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Music Mart Meanderings

"It's always fine weather When good fellows get together With a stink on the table And a good song ringing clear."

Yes, we have "stink on the table" when the Music Publishers' Association of the United States got together for its twenty-sixth annual convention at the Hotel Astor in New York City on Tuesday, June 13th, there was a stock of music stuff on the table that was taken up and discussed. Some of the questions which were unasked for better weather and concerning the collecting of mechanical royalties, the handling of the radio broadcasting situation now in abeyance while under a temporary compromise, the printing of retail prices on sheet music, the feasibility of compiling and printing a history of the music-publishing business in the United States, election of officers for the ensuing year and other things.

The officers elected were: George Baehr (moderator); president; Sam Fric, vice-president; E. R. Paul, secretary; Harold Evans, treasurer; directors: Edgar F. Blum (New York), Walter Cumn לר(Stetson), Henry E. Conew (A. T. Schmidt Co.), Walter Pfeifer (Carl Fischer Co.), R. L. Wetzler (B. L. Humminger, Inc.), C. A. Kellor (Lerner Publishing Co.), W. Deane Preston, Jr. (B. F. Wood Music Co.), A. T. Beach, (Musical Rhythm Co.), M. A. Frank (M. Schneer, Inc.), Walter Witmark, Jr. (Witmark & Sons), C. A. Woodward (Oliver Ditson Co.)—in all, a bunch of good music men from the music-publishing concerns.

The guests of honor at the annual banquet and cocktail party in the evening were Carl Engel, director of the Music Division of the Congress of Publishers of the United States, and R. A. Wisman, a member of the Music Division of the Congress of Publishers of the United States, who has devoted himself to relief work in Europe for the past several years. Mr. Engel, whose prepared paper on the question brought up in the connection of the advisability of printing a history of music-publishing in America, states that a sum less than $10,000 would cover the cost of publication. Mr. Wisman, in connection with the history, has compiled a list of the songs which have entered the public during the last twenty-five years. Mr. Wisman held the close attention of his listeners by his talk on blind music-writing and the present deplorable conditions existing in Europe. The "most song ringing clear" didn't ring from the assembled song publishers, but really consisted of two new songs and a recital, sung by Paul P. Stanhope in connection with a Carnegie Hall performance with the David Bragin orchestra.

"What's Gonna Be My Memory?" Larry Tatford and Fred O. Taylor ought to know, as these two writers in Philadelphia recently released this number that is feeling popular with the orchestras of that city.

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Send check or money order post paid. Cash orders are not representative of the music you cannot wear out, no matter how often you play it. Another instance of the survival of the fittest.

What Music Did to Main Street

Music began to do things to Main Street in the great Event happened. It did so much that this article will have to be almost telegraphic about details. Before the great Event the music of Main Street was not very amusing or exciting or uplifting. It was practically confined to the six churches, to the struggling town band, to those stereotyped school exercises known as music classes, to an occasional phonograph equipped with a handful of worn dance records of the cheaper sort, and to a scattering of amateurs and discarded pianos, cornets, violins, guitars, banjos, etc.

In half the churches a large minority still half-heartedly cherished the old Puritan conviction that such music as there was came not from heaven, but from the other place. (I have heard this music and, in a way, agree with the minority!) The town band was in no better plight; it had to depend on interminable booms for subsistence.

Now let us consider the great Event, and what it did to Main Street. It took place without warning. It was as an ap- parently insignificant to the home folks as an assassination in Berlin one saw to the world. The spell-making Event was no more than this: Pa Robinson, the master banker, bought a phonograph for his large and intelligent family.

