoyoucallit Club
10.30 Edwin J. McEnelly's Victor Recording Orchestra
11.00 Whatdoyoucallit Club
11.15 Wittstein's Orchestra, New Haven, Conn.
11.45 Whatdoyoucallit Club
12.00 Bill Tasillo and his Orchestra, Hartford, Conn.
12.30 McEnelly's Orchestra

Stations WBZ and WBZA, Springfield and Boston

WHATSHALLWEDOABOUTIT, FOLKS?

If my poetry is bad —
I mean not too bad—
Then don't publish it.
Others have done likewise
And others to follow will do
The same no doubt.
Still my method of madness
May serve my purpose.
You spurn my offerings and
Threaten loss of membership.
Ah! Then mayhap we both
Are benefitted and I
Have gained my point.

F. W. MILLER (Ludwig & Ludwig, Chicago)

After reading which Archie offers the suggestion that the penalty of loss of ½ membership imposed on members for every poetic contribution to the Club page can be conscientiously overlooked in this case. Have a cigar!

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PICKED FROM THE MAIL

MR. P. D. KUTSAMENIS, Springfield, Mass: I enjoyed the January 22 program, especially Mr. Lutes and the couffos solo. Why not call it the M. T. club? (A goofus with any other spelling sounds just as sour. What please does M. T. stand for? It doesn't sound well just to use initials — has a sort of nobody home effect.)

MR. S. H. HINES, Birmingham, Alabama: Arthur Morse is a wonderful player and that goes, whether he plays his own solos or compositions by Norman Leigh, or whether Norman Leigh plays Mr. Morse's compositions . . . George L. Stone's expert drumming comes through beautifully.

MR. L. K. PHILANDER DOESTICKS, P. B., Springfield, Mass.: Mr. Robert Lutes made a fine conductor at your meeting of January 22. As I am a motor man myself I hope some day to run across him. From his speech I could judge that when he counts paper money he counts it toward himself.

HELEN I. BARNES, Melrose Hillside, Mass.: May I be an etherized member of your illustrious club? Which I suggest you call the Happy Cuckoos. We all know a cuckoo is a bird of no mean talent but we do not know much about its brains which, after all, aren't so very important — if the cuckoo is talented enough. (You are elected. There are no requirements for which you most apparently could not qualify. Sorry we can't print all of your letter; it was a cuckoo. And now that you are a member of the club, you—are—er—one of us.)

MISS R. M. MAKEPIECE, Worcester, Mass.: The mandola solo by Mr. Loar and also his viola solos were wonderful. I am not so sure what I should say about the dialogue between musical numbers, but we can stand most anything so long as the musical numbers are so good.

MR. R. S. LANCASTER, Norwich, Conn.: Certainly appreciate the very beautiful solos by Mr. Rudolph Toll, clarinetist and Mr. Verne Powell on the flute. Have them again — also Mr. Stone.

REFERRED TO HELPING HAND COMMITTEE

Dear Whatdoyoucallit Club:

Does this fellow who writes on acoustics for your magazine know what he's talking about? What is an acoustic anyhow? Does it depend in any way for its existence on bootlegged likker, and is it any relation to either a chromatic or a glissando? I've lately come to the conclusion that the acoustic and the goofus are different manifestations of the same principle. I would appreciate some information.

G. F.

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Old Ironsides might be a good name for the club. By the way, I'd like to hear Mr. George L. Cobb play his own *Peter Gink*. . . . Keep up the good work and let's hear more from Mr. Rudolph Toll, clarinetist, and Mr. Verne Powell, flutist. — MRS. JOSEPHINE A. SPEAR, *Winter Hill, Mass.*

Mr. Cobb is pleased to hear from a fellow townsman and appreciates the compliment you pay him and his new march **Old Ironsides**. Other people have requested him to play **Peter Gink** and he says he will practice it up. You say you sent a letter addressed to the club to the wrong station. Our loss, and an experience rather doubtful for the other station. Glad you don't like the goofus — it's evidence of your good judgment.

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ANN ONIMOUS

You certainly are surrounded by a very talented gang, so let the meetings go on merrily and musically no matter how harsh a name you may be called by folks who cannot appreciate good music, and please announce the country from whence came you able assistant, Mr. Nuts the lute, or Mr. Lutes the nut. Judging by his voice I am not certain whether he originated in Ireland, in South Africa, Brooklyn or the back edge of Back Bay — MISS ANN OTHER NUT.

