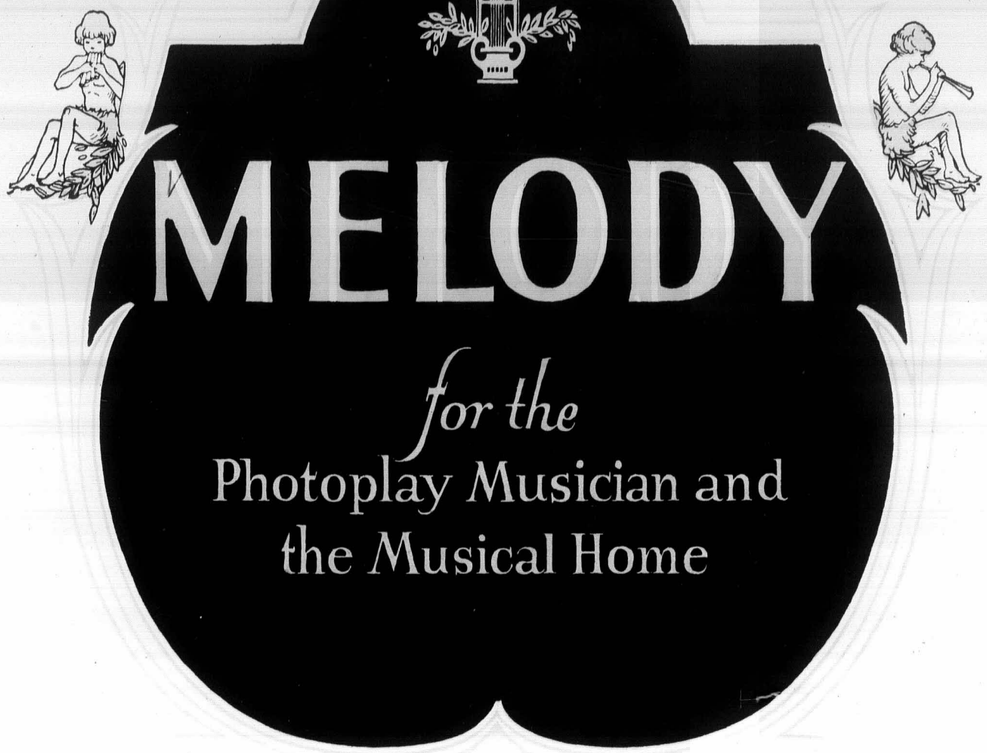

JUNE, 1925 — *Volume IX, No. 6*

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Melody *for* June

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THE revised postal rates which went into effect April 15 have an effect on magazine publication that should be fully understood and appreciated by subscribers to Walter Jacobs, Inc., publications.

There is no increase in the postage necessary to send the magazines to regular subscribers. But — copies that are mailed as samples to prospective subscribers, or copies that fail of delivery to regular subscribers and are returned to us, are now classed as parcel post matter at so much per pound or fraction thereof according to the zone, and with a 2c. service charge added.

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MELODY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR PHOTOPLAY MUSICIANS AND THE MUSICAL HOME

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An Appreciation of the Theater Organist

By GEORGE B. KEMP, Jr.

Mr. Kemp, the writer of this article, is one of the leaders in the new school of organ playing, not alone as a musician, but as a constructive and far-sighted business man. He has had a playing experience of more than a quarter of a century as church, recital and theatrical organist, his last professional connection being with the Palace Theater, Indianapolis, where he was organist and in charge of maintenance work. Well-schooled according to the old classical standards — his organ training received from an "old-school" musician who has trained some of the best of the present generation of organists and whose next lesson assignment was usually "some more Bach," always in close touch with the development of organ construction, performance, and technic — Kemp is unusually well equipped to understand and appreciate the contribution of the theater organist to modern music.

At present, he is sales manager for the Wicks Organ Company of Highland, Illinois, and has charge of their department for drawing up special specifications for made-to-order organs. — *Editor.*

UP TO some twenty or twenty-five years ago, with the exception of a few concert halls and considerably fewer residences, the only place where one found a pipe organ was in the choir-loft of the church. The organ belonged there by right of ecclesiastical service and historical connection. It was not regarded as a solo musical instrument put there for solo purposes, and it is doubtful if the average church-goer thought of it as a real musical instrument at all. He had heard so long the droning, massive, "churchy" tones that he thought of this instrument as necessarily producing these and nothing but these. He regarded the organ as part of the necessary fittings of the church, put there because an organ was always put in church — always to be there, an integral part of the very fabric of the church itself. Although far more important than any other item of the equipment of the church, the organ was usually shamefully neglected in the matter of maintenance; "doing something on the organ" in the way of repair was thought of just about as seldom as repainting the whole exterior of the church or renovating the interior. Very often, the only time that the organ had some service attention was when the man who was painting the ceiling dropped paint down into the pipes, and the church requested him to have these cleaned — at his own expense.

The organists of those days were usually thorough musicians, trained for their profession through long years of hard practice, devoting their time, strength, and mind to producing the best music and the fullest degree of service that could be obtained with the instrument at their command. Small appreciation, musical or otherwise, did they receive from the congregation. Salaries were disgracefully poor, and many of these men were forced to do other, frequently far different, work in order to provide for their families and themselves. Some teaching they did, but pupils were few and far between, and paid poorly when they did study. Occasionally some brave spirit among the organists gave a recital, but he gave it for the pleasure that it gave him to play, or because it was required of him. He charged no admission fee, and if there was any money received from it, this was in the form of the usual silver (?) offering.

Somewhere about the year 1900, a man who was a genius suddenly turned to the organ-building industry from one not related to it in the least. He had seen in the organ of the choir-loft a vital thing — a solo, musical instrument, rife with undreamed of beautiful musical possibilities. He took the organ out of its traditional place, removed from it the dust of ages, gave it a new mechanism and a new and far more lovely voice, and . . . set it down in the orchestra pit at the theater. Do not understand me to mean that these things all happened in sequence, or even in a short period of time. It was many years from the first step to the last, but the last just as surely came as a result of this man's genius as did the first.

With the organ in the orchestra pit, there came the inevitable question, "who is to play for us?" The organ and concert organist tried, but he couldn't do, wouldn't do. He had too much dignity, for one thing. He had no idea of showmanship, for another. He did not know the right tunes, for a third. He tried, and he tried hard, but usually he failed and failed badly. Here and there such a man saw the light, knew what was required and changed his view of the organ, of his own importance, of what was the thing to play, and adapted his technic and himself successfully to the changed conditions. As a rule, however, the organist who was *an organist* only was a miserable failure in the theater.

But though many organists failed to see and grasp the new opportunity, there were those who were alive to the new field of musical endeavor, and willing and anxious to try it out. The members of the orchestra who at first had regarded the organ with the utmost hostility as threatening their jobs, found out that it wasn't as bad as they had imagined, especially when they saw, one after another, men whom they knew to be good organists, fall down on the job of helping the organ to put them out of *their* jobs. The piano-player of the orchestra found out that the organ key-board was not so very much different from the one he was used to, and that with a little experimentation (don't call it practice), and with his knowledge of the technic of pleasing the audience, he could produce music — real music — pleasing to himself and to everyone else, from the organ. He came to the organ-bench without any fool notions about legitimate "registration," "organ-touch," Bach, or in fact anything else that was dear to the heart of the old church-player. He turned to the organ, pulled a stop, decided that he liked it, or didn't like it, kept trying till he found something that he and the house manager both liked, and then "sold his stuff" to the cash customers out in front, playing them a REAL TUNE in a way they had never heard it played before from even the orchestra, much less the organ. The piano-player on the organ bench had no musical reputation to lose, so he tried something in which another had failed without any misgivings. He was used to "artists" who demanded of him all sorts of impossible things — and got them — so, why should he be afraid of a dead thing like the organ? Besides, there was a new piano-player at his old place in the orchestra, and if he didn't make good at the organ, he got two weeks notice, and it was simply a case of another piano-player hanging around out of work. So he made good.

And what has happened? The old church organist held his job, often for years, doing a glorious job of it, often conscientious in the extreme, almost invariably a good player, but almost without exception bound by playing traditions, and consequently dull and uninteresting in what he got out of the organ. Even with the advent of the improved instrument at the beginning of this century, he failed to realize what a glorious musical instrument he had at his finger tips, and what he could do with it. But the theater player, pounding away, day in and day out, with the absolute knowledge that the audience out in front wanted their money's worth, and that his own bread and butter depended on their getting their money's worth, worked and worked hard at his job, did what "couldn't be done on the organ," played what "couldn't be played on the organ," made the organ *sing* as never before, waked people up to the many beautiful combinations and melodies in the organ, in short *put the organ across* as a solo musical instrument worth listening to — an instrument far more excellent, far more rife with possibilities than any other. What the church organist in fifteen centuries, for all of his great musical knowledge and ability had never been able to do, the theater player, oftentimes far less a musician, seldom an *organist*, has done in fifteen years.

As the theater player learned more and more about the organ, he learned how to intelligently point out to the manufacturer the shortcomings of the instrument. As the manufacturer listened to and watched the theater player at his work, he in turn realized how much more he could do to make it easier for the player and make the instrument itself far more effective musically and mechanically. This co-operation has taken an instrument which had remained practically the same for years, and in the short space of approximately a score of years, has made it into an absolutely new thing. Neither of these could have done so much or gone so far without the other. While never losing sight of the fact that it was a much-maligned genius who started the whole thing

back in 1900, we must also recognize the fact that he would not have gotten far, if he had had to depend for the reception of his ideas and his instruments on church-players as a whole. He was too new, too far advanced for that conservative fraternity. It took someone like the theater organist who had no conscience qualms about doing unusual things, and who didn't believe that a thing was necessarily right because it had always been considered so, to put this man's idea across.

What has the theater player done for the church player? He has first, through the improvement of the instrument in general, made the organ in church a far better instrument than it was before his advent. The church organist now has a real instrument on which he can do more effective work, whether it be solo playing, service playing, or accompaniments and ensemble music. Second, the theater player has shown the church player how to "sell" his music to his hearers. The man who listens to the organ in a great show-house is usually the same man who somewhere sits and listens to the organ in a great church. Very frequently he is the man who has installed in his home a real pipe organ. If he takes his music at all seriously, he doesn't want all three alike. Yet he does want MUSIC, real music from the organ in his church. He has found out that there is a tune in the organ which the organist can find and play if he wants to. This tune can be dignified in the extreme, can be churchly, can be entirely appropriate to the time and the place, but still be a TUNE. If the man at the console is too dignified, too lazy or too ignorant to come into line and give that man what he wants, sooner or later Mr. Church Organist is going to get his notice and another player without these "white elephant characteristics" is going to take his place. Then again, the theater player has taught the average man to more highly appreciate the player in church, to appreciate him as a recitalist, as a performer upon the giant municipal concert organs, and as an entertainer in that man's own home. This man has the money to pay for service, provided he gets what he wants. He wants to pay out money for musical enjoyment from the organ, and he does it. Consider the number of high-grade recital organists who get *real cash money* for playing recitals. Where were they twenty years ago, and whom do they have to thank? Possibly they won't admit it, but it is largely due to the vision of a genius and their humble friend, the theater organist.

Now, let's be honest and take stock of ourselves to find out where we stand. The church and concert organists aren't slow. They are clever, now that they have been shown. The theater organist wasn't such a wonder because he did anything particularly good, but because he wasn't afraid to try something. The church organist and the concert organist have found out that they could use a lot of the theater organist's stuff without in the least losing their dignity, and so they have appropriated what they wanted and added to their technic their own personal "show" value — and their bank balance. They saw in a minute, because they were thoroughly grounded in theory, the advantages and beauties and reasons for what the theater organist did with the instrument, often accidentally and after many hours of trial.

The theater organist, if he is going to maintain his lead and not have himself pushed off the organ bench by the legitimate player (who this time will stay), is, as a class, going to have to get busy and study, for he has started something that he can't afford to stop. He can ride the waves or he can be swamped. The day is past when the man who is surest of his job and pulls down the best pay is the one who has the best bag-of-tricks. The Manager and the Cash Customer, are going to demand that the theater organist be a trained man, not afraid to practice and perfect himself in his ART (and I mean exactly that), not too lazy or too unwilling to make a serious attempt to raise himself and his playing up to the level of the concert musician.

Having shown up the old organist, taught a new technic to the recitalist and the church player, shall the theater organist, the man who has really been responsible for one of the greatest upheavals in musical history and practice, fall behind the procession? He has done much for himself and for his brother musician. He has taught the organ to *sing* its really beautiful tones into the hearts of many people who never knew them before. He has served and is still serving a very definite and great place in the musical world. Having done this, the theater organist, as a class, is going ahead to conquer new worlds through better preparation and performance.

Sing his praises!

Among the Washington Organists

MUSICAL PERSONAGES AND HAPPENINGS IN THE CAPITAL

MRS. NELL PAXTON

EVERYTHING this spring seems to be offering the little clinging vines a chance to see and be seen. With all the conventions of women composers, Pen Women, and International Council of Women, it is right in line to introduce a couple of our own talented women, both members of the Metropolitan Symphony Orchestra, Miss Viola Abrams, harpist and Mrs. Nell Paxton, organist. Girls, meet the folks! *How do you do — Glad to know you!* And now that that's over, we'll settle down to friendly chatter over the tea cups about these little ladies.

Nellie, you know, is a famous name — the subject of song and play. Who is there that does not remember the time the young hero told the wide, wicked world that the deep-dyed villain *Hadn't done right by Our Nell*, and who hasn't heard the song *Darling Nellie Grey*. So our Nell Paxton is doing her best to live up to her famous name and is stepping right along. She was born at Liberty, Ind., and that the home town is mighty proud of this accomplished daughter is evidenced by the letters she receives telling her they listen with pleasure to her playing on Saturday night over WRC. She has recently been added to the Crandall's Saturday Nighters, and is a welcome addition to the program. Very frankly admitted being scared to death the first time she played for *Mike*, but she is quite acclimated by now. Gets a telegram every Sunday morning from her father and mother who tell her how much they enjoy the music.