From now on we can only skim the high spots. The young Robisons, being born on the new toy, soon played themselves sick of the cheap dance records which they had acquired with the instrument. They unpacked their pinies and bought a few discs of a better sort—music you could grind like a stone, long before you were sick of it. In nine months they were investing in good things—records by Kreisler, Gluck, Casals, the Philharmonic Orchestra. By a process of elimination and attrition, they had discovered the sort of music you cannot wear out, no matter how often

Music did to Main Street, the incident of sublimity which will remain the century. The music is here. Here is the story.
Their musical tastes kept on reaching out for richer worlds to conquer, until they were performing with pleasure and real appreciation such medium classics as:

Varied Night's Dream Overture Mendelssohn
Magic Fire Scene Wagner
New World Symphony Dvorak
Rossamunde Imprompto Schubert
Finlandia Sibelius
Prelude from Fifth Symphony Brahms
Bohemian

But presently a hitch occurred in the evocation of the family orchestra. There were no player piano rolls for the pieces Pa had brought home. A band pianist was needed. So the children had to sit in. At first she refused point blank. She had not touched the piano for twenty years, and her fingers were stiff from household. But one evening she succumbed to their entreaty, and tried to get back into her stride.

In that atmosphere of youthful enthusiasm the first was not as bad as it had feared. Inside of a month the piano and the family orchestra was the brightest spot in her drab life.

Johnny mowed up enough money from his newspaper route to buy a horse and cart to visit the city once a fortnight for lessons. Not to be outdone, Jim took up the flute. It was by no means all plain sailing. Until each player had mastered his own instrument, and had learned to read his part at sight, the Robinsons frequently broke down and put each other out and felt the effects of jealously, discouragement, and the fear of ridicule. But they were thrilled by the fact that they were making all the music themselves. And they had back-lounges and enthusiasm—a winning combination. And, in course of frequent evasions of musical pleasure, the family proceeded to put an entirely new face on itself as a family unit of late, the Robinsons had undeniably grown apart. Pa had been putting in very few evenings at home. Ma had begun to believe that drudgery was the only light.

Now all was changed. In developing enthusiasm for music, the Robinsons had developed enthusiasm for each other and for the home. Music began to lend family life more spirit. Shortly a more cordial understanding grew up between father and sons, between another from the ones beloved palm of earlier lodgers. The magic of the dance hall began to pale for Susie. For the first time the Robinsons as a family now had life to be a going concern. During these long, delightful evenings it slowly grew clear that good food for the body, good books for the mind, and good music for the soul are the three essentials of life. So Pa bought the piano and gave it up and took up the orchestra. It was all about our instruments and how to get them. Ma had researched most of her heady faculty on the piano. Besides her, there were two violinists, a banjo, a flute, a drum, and a comb covered with tissue paper for the six-year-old baby of the Robinson family.

The more Pa read his book, and the more ambitions the music they attempted, the clearer it grew to him that the orchestra would have to be enlarged. They needed more instruments. A vigorous combing of the neighborhood yielded two more violins, a tuba, a clarinet that sounded like a duck, a saxophone, and a trombone of sorts. The plumber's cornet was reluctantly ruled out because it could not be forced, by any known straining methods, within a third of a tune of the piano.

The orchestra rapidly outgrew the neighborhood stage. The more it developed, the more it wanted to develop—and the more vigorously its ideals shot skyward. Almost at once it did what every neighborhood group does—it began to think in terms of the whole community.

The founding of the Main Street Community Orchestra Association introduced a phenomenon new in those parts. Democracy, entering the airy realms of theory, rolled up its sleeves and entered into practice. Baptist, Universalist, Catholic, and Friends rubbed rubbing fellow citizens. Democrat, Socialist, and Republican tested three harmonious flutes in a row. The town daze blew into a saxophone key with the town hall, only to be painfully surprised and dum bled when he found how much better a musician the bug was. Even the daze began to respect him, in a way, and to give him a hand up in the world.

Yes, the Community Orchestra Association, in full blast, was an arresting sight. A slim-lipped quarter and an unaided in knee breeches played the clarinet side by side. The frisky golden sash of the town beauty bent over her viola picturequely and perilously near the gaping maw of the great bass tube, which was epeored by the white-bearded, homely-handed blacksmith.