Thanks for the reassuring words. Yes, in answer to your question, an expert player on the Gay-zeek is eligible to the Club but we won't let you in until you tell us your real name.

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FROM A FREIND

(Printed without editorial pencil or remark)

You ended your junk by asking not to be harsh. I have heard at the Old Columbia on Amateur night some bums but when I heard your Broadcast WBZ had ought to shut down. Of course if they are getting paided for it they would sell their life for anything. I think you folks are the only ones getting any pleasure out of it the way you laugh at your own foolish jokes. You are the worst I ever heard. How did you ever get such a crowd togather. You generally find at least ONE GOOD one in every crowd. But not in this one. Such broadcasts closed up some statons. For goodness sake, lay off.—A FREIND.

P. S. — If your freinds were honest they would tell you the same thing.

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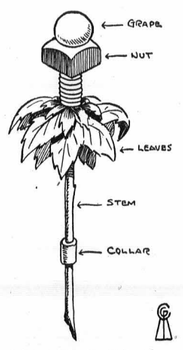
The Whatdoyoucallit Club has taken the country by storm. I entered a Greek restaurant across the street today and saw the daily special was *Whatdoyoucallit* Stew (I calls it hash). Then recently I found blooming in the snow in our back yard a gentle flower. Lo, as they say in the cross-word puzzles, it was a grapenut blossom, the official flower of our lovely club. I sent one of the specimens to you, but either you never received it or you wouldn't admit it. [Must have gone astray. Perhaps some garage man got hold of it and used it for a repair part. — Ed.] Tell George Stone I can play any one of the Jack Mills piano solos in books 1, 2, 3, 4, up to and including 5, as a practice for reading in drumming. I enjoy Stone's articles very much — have been studying a couple of years with Ed. B. Straight. Whatdoyouneedanamefor? — C. G. KELLY (*jobbing with Nash's Orch.*) *Chicago.*



Genus Grapea Nutimus

Pedal Note — **The club extends its thanks to Carl Goehmann Raphael Kelly (which is the long form of C. G. Kelly) for a most interesting contribution to the club's archives, reproduced herewith. This is the first authentic picture of a specimen of the official club flower received. At least we are positive the picture is authentic and careful perusal of Bro. Carl's letter will give assurance that our Chicago member is qualified to judge as to the authenticity of the specimen itself.**

NEXT RADIO MEETING, FEBRUARY 19, 1926 — 9.00 P. M. (WBZ AND WBZA, BOSTON AND SPRINGFIELD)

Among Washington Organists

By IRENE JUNO

DR. SHADE, vice-president of the board of directors over at the Takoma, recently read MELODY and wanted to know why he wasn't in it. Well, as Irene is featured concert organist at the Takoma (said applesauce meaning I play pictures four hours nightly at a higher than scale salary), it behooves the Washington Page of MELODY to speak of Dr. Shade. He is a bug about the show business, but finds time from practice to sing, produce operas and serve on our board. He frequently gathers suitable talent and puts on a fine opera, either light or comic. This year he is working on *Patience*, to be given in March.

IRENE JUNO

Mrs. Shade, of opera fame before marriage, always sings the lead in the Doctor's productions. And of course there is young Dan Shade who plays saxophone and is as clever as the dickens on it; I believe he had two or three "saxies" the last time I saw him. His orchestra, all "Collegiates," frequently plays at the theaters and for dances. A very talented trio, the Shade family.

AMMOURETTE MILLER'S holiday greeting from Florida was full of cheer — palm trees, bathing beaches and oranges. Shivering in the grip of the coldest Xmas Washington can remember, I realized what a brain "Ammy" carries under her blonde marcel.

ALEX ARRONS, his chatty little wife and kiddie, were on our calling list at holiday time when we visited all our neighbors' trees and saw what Santa brought. Mr. Arrons is one of Washington's best organists, and his work at the Earle is attracting favorable comment from all the local newspapers.

KATE SMITH, Washington's "Sophie Tucker," is gaining in popularity every day, and is kept busy at theaters, clubs and radio. Transposing a popular number is so easy I can't understand why Miss Smith had to screech through a song way too high for her. She refused to sing again that evening (Crandall Saturday Nighters) and very wisely too. That young lady knows her groceries and I don't mean maybe.