Mrs. Paxton, who of course was not Mrs. Paxton then, played for movies years ago when there was only a piano. She devoted some time to this work, but when war was declared, like all patriotic youngsters, she dropped everything, flew to Washington and did her bit in the Government work. During the next few years, she met and married Kent Paxton, and made Washington her home. With time to spare, she again took up music, and for the past four years has been organist with the Crandall Circuit, playing at the Avenue Grand, Savoy, and finally at the Metropolitan. She plays organ with the Metropolitan Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Daniel Breeskin, and recently received much favorable comment on her work in Tschaikowsky's famous 1812 Overture, which Director Breeskin gave by popular request.

MISS VIOLA ABRAMS, harpist, proves the saying that many good things come in small packages. She is about half as high as that mammoth harp, and a regular Titian-haired beauty. If you have ever heard the song *No One Knows What a Red Headed Mamma Can Do*, you will know what I mean when I say, No one knows what a set of strings on a big gold frame can do till you hear Viola. She is just as clever with the popular tunes as she is with the standard ones. Added to her exceptional ability, she is gifted with all the grace and charm which we usually give a harpist in our mind's eye. A dramatic critic, who recently reviewed the show, took particular notice of Miss Abrams and her work, and in the write-up next day told everyone that if all the angels in heaven had arms as beautiful as the Metropolitan harpist, he was going to be very good from now on so as to be sure he had a place in the great beyond, where he could watch angels play — world without end.

Miss Abrams has studied harp since a wee child, is the only harpist in a theater orchestra in the city, and often has a solo number. She is frequently chosen by Conductor Breeskin to play accompaniments when he plays a violin solo — either in the theater or at an outside function. Mr. Breeskin and Miss Abrams were among the first artists to broadcast here, and their duets are always much appreciated. She was for three years solo harpist with the Russian Symphony Orchestra, and gained much recognition also during her season with the Creatore Opera Company.

Although not a composer, Miss Abrams was guest artist at the recent Convention of American Women Composers, and played two numbers with the U. S. Navy Band-Orchestra — *Grania* and *Wind in the Wood*, as a tribute to Composer Mabel Wood Hill, who was among those present.

MISS ABRAMS AND MRS. PAXTON are bright spots in the vast tuxedo ensemble in the orchestra pit, and give perfect synchronization — of eye and ear. Something beautiful to look at, as well as listen to. Humble apologies to the mere men, but this is *by* the women and *for* the women!

MISS VIOLA ABRAMS

Continued on page 30

Speaking of Photoplay Organists

By GEORGE ALLAIRE FISHER

VERMOND KNAUSS

IT IS a fine thing to choose an attractive profession and then be successful in it. But it's still finer to share the experience gained in becoming successful with others who are just starting out on the road you yourself traveled in order to reach success, thus helping them to cut their journey short and reach their goal more quickly and surely.

VERMOND KNAUSS

This is what Mr. Knauss is doing. After thoroughly preparing himself for a musical career by studying with such men as Frank and Carl Hauser, Claude Ball, and Dr. Anselm Goetze — following preliminary work at the Dana Musical Institute, Mr. Knauss entered upon a successful, professional career as conductor and organist. This included serving as conductor with the Tulsa Band; Hagerstown Municipal Band; the Kilties' Band, when they were at the height of the popularity and efficiency; the Rose Maid and Pinafore comic opera companies; the Martelli Grand Opera Company; and guest conductor of the National Symphony Orchestra (which was later consolidated with the New York Philharmonic) when his own symphonic poem was presented.

During this time Mr. Knauss was also orchestra conductor and organist at some of the William Fox theaters in New York City. At present he is organist at the Pergola Theater in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

It can well be imagined that this extensive experience has given Mr. Knauss an understanding of theater organ work that is as complete and comprehensive as one could wish. In order to give others the benefit of this experience, he has established at Allentown the Vermond Knauss Studio of Theater Organ Playing, and to his studio came aspiring and well-advised organists from all over the country for the help he is so well equipped to give them. There is a special course for those pianistically trained who are broadening their talents to include theater-organ work, and another for the organist whose previous experience has been confined to churchwork. In addition to organ instruction there are courses in theory, orchestration and conducting.

Mr. Knauss has installed in his studio a Kimball concert organ especially designed to acquaint the student with the resources of any organ he may be called upon to use in his theater work — after completing his course of study. Mr. Knauss firmly believes that the more successful his pupils are, the more successful will he be. After the pupil has completed the necessary course of study he is assisted in securing a good position and started on the way to a success that will be limited only by his own ability and ambition. So far as advantages of training, advice and opportunity can go, Mr. Knauss sees that nothing is lacking.

MELODY readers who are radio fans can hear Mr. Knauss every Tuesday and Thursday at 11:00 P. M. (Eastern Standard time) through Station WSAN, on a 229 metre wave length.

ERNEST J. HARES

MR. HARES is an Englishman and received most of his musical training on the "tight little island" that has produced so many capable men of all sorts. He came to America several years ago and toured for several seasons as recitalist. He has also had extensive experience in vaudeville, light opera, chautauqua work and, of course, a theater organist. His thorough musicianship and deep interest in and love for his work has made him popular and successful in all his musical activities.

ERNEST J. HARES

He likes America — says it's "a jolly fine place," — and is equally favorably impressed with jazz as typical American music, which he uses on his picture programs. "Jazz is the possible basis of a new school of music composition that will be uniquely and typically American," he prophesies.

For professional purposes, Mr. Hares has been and still is known as Dave Powell. At present he presides at the console of the New Grand Theater organ in Massillon, Ohio. We hope Mr. Hares will like America as much as Americans like his music, and that he will stay with us for the rest of his musical career.

RALPH H. BRIGHAM

WE HAVE heard the old saw that if a man lives in a dense forest and makes the most perfect mouse-trap in the world his eager customers will beat a path to his door — or words to that effect. I believe that Emerson said it first; anyhow, he said a great many wise things, and this may well have been one of them.

Not that there's much connection between pipe organs and mouse-traps, although a sufficiently nimble wit could doubtless establish a few on even such short notice as this. I was just thinking that if a man does some one thing well enough, he'll receive adequate recognition, no matter where he is or in what field of his particular endeavor he works. Then the mouse-trap angle of the truism clamored for recognition, and in the laudable endeavor to place the burden of proof on the opposition and make my own case as strong as possible, I gave expression to Emerson's (or is it Thoreau's?) touch of business philosophy.

Anyhow, when that bit of homely truth is applied to pipe organs, the name of Ralph H. Brigham comes to the minds of those who know him or know of him. Brigham prepared himself for success by thorough study, graduating from the New England Conservatory of Music. He was then for a number of years organist and choirmaster in Northampton, Mass. While serving in this capacity his gift for improvising attracted the attention of S. L. Rothaphel (better known as Roxie) and shortly afterwards, Brigham was presiding at the console of the Strand Theater organ in New York, where he remained for seven years. He appeared as organist with Sousa's Band at the Hippodrome, New York; has given more than 500 successful organ recitals; was organist at the Capital Theater in St. Paul, and the Senate Theater in Chicago; is a colleague of the American Guild of Organists and a member of the National Association of Organists. At present he is associated with the Orpheum Theater in Rockford, Illinois.

In all these activities (I almost said organic activities) as student, church organist, recitalist, and all-around musician, it was Mr. Brigham's sincerity and ability that brought him success and the audience approval that goes with it.

He considers "perfect synchronization of music with the picture" the most necessary detail of the many that go to make the theater organist's work successful. He is also extremely successful in contriving special featured numbers for the theater program, and putting them over in a way that redounds in a marked degree to the credit of the play-house — and incidentally his own.

As we intended to say in the beginning, if a man has the necessary ability, makes it practical by carefully directed study and wisely chosen experience, is sincere in his interest and alert to present what his experience has taught him is best and most desirable to fit the situation in which he finds himself, he can succeed as church organist, recitalist, theater-organist or anything else, in fact.

RALPH H. BRIGHAM

Mr. Emerson (?) indirectly has said so, Mr. Brigham has proved it so, and consequently I can effectively step down from the pulpit.

The Photoplay Organist and Pianist

By L. G. DEL CASTILLO

ONE axiom about life which serves as well as any other of the bromides is that it is a thing of unfulfilled hopes and promises. I not only agree with that, but will do my share to prove it. The data which I promised last month on the cost of having stereopticon slides made is not forthcoming. My list is still too incomplete to be presented before next month. The best substitute I can offer is to go a little more extensively and systematically into the matter of original slide novelties than I have before. Perhaps if we try to classify the possibilities, the field will be clarified and made easier to utilize. While this can be done within limits and may be useful for any fledgling virtuoso who is just beginning gingerly to feel his way in slide solos, it must be emphasized that the most successful numbers are those in which originality of conception imparts a unique twist.

To produce good slide numbers steadily, week in and week out, is perhaps an impossibility, particularly where they must be changed oftener than once a week, but a hawk-eyed attention to the news of the day and coming calendar events will facilitate the discovery of appropriate subject matter considerably. In the last twelve months, for instance, I find in my list of solos a Herbert medley after the death of Victor Herbert, *The Merry, Merry Month of June* presenting all the June foibles from weddings to hand organs, "Fans" to exploit by song parodies and other sorts of nonsensical drivel the advertised installation of an expensive ventilating system, *Songs of the 49-ers* on the bill with the *Covered Wagon*, a Football Medley in November, *Songs of the Great War*, in Armistice Week, *An Old-Fashioned Christmas* in December, *Buceiniana* after Puccini's death, *A Musical Review of 1924* in January, an Irish Medley for March 17 (this year it was an Irish air in various international disguises under the loquacious and ambiguous title of *How the Wearin' of the Green would Sound if Napoleon Had Been an Irishman*), and *Americana*, which is a review of American composers for National Music Week.

Of course patriotic medleys are in order on June 17th and July 4th, and in localities where there is a considerable foreign element, it would probably be circumspect to keep an eye on the various foreign holidays. Outside of the deaths and anniversaries of deaths of great composers, and once in a while the anniversary of the first performance of some noted work, there are few clues in the daily papers that will provide main subjects, but there are often miscellaneous fragments that can be worked into a related subject. Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* played a conspicuous part in the *Americana* mentioned above, and I remember that in my *Musical Review of 1924*, I received undue credit by repeating the parody *We Ain't Gonna Run No Mo'* as rendered by the Bryan Brothers at the Gridiron Club festivities in Washington. Once these catch-as-catch-can fragments are exhausted, perhaps the main reliance in which the harassed organist can put his trust is the popular song slides, which will therefore receive first place in the following classified list.

ORIGINAL SLIDE SOLOS CLASSIFIED

1. POPULAR SONGS WITH INTERPOLATIONS. The popular song, if and when it is popular, is obviously a reasonably secure foundation for a solo number. I say foundation because a straight verse and chorus slide rendition of a popular song is not, in my experience, an adequate organ solo, although in some theaters and localities this may not be true. As a basis for a medley, imitation, comedy or parody number, I do consider it effective if not done too often — a qualification which a recent experience leads me to emphasize. For some reason or other — maybe the approach of Spring, maybe an enduring cynicism on the futility of life in general — I had fallen into the mentally lazy habit of relying entirely on the special organ versions of popular song slides. Out of eleven successive weeks I had used original material only four times, and at the end of that period I was startled out of my inertia by the humiliating experience of changing the song slide number three times on one bill in a vain endeavor to force a response from the audience. As I had considered each of these three numbers fairly good ones, I made a hurried and harried inventory of the situation, and soon discovered that the patient's low condition was due to insufficient nourishment and monotony of diet.

I have not lost entire confidence in song slides as a result, but I do feel that I have received a warning not to work them to death. On the whole they cannot be said to be elevating in character, and in this *effete* section of Boston's Back Bay at least, I am forced to reject a large percentage of them because of their tendency to wander not only on the shady side of the street but in the gutter as well. In an earlier discussion of this subject, I pointed to Feist as being the most reliable publishers of these special song slides, but of late Henry Waterson, Inc. (the erstwhile Waterson, Berlin and Snyder) seem to have taken a sudden spurt and are at present leading the New York field. Some of these numbers are made up by simply adding parody and patter choruses, but in general the formula is that of interpolating between the first and second choruses a medley of other songs of related subject, generally with the words changed to provide a continuity and unity of thought.

For example, in Waterson's *In Shadowland*, a verse and chorus is followed by half a chorus of *By the Light of the Silvery Moon*, four measures of *Comin' Thru the Rye*, the last half of *A Kiss in the Dark*, eight measures of *I'm Always Chasing Rainbows* with the words "shadows" substituted for "rainbows," a phrase of *In the Gloaming*, then another chorus of *In Shadowland* to close with. It is seldom that a popular song will not lend itself to this procedure. A particularly good subject at present would be *Blue-eyed Sally*. An interpolated routine of *Sally in Our Alley, Sally*, from the musical comedy of the same name, *I Wonder What's Become of Sally, Sally, Won't You Come Back* from the Ziegfeld Follies, and *I've Found My Sweetheart Sally* would make quite an intricate and complex scenario. In this particular case, however, it means unnecessary extra work, as the publishers have made up a very effective set of slides with some quite humorous patter choruses.

Where local conditions permit, it is extremely effective to occasionally use a combination of stage and screen with a singer. Whether the number is then still an organ solo or not is problematical, and certainly the choice of the singer will make a great difference in the value of the performance; nevertheless, if the conception is novel and striking, the main credit should go to the organist. A scrim or gauze drop should be hung in front of the screen so that when the slide picture is dissolved out, the screen raised and the stage lights dimmed in, the effect will be that of another slide on the screen. If this conception is convincingly executed, a surprise element is introduced as the singer starts to move.

That the idea is more important than the singer was proved to me by an experience in which an accidental discovery provided me with my most successful presentation of this nature. In *Memory Lane*, I had arranged for the slides to dissolve at the last chorus to a dimly lighted tree drop, in front of which a soprano was to walk. While experimenting with the lighting, we discovered that the drop was a transparency, and we accordingly lighted it from behind. In performance, this indirect lighting made a picture so identically like the scenic slide of a woodland road which followed it, that the difference would have been almost imperceptible save for the moving figure of the singer. That the idea itself was what sold the presentation was shown to me by the fact that at one matinee, when the singer arrived too late to appear, the audience showed no diminution of enthusiasm.

