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ROUTE

SOUSA AND HIS BAND

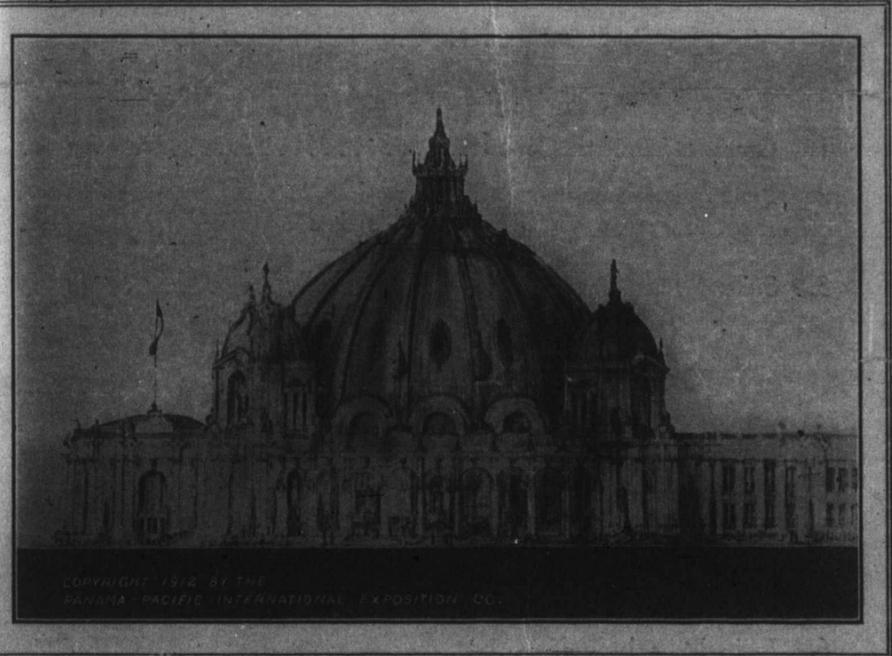
- Sept. 15, Mat. & N.—Springfield, Mass., Court Square Theatre
16, Mat. & N.—Hartford, Conn., Foot Guard Hall
17, Mat. & N.—Bridgeport, Conn., The Casino
18, Mat. & N.—New Haven, Conn., Woolsey Hall
19, Mat. & N.—Providence, R. I., Infantry Hall
20, Mat.—Manchester, N. H., The Academy
20, Eve.—Lawrence, Mass., State Armory
21, Mat.—Boston, Mass., Symphony Hall
21, Eve.—Worcester, Mass., Mechanics Hall
22, Mat.—Plainfield, N. J., Plainfield Theatre
22, Night—Trenton, N. J., Trent Theatre
23, Mat.—Wilmington, Del., The Playhouse
23, Night—Baltimore, Md., Lyric Theatre
24—
24, Night—Altoona, Pa., Mishler Theatre
25, Night—Johnstown, Pa., Cambria Theatre
26, Night—Pittsburgh, Pa.
27, Mat. & N.—Wheeling, W. Va., Court Theatre
28, Mat.—Newark, Ohio, Auditorium Theatre
28, Eve.—Columbus, Ohio, Hartman Theatre
29, Mat. & N.—Springfield, Ohio, Memorial Hall
30—Dayton, Ohio
- Oct. 1, Eve.—Cincinnati, Ohio, Music Hall
2, Mat. & N.—Hamilton, Ohio, High School Auditorium
3, Mat. & N.—Middletown, Ohio, Sorg Theatre
4, Mat.—Richmond, Ind., Murray Theatre
4, Night—Anderson, Ind., Weaver Opera House
5, Mat. & N.—Indianapolis, Ind., English Opera House
6—Fort Wayne, Ind.
7—Lima, Ohio
8, Mat. & N.—Akron, Ohio, Auditorium
9-10—Canton, Ohio, Auditorium
11—Cleveland, Ohio
12—Detroit, Mich.
13—Flint, Mich.
14—Battle Creek, Mich.
15—Kalamazoo, Mich.
16—Grand Rapids, Mich.
17, Mat.—Racine, Wis., Orpheum Theatre
17, Eve.—Kenosha, Wis.
18-19—Milwaukee, Wis., Auditorium
20—Kohler, Wis.
21—Rockford, Ill.
22—Dubuque, Ia.
23—Iowa City, Ia., High School Auditorium
24, Mat. & N.—Oskaloosa, Iowa
25—
26—Mason City, Ia., Armory
27, Mat. & N.—St. Paul, Minn.
28, Mat. & N.—Minneapolis, Minn.