THE CLAVILUS, Wilfred's Color Organ, failed to show as per schedule. The newspaper men and musicians were much disappointed as they were awaiting the event with interest. As I get it from one of our dramatic critics, the seat sale failed to come through and the series of which the color organ was a unit was dropped.

EFFIE DREXILIUS GABEL, please note. The special number used in the Iron Horse Score is called "Drill Ye Terriers, Drill," and after nosing around I found it in a book called *Good Old Timers*, published by Feist. Guterson was mistaken, either intentionally or otherwise, when he told us the number was not published and could only be found in the Congressional Library. The book is for sale at any music store, priced at fifty cents.

INEZ WOODBURY, who came to us from the West, is making many friends here. She plays regularly for Red Cross Night at the Base Naval Hospital and the boys eagerly await her appearance every week.

LEONARD HALL, Washington's best known dramatic critic, always reads MELODY and says he thinks it just the best magazine of its kind he has found so far. He was also glad to see the Washington Organists represented. Said they were a talented lot here and deserved much praise and recognition. I can go in Hall's office feeling like a rag doll, and after a half-hour talk I feel as if I owned Washington. Undoubtedly much of his popularity is due to his ability to make the other fellow feel so important, and I know that out of 500,000 people in Washington, at least 499,999, are his staunch friends. The other one does not matter. In Washington everyone says, "Well let's buy the *News*, I want to see what Len Hall has to say."

HAROLD PEASE, who was among the many that presented their "sassy" representative with holiday cards, sent a handsome monogram (or was it a coat of arms?) card! Anyway, it was very impressive and I hope Harold knocks them off their seats with his music at the Ambassador all this year. By the way, I have just learned that Pease is an honest-to-goodness cousin of William T. Pierson, one of the most popular announcers of the season. Aside from his work at WCAP, Mr. Pierson has written a number of high-class ballads. You will hear more of Mr. Pierson and also see his photograph in an early issue of MELODY.

GERTRUDE KREISELMAN sent her card, also called up and just bubbled over her recent write-up in MELODY. "Oh, I'm so thrilled," she said; "a real write-up in a music magazine! Isn't it wonderful?" Yes, Gertrude, and so are you.

EMILY THOMPSON, Central Theater, was another one. Also, she and her red-headed husband, Joe, of Keith fame did me a favor. Many thanks, Emily and Joe. It's a secret, folks. Years ago Emily played piano at the Apollo Theater. Then they installed an organ. "Well, I'm sorry," said the manager, "but I'll have to get an organist for relief work. You're a very good pianist and I hate to do it, but I'll have to."

"Is that so?" said Emily. She came to the organ at eleven o'clock on Saturday night to practice, and by Jinks she played on Sunday at five o'clock. She now is getting a big salary and still practicing. Emily is a go-getter. If she made up her mind to be president, Joe probably would be answering phone calls at the White House in a few years.

HARDIE MEAKIN, "Variety" Correspondent, had a flock of organists represented on the Washington page of his New Year's Special issue. Hardie's cards were especially made, a flock of chorus girls greeting you with "Merry Xmas Folks." They were designed by Ewing, assistant to Publicity Director Nelson Bell (Crandall Co.). Considering that Hardie is up to his eyes in the show business, this greeting was appropriate. As a suggestion for next year, why not Congressmen instead of chorus girls? Hardie has a ring-side seat for everything that goes on "on the hill," and knows more about some of the bills they are trying to put through than does Congress.

MIRABEL LINDSEY, organist at the York, played for Edna Wallace Hopper, "The Eternal Flapper," when she gave a morning show for women only at the Earle Theater. Mirabel is much too young to be interested in the routine Hopper gave for keeping your hair curly and your eyes bright, but the mob of women jammed in a solid mass for one block on Thirteenth Street, and unable to gain admittance, proved how interested they were in the bed, bath and exercise routine.

OTTO BECK'S card had hand-painted Xmas trees and Santa Clauses and chimneys an' everything on. He has written a new number. If it goes over I shall claim royalty, as my new gown was the inspiration for the song, which he calls "Feathers." (This is not an Indian number.)

HARRY LEWIS MANVELL, infant son of Harry Manvell and wife, had a thrilling experience on his first Xmas Eve. He was carried from his burning home by his mother, and all their possessions were lost. Harry, pianist at the Strand, hurried home from the theater upon receiving the message, but found his home in ashes. A valuable Stiener violin of 1636 was lost; also a radio, victrola, piano and many musical instruments. The loss was partly covered by insurance.