2. ADAPTED MELODIES. A melody played in different forms is such an easily prolific source for solo work that it is certainly entitled to second place. In any odd moment, there is nothing more simple than to think of some straightforward melody like *Yankee Doodle* or *Seeing Nellie Home*, and then distorting it *a la* Chinese or *a la* Irving Berlin or *a la* some 16th century Minuet. It is then only necessary to inject a light touch into your slide copy, and wind up in a blaze of glory, preferably something patriotic in which you can use the American flag — in double exposure. You can't miss!

These numbers fall generally into three subtypes, and fortunately there are published examples of each. First, melodies adapted to *composers*. It is not necessary, as in the Ballantyne *Mary Had a Little Lamb* variations, or Daniel Gregory Mason's *Yankee Doodle* variations to search out and incorporate the essential individual points of musical treatment and style of the different composers. No, it is much simpler than that. You either mould the tune to the general school your composer belongs to (i. e., Irving Berlin being illustrated by jazz, Debussy by the modern French idiom, Palestrina by the diatonic plain song type), or else you take one of the best-known melodies of the composer you select, and adapt your tune to it by clothing it in similar accompaniment, harmony and rhythm. The illustration at your disposal is *The Musical Critic's Dream* by Dix, published by Ditson, in which Annie Rooney is dragged around by men like Mozart, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Chopin and others whom you would never have suspected of such a thing.

The second sub-type is the adaptation by *countries*, in which you alter your tune to the actual or conventional musical styles of the different nationalities. On the typical theater organ, with its assortment of tambourine, castanet, Chinese cymbal, tom-tom, and harp (no, I withdraw that), this treatment is so easy that it's a shame to do it. If you are still in any doubt as to the *modus operandi*, consult *Home, Sweet Home the World Over* by Lampe.

The last classification is by *chronological periods*, in which you start with Adam and Eve, and end up with George M. Cohan and Fannie Brice. When you have finished educating your audience in this manner, H. G. Wells can go sit in a back seat and take his *Outline of History* along with him. And think of the time saved by your method, or rather by M. L. Lake's method, as you may discover by analyzing his *Evolution of Dixie* or his other related numbers.

3. MUSICAL REVIEWS. This is not to be confused with the current stage revues, in which

Continued on page 31

A Philistine's History of Music

As told by the talkative janitor of the Conservatory lecture hall to his grandson.

No. 4---HORNS

WELL, grandson, I don't rightly know av any reason why we shouldn't continue wid our musical fairy-tales and find out some more about the beginnings 'nd callow youth av some more av the more nor less scientific noise perducers wid which we're at present blessed or afflicted — accordin' to how deaf ye are. We have the whole house to ourselves — fer a time at laste, 'nd I feel in the mood fer talkin' as ye seem to fer listenin'.

I wouldn't want ye to get the impression that what I've been tellin' ye about the discovery av the many 'nd various musical instruments is at all recent — a matter av last year or so. It all happened so long ago that no one rightly knows just when it was. One felly will say 20,000 years, another will rise up and insist it's all av 100,000 while still another one will make more noise than both av the other two in claimin' it never happened at all.

We don't need to pay any attention to the last felly, we know that the results is still wid us so they must have started some time 'nd some way; 'nd then this kind av an inexpert always talks so loud I have me suspicions he's tryin' to get some free advertisin' or ilse is makin' a noble effort to convince himself av somethin' he fears is onraysonable — as fer the other two, I can't see that it makes any difference; 'nd anyhow, what's a few thousand years amongst friends?

Av course the reason there's this disagreement between the experts is that there's no written records that goes that far back. The old fellys I've been tellin' ye about were in much the same fix ye were before we made ye go to school. They could start somethin' regular 'nd constant, but when it come to writin' down any av the details nor even rememberin' it wid any degree av accuracy very long after it happened, they was a total loss.

Now, wid kids at present, when they learn somethin' new, there's plenty av older ones to help them; then it's been done already so often by their ancistors that it's more nor less born in them, ye might say. . . .

How's that? What's a ancistor? Well, I'll see if I can tell ye. A ancistor is one av yer relatives that lived a long enough time before ye, so ye needn't be ashamed av any dirty tricks he's turned — while ye can still be extry proud av what few virtues he had or can be invinted for him. . . .

As I started to tell ye, the process these old wans went thru in findin' out things is very much like the one ye're goin' thru in acquirin' what is called eddication, except when they found anything out and learned how to use it, it was the first time it had iver been did, while wid you it may be the millionth, so it comes easier — 'nd goes easier too, fer that matter. What it took them a thousand years to discover 'nd learn to use ye can find out in a few minutes if ye've a mind to. Then as time went on 'nd more things was found out fer them to use, they kept invintin' new ones faster 'nd faster 'nd their livin' conditions kept gettin' more complycated and they feelin' more important, just like when ye get older there'll be more studies fer ye to rassle wid in school 'nd ye'll begin to feel that the old-folks is back-numbers, 'nd ye're about the smartest wan av the family. Only remimber, grandson, not to be ever puttin' on too many airs wid yer granddad or ye'll be took down a peg or so so sudden ye may niver recover.

Ye might say that when the drum was discovered the human race was about as far along as the avridge two year old is now; the possibilities av flute tootin' dawned on a mature intellect that at present goes wid about three or four years av existence; while the strummin' av the harp couldn't be used 'nd apprecyated until the avridge intellectual age of mankind was all av that possessed by a fairly intelligent ten year old av the present generation. Along about this time or slightly previous they'd gotten so they must av been a pretty quarrelsome set av folks. Learnin' new things to do 'nd new ways av doin' the old wans didn't make them any more paceful 'nd easy to get along wid than a growin' sense av his own importance 'nd smartness makes a ten year old lad easier to handle. It made 'em touchier than ever, 'nd they was even gettin' to a place where they was organizin' av their quarrels 'nd carryin' them out in crowds on the slightest av provocations.

Wan tribe would develop a fondness fer the collection av caves, tents 'nd pastures belongin' to another tribe; or ilse the boss man av one clan would feel hurt wid the way the boss av another clan had looked at him or hadn't looked et him, or somethin' av the sort — 'nd assemblin' all th' men av his gang wid their spears, bows 'nd arrys, sling shots, 'nd war-clubs, 'nd wid a bunch av the lustiest drummers 'nd fluters bringin' up th' rear 'nd ready to cut loose at th' proper time he'd fall on the unsuspectin' members av the offendin' tribe 'nd kill 'em off as complete 'nd painful as he could. Whilst any that escaped 'nd seemed promisin' material would be rounded up 'nd made to do the heavy work necessary to carryin' on what they probably thot was th' most complete 'nd complycated state av social progress possible.

They was just gettin ' to a place where they was makin' a regular business out av these quarrels; 'nd the fellys who represented th' tribe when it came to settlin' by violence some important 'nd far-reachin' question like whose particular mess of superstitions 'nd omens was nearest correct, or who was to be sole owner 'nd proprietor av the best collection av horses in th' district, was bein' furnished by the tribe wid clothes 'nd vittels in return for their scrappin' ability bein' exercised often 'nd enthusiastic. This give them more time to practice wid their various weapons, drill frequent, 'nd work out some sort av fightin' technic so they wouldn't be gettin' in each other's way durin' th' settlement av an argyment av this sort — 'nd thus givin' the fellys on the other side entirely too good a chance av comin' out on top.

There was wan bunch av these old timers that seemed to be out av luck entirely when it came to winnin' any of these gentle disputes wid other tribes. They was in about the same comfortable situation as a lace maker wid a high tenor voice would be at a boiler-makers' 'nd bootleggers' picnic where th' water wasn't fit to drink.

Th' professional scrappers av the nearby tribes used them to practice before takin' on what was considered real competition, 'nd so far as they was concerned it was always open season. They was naturally wearin' out in th' process, 'nd what with losin' members continuous by sudden death, capture, 'nd mutylation, the tribe was rapidly gettin' to th' point where they wasn't even a minority present, even when they counted the young ones 'nd those who hadn't been dead more nor a year.

To make it still worse they'd been forced to pick out the most undesirable place in the whole district to live in, as far away from iverywan else as possible — 'nd there was strong indications that they might have to move even farther away.

The boss av this tribe av scrubs was a pretty clever boy, as such things was judged then. If he hadn't been it's intirely likely they'd have been wiped out intirely some time since. But bein' fairly clever he had all the keener sense av his tribes lack av social standin' 'nd achievement. Then he could see where he was fast gettin' to a place where he wouldn't even have his bunch av scrubs to be boss av, 'nd a natural born boss wid nothin' to boss is about th' loneliest thing there is — which probably accounts for some av our most surprisin' marriages.

He'd try in various ways to put the fear av somethin' into 'em, along wid enough self-confidence to enable 'em to put up a fairly dacint argyment. But as soon as some quarrelsome neighborin' tribe would land on them for a little preliminery work-out they'd curl up 'nd quit as complete as a fishin' worm in the mouth av a hungry bass.

At the time 'Im tellin' ye about they were livin' in a section where there was no water to speak av, which was a terrible disadvantage when it came to assuagin' av their thirst but didn't bother them much so far as bathin' was concerned. It was necessary to carry their drinkin' water a considerable distance, which was both troublesome and dangerous — especially if any of their fightin' neighbors happened to be passin' their way 'nd feelin' at all belligerent. . . .

What's that? An' what does belligerent mean? Well, me son, it's the way a bigger 'nd stronger felly feels when ye have a hunch that ye should stay out av his way, if ye get what I mean. . . .

Well, one day this young boss av almost nothin' was takin' a little excursion av his own to pervide hisself wid some drinkin' water. A short ways from the spring for which he was headed he notices a big ram's horn lyin' on the ground. It had either been broke off in a scrap or else th' old ram that owned it previous had shed it — if rams ever shed anything but fleece and a powerful smell. It was a noble horn — long and wide and wid a most impressive curl in it. Moreover it had been lyin' there long enough to have lost most av its insides.

Our hero is struck wid the idea that it would be fine to carry water in, so he sets to work a-cleanin' it out more thoro preparatory to pluggin' up the small end which was broke off. After he'd scraped and hacked away as thoro as possible he finds that some av the debris is lodged in the curl av the horn, so he sets it to his lips so's he could clear it out wid a mighty puff. Just as he does so a small bunch av the fightin men av th' tribe with which his bunch

av scrubs had had their last argyment busts out av the woods a short distance away 'nd makes for him wid all the enthusiasm av a bunch av hounds after a sly old dog-fox. Altho his scrub scrappers had lost this last argyment by a large majority he himself had managed to leave his mark on a good many av them 'nd they evidently had seen their chance to even things up more complete, 'nd have some wholesome sport into the bargain. He's far enough along wid his plans regardin' the horn, so he still lets go wid his homemade whirl-wind — in his excitement he probably stretches his lips a little tighter across the end av the horn and doesn't blow quite as free as he otherwise would — bein' struck sudden as he was wid the necessity for gettin' some place else widout undue loss av time.

But as he gives his puff in the horn a blast av sound goes sailin' out the big end av it that's about the most prodigious tone av any sort anyone had ever heard up to that time. The trumpetin' av the mammoth and the roar av the cave bear sounds absolutely childish beside it. It sails clear across to the mountains miles away and comes tumblin' back again — a full-throated solid majestic sort av sound wid all the power and impressiviness there was.

The onchargin' brave warriors stops in their tracks like a bull pup after a cat that turns out to be another kind av a kitty — one wid black stripes down its back; turnin' unanimous and handsome they legs it back to the place they came from more enthusiastic than they had left it. The young felly is as much surprised as anyone, but he keeps enough self-control to send another impressive blast after them 'nd hasten their disappearance by a fraction av a second.

Bein' fairly clever, it don't take him very long to figure out th' possibilities av what he's discovered. He forgets that he's ever goin' to be thirsty and legs it back to his tribe in record time. Then he selects a dozen or so av his biggest chested young men 'nd they soon have a collection av large 'nd small horns that would run the brass section av a modern jazz orchestry a close second for variety 'nd interest. Wid considerable help from him in th' matter av stretchin' their lips across the small ends av their horns 'nd developin' the proper blowin' technic, in the course av a few weeks they are able to perduce all the sounds their made-over horns are capable av, and a most noble assortment av sounds it is.

His next step is to get all av the near-fighters av his scrub tribe accustomed to it so they won't be in worse shape than the opposin' members av the next debatin' team they take on. He manages this in time, altho he has considerable trouble gettin' some av them so they don't tremble so much they drop their various weapons. Then he lays his plans for takin' on a nearby tribe that he particular has no use for. Av course, with th' repytation his tribe has as bein' the world's most unsuccessful battlers he don't have no trouble startin' something; and then just as his scrubs 'nd the opposin' scrappers are gettin' ready to come to close quarters, his dozen assorted horn-blowers let loose a blast that fairly makes the earth shiver, 'nd the sun to blink. This is somethin' entirely different from what the opposin' warriors are countin' on. While they're tryin' to hide from the thunder king 'nd the tumblin' heavens, the scrubs fall on 'em and smite 'em hip 'nd thigh 'nd collar-bone. Before they even remember they were about to have a neat little one-sided battle they've been licked complete and thoro, 'nd all there is left for them to do is to line up wid the victors on th' side av this terrible racket or else be extinguished complete and permanent.

Well, sir, before any av the rest av the surroundin' tribes have any idea av what's goin' on they find they've been thoroly licked 'nd the survivin' ones taken into the rapidly growin' army av our young hero, 'nd by th' time some av the rest av them find out the secret av this noble burst av sound that seems to come from nowhere and shake th' very heavens themselves, he's so firmly in place that nothin' short av a prisidintial election durin' a financial panic — which they didn't have in them days — could have dislodged 'im. . . .

What's a financial panic? Say, me son, why all av this suddint thirst for information — are ye tryin' to trip up the old grandad, or what? But a financial panic is somethin' I can tell ye about aisy. It's an excitement caused by somebody else havin' all the spendin' money, 'nd nobody bein' able to find out who it is. So there ye are. . . .

Well, as I was sayin' where ye interrupted me, this was th' birth av th' horn family which ye might call a branch av th' flute family, bein' as it's a wind instrument and folleyed it in point av time.