Louisa

PROGRAM

for Saturday, June 5th

Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen



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FESTIVAL HALL
PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

SOUSA AND HIS BAND

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.....Conductor
MISS VIRGINIA ROOT.....Soprano
MISS MARGEL GLUCK.....Violiniste
MR. HERBERT L. CLARKE.....Cornetist
MR. LOUIS P. FRITZE.....Flute

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 5TH, 1915

Program

1. Grand Overture de Concert.....*Massenet*
2. Flute Solo, Fantasie on "Chopin Melody".....*Demerssemann*
Mr. Louis P. Fritze
3. Suite, "The American Maid".....*Sousa*
(a) Rondo, "You Do Not Need a Doctor"
(b) Dream Picture, "The Sleeping Soldiers"
(c) Dance Hilarious, "With Pleasure"
4. Soprano Solo, "Soldier, take my heart with you".....*Willeby*
Miss Virginia Root
5. Symphonic Poem, "The Sorcerer's Apprentice".....*Dukas*

Intermission

6. Invitation a la Valse.....*Weber*
7. (a) Tango, "The Gliding Girl".....*Sousa*
(b) March, "The Pathfinder of Panama" (new).....*Sousa*
8. Violin Solo, "Spanish Dances".....*Sarasate*
Miss Margel Gluck
9. Overture, "William Tell".....*Rossini*

FESTIVAL HALL
PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

SOUSA AND HIS BAND

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA.....Conductor
MISS VIRGINIA ROOT.....Soprano
MISS MARGEL GLUCK.....Violiniste
MR. HERBERT L. CLARKE.....Cornetist

SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 5TH, 1915

Program

1. Overture, "Spring".....*Goldmark*
2. Cornet Solo, "Rondo Capriccioso".....*Clarke*
Mr. Herbert L. Clarke
3. Suite, "At the King's Court".....*Sousa*
(a) Her Ladyship, "The Countess"
(b) Her Grace, "The Duchess"
(c) Her Majesty, "The Queen"
4. Soprano Solo, "The Red Cross".....*Sousa*
Miss Virginia Root
5. Rhapsody, "The Welsh".....*Edward German*

Intermission

6. Fantastic Episode, "The Band Came Back".....*Sousa*
7. (a) "A June Night in Washington".....*Nevin*
(b) March, "The Pathfinder of Panama" (new).....*Sousa*
8. Violin Solo, "Two Movements from B Minor Concerto"
.....*St. Saens*
Miss Margel Gluck
9. Overture, "Poet and Peasant".....*Suppe*

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1913-14



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SEASON 1913-14

August 1913

Sun. 10	Allentown	Pa.	M. & E.	Central Park
Mon. 11	Ocean Grove	N. J.	M. & E.	Auditorium
Tue. 12	Dover	N. J.	Matinee	Baker Theatre
	Del. Water Gap	Pa.	Evening	Castle Inn Music Hall
Wed. 13	Pottsville	Pa.	M. & E.	Academy of Music
Thu. 14	Shamokin	Pa.	M. & E.	G. A. R. Opera House
Fri. 15	Harrisburg	Pa.	M. & E.	Paxtang Park
Sat. 16	Harrisburg	Pa.	M. & E.	Paxtang Park
Sun. 17	Willow Grove	Pa.	M. & E.	Willow Grove Park

(Daily for 22 days)