MR. and MRS. GRANT E. LINN sent along their greetings from Salisbury, N. C., and say they couldn't get along without MELODY. "It's next to being right in Washington," said Grant. "We certainly do enjoy reading every page. It's a great magazine, and the write-up MELODY gave us when we came here was reprinted in papers from nearby cities, including Atlanta, Ga." You owe me a letter, Ruth and Grant. Get out of that Diana Eight long enough to answer.

Jenny Lind

"THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE"
1830-1877

A Potential Personality

By MYRON V. FREESE

Continued from January

ANOTHER clever Barnum stroke was in having made to order a very special piano. He contracted with Fox & Company of New York City to construct for use at the Lind concerts a mammoth square piano in white and gold. Neither history nor tradition tells anything of the tonal qualities of the instrument, but of a certainty in outside ornateness it far exceeded ordinary instruments. Its case and legs were made from San Domingo mahogany, inlaid with ivory and gold, and the cost of this fabulous instrument was $5,000. The piano mechanism undoubtedly could have been enclosed in a smaller case, but with Barnum "colossal," "mammoth," "monster," "stupendous," were synonymous with successful advertising, and it needs neither historical nor traditional words for us to believe that the piano was extensively advertised and freely exhibited. And yet, wherever it now is, if it *is* at all, this once magnificent instrument probably stands as mute exemplification that "the treasures of yesterday may swell the ash-heaps of today."

The marvelous piano was not used much after all. According to a story printed in an old copy of *The Hartford Courant*, after the concerts in New Haven the instrument stood for some years in the Crystal Palace until that edifice was destroyed by fire in 1857. The piano was not burned, however, but was sold to Allyn M. Colgrove of Middletown, Connecticut, who is said to have purchased it for his own private use at a cost of $1,000. But surely the purchaser had a curious idea of the "use" of a piano, for as the story tells, the instrument stood closed and mute for a number of years with its top affording a convenient resting place for cast-off garden tools and other junk. It later came into possession of Thomas E. Smith, a dealer in second stuff at Middletown, remaining there for ten years, and was then sold to a New Haven junkman. It would be interesting to know what finally became of the instrument whose keys probably responded more than once to the touch of Jenny Lind's fingers when accompanying herself in singing encore songs.

The mad furore went merrily on, with press, pulpit and public all touched by the fire of the Lind fever, and no city was exempt from the flame wherever she was advertised and billed to appear. No sacrifice seemed too heavy or effort too great to see and hear Jenny Lind, and probably the height of the madness was reached in an exhibition of what might well have been called

"TICKET SELLING EXTRAORDINARY"

It was prior to the concerts in New York City that Barnum conceived the financially happy idea of putting up at auction sale the first tickets for the first concerts in the various cities. These sales always were a stampede, a rush and crush, although the majority of persons crowding into them went with no intention of butting into the bidding, but simply for the fun of watching the frantic financial fighting for the first pasteboard pass. This always brought an exorbitant price, varying in different cities, with other tickets selling for sums ranging from six to eight to ten dollars. It is not easy for us of today to imagine such a frenzy of fuss merely for the honor of buying the first ticket for the first concert of a practically unknown singer, but today we have neither a Barnum nor a Lind. But what an understanding of human nature had the shrewd showman!

At the Boston auction sale Ossian E. Dodge corralled the coveted "first," and totally eclipsed the glory of John Genin, a New York hatter who paid $225 for the first ticket in that city, and which is said to have originated the phrase "mad as a hatter." Ossian Dodge was a popular Boston vocalist, who, if *The Gadder* is not wrong in old data, organized the one-time well-known "Ossian Serenaders" and also was the composer of the once popular *Ossian Serenade*.

The belligerent bidders against Dodge at the Boston buying were three men of some business prominence in the city: Luther E. Hale, a daguerreotyper (photographs had not come into vogue), who opened the game with a bid of $225; William Fetteridge, well known as the maker of a popular "Russian Salve and Balm," who boosted the ante to $275; Gleason, publisher of the once famous *Gleason's Pictorial* and the *Flag of Our Union*, who at one jump made it cost $450 for the next one to get in. The "next one" was the vocalist, who didn't Dodge the issue but won the ticket-pot for $625. When Jenny Lind heard of it she exclaimed, "What a fool!" Comment from Barnum, if he made any, has not been recorded.