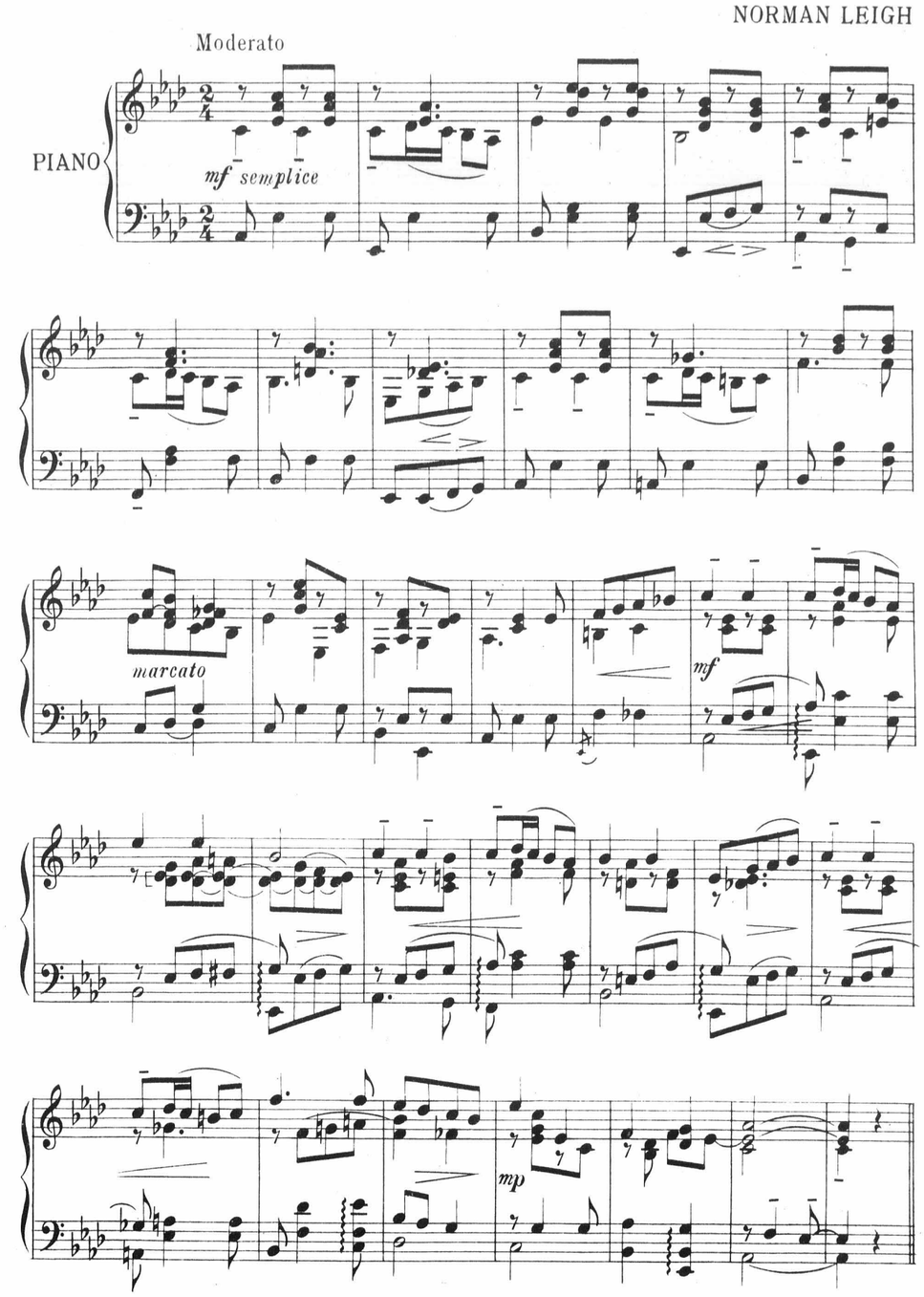
Ye'll notice that all th' instruments I've told ye about have their particylar kind av music that's associated wid some particylar part of their social life 'nd that it was thru th' need, ye might say, av this kind or part av livin' that each kind av instrument and its music appeared — 'nd th' kind av music each instrument perduces is av th' character suitable to the social feature that perduced it. I don't know whether ye know just what I mane — I'm not rale sure that I do meself. But for instance now, th' drum appeared thru dancin', aven tho it may have bin a dance av rage in th' first place that revealed th' fascynations av rhythm; th' flute bobs up thru th' demands av a love-sick swain to say somethin' he can't say wid words; the string instruments reveals their possibilities as aids to all types av music, roundin' av them out, ye might say, 'nd havin' some av the characteristics av all the others; while the horns was discovered thru the necessities av war, 'nd their particular noble 'nd martial sound has been associated wid war ever since.

Av course horns went thru a long process av improvement the same as iverything else. A sort av mouthpiece in th' small end av them to make them easier blowed was probably wan av the first innyvations. Then wid a better mouthpiece would come th' ability av perducing more notes from th' wan horn. Then they'd find out that th' big horns gives lower notes while littler ones gives higher wans. It's probyble that it was thousands av years before anywan found out how to make horns out av metal av any kind. In the first place they didn't have any metal until fairly recent, then it's considerable av a trick to draw out or bend a chunk av brass or copper into the shape av a horn — altho some bright lad found out how to do it eventually.

It's me firm opinion that th' invintion av horns is about the only thing we can give war any credit for; and sometimes when listenin' to the pair next door practicin' their saxyphone 'nd trombone duets, I have me doubts about that.