The worst for that Pa had in flight was jealously. However, known that nobody was proficient enough to give anyone else also cause for this envy emotion. But however was known that if playonals always wanted for due cause, its earthly volume would tend to approximate his. And the town folk were not going to stand for a while after a while to stem this flow with the blackjack of that. But Pa had developed into a fairly efficient conductor.

One day he had a brilliant inspiration. He had been practicing a theme called Community Service, Inc., at 335 Fourth Avenue, New York City. And he figured that any organization worthy of that name ought to know a lot about community music. And there was a card of inquiry and revised by return mail two free programs:

No. 198—"Adult Amateur Orchestra," by Alvin C. Breed.

From these he gleaned, among others, the following important:

(1) Don't insist on perfection at the start. (2) You must do what people want and you would lead them where you think they should. (3) Don't force on the players music too advanced to hold their interest. (4) Don't select the personnel strictly according to ability, at first. Be broad enough to admit a skilled banjo or mandolin player in preference to a bad fiddler, on the principle that a live June bug is worth more than a dead butterfly. (5) Don't worry your musicians out by too long rehearsals.

These showed and far-seeing pamphlets were founded on the actual experience of hundreds of communities. They taught pa the most efficient form of inside organization—how to make the players practice at home; how to build programs both educational and enjoyable; how to run the budget; how to get the most pleasure and profit out of rehearsals for every one; how to get the best musicians, and so on. A musical chain, like any other, is no stronger than its weakest link. As the standards of the Community Orchestra were raised, it was inevitable that the children should be gradually crowded out, because they were keeping back the grown-ups.

But the younger had lasted blood, and proceeded with fiery enthusiasm to form school orchestra. The band was renamed from the first to become the best possible feeder for the big one. And they turned out to have an unanny power of uniting school spirit and forming a medium about which the entire institution could rally. These small orches tres actually held a number of boys in school who would otherwise have dropped out.

And the High School Orchestra was absolutely the making of one particular boy. Almost all his life he had looked upon himself as a failure and an outcast because he could not run bases, back the line, jump, or box. He was a cripple. He had always felt like apologizing for being alive—until the wonderful day when Main Street went crazy over music. Then he came into his own. For this boy had genuine musical talent. They made him conductor of the High School Orches tra. And he proved a born leader. When he ruled his band, and a band fell upon the turning strings and pipes, all his soul and would rush into his eyes. And his beautiful sweet, warm voice would show the eagerness of a champion quarter miler on his mark, or of a star halfback with the ball under his arm and only one opponent between him and the winning touchdown.

The towns caught the music very quickly. Even the hables in the first and second primary grades were as eager to join in the school orchestra that Toy Symphonies had been organ ized for them. And very efficient training grounds for the more complicated musical experiences to come. The singers caught the fire and decided not to be outdoors by these organists instroads. The five who from the tip Van Winkle number who sing along with the band in every appearance of the first train.

The next day was the last, all three choirs of the six churches of Main Street into the warm of a church city. Then he started community singing for everybody.

The town attended practically on music. From this musical cannibalism of material the orchestra overflowed the Community Chorus to a strength of 120 voices. He started and coached a chorus leader, made friends with Pa Robinson, secured median co-operation from both the Community Chorus and the Community Orchestra, and began rehearsals for the "Messiah" to be given at Christmas. The town gazed at Mahler, jazz melodies, and Furtwängler. But it turned out that the frequent community singing has its dangers. It had never moved about anything in its entire history. That afternoon Ma Rob inson passed a compact group of small children, summoned by Susie, who stood on an ironing-board leg. Ma thought she was about to deliver an oration.

"Now I'm the song leader," announced Susie, brandshing a twig broken from a small by onion tree. She gave an excellent imitation of the contortions of the Community Ser vice engineer, while the younger placed himself in "Little Laine." But she took advantage of a smaller audience to detect and tap over the head any miscreant who came up out of the cave.

One last straw—there was the janitor of the Town Hall, where the separate orches tres rehearsed. He was a gruff, surly old German named Wols. At the first meeting he roughly gave it to understand that he was bow around there. Pa Robinson forever a series of battles with Weiss—one of which ever materialized.