In Philadelphia first honors went to another daguerreotype maker for $425; in Cincinnati a custom tailor cut out and trimmed other contestants for $575, while in the city of Providence, Col. William Ross (nicknamed "Cocky" because of his many eccentricities) went the Boston Dodge twenty-five better and scored for $650, thereby proving himself "cock of the walk." Music evidently was not one of the Ross eccentricities, however, for it was currently reported that he bought the ticket simply as a Lind souvenir and did not attend the concert.

FROM PINNACLE AND PEDESTAL TO PLANE

Ninety-three concerts were given during a period of nine months, under a contract which called for one hundred during the year, but at the singer's request this contract was mutually abrogated by Jenny Lind and Barnum before the seven remaining concerts were given. Barnum's total receipts for the ninety-three concerts were said to have amounted to more than $712,000 in round figures, while Jenny Lind's share (over and above her expenses, but minus a bonus of $32,000 paid to Barnum for canceling the contract) was nearly $177,000. With her breaking away from Barnum, however, there came a break in the former popular status of the idol. She still continued to give concerts, but they were not the tremendous successes of those that had passed.

Many reasons might be assigned for this slump in popularity, but today these could be nothing more than guesses at best. However, one thing which is as certain as that day follows day is that the most brilliant "star" that ever shone in the musical firmament must have its brilliancy and magnitude broadly advertised if the gaze of the public is to be attracted and held, and Barnum never failed to keep the advertising telescope constantly to the eyes of the people. Almost coincidentally with the separation from her "discoverer," the brilliancy of Jenny Lind's star began to pale.

Another reason which might be given is somewhat paradoxical in its bearing. The public is ever ready to glorify a "star" who proves perfect in the art professed as advertised, yet (and herein lies the paradox) the same public does not seem to demand that such glorified one shall be the personification of human perfection. Barnum was constantly parading before the people the "angelic side" of his singing star, and never were there visible in Jenny Lind any of the foibles, frailties or follies which make such sweet morsels in the mouths of public and press when discovered in public personages. Now, however, she was suddenly humanized to the level of others, and little idiosyncracies (which most likely always had existed) no longer remained diplomatically and managerially hidden.

Still another reason which might be advanced, and one that perhaps might have had the most potent bearing of all on the sudden change of the public front, possibly may have been the singer's marriage. The American people knew and worshipped Jenny Lind, the "Swedish Nightingale," not "Madame Otto Goldschmidt (late Mlle. Jenny Lind)." Neither did people relish having forced upon them the really uninteresting playing of her husband as solo pianist at all of her later concerts. But Mme. Lind-Goldschmidt invariably appeared on the stage and sat with her husband during his solos, thus in a way forcing perfunctory applause out of respect to herself.

However, leaving the paradoxical and imaginary and coming down to practical reality — Barnum had been the *deus ex machina*, and by dispensing with the "god" of her success Jenny Lind fell from the pinnacle of fame to which Barnum had raised her. Possibly this may have been due somewhat to the attitude of certain of the papers that suddenly toppled her from the eulogistic pedestal on which they had previously placed the young singer. These papers suddenly discovered in their former vocal goddess signs of the "artistic temperament"—"stubbornness," "stinginess," "irritability," "irrationality" and other uncomplimentary attributes — and the public naturally followed their lead.

One Philadelphia paper stated that the singer always was ill-tempered when homage to herself was not manifested in wildest enthusiasm, and spoke of her poorly dissembled fit of bad temper and vexation at a certain concert because the house was not crowded. It stated further that not even the singer's marvelous vocal attractions were sufficiently strong to counteract the "dullness" of the pianist (her husband) and the mediocrity of the violinist. It also termed the absence of the once always present orchestra as "a disgusting exhibition of parsimony." The truer note probably sounded when it also stated that "Jenny Lind has not succeeded since breaking with Barnum, and is now in the hands of poor advisers."

The *New York Herald*, a paper that with the advent of Jenny Lind had been over fulsome in hyperbolic praises (as will be seen later on), became bitterly caustic in its attitude towards her. In one instance this paper printed: "She has been principally engaged in singing pieces of operas and catches of all kinds, which were considerably more of the clap-trap style than in accordance with the rigid rules of classical music," and that was but one of many in the same vein. The once idolized singer might have exclaimed with David: "How are the mighty fallen!"