Souvenir d'Amour

NORMAN LEIGH



Più mosso

mf *rall.*

a tempo *rall.*

a tempo *poco a poco cresc.*

f *poco a poco dim.*

mf *cresc. e appassionato*

8

f *allargando* *molto allarg.*

Continued on page 23

Chromatic Capers

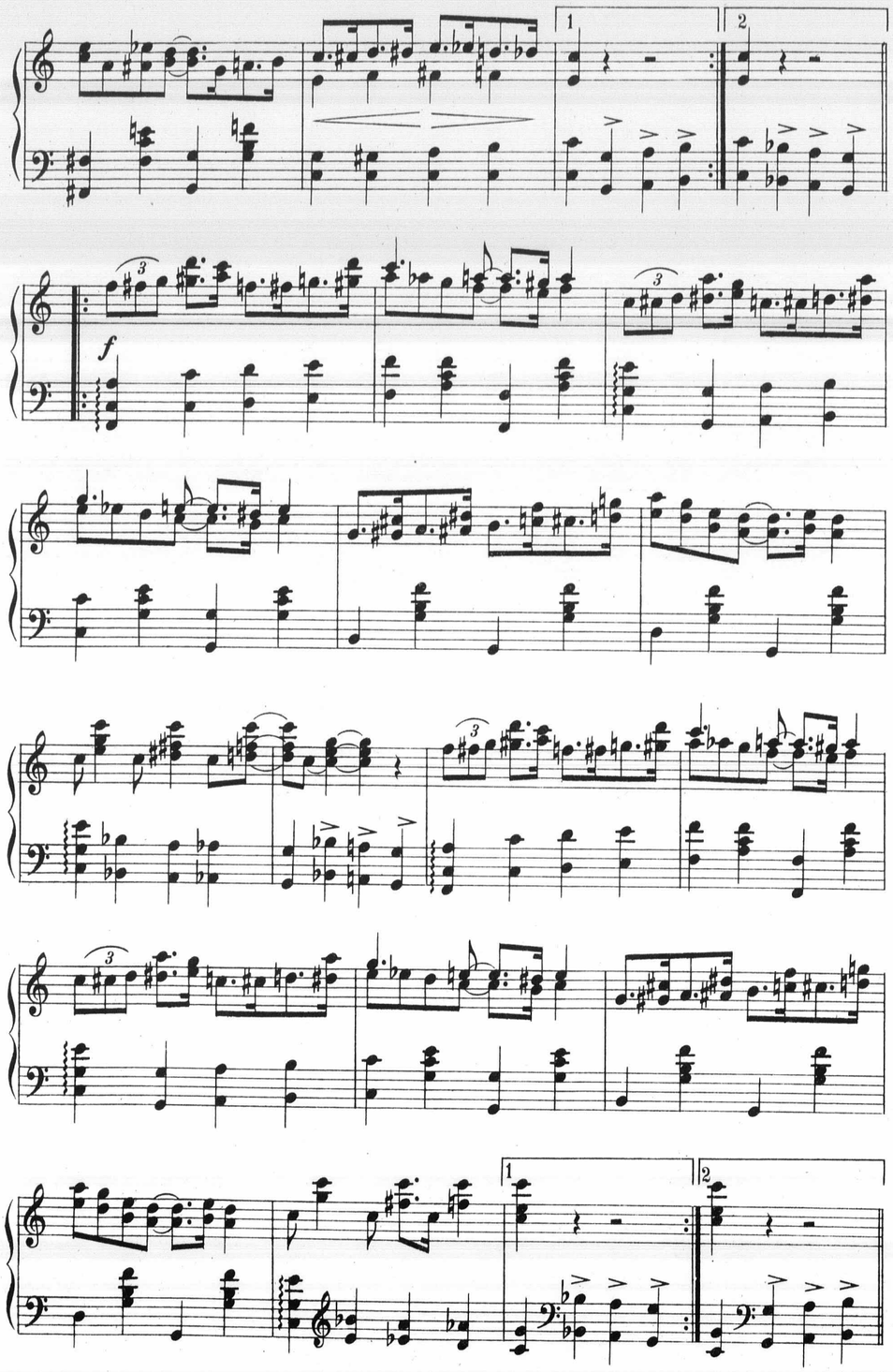
GEORGE L. COBB

Not too fast

PIANO

f *ff*

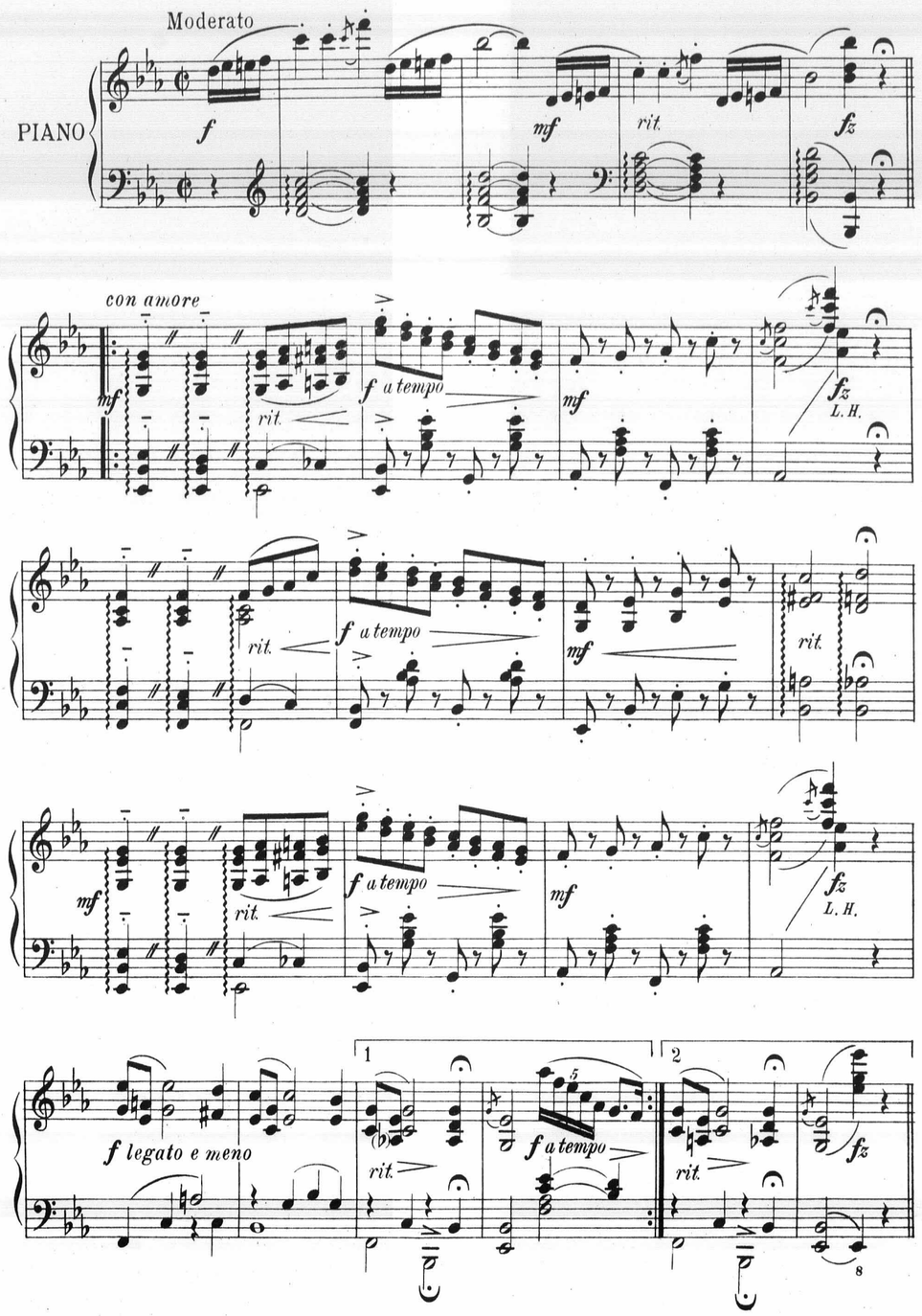
mf



Continued on page 21

Laughter

FRANK E. HERSOM



Più mosso

f *rit.*

a tempo *rit.* *mf meno mosso*

mp *mf* *mp* *f* *rit.*

Tempo I

mf *rit.* *f a tempo* *mf* *fz* L.H. *mf* *rit.*

f a tempo *mf* *rit.* *mf* *rit.* *f a tempo*

mf *fz* L.H. *f legato e meno* *rit.* *fz*

Continued on page 19

The Tall Cedars

MARCH

A. J. WEIDT

PIANO

ff

mf

f

1 2

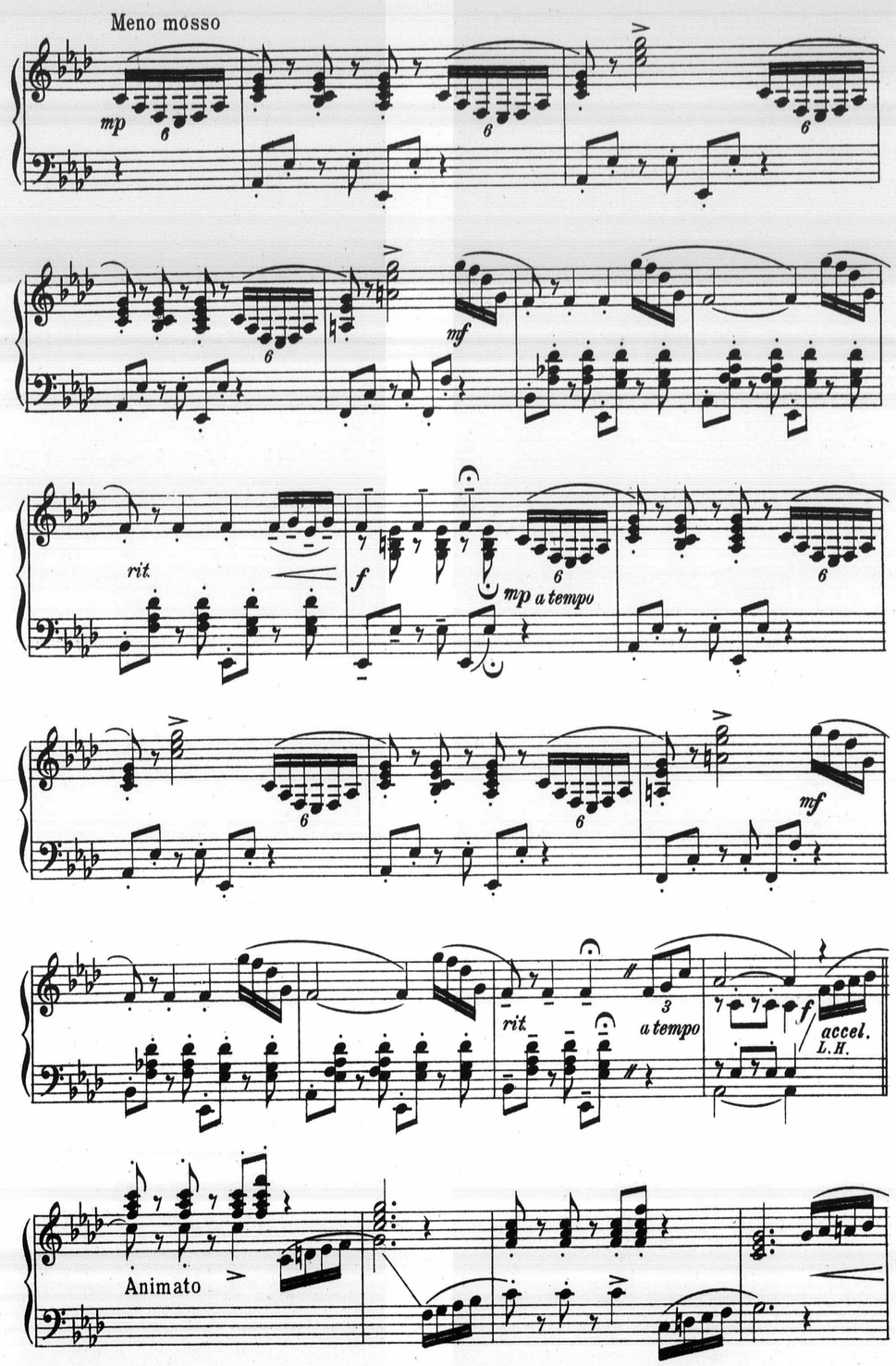
ff

mf-ff

MELODY

ffz

MELODY



Meno mosso

ff *rit.* *ffz* *mp* *mf*

rit. *f* *mp* *a tempo*

mf

rit. *a tempo*

D. C. al ⊕

CODA

Presto

ff rall. *ffz* *ffz* *ffz*

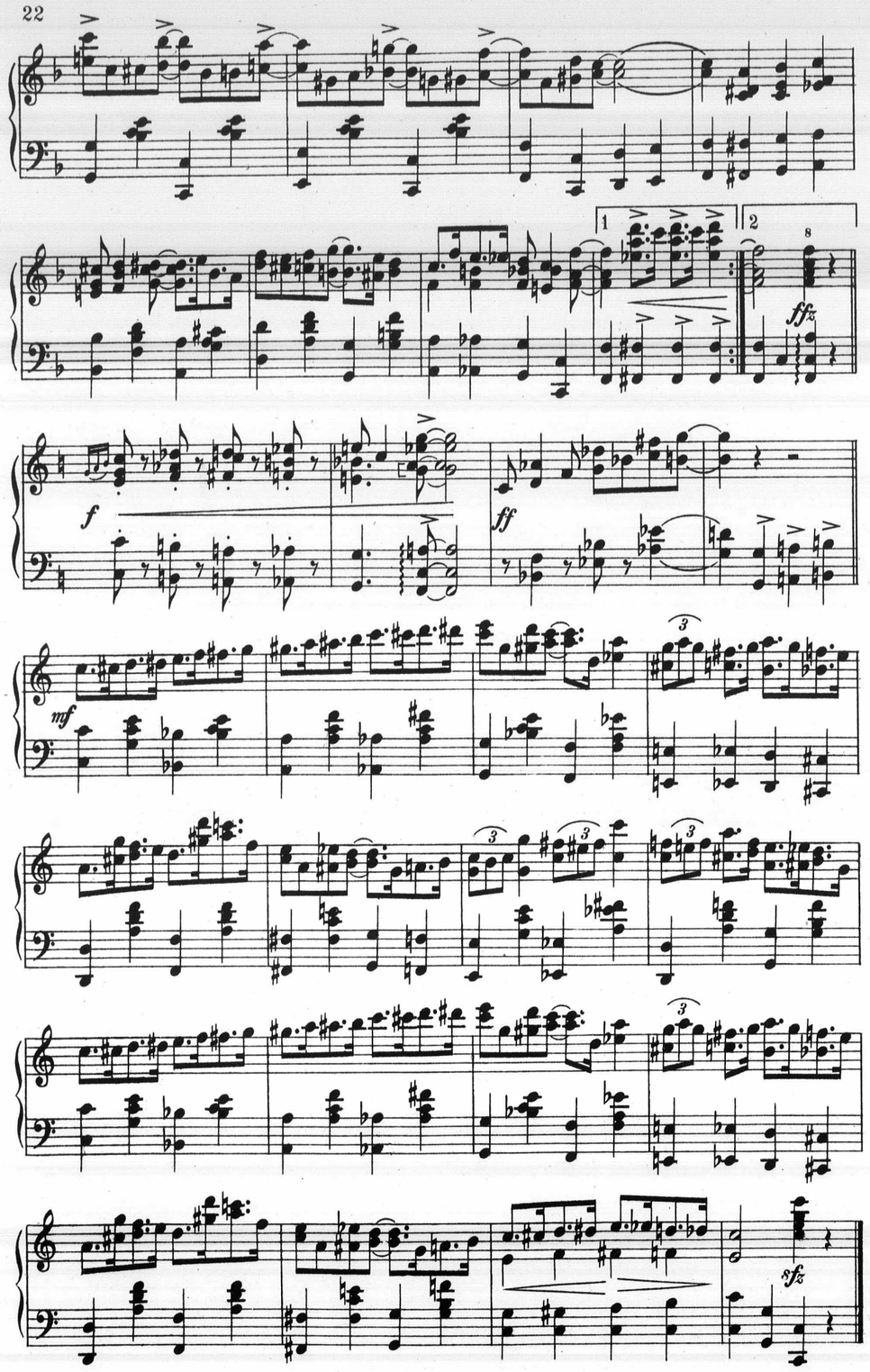
mf

ffz

TRIO

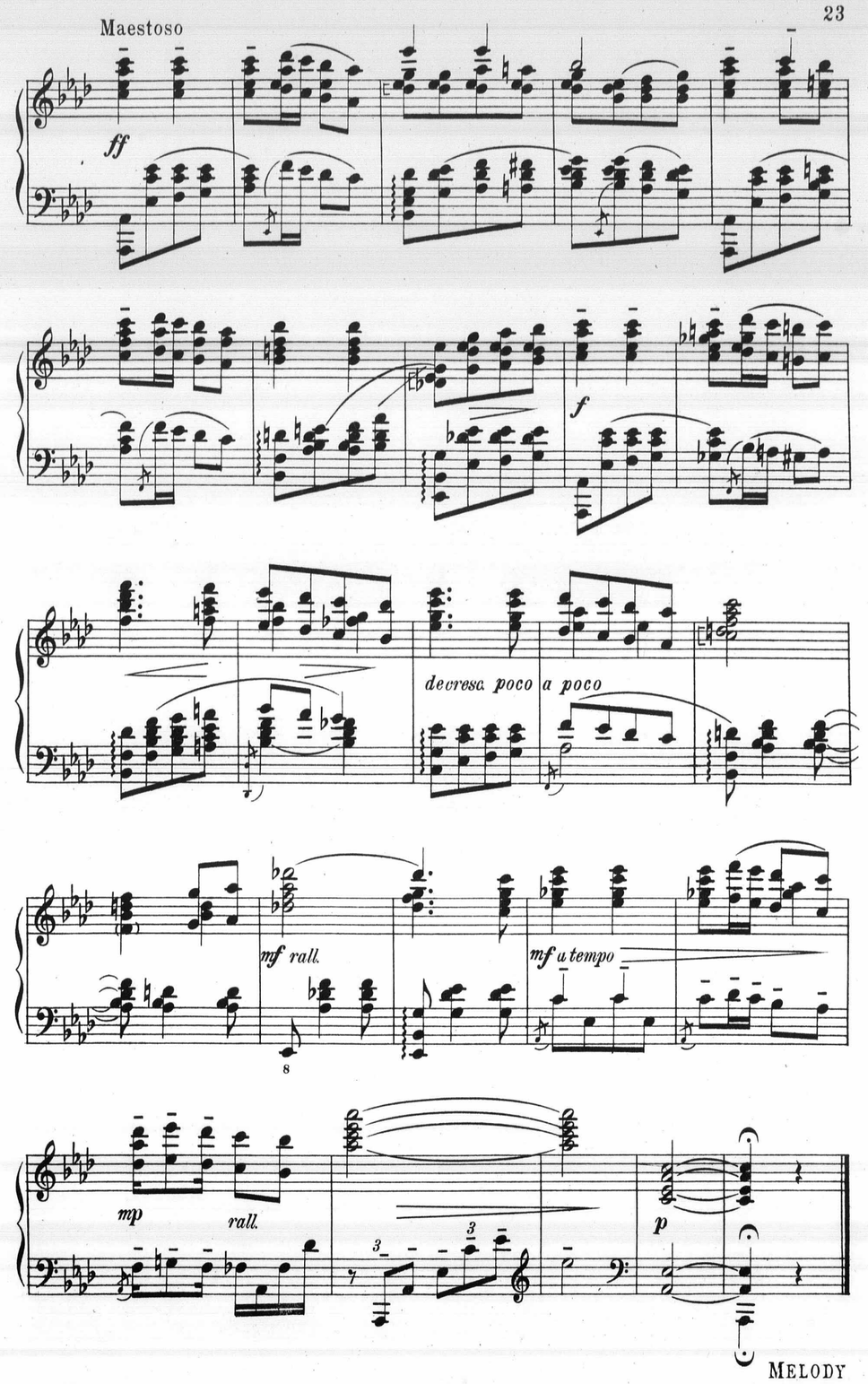
f *ff*

mf-ff



MELODY

Maestoso



MELODY

Printed in U.S.A.

The Elevator Shaft

DINNY TIMMINS SAYS:

WELL, this here Music Week's come and gone, and according to the Prospecticusses issued by all the Committees why them as survived it is now supposed to be Bigger and Better Citizens, and the world is a happier place to live in, and Crime has decreased down to almost nothing, you might say. Mebbe so, mebbe so, it sounds kind of fishy to me somehow. I can't see how any Movement that's meant to encourage more people to Sing and play Instrooments is a-going to bring down the crime wave any. I should think it would do jest the opposite. I know one crime that's a-going to be committed pretty soon if the Feller in the flat next to me don't quit practising on the Coronet.

But jest the same we got to admit that Music is certainly waking up in this country. Ever since the Musician's begun to form labor unions and get real Money and a Eight Hour Day, why the Americans begun to think why they done the Musicians an injustice, they must be Regular Fellers after all. And now with the Phonygrafts and the Player Pianos and the Movies and the Radios pounding music into 'em all the time why you can't go out anywheres without hearing somebody whistling Katharina or Titina or some one of them classical tunes.

AND it's all right to knock Jazz, but jest the same Jazz has waked the highbrows up to the Fact that Americans could write music just as good as anybody else. And now what's the result? Why right at the Metropolitan Opery House where they don't believe nothing is any good unless a Furriner done it. Catty-Gazzooza after not being able to get an American Jazz Composer to write a Opery for him, has turned around and give the job to another American named Deems Taylor who is not only a Native Produce but also a New York Music Critick, and if that ain't heaping Colds of Fire on his head I don't know what is.

Not only that but I see Arthur C. Train, the New York lawyer who makes a living by writing short stories for the Sat. Eve. Post, is going to go in with Ernest Schelling, the Piano Player, to write an Opery around one of his stories. It's about a Scrap of Pappyrus found in a Egyptian pyramid, so I guess it must be another one of them Tut and Mr. Tut stories. The story is that the paper has on it the Lost Gospel of Peace which is guaranteed to end wars, and a American and a German scientist they find it, so the German kills the American and then the paper is destroyed. Cuckoo; but it ain't any sillier than most Operys. But lookit the two that's going to write about that plot. I hope they ain't superspicious.

You might think that if a couple like that started to write a Opery in English they'd write about something in this country, but no, they have to go do another one of these Hence-the-Pyramids things like that gambling den Peace Aida, the one with Faro and Camels in it. The only feller that ever wrote about this country in a Opery was the Eyetalian Pucheeny in the Girl of the Golden West. I mean the only real successful one. Some of the American ones like Victor Herbert's Injun story Natoma or Cadman's other Injun story Shanewis or Walt Damrosh's Scarlet Letter, and it's a wonder the New York censors didn't prevent it, they get produced once and then they go to the Warehouse, which is what professionals say when a show goes Blah.

NOW they's a Opery being produced by two Americans named Joe Redding and Templeton Crocker at the Monty Carlo Opery House right now, but is it about there own there Native Land, as the Poet says? Not by a dum sight, it's one of these here Chink plays called Fay-Yen-Fah, and you can take it from me it won't be laid at the corner of Mott and Pell streets, either.