The music of those early rehearsals was not very good, but it was good enough to soothe the savage breast of the old.
Popular Music and Its Presentation

Subjects of Interview with Clyde Doerr

By A. C. E. Schoenemann

A ROUGH thirteen years ago a boy living near Coldwater, Michigan, began utilizing his time on a fifty-fifty basis, half of it being given to work on his father's farm and the other to practice on the violin, the routine of both being punctuated by weekly visits. In Fremont, Ind., where he was studying the violin. After devoting some time to composition study and persistent practice, the lad became so proficient that he began playing for the high school students in Coldwater. In the months that followed he supplied the music for a series of school dances and finally organized his own orchestra.

The boy, who was Clyde Doerr, had ambitions. He was eager to go out into the world; he wanted to learn a trade and start in business for himself. Playing the violin did not seem at that time to meet the demands of his nature. He left the farm and went to Detroit, where he worked for a time in one of the large automobile plants in that city. Doerr, however, soon discovered that neither by nature nor desire was he cut out for the automobile industry and eventually he returned to his first love—music.

He gave all of his time to the study of the violin. He set out for a career and was determined to become a violinist of the first order. He applied himself assiduously, transferring the sum of his activities to San Jose, Calif., where he became a pupil of Prof. De Lowana. In time Doerr was given a place in the violin section of the orchestra in the King Conservatory, and before many months passed he was appointed concertmaster of an organization which numbered about 45 musicians.

Doerr began to take stock of his musical assets and liabilities, and among other things he found that he had a B. Mus. degree and a career before him as a violinist. With these men he would have been content, but not so with Doerr. The saxophone had been given to the musical world by one Antoine J. Sax, and in this instrument Doerr saw possibilities. He began studying the instrument with the same enthusiasm and zest that he had given to the violin. The dream of a career as a violinist gradually faded, and Doerr's new ambition was to master the saxophone and eventually have an orchestra that would bear his own name and interpret popular music according to his own ideas.

In 1916, while living in San Francisco, Doerr began working at the Tenderloin where he had a six-piece orchestra. He devoted practically all of his time to the saxophone, and the opportunity that might be considered the turning point in his musical career came in 1917 when he joined the forces of Art Hickman who was then assembling his musicians for a concert tour.

Doerr was a member of the Hickman Orchestra in 1917 when the later made his first New York visit, and again in 1918 and 1919. In the Hickman Orchestra Doerr played solo saxophone and not only gained valuable experience, but while in New York in 1917 he did his first work in phonograph recording.

Doerr went to New York again in 1921 and began working at the Club Roval. He devoted the orchestra at that place throughout the season and also served a six-weeks' engagement at the Palace Roof in 1922. Later he traveled on the road with the Clyde Doerr Orchestra. During the season of 1922-23 he played at the Congress Hotel, Chicago, and has made a contract to return to the Congress for the season of 1923-24.

Mr. Doerr is not an enthusiast over special arrangements. In most of his work he utilizes the scores supplied by publishers of popular music. He does, however, inject his own ideas into the various numbers that his orchestra presents, and believes that a certain amount of individuality should be contributed by each man in his orchestra toward perfecting a finished number.

"In presenting popular music with an orchestra today one must consider melody first," said Mr. Doerr. "Above all the melody should predominate and it should be supported by harmony and rhythm. The harmony should be second to the melody and should not supplant it. Rhythm is essential and plays a prominent part but it should not interfere with the melody or with the harmony."

"The idea of working out the interpretations of a number by allowing each man in the orchestra to present his own ideas, and then adopting those best suited to the proper presentation of the number, generally works out very satisfactorily. By using such a scheme one can obtain variety, and with variations it is possible to work out details."