But Jenny Lind actually was tired of public life, most likely due to early religious training which never left her and to a strong, inherent "homing" instinct which she always expressed, and really longed to return to Europe and settle in the placid quietude and enjoyment of home living. She gave her farewell concert to America at Castle Garden in New York City on May 24, 1852, to a fairly large audience. The receipts for her *last* concert (as estimated by one of the daily papers of the time) were $7,000, which certainly was some financial contrast to more than $17,000, Barnum's receipts for her *first* concert. However, that may have been due somewhat to the weather conditions, as it rained very heavily on the last night. But, can anyone conceive of Barnum permitting weather conditions to interfere with the last concert of the now departing "Swedish Nightingale?"

On the program of the last concert there was another made-to-order song, this time a *Farewell to America*, with words by C. P. Cranch, but either in lyrics and music it was no better than the *Greeting* and aroused no more enthusiasm than did the earlier "prize song." There was said to have been about two thousand persons gathered on the dock to watch Madame Goldschmidt's going, as against thirty thousand assembled to witness Jenny Lind's first coming.

It is most unfortunate for present-day controversy that the reproducing machines had not been perfected before the great singer's advent in this country. The phonograph might settle beyond any disputing all question as to whether Jenny Lind really was the unrivalled singer of phenomenal voice and consummate artistry then generally conceded, or simply a fairly well-gifted coloratura vocalist who was greatly over-estimated through enthusiasm artfully aroused by intensified advertising. As it is, however, this today perhaps can be adjudged best by citing one or two vocal incidents, together with a few pros and cons of criticism, comparing them and balancing the weight of evidence — practically, a sort of

ANALYSIS IN RETROSPECTIVE

Before beginning this analysis *The Gadder* would impress upon the minds of his readers that the Lind furore was three-quarters of a century ago and at that somewhat remote period he was not sufficiently sophisticated in years to have appreciated the tonal difference between a great cantatrice and green-colored cockatoo, therefore was not taken to hear the singer. Incidentally, he has missed a lot of good things in his life because of being either "too old or not old enough," and it is in consequence of one such missing that this sketch has not been written as reminiscential, but based upon outside evidence. By this is meant that which has been gleaned from old newspaper clippings, current periodicals of that time and more recent books, together with verbal evidence from many older ones who heard Jenny Lind sing — musician friends and members of his family. (His own father and mother were church and concert singers of some local repute, who never wearied in extolling the voice and art of the "Swedish Nightingale.")

In passing, for many of the facts and figures used in this sketch its writer is indebted to Mr. M. R. Werner's very readable book, BARNUM, published in 1923 by *Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.*, of New York City. But no matter whence derived, the weight of printed and verbal evidence ranks Jenny Lind as not only a supreme artist, but as a gloriously gifted singer, although in those days some of the critics seem to have agreed as "ununanimously" as they do in these.

As first item of evidence for the singer, Jenny Lind was acclaimed a marvelous vocalist in Europe before the American public ever so much as heard of her name — a fact of which Barnum probably was as well aware as were others. He was too shrewd a showman to venture any great amount of capital upon an absolutely unknown quantity (even as a "curiosity" exhibit), and it was reported that it cost him $187,500 in cold cash to bind the contract through an agent in Europe.

Again, many of the master musicians of the European music world — composers, vocalists and instrumentalists — were Jenny Lind's ardent admirers and intimate companions and friends. Berlioz, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Meyerbeer, Moscheles, Schumann, Tsubert, Thalberg, were a few of them. Such men were far too great as masters in music not to know mediocrity attempting to masquerade in the guise of virtuosity, and all of those old musicians openly acknowledged her unrivalled voice, supreme genius and superb artistry. It is true that even in Europe where she held sway Jenny Lind had her detractors, but what genius does not — no matter where. Without the slightest intention of irreverence, but as an illustration, it is quite possible that at the sound of the last trumpet as biblically forecast there may be some of the resurrected who will criticise the touch, technic and TONE of the great Archangel Gabriel when the trump is sounded.

In the Old World: Mendelssohn, who was reputed to have had in mind the voice and singing of Jenny Lind when composing his oratorio *Elijah*, and who maintained a correspondence with the singer until his death in 1847, said: "She is as great an artist as ever lived and the greatest I have ever heard." Chopin declared: "She does not show herself in the ordinary light, but in the magic rays of the aurora borealis. Her singing is infallibly pure and true, and has an indescribable charm." It likewise is reported that once, after hearing Jenny Lind sing, Lablache (the great basso with vocal range of more than two octaves) rushed on the stage and holding his hat beneath the singer's chin declared he held a hatful of vocal pearls.