It kind of seems like American artists wasn't appreciated in their own country tho. I see where in Takoma, Wash., they was going to have a Community Play in the Presbyterian Church about these here Pre-historic Days of the Fig-Leaf and the Lepperd Skin, and after the Undress Rehearsal the Pastor come up and told them they'd have to make the costumes more modern or else go get another stage. Not too modern, of course, because then they wouldn't be any better off, but more like between 1870 and 1910. He thought to be consistent they at least ought to put on enough clothes so that after the Performance they could Takoma Wash! Ha, Ha, Ha!

Even right here around Boston, which is supposed to be the Intellectule Hub of the Universe, but that was in the days of Carriages before a Hub was something surrounded by Hot Air, the Lampoon, which is almost a Funny Paper published by the Harvard students printed a take-off on Washington crossing the Delaware on the cover, and on the inside a cartoon of a lady without any clothes, and the police saw it and wouldn't let them Sell the copies. So they made up new copies without the cartoons and so now the Country is saved and Geo.'s Nautical Repertation is safe.

ALL the Concrete ain't in the streets. Some of it's patrolling 'em. The National Lime Ass., which you might think was a Fruit Grower's Ass., but ain't, now says its found a way to make Concrete more valuable and watertight by adding lime to it. So mebbe if they can get together with the Police Heads it'll do some good. Though at that the police heads with the most Concrete in them is Lemons as it is. Anyway I guess that's what these Alma Martyrs to Art thought.

BUT there I go getting off of music again. Well, I see where a Feller in England has been trying to get people's idees as to what is the world's Six Best Tunes. When I read that, I thought that's not so hard, so along about four o'clock when nobody was using the Elevator much, I got a peace of paper and I made up this list,—Dixie, Way Down Upon the Swanee River, Home Sweet Home, O Beleave Me if All these Endeering Young Charms, Annie Laurie, and Alexander's Ragtime Band. Well, you might think I could have rang the Bell at least oncet with that list, wouldn't you. Say, you don't know the Haff of it. I didn't even know any of the ones they picked. Here they are. If you know 'em you're a Better Guy than I am, Aboo Ben Adam.

Area on the Gee String.....*Batch*
Ombra ma Fooey.....*Handle*
Londonderry Air.....*Nonymouse*
Voy che Sapete.....*Mozart*
Ave Maria.....*Schubert*
Che Faro.....*Gluck*

Maybe if they had wrote the names in English I might know some of 'em, but it certainly made me feel like I better go back to Shofering the Elevator and quit trying to be Litery. The article ends up, "One unfortunit Individool, who was covered with Derishun, ast for two of Verdy's melodies. We all loved Verdy, and so we could not Subject him to Competishun with Handle and Mozart." That certainly lets me out. I spose if I come in and said Annie Laurie, they'd a called a Cop and sent me to a Home for the Feeble Minded, and after looking over that List I feel like they was right.

Going DOWN!

Gossip Gathered by the Gadder

Facts and Fancies Garnered from the Field of Music

By Myron V. Freese

JUNE! Heralded by lovely Maia and heralding Royal Caesar!

June! Get into tune with mother nature's mystic, ancient summer rune!

June! Month of blooms and roses pied — emerald foliaged, and azure skied!

June! Floral month in the glorious pageant of the yearly processional — earth with such glory of color dyed, that not e'en by tints of heaven's bow can it be outvied!

June! Festal month of Holy Days and Holidays: *Flower Sunday* (Children's Day); *St. John's Day! Flag Day!* Boston's *Battle of Bunker Hill Day* — preluding that memorable signing at Philadelphia on the *Glorious Fourth of July!*

June! Birth month of many musicians of note: Ascher, pianist-composer (*Alice, Where Art Thou*); Bartlett, Boston tenor and song composer(*Dream*); Braga,'cellist of note(*Angels' Serenade*); Campanini, famous operatic tenor and golden-throated predecessor of the great Caruso; Gounod, French composer (operas: *Faust, Romeo and Juliet, Queen of Sheba*); Grieg, composer (famous *Peer Gynt Suite*); Joachim, violin virtuoso and founder of the world-wide known Joachim Quartet; Offenbach, French composer of opera bouffe (*Tales of Hoffman, La Belle Helene, Grand Duchesse*); Puccini, Italian composer of grand opera (*Manon Lescaut, La Boheme, Tosca, Madam Butterfly*); Schumann, one of the world's "immortals" in music composition; Mme. Schumann-Heinke, velvet-voiced contralto of international fame; Richard Strauss, German composer of symphonies and operas; Camilla Urso, noted woman virtuoso of the violin.

"HELLO, EVERYBODY! HOW ARE YOU?"

They came! Turning back the calendar for two months, on the 21st of April, a bunch of musical brilliants flashed into Boston and scintillated for two days and nights — "Roxy and his Gang," who out-ran old Caesar by at least two points, for they not only "came, saw and conquered," but were *seen* and *heard*. As every radio fan in the country knows, Roxy is none other than S. A. Rothaphel, the big, genial, music commander and radio announcer at the Capitol Theater in New York City, now *en tour* with his "gang," which proved to be a congenial crowd of musically militant entertainers extraordinary, who when not entertaining others were themselves being entertained.

At the opening concert in Symphony Hall, each "girl" and "boy" (they're all children to their musical godfather) was introduced to the audience by Roxy in his own characteristic and novel way, many of them being called by their company nicknames. Among the "girls" were Marie Gambrelli ("Gambi") an exquisitely graceful dancer; Caroline Andrews, a remarkable coloratura soprano; Julia Glass, a pianist whose fingers were anything but "glass" in their dexterity; Margaret McKee ("Mickey"), a wonderfully talented whistler; Lottie Howell and Gladys Rice, also sopranos; Marjorie Harcum ("Miss Richmond Virginia" because of her native city and state), a superb contralto; "Madam Mrs. Dr." Eugene Ormandy, harpist; Louise Shearer (keen, but not "cutting") and Leila Sailining of nautical name.

In the "boy's gang" were: "Wee Willie" Robyn, a little tenor with a large voice; Ava ("Bomby") Bombarger, another tenor; Charlie Schenck, still another tenor and "Middy" because he's a graduate from Annapolis; "Daddy" Jim Coombs, basso-leader of the "Down on the Farm" quartet; Yascha Bunchuk (the"Sheik") Russian 'cellist; Dr. Eugene Ormandy, violinist; Newell Chase ("Boston recruit"), pianist; Douglas Stansbury, baritone; the one and only Frank Moulan, comedian; "Dr." Billy Axt, Max Herzberg, Lt. Gitz Rice, Sigurd Nilssen ("Viking" on account of his Scandinavian

A CALENDAR CANTICLE

name), and (a "boy" and "girl" *pair*) Mr. and Mrs. George Spink, singing and playing entertainers.

They saw! First, on arrival at the South Station, a tremendous reception committee, official and unofficial, and a receiving boys' band from the House of the Angel Guardian, of whose playing Roxy spoke particularly in high praise. Second, a big, enthusiastic audience that — from the "peppy" orchestral opening number to the funny finale and Roxy's earnest "Goodnight and God bless you" — settled itself comfortably to the full enjoyment of an evening's medley of music and mirth mingled with pathos and beauty. After that it was just one busy continuity of "seeing" and "being seen"; guests of the Boston University College of Practical Arts and Letters; entertained at luncheon by an American Legion Post composed of Boston advertising men; an afternoon concert at Symphony Hall, a second evening concert at the same place under the direction of Albert Steinert; an afternoon's cheering up of a host of confined little sick folks, and a last from "midnight to dawn" concert broadcast to a vast audience of thousands of unseen admirers.

They conquered! From adults to children, everyone capitulated to the whole-hearted congeniality of "Roxy and his Gang," and however long Boston's healthy grown-ups may remember this visit, it most assuredly never will be forgotten by any of the shut-in sick youngsters who were occupying wards at the Children's Hospital on that day. From the moment of Roxy's hearty ringing hail quoted at the beginning of this little account to the last lingering word and tone, it was two or more hours of delightful entertainment filled to over-flowing with solid enjoyment — not from a distance by radio, but in close personal contact with the man himself and his jolly crew of rollicking roisterers in music and mirth.

First off the reel after the salutation, an organ was requisitioned from somewhere and "toted" bodily in by two big traffic "cops," then the fun began as the "gang" went through the different wards. Mr. Spink sang a funny little song, "Sing, Katie, Sing"; Gladys Rice brought forth little chuckles of delight when she sang about the dolly with a "pain in her sawdust"; Gambi drew shouts of merry laughter with her story about the "goblin of bread crust" she had tucked under the table, and then mewed and meowed so naturally that the little ones could almost visualize pussy with her arched back and elevated tail; Mickey imitated the call of any bird called for by the tots, and most astonishing was the number of feathered outdoor denizens that seemed known to these shut-ins. She gave the calls of bob-white, robin, thrush, lark, nightingale, bluebird, canary and even the cackle of the hen over the just-laid egg, but was stumped when a little fellow called for a poll parrot. One boy asked to hear "Love's Old Sweet Song," and although not familiar with the words, Wee Willie Robyn tackled it, backed by the manager of the company who prompted every line.

And so through the charmed hours, the twin spirits of music and mirth went hand in hand from ward to ward and back again, guided by the big-hearted Roxy and his equally big-hearted "children" — carrying untold comfort and cheer, and making every ward radiant with the smiles of happy children and resonant with their joyous laughter. After the "thank-yous" and "good-byes" had been said and repeated, the company posed on the lawn outside for a photograph, and every youngster will be presented with a picture as a treasured material memento to reinforce a glorious mental memory.

EUREKA! A MIGHTY MIDGET

Tracing the source of a world-popular name is a bit of word-hunting sport that's not at all tame — *if* (mark the word) in the end the hunter can bag the game, prove his claim and perhaps win fame; or, failing in that, side-step any shame and blame *if* caught going lame. IF! How would some of us mortals explain our failures to connect *if* this so easily uttered, large-little, two-letter vocable suddenly were to be wiped out of dictionary existence? In size lilliputian, yet in effect gargantuan, this mighty midget of a word is made to stand as poor excuse or worse reason *if* we fall, while as both excuse and reason (good or bad) it sponsors the entire collection of human maybes, possiblys, and other post-provisos to explain the postponed. Beginning with the prehistoric Garden, and coming straight down to the present potato patch, *if* it had not been for the innumerable "ifs" in life's game, it is more than likely that the tremendous host of this old world's "might-have-beens" actually *would have been*. The word is indeed a Midget of Might!

Hokum and Howcome

At about this point of our word rambling, some exasperated reader presumably is sticking in a mental interrogation point, meaning: "What the devil is this gassy gossiper driving at with all this infernal *if* jazz?" That last word in the question hits the answer right where the hammer is supposed to whack the nail — on the head — for it spells exactly what *The Gadder* is driving at, i. e., JAZZ, and its origin as a name (*if* he doesn't smash his fingers instead of smiting the nail). For some dozen or so years back and down to the very now, the origin of the word "jazz" has been tracked and traced and trailed, yet without corralling much definite date. Its origin has been chased from place to place, but so far, all chasers seem to have overlooked the old city of Jericho as being a possible place; linguistically, it has been attributed racially to the negro, creole and modern white, but without any authentic proof offered in corroboration, and with everybody seemingly forgetting one of the oldest of all white races — the early Israelites. "Hokum!" yells somebody. Possibly and perhaps, but so is some of the stuff hokum that today is being put over as jazz.

Before going farther, let it be understood that not for a minute does *The Gadder* intend to assume any superior smartness over the other fellow, nor does he mean to pose as one of the "I-know-more-than-you" sort of fellows; but, *if* he himself hasn't tripped over a few *ifs*, he feels that the right to broadcast "Eureka!" (I have found it) with a loud speaker is his, because (*if* he hasn't slipped a brain cog) he really "saw it first." He modestly believes that the "whence" of this word was revealed to his mental vision some time ago, yet he purposely has held back from springing this great revelation until others had been given a chance

to spill their "say-sos." It is possible that he might have held it back forever, *if* it were not that today anybody seems able to spring anything and get away with it, so here's where he lets loose and spills his idea of the "howcome" of this much-argued word.

Jericho and Jazz — If!

If the wheels of his mental machinery are not over-buzzing, the gatherer of gossip for this column stands ready to assert that "jazz" is one of those "once-upon-a-time" names which have been all but lost in the great world-shuffle. Therefore, it is not a new word at all, but merely the subconscious revival of a very old one that dates back to biblical times and peoples. Proof? Forsooth! nobody can prove it because the word itself is not so much as mentioned in biblical writings, but anybody can *infer* — as Newton did some two hundred years ago when he dug up gravity, and as Einstein is doing today with his relativity. Furthermore, *if* inference can be made to show out prominently plausible, everybody accepts that as proof until disproved, which lets this writer out of shame and blame *if* contra proof ever should happen to bob up. By inference, then, the word may be traced to the city previously mentioned as having been overlooked — that very ancient city of a supposedly advanced state of civilization around which the high priests of Joshua were said to have marched until its walls were demolished by ceaseless horn-blowing.

The first big point to settle is whether jazz really existed in Jericho. *If* we can rely upon scriptural account — it *did;* but evidently not in connection with music, as biblical history does not even so much as hint at jazz or jazzing in its account of that marvelous exhibition of horn blowing. There is no name given to that famous "walk-around," but watch some of our modern jazz players march up and down and around the stage when blowing their horns and then draw your own *inference*. Moreover, and although the word itself is not mentioned, we also may infer from the same reading source that Jericho was some "jazzy" in its social life; that is, full of "*sin*-copep" — to jazz a recently suggested name for our modern form of popular music.

If, then, it is admitted that Jericho might have been the *place*, again by inference we may deduce that the word could have come from the *name* of one of the most notorious persons in the city, and a woman — daughter of Ethbaal, king of *Tyre*, and wife of Ahab, king of *Israel*. This notorious queen, who, albeit bred to royal rule, was anything but well-bred, also seems to have ante-dated the modern jazz-flapper, for she not only (according to scriptural wording) "painted her face and tired (bobbed?) her hair," but according to the same account jazzed up things generally. She set the popular pace for a jazz religion of her own originating (the worship of Baal), and was after the scalp-locks of all who wouldn't kowtow to her pet god.