"Men and women who dance, and lovers of popular music in general, want variety in their music; they enjoy some of the 'blues' now and then and the numbers with effects, but
Under the Spell

Waltz

THOS. S. ALLEN
Composer of "Bird of the Orient"

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In Bugdom
An Insect Episode

PAUL ENO

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The “Guardian” of Boston’s Bells Passes

LIKE many other things bells have their histories and their stories, and the legend and names that have been written in poetry and prose, their legends and names even changing their way into the field of the popular through such songs as “The Bells of St. Mary,” so splendulously sung for many years by Mrs. Frances Alda of operatic fame. They ring the wedding bell in all the funeral knells, are the sounds of war, the heralds of victory or defeat and the proclaimers of peace yet in cities where numbers of these great bronze sentinels of the deeps swing and sound in single tone or in peal of chimes there are but few if any people who know enough of their own house bells or even listen to and recognize their individual voices.

Such is not always the case, however, for there are men to whom the bells speak in no uncertain and friendly voices, and until a recent date there lived in Boston one man who knew and loved the voices of every bell of any size and historic value in the city where he made his home. This man was Dr. Arthur H. Nichols of 32 Mt. Vernon St., the man recently dead at the age of eighty—an adored physician of his time, one of the most public spirited of philanthropists, and the man who practically was responsible for nearly every set of chimes that swing and peal in the breath of the wind and adjoining towers. Of his intense love for

above all they want the changes that come with variety. The novelty of variation is not worn off and there is little reason to believe there will be a decline in its popularity very soon.

The use of trick features has never appealed to me,” continued Mr. Devere. “I believe the most effective method of presenting a number is to give it originality and the same time retain the melody that the composer gave it the song when he wrote it. Special arrangements in some cases have destroyed the idea that was originally written into a song, although for revealing it is advisable to utilize changes of key, odd breaks, unusual introductions and rather novel endings.”

Discussing the saxophone, Mr. Devere pointed out that its manufacture is stated recently that several years ago his factory was turning out between twenty-five and fifty instruments a week and that the demand was now for the saxophone. Mr. Devere. “The saxophone will not take the place of the violin in the modern orchestra, or even the strings, but because it has a place to fill and it is the only instrument that can fill that place.”

The modern dance orchestra combination consisting of violin, oboes, trombones, saxophones, bass, horns, clarinet and piano will undergo very few changes during the next few years, according to Mr. Devere, who indicated that it was the best combination that could be assembled for dance work. “To play in a dance orchestra today, a man must know his instrument to begin with,” said Mr. Devere. “Only the legitimate musician can qualify because of the requirements of the popular dance combination call for a man who can play at sight, a man with ideas and one who can use his head.”

Mr. Devere has several ambitions, one of them being to continue his work and prove the worth of the time and effort he has given to the study of music. Eventually he hopes to retire from what he calls “the expected game” and devote his time to other pursuits free from the trying rehearsals, strenuous programs and long hours that have come to him during the years he has been in the orchestra.

What Music Did To Main Street

The “Guardian” of Boston’s Bells Passes

A Man Who Knew and Loved His Chimes

His interest in this musical art was more than that of a musician or of an expert mechanic; his soul was filled with adoration and enthusiasm high and carried out over the city with the echo of the bells’ tunes of harmonious bells.

He dreamed of a bell-ringer Boston staging in the heavens the buoyant sound of the chimes. He was sure that a city of chimes and of experienced bell ringers would help to lift its people to higher planes of thinking and action.

A bell ringer was installed on a building in the city and he studied inscriptions and learned the history of each chime.

Much of his interest in Boston’s bells was instinctive; his ancestors had been bell-ringers, and their memories before them. It was in the blood, and his very nerves were knit together in tune with simple melody.

To the very last he kept closely in touch with each bell tower, the houses of his beloved bells. He knew them all, and on a Sunday morning would call attention of friends to this and that note as it ran through the buildings and gardens. He could not be disturbed by any funeral or funeral music, though hands put in his path a note that brought the voices of Boston’s bells like familiar music to his ears.

The voices of Boston’s bells are as familiar to us as the notes of familiar birds. With their carolling in the air, the Gospel hour.

(Continued on next Page)
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