As offsetting such adulation, the English novelist, Thackeray, who only heard her sing once, stated that he was bored to death, and only too glad when it was over so that he might get out and enjoy a cigar. But if Thackeray himself was as dull as are some of his novels to many people today, even a mild cigar probably would have been a narcotic. Carlyle, the noted English writer and essayist, wrote to a friend in part: "All people are rushing after a little Swedish woman, an opera singer, called Jenny Lind, forty pounds in some cases being the price of a box. I saw Jenny one day and dined with her. . . . As to her singing — with such a *shrew* of a voice, I would not give ten pounds or hardly ten pence to hear her sing." Poor old Carlyle! In the opening of his letter he admits Jenny Lind to have been the rage. However, he was known to have been a chronic dyspeptic, and possibly the healthy, hearty appetite of the "little Swedish woman" caused stomachic jealousy and gave him imaginary inward pains.

In the New World. Despite either adulation or objurgation, the effect of Jenny Lind's singing upon the general public in America is undeniable. No other singer ever has appeared to whom the American people so instantaneously and completely musically capitulated, and no other singer ever has been so affectionately known by an endearing nickname so universally used. Later on Barnum imported a second woman singer from Europe, Catherine Hayes, who sometimes was called the "Irish Nightingale." But that name never was used with so general a familiarity of affection as was that of "The Swedish Nightingale," neither was there very much fuss made over the second comer.

VOICE AND VOCAL ARTISTRY

One delightful attribute of Jenny Lind's singing is said to have been its wonderful spontaneity — that is, not seemingly vocalizing with the consciousness of the perfectly trained singer (as surely she must have been as coming from Manuel Garcia, once the greatest maestro in Europe), but apparently and all unconsciously singing, trilling and roulading "like a bird let loose," yet excelling in the art of *bel canto* — in short, supreme art concealed by artistry. As an illustration:

The story is told that, one day when out riding, just as her carriage was passing a tree close by the roadside a bird on one of the branches suddenly burst forth with a flood of

full-throated melody. The conveyance was stopped and Jenny Lind and her companions listened entranced to the song of the bird. After a moment the feathered songster ceased as suddenly as it began; instantly the human songstress picked up the bird theme, and tone for tone, trill for trill, imitated the woodland singer with a marvelous accuracy said to have been almost uncanny. In a flash the tree singer joined with the great diva and pitted its vocal powers against hers, and then for a brief space there was waged a glorious vocal combat between woman and bird with honors said to have been about evenly divided. It was more than an impromptu vocal duet — it was an unprecedented tonal duel.

As proof in print of this bird-like spontaneity in the singing of Jenny Lind, art concealing art; after hearing her sing the New York *Spirit of the Times* printed: "As a bird just alighted on a spray sings, it knows not why, yet pours forth the increasing volume of its voice from an instinct implanted within by that Power which made it vocal — so this wondrous creature sang. It was not art, it was a manifestation of nature."

To the music sense of the editor of the *New York Herald* (the first James Gordon Bennett) Jenny Lind's voice evidently appealed as a sort of vocal gossamer, an ethereal tonal web which "she spins from her throat like the attenuated fibre from the silkworm, dying away so sweetly and so gradually, till it seems melting into the songs of the seraphim and is lost in eternity."

Nor was the *New York Herald* the only paper to sense the "attenuated fibre" quality in the vocalism of Jenny Lind. Albeit expressing in language less high-flown and nearer down to the earth level, the *Courier and Enquirer* warned the people not to be too quick in applauding a number, as "Jenny Lind can diminish a note until her admirers are quite sure it is finished, then swell it out again upon their astonished and delighted ears."

On the other hand, Walt Whitman (who has been accredited with having inward, spiritual vision), although intending to deny yet tacitly acknowledging the art of Jenny Lind, said: "The Swedish Swan, with all her blandishments, never touched my heart in the least. I wondered at so much vocal dexterity, and indeed they all were very pretty, those leaps and double somersaults. But in the grandest religious airs, genuine masterpieces as they are, as sung by this strangely over-praised woman, let critics say what they will, it was a failure; there was a vacuum in the head of the performance. Beauty prevailed, and that of a high order, but it was the beauty of Adam before GOD breathed into his nostrils."