Evidently, too, she vamped the men (scripturally, "looked out at the window"), and even tried to vamp the worthy prophet Elijah. But "Lije" wouldn't jazz with either herself or her religion, and for that reason, the queen so jazzed the life of the prophet that he was forced to skip to save himself from a final and fatal jazzing. Before leaving, however, he did a bit of jazzing himself; he jazzed the queen's god Baal by calling down fire from heaven, then called down a curse upon her head and predicted her violent death. The curse seems to have worked, for she was finally jazzed out of existence by King Jehu, who had her thrown from her own window to the dogs.

And how, in the name of jazz, does all this hitch up with what the writer is trying to prove in connection with the word? The name of this notorious queen was Jezebel, and now watch the "ifs" string themselves together in proof: *If* (as perhaps it may have been done behind her back) the name Jezebel was corrupted into "jazzy belle," which she most certainly was *if* we take the scripture account for it; *if*, in turn, that was maliciously shortened to "jazzy" (which would have been an easy descent), and then chopped down to the more familiar "jazz"; *if* all that was thus (and it's not such a far-fetched supposition), why, there you have it — from Jezebel to jazzy belle, to jazzy, and then to Jazz in Jericho. Eureka!

IF!

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Burry's Corner

By FREDERIC W. BURRY

MUSICAL BALANCE

WE are told that, as one grows in years, one is more balanced, more practical — some unkindly call it "being dead, "or in a state of frozen stability, to say the least.

Of course absolute equilibrium would be that static repose commonly called death — but since in the outside world, everything always moves in some form or other, there is evidently no actual decease, only a change. Moreover, what men called the inside, the realm of mind, would appear to be ruled by the same law of immortality. Even more so; as they say, history repeats itself, and there is nothing new under the sun.

A melody is popular today, replaced by another tomorrow. We cry for change.

This restless plea for variety is declared by some only a throwing inward of the repressed desire for the Egyptian fleshpots, withheld from the laity in alleged concern over the latter's real interests, although how the Real can be satiated by turning one's attention to the opposition called the Ideal is not divulged. Some even say this is an impossible, tortuous procedure; while others say the magic is done by transmutation.

Popular music is just what it claims to be — an adjunct for the daily round of affairs. It does not pretend to anything so exalted as "art for art's sake."

We are told that the great virtuosi have to practice their pieces two or three years before they dare "execute" them in public. We have even heard of a case where a certain "trill" was worked at for twenty years before it was brought to anything approaching perfection.

Popular music does not take so long to learn — and without any disparagement to the so-called classical, surely the comparative ease of the music of the masses is in its favor.

Art is so long, and time is so short.

Liszt, who, it is said, practiced ten years for ten hours a day on "exercises," even having a keyboard stretched in front of him when on occasion he was forced to entertain his friend while abed, in his later days regretted he had not made his music less difficult. Many scholars have since given utterance to the same regret.

But even popular music, or some of it, has been getting off the track lately. In its own way, it has often been ultra and extreme and, of course, this is not the kind of music that lives very long. A flair of discord and bizarre effects with or *sans paroles* may be exciting for a very little while, but in the long run, we all want music that contains a certain amount of balance. This is the kind that lives longest, that appeals to the majority. And if for a while it may be placed for a rest on the shelf, it is asked for again and again, constantly resurrected. It is the kind that "never dies," and thus is immortal.

The aria may be very simple in construction — just a lilting rhythm; if there are words, these are likewise to the point, and understood by the people; but if it hits the right spot it will never need shrouds.

Sometimes, such a melody or song is never changed by a single note or word. In other cases, certain changes or possible improvements may be made. And there are still others where superficially, there may be a demise, but a closer observation shows that the chrysalis has become a butterfly, and the "latest" is the same old ditty of our grandmother's. Only the vesture is changed — the dress is modern — in accord with the passing vogue.

So is repeated the periodical recurrence, in the realm of music as in all else, and everything tends toward balance and harmony.

The pendulum swings to and fro; vibration everywhere and always. The extremes of lento and of presto are both reached at times, with ritardandos varied by accelerandos, and fortissimos as well as pianissimos. Sometimes the music may attain crescendos mixed with cacophanies that make one think of Dante and his Inferno; at other times and places, our senses are soothed by an opium of incantations, like mere whispers from the tomb. Such variations no doubt serve their purpose; but whether screams of delight or shrieks of anguish as against drones of morphic inertia — it is not such music that brings with it intense tautening of the nerve strings nor contrariwise the toneless slackening thereof, but the sweet sounds with honest balance that last longest. This is called for by the popular demand. The titles may be changed — but there underneath as a "principal theme" is the same song of mother nature — the everlasting song of the one universal human heart.

NECESSITIES AND LUXURIES

GIVE me the luxuries, and I can do without the necessities."

Music was once considered a luxury for the favored few. It is now recognized as indispensable — entering every home, its ministrations a luxurious necessity as well as a necessary luxury. In street and factory, at every social gathering, on all public occasions, music comes as the ever welcome guest. It heals the sick, dispels depressing memories, makes for further power, and stimulates creative thought.

Music's first appeal is to the heart; its message is a luxury of delight; it also speaks to the head, the understanding. It is a winged harbinger of peace and love, and it is a messenger of prophecy and certain hope. Much time is called for to give perfect expression to its glory, much patience and work; but musicians are not hurried, and their tasks are taken up with a spirit of joy.

Imagination has a fairy wand. Here we have the secret of alchemy, the artist perceiving beauty in the most sordid of materials. The chemistry of music discovers a wondrous life buried beneath the world's debris, which Pan with his pipes never fails to charm into active existence. And that is what music is — the art pre-eminent that charms into joyous being every potency hitherto held captive by usurped elements within which they had become malignant.

All forces are right so long as their power is held in leash by the intelligent will, their rhythms made to run their course according to nature's periodical regulations; and it is through music that this universal law of love gives expression to beauty and order.

There was a time, not so very long ago, when the world was too busy to listen to music except at rare intervals. Now, people cannot get too much of it. No longer is work synonymous with slavery — the days given up only to severe toil, followed by nights of exhaustion and a death-like sleep. We are not governed any longer by alleged so-called natural laws when we are told that the day was made for work and the night for sleep, with no time for real recreation and rest. A change is often better than a rest. What we need is reposeful activity and active repose; in fact, the currents of the body are always circulating, *night and day*, with dynamic activity, and the mind never really sleeps.

Let us, then, have a more conscious life — not the strained, fretful and sickly existence with which mankind hitherto has had to suffer in its semi-conscious evolution from mere animalhood. Music brings along a better life, attainable here and now; it makes one forget, and works for thinking of a constructive character. For the imagination is liable to let one be worried into giving the passing experience a distorted value. Sometimes we remember too much. The brain is overtaxed. Nothing is actually forgotten, and we have a host of memories stored within that in due course work outward in physical expression.

Mastery is gained through limitation. Temperance and moderation turn necessities into luxuries. When we analyze what art really is, we find it to be made up of very simple material sprung from a humble source — a few tones of the scale, and we have the substance for endless melodies and harmonies. It is the prerogative of genius, the art of originality native to all, to transmute very simple conditions into means of great creations. But patience is required and pride must be conquered; prejudices must be dissolved. The master is always a student. The teacher learns from the pupil, and that is the meaning of the worth of experience.

Enjoy life in the present! Many are always thinking and living in the future — littered with unfinished tasks, restlessly moving from pillar to post; sometimes giving up hope for a pleasant and profitable existence in this world, looking only for peace and bliss in the future of another world!

But music invites us to keep the vision clear, open our eyes and gaze upon what already is here and around us. We shall perceive, if we are not led astray by false values, by habits of the past, or by the unthinking and depressing customs of the mere majority. But if creatures of habit, we also are creators — if one only dares to assert his mastery by making the very most of present conditions, and thus transform even the necessities into luxuries.

MELODY I cannot commend too highly; I think that it is the best along the theater line that I have yet seen. I am anxiously awaiting the February and March number of the 1925 edition. — L. W. HEALD, *Osceola, Nebr.*

I am to preside at the organ console of a new theater in Highland Park, Ill., which will open soon. I have a very large library of music — everything from the standards down to jazz, but your publications are a very important part of my music, as you publish numbers which are useful in almost any situation. I really could not get along without my Jacobs folios. — A. W. WALTER, *Chicago, Ill.*

Your MELODY is very good. The numbers in it are excellent and you can rest assured they have not gone the waste basket route at my house. Every one is being kept and the numbers played over and over. — ORLA CURE, *Shelbyville, Ind.*

PESTS

(Being a compilation of inhuman persons who take all the joy out of the lives of professional musicians.)

1. The Waiter, whose contempt for all musicians is never disguised. Even when accepting a tip, he suspects the gratuity is counterfeit.

2. The Young Flapper, who delights in running through your carefully arranged book of parts and mixing them up while picking out the tunes she wants played immediately.

3. The Hard-Boiled Hanger-On, who sneaked in without paying, and is insistent on another encore, after six have already been played.

4. The Skinny Old Maid, who is having her only dance of the season, and calls you "stingy" after playing continuously for more than thirty minutes.

5. The Saxophone Player, who asks for the "A" after every number. When he gets it, he doesn't know what to do with it.

6. The Trolley Conductor, who asks you why you don't hire a truck, after struggling to get on the car with instrument, music, stand and umbrella.

7. The Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, who orders the band back an the platform just when the boys are about to sit down to a swell meal.

8. The Sap who brags about his conquests of the fair sex.

— E. F. ERDMANN

Among the Washington Organists

Continued from page 4

THE SECOND ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN WOMEN COMPOSERS

THE AMERICAN WOMEN COMPOSERS held their second annual convention in this city during the month of May, and great was the excitement. It was staged at Memorial Continental Hall, and the festivities lasted almost a week. There had been much troubled turning in their dark graves by the old masters, who didn't see how women — and American women at that — could be composers. So a meeting was called in the music-masters' heaven, and they resolved to attend this convention and see for themselves.

Irving Berlin had started off by using some old tunes as a foundation for his popular airs, and he was quickly followed by other tune writers not so well known but just as resourceful — composers who pilfered without fear or favor. Whiteman very frankly jazzed the master melodies, and by the shades of the double bar along came a young stripling named Kahn, who startled the public with his avowed intention of writing Jazz Opera. Something simply had to be done, so when the convention was called to order, among those present were the shadowy forms of sweet gentle Chopin, Beethoven, the fiery Tschaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsokoff, Dvorak, and many others who came to see and hear. Since the astral body has no difficulty in getting from place to place, they followed proceedings throughout the entire session.

Undivided attention was given Mrs. H. H. Beach, who is a well-known composer, and her *Stella Vatoris* was a high spot on the program. Although he did not know it, Secretary of State Kellog sat next to shadowy Debussy whose style is so much copied in the present movie hurries. Both vigorously applauded the splendid performance of Harriet Ware's beautiful Choral work *Undine*, given by the U. S. Marine Band Orchestra and the Monday Morning Music Club. Ethel Glenn Hier presented her suite, assisted by local artists. Mrs. Lawrence Townsend, one of our best-known musicians, contributed *Valse Dolma*, played by the Marine Orchestra.

Other composers, some playing their own numbers, were Karolyn Wells Bassett, Florence Parr-Gene, Gena Branscombe, Mary Turner Salter, Phillis Fergus, Nathalie V. Price, Ulric Cole—who is the youngest member—and Elizabeth Butterffield.

Delightful programs were given from WCAP and WRC., and seven of the eighteen composers gave a recital at the Men's City Club. The composers joined forces with the Pen Women also in convention in the city at that time, and all made a pilgrimage to the Unknown Soldier's Grave at Arlington. Two songs were sung and a wreath placed on the tomb. Mrs. Edward MacDowell was prevented by illness from attending the convention.

The new copyright bill was discussed by both organizations. A committee of twenty will meet in New York this month to draw up plans for the new bill, which they hope to put through minus the customary legal advice. However, the bill will be submitted to a Washington attorney before recommending to it Congress.

The third and final program brought the successful convention to a close, and another achievement was chalked up for the American Woman. "Heigh-Ho," said ghostly Grieg, "these women didn't do so badly after all." "No," replied Massanet, twirling the ends of his mouldy moustache, "guess we could stand a lot more like the ones we heard."

"Well," said Saint-Saëns, "now that you all agree, I'll tell you I've rather enjoyed hearing that fellow Whiteman play my *Samson and Delilah* selections. It puts some pep in my old bones, and I'm glad to see the young folks taking kindly to the old tunes."

"Yes," said Gounod, "I was agreeably surprised. I did think that the tunes would be written on perfumed paper carried around by little white poodles—that the notes would be of green with 'bobbed' measures, and a stop and go sign instead of the double bar. Things must have been greatly exaggerated by the time they reached us, for this music equaled the best." "I guess," he continued with a yawn, "we can safely leave music in the hands of these capable American women for another year or two and feel perfectly satisfied. So they flitted quietly back from whence they came, convinced that what the American woman wants to do, she can do.

MISS CATHERINE McNEAL, well-known pianist, left for a six months' stay in Europe, where she will continue her studies.

MRS. FRITZ HAUER, recognized as a cracker-jack orchestra pianist even when womanly talent was viewed with suspicion mixed with criticism by managers and the *superior sex*, has turned her talent organward and is rapidly gaining much recognition as organist at the Chevy Chase Theater.

MRS. NELL PAXTON has been added to the list of *Broadcasting Breeskinites*, otherwise known as Crandall's Saturday Nighters, and is announced as organist with Breeskin's Orchestra.

RUTH FARMER, assistant organist at the York Theater, has been appointed organist at the Holy Comforter Episcopal Church.

WILLIAM T. PIERSON, popular announcer for WCAP, composed a municipal anthem called WASHINGTON. It has an inspiring tempo and the theme is of local interest; it was presented for the first time by a male octet over WCAP.

L. E. MANOLY, formerly musical director of the *Covered Wagon*, has been named director of high school orchestras. Mr. Manoly is a graduate of the National Conservatory of Music and a pupil of Victor Herbert and Anton Dvorak.

SYLVIA ALTMAN, a child pianist of exceptional ability, is giving many concerts in the city. She is only eleven years old and plays with remarkable brilliancy and assurance.

MRS. DAVID A. CAMPBELL reports that of the twenty-one original compositions submitted in the contest of patriotic songs, none were found suitable. The contest was conducted by the Music Department of the National Council of Women, in hopes of finding a song suitable for community singing, and that would become well known in every American home. The highest award made was honorable mention, which came to three Washington composers.

J. HARRY LINK, *imported pianist*, is causing near riots with his syncopating tunes, at the various cafés in town. LeParadis and Club Chantecleer are introducing him to us.

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN, composer-pianist, and Princess Tsianina, mezzo-soprano, in a joint recital, introduced many new numbers among the old favorites. Among them *Indian Dawn* by Zamecnik, and *Canoe Song* by Cadman. Princess Tsianina pointed out the similarity between Indian music and other folk music, notably Russian and Scandinavian. Her voice was superb in arias from Cadman's new Indian Opera, *Shanewis*, based on facts in the life of Tsianina. A new, one-act opera, *Garden of Mystery* by Cadman was brutally criticized at its opening at Carnegie Hall in New York. It was produced by amateurs for charity purposes, and Cadman attributes much of its lack of success to that fact, notwithstanding that it took twelve curtain calls. His new *Hollywood Suite* which was included in the program would be an addition to any organist's or pianist's library. It consists of three numbers, *To A Comedian*, *June On The Boulevard*, and *Twilight at Sycamore Nook*.

HARRY J. BARKER is organist at the New Park Theater, filling the vacancy left when Mr. and Mrs. Grant E. Linn moved to the Capitol Theater, Salisbury, N. C.

MISS C. M. O'DAY has recently been added to the staff of Crandall Organists, and has been heard to advantage on the Robert Morton at Crandall's Central.

MISS KATHERINE FOWLER, an advanced pupil of Lynwood Farnham of New York, has been appointed organist at the Central Presbyterian Church.

KATHERINE RIGGS, brilliant young concert harpist, appeared on the Dixie night program of the Spring Festival of American Artists, given under the direction of Mrs. David Campbell.

HAROLD T. PEASE, organist, who has had charge of the musical presentations at Crandall's Tivoli Saturday morning shows (especially instituted for the children), has won much favorable comment on his handling of these features. Much time and thought is given the programs which necessarily must be of a light character, but still in keeping with the picture; and to find music of this sort that will hold the interest of the children is a matter of no small consideration. Mr. Pease has replaced jazz with good music, and is fast developing into an organist of the highest calibre. He is already working on programs and numbers to be used when Saturday morning shows start again in the fall.

ELEANOR GLYNN, WRC pianist, has been elected president of the McDowell Music Club. Miss Glynn came here from Boston within the past year.

MISS VIOLA ABRAMS, harpist with the Metropolitan Orchestra, was heard recently on the Saturday Night Program of WRC in a duet with Daniel Breeskin, violinist and conductor of the Metropolitan Symphony Orchestra.

ARTHUR FLAGEL, organist at the Earle, introduced an organ novelty which he called ORGAN FLAGELISMS. It consisted of the unique showing of various organ stops with screen slides, and was such a success that it was repeated early in May.

(Signing off at eleven sharp.)

IRENE JUNO.

If you like MELODY articles, if you like MELODY music—tell your friends about it. They'll like you better for doing so.

THE PHOTOPLAY ORGANIST AND PIANIST

(*Continued from page 6*)

the spelling, like the comedy situations, are French. On the contrary, our offerings are always clean. They have to be, in Boston, where the censorship is so strict that when the program was sent to City Hall the other week for the usual Sunday license, the orchestra selection of *Samson and Delilah* had been changed to read *Mother Songs*. Apparently the theater manager had in mind the type of mother described in the modern popular song. Well, anyhow, here again it is possible to sub-classify the subject of these reviews. Keep your eye on the spelling and you can't go wrong.

First there are the *resumes* of famous or notorious composers. Recent appropriate examples were those mentioned above of the melodies of Victor Herbert and Puccini following their recent deaths. The operative and semi-popular composers provide the most suitable opportunities for this type of solo. It is obviously necessary to find composers whose melodies will furnish either sufficient contrast or sufficient popular appeal to put them over. Men like Berlin, Friml, Bizet or Saint-Saens are good material.

Second, there are the analyses of the development of *musical forms*, such as the Operatic Aria, the Dance, or the Popular Song. A little investigation for the sake of musical accuracy is here "essential but not necessary," as the w. k. advertisement says. The aria should go back to Donizetti or the earlier Verdi at least; the dance can go clear to the savage war dance as a prototype, and the popular song may for practical purposes start either with Stephen Foster, *Yankee Doodle*, the old English drinking songs, or the earlier *chansons* of the troubadours, just as your passion for research may dictate. A little intense thought will no doubt uncover other possibilities — musical comedy, for instance, or minstrelsy. These are spontaneous suggestions for which I will take no responsibility. A slight variation of the same idea is examples of a form in different races, as Folk Songs of the Nations. The same principle could be adapted to patriotic airs, dances, and what not, but again I disclaim responsibility as far as actual experience goes.

Third and last, unless I have overlooked a bet, there are the reviews of national schools. The *Americana* which I used recently is an illustration, consisting, if anyone is interested (and whether he is or not, for that matter), of Herbert's *Dagger Dance* from *Natoma*, *Kiss Me Again*, Kern's *In Love with Love*, de Koven's *Oh Promise Me*, Berlin's *Say It With Music*, MacDowell's *To a Wild Rose*, Nevin's *Mighty Lak a Rose*, Foster's *Old Folks at Home*, Cadman's *Land of the Sky Blue Water*, Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*, and Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever*. There are, of course, many other numbers that could be included, but I selected these finally as representative of the various tendencies in American music, and explained them as such in the slides. Even so, and by playing scarcely more than phrases of each, the number went to twelve minutes. Sousa's march was, of course, reserved until last, for the purpose of indulging in a little sure-fire jingoistic flag-waving for the climax. The same general procedure could be followed in the case of the Continental countries — England, France, Germany, Spain and Italy.

4. DEMONSTRATIONS AND IMITATIONS. I have left this important classification up to this rather belated point first, because the demonstration is, while one of the first slide solos to be attempted on any new organ, that sort of thing which can be used only rarely, and second, because this form is generally the most exacting of all on the creative imagination. It may be split into two types, the first of which we may consider briefly before passing on to the second, because it is straightforward, without guile, and possible on most any organ of any size. And it should be emphasized that the possibilities of this form are greatly restricted on a straight organ lacking traps. Obviously imitations on an organ, save for a few simpler ones such as bagpipes or hand organ which need only orthodox pipes, depend on the percussion lay-out — the traps.

The demonstration itself, however, while more effective with traps, is feasible without them. A very good illustration may be found in *The American Organist* for March, 1923, in which is found Mr. Roy Medcalfe's *Trip Through the Organ*. Mr. Medcalfe has, with no little ingenuity, set this story to rhymed stanzas, and his layout is further illustrative of the general routine of the organ demonstration which, like C Sharp Minor's similar number starts by showing what the different manuals, pedals and stops are for, then goes on to illustrate the different solo stops. What the unit and theater organ can then go on to do is to illustrate the difference in tone between it and the "unit orchestra so-called, and then add a group of imitations in addition to listing all the traps one by one, just as Mr. Medcalfe does the solo stops.

The imitation story form simply goes a step further in the same direction. Using these same or additional imitations as a basis, it concocts a story by adding appropriate topical songs (modern popular songs and old ballads) with their own or parodied words, as the case may demand. I have neither time nor space to give extensive examples, but they may be secured from the companies that make such numbers, listed in MELODY for August, 1924, and I strongly advise anyone entering this field to use several of these rented slides to get into the swing of this work.

5. SEASONAL AND TOPICAL SUBJECTS. In this classification, which may well include examples from the others and is therefore overlapping in this respect, are all those solos which have as their source current news, holidays, or calendar events. Thus the musical reviews of various composers or schools, owing their genesis to news of deaths, or anniversaries thereof, borrows from the classification listed as "3" above, just as the same idea can be used in a lighter vein by taking a universally known tune of a composer and modelling it on the type defined above as "Adapted Melodies." This is substantially the basis of the *Wearin' of the Green* medley mentioned in the second paragraph of this article.

The *Yearly Musical Review* mentioned somewhere above is another form of this type. It is astonishing what an amount of material will accumulate for this sort of number, until at the end you find that your problem is what to eliminate rather than what to include. My last year's hodge-podge, which went to 16 minutes (the best I could do), opened with comments on the Democratic Convention, introducing *The Sidewalks of New York*, the Chopin *Funeral March*, and the *Ain't Gonna Rain No Mo'* parody mentioned above; then ran rapidly through the two song lists of the year, *On The Back Porch*, and *Why Did I Kiss That Girl*, *My Little Sweetheart* in comment on Victor Herbert's death, *As Through The Streets*, from *La Boheme* in similar recognition of Puccini's demise, *What'll I Do* as Berlin's latest with a side reference to its similarity to *Marcheta* and *Memory Lane*, continued with a fragment of Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* aided by the Victor record, then passing slaps at the current fads of Mah Jongg (with a Chinese vocal imitation), the cross-word puzzle (with a parody chorus of *Barney Google*), the radio (with an imitation of the hodge-podge coming from

interfering stations), and closed exhausted with twelve chime strokes coming through a chorus of *Memory Lane.*

A very much simpler use of the same idea is to select The Five Best Musical Comedy Hits of 19——, or the five best popular songs, and serve them garnished with slides as nearly humorous as possible, awarding ridiculous prizes to each. The various patriotic medleys are always a welcome solution of what-shall-I-play-next-week whenever a patriotic holiday lifts its hoary head. There are many of these published, among which may be mentioned Herbert's *American Fantasie*, Rollinson's *Grand Military Fantasy*, Hosmer's *Northern and Southern Rhapsodies*, Lake's *Americana*, *Evolution of Dixie*, and *Evolution of Yankee Doodle*, Luscomb's *American Rhapsody*, and Meacham's *American Patrol.* My only caution would be never to end with *The National Anthem.* People have to stand up against their will, spill things on the floor or hold things in a grip that prevents them from clapping, and are put in a bad humor generally. Just the reverse psychological effect will be obtained by dissolving in the flag or the shield at the very end of the number. Time it so that as they start to applaud the patriotic emblem, you can jump up and gracefully appropriate their tribute. You've put one over on them, and they haven't a comeback.

In original endeavor may be suggested the adapted melody for any patriotic tune, *War Songs of '65* for Decoration Day, *Songs of the Great War* for Armistice Day, and the *Story Demonstration* form to build up around Christmas, New Year's, Thanksgiving, and other sentimental holidays or seasons, such as school vacation, the beginning of Spring, June the wedding month, and so on. The visit back to the farm can be utilized easily on these occasions, with its opportunities for train and animal imitations, rural parodies, and allusions to grandma and the old home.

If out of this miscellaneous welter of suggestions, I have presented any ideas that will help any readers to start on a new train of thought, I am well repaid. I do not pretend to have exhausted the subject as much as I have you and me, but as the so-called Original Organ Novelty now occupies a definite place in the featured organist's repertoire, I feel justified in this attempt to make what, so far as I know, is the first effort to analyze this new field.

IN EXTENUATION

THERE is a moral in everything. The moral of the May issue of MELODY is to never do anything ahead of time. I have always followed that rule with such success that the grim visaged editor summoned me on the carpet in April and, transfixing me with a cold eye, bullied me into writing the May copy earlier than usual. The consequent premature appearance of the stuff demoralized the entire office force to such an extent that nervous and palsied hands shuffled the said copy into a cross-word puzzle, and nothing less than this explanatory note can unscramble it. In other words, take the paragraph at the bottom of the second column of page 8 of the May issue beginning "It is noticeable," move it to the end of the article on page 29, and a considerable gain in coherence should result. I have now gone back to my old system of rushing the stuff in ten minutes before the dead line, and hope for the best.

—L. G. DEL CASTILLO.

The Brickyard

The Brickyard, care of MELODY:

MY BRICK isn't aimed at the movies, but I want to get it off my chest so I'll send it along just the same. Why don't publishers have some agreement as to the use of accidentals in their published music? Some use them one way, some another; for instance, one publisher, if he has an accidental B flat in one measure, has an accidental B natural in the next to correct it. Another publisher will omit the B natural, taking if for granted the accidental flat applies only to the measure it is in. He may be right, but how is the pianist or organist who is using music from several publishers to know? It's a nuisance to have to try a number over a few times and then remember how the accidentals are used, especially when he is using several hundred numbers. Why not agree on some one system? It would help us out a lot. When a player "hears with his eyes" as he does when he reads a number the first time, he may have an accidental flat or sharp firmly enough fixed in his mind so he'll play it after he shouldn't, unless it is corrected with a natural. So for one, I favor correcting accidentals even though, strictly speaking, they may not need correcting. — Mrs. J—— S——.

You're quite right, Mrs. S., in assuming that the brickyard is open to bricks whether or not they are aimed at the movies or movie music. Anything that MELODY readers want to object to or criticize is a welcome contribution to our Brickyard. Your brick is a good one, even though it is aimed at music publishers. It is worth taking up with the Music Publishers National Association, and we'll bear it in mind. Walter Jacobs, Inc., uses this method: If the accidental introduces a change of key or a key transition, it is corrected with another accidental in the next measure after it ceases to exist. If the accidental merely affects a passing note — as in a chromatic scale — or a passing chord of one count only, and the tonality is clear in the next measure, the corrective accidental is omitted. Does this seem logical and satisfactory to you? Write us further about it, Mrs. S. We would appreciate other MELODY readers joining in the discussion. Publishers publish music to please their customers — not themselves.

I HEAR some kicks about the advertising in the music section. I'm inclined to agree with the kickers. What do you think about it?

D. P.

Really, D. P., this is the first time since rearranging the music section that we have had adverse comment on the new arrangement. Perhaps the players — if any — who object to the advertising, find new advantages in the new arrangement that far overbalance their objections to the advertising used to fill in the otherwise blank pages. When we can, we use all the music sections pages for music, but numbers are often too short to occupy more than two or three pages — in which cases we know of nothing more appropriate for the unused pages than advertisements of more music. If someone will suggest something better, we will be only too glad to consider its use.

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By Lloyd G. del Castillo

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