The intention of lofty, eulogistic praise in the critiques of the *Spirit of the Times* and the *New York Herald* is only too obvious, yet in a way they both slop over. In the first instance, a prima donna of "temperament" might object to being alluded to as a "creature." In the second, a woman singer of sensitive stomach might feel her gorge rising at the thought of her voice wiggling like a worm from her throat. And of a certainty, such highfaluting hyperbole as spun silk from a worm that melted into songs of the seraphim and were lost in eternity is something of a metaphorical mixup that today would be put down as "hokum" and wouldn't get by. And it was this same *New York Herald* that later changed the seraphic songs into "clap-trap."

As regards the criticism of Walt Whitman, "the good, gray poet" (as he sometimes was called) certainly had the courage of his own convictions as against those of the critics. But note the subtle insinuation in his name substitution, changing the *nightingale* into a "swan" — a bird that according to legend never emits but one musical note, and that its last tone just before dying. Possibly there was a vacuum in both head and heart of Walt Whitman. Also, in his opinion of Jenny Lind's singing of "religious airs" (as he somewhat oosely terms the great oratorio arias), Walt's "inward spiritual vision" would seem to have slipped a cog, for the Lind rendition of those (as later will be shown) had a vastly different effect upon the Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott and others.

It often has been stated by later critics and authorities, who never heard Jenny Lind sing, that although beautiful in coloratura her voice was light and incapable of great dramatic power or intensity of feeling with emotional expressing. Such does not coincide with the expressed opinion of the distinguished Dr. Lyman Abbott, however, who was so exalted by the singer's superb rendition of *I Know that My Redeemer Liveth* (Handel's *Messiah*) he declared (in effect) that she *brought vocal truth to the written* WORD. If such singing was not the height of dramatic force and feeling, what was it?

As spoken proof of her capability to sing with breadth and intensity, *The Gadder* once was speaking with an elderly music friend regarding Jenny Lind's singing of the master oratorios. The friend, who was a well-versed musician and usually conservative in expressing an opinion, at once became reminiscently enthusiastic, dwelling particularly upon her masterly rendering of *On Mighty Pens* (*Creation*). He stressed upon her grandeur, power and dramatic force, with a peculiar "lifting" quality of tone used in expressing the opening phrase: "On mighty pens uplifted, soars the eagle aloft, and cleaves the air in swiftest flight to the blazing sun." In such a passage (written in an ascending scale and demanding an increasing *crescendo*), most assuredly both music and words demand a majestic delivery with great breadth of tone. He next spoke of her subtle, delicate change in voice and delivery when vocally depicting the lark and the nightingale farther along in the aria, and her marvelous modulations to exquisite tenderness in such passages as "cooing, calls the tender dove its mate."

The Vocal Verdict

What was the secret of Jenny Lind's conquering? What was the invisible magnet that exerted such strong attraction on the American public? Was it at first the curiosity aroused by master publicity, with later genuine appreciation of a truly great vocalist or both combined? Was it the "hominess" and American-like simplicity of the combination of "Jenny" and "Lind" in a name which conveyed nothing of the foreign in its sounding, or was it the voice, personality and supreme artistry of the artist? There now are none who can tell, and even tradition is sphinx-like in its silence.

What, then, is the true verdict? Much more could be written, but enough of the pros and cons have been cited to prove the case. From an unbiased sifting and summing up of the printed and verbal evidence submitted, it must be conceded that Jenny Lind charmed and captivated her listeners with the liquid, limpid purity of a voice that not only was powerful, brilliant and capable of broad dramatic intensity, but at the same time of bird-like quality and extended range — wonderful in flexibility, marvelous in its modulating, remarkable in freedom of delivery, and controlled with superartistry. Though plain of feature, with a charming personality, a sweet graciousness and extreme generosity added to her great vocal attributes, the "Swedish Nightingale" captured both heads and hearts of the enthusiastic majority of music lovers, and there would seem possible but one verdict. In its finality, that must be that not only was Jenny Lind the greatest singing artist ever heard in America, but the greatest ever before the world — the Queen of Song, Empress of Vocal Genius!

MELODY

for the
Photoplay Musician and the Musical Home

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IN THIS ISSUE

WHY I WRITE MUSIC

A successful composer takes us into his confidence

"MARCHE CARNAVALE" March by Lloyd Loar
"A VENETIAN NIGHT" Romance by Earl Roland Larson
"OLD IRONSIDES" March by George L. Cobb
"CHANT D'AVRIL" Novelette by Norman Leigh

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