September 1913

Mon. 8	Pittsburgh	Pa.	M. & E.	Exposition
(Daily for 12 days, Sunday excepted)				
Sun. 21	Columbus	Ohio	M. & E.	Southern Theatre
Mon. 22	Delaware	Ohio	Matinee	City Opera House
	Marion	Ohio	Evening	Chautauqua Pavillion
Tue. 23	Findlay	Ohio	Matinee	Majestic Theatre
	Lima	Ohio	Evening	Faurot Opera House
Wed. 24	Indianapolis	Ind.	M. & E.	Murat Theatre
Thu. 25	Huntington	Ind.	Matinee	New Huntington Theatre
	Fort Wayne	Ind.	Evening	Majestic Theatre
Fri. 26	Goshen	Ind.	Matinee	Jefferson Theatre
	Elkhart	Ind.	Evening	New Buckden Theatre
Sat. 27	Kalamazoo	Mich.	M. & E.	Fuller Theatre
Sun. 28	Detroit	Mich.	M. & E.	Detroit Opera House
Mon. 29	Port Huron	Mich.	Matinee	Majestic Theatre
	Mt. Clemens	Mich.	Evening	Bijou Theatre
Tue. 30	Pontiac	Mich.	Matinee	Howland Theatre
	Flint	Mich.	Evening	Stone Theatre

October 1913

Wed. 1	Bay City	Mich.	Matinee	Washington Theatre
	Saginaw	Mich.	Evening	Academy of Music
Thu. 2	Owosso	Mich.	Matinee	Owosso Opera House
	Lansing	Mich.	Evening	Gladmer Theatre
Fri. 3	Adrian	Mich.	Matinee	Croswell Opera House
	Ann Arbor	Mich.	Evening	Whitney Theatre

Sat. 4	Toledo	Ohio	M. & E.	Valentine Theatre
Sun. 5	Cleveland	Ohio	M. & E.	Hippodrome
Mon. 6	Akron	Ohio	M. & E.	Grand Opera House
Tue. 7	Sharon	Pa.	Matinee	Morgan Grand
	Youngstown	Ohio	Evening	Grand Opera House
Wed. 8	Corry	Pa.	Matinee	Library Theatre
	Jamestown	N. Y.	Evening	Samuels' Opera House
Thu. 9	Buffalo	N. Y.	M. & E.	Elmwood Music Hall
Fri. 10	Lockport	N. Y.	Matinee	Temple Theatre
	Niagara Falls	N. Y.	Evening	International Theatre
Sat. 11	Rochester	N. Y.	M. & E.	Shubert Theatre
Sun. 12	Syracuse	N. Y.	M. & E.	Wieting Opera House
Mon. 13	Oneida	N. Y.	Matinee	Madison Theatre
	Utica	N. Y.	Evening	Majestic Theatre
Tue. 14	Amsterdam	N. Y.	Matinee	Opera House
	Schenectady	N. Y.	Evening	Van Curler Opera House
Wed. 15	Albany	N. Y.	M. & E.	Harmanus Bleecker Hall
Thu. 16	Hudson	N. Y.	Matinee	The Playhouse
	Poughkeepsie	N. Y.	Evening	Collingwood Opera House
Fri. 17	Great Barrington	Mass.	Matinee	Mahaiwe Theatre
	Pittsfield	Mass.	Evening	Colonial Theatre
Sat. 18	Worcester	Mass.	M. & E.	Mechanics Hall
Sun. 19	Malden	Mass.	Matinee	Auditorium
	Boston	Mass.	Evening	Colonial Theatre
Mon. 20	Portland	Me.	M. & E.	Jefferson Theatre
Tue. 21	Augusta	Me.	Matinee	Opera House
	Waterville	Me.	Evening	City Opera House
Wed. 22	Bangor	Me.	M. & E.	Opera House
Thu. 23	Brunswick	Me.	Matinee	Cumberland Theatre
	Lewistown	Me.	Evening	Empire Theatre
Fri. 24	Portsmouth	N. H.	Matinee	Music Hall
	Dover	N. H.	Evening	Opera House
Sat. 25	Manchester	N. H.	M. & E.	Franklin Street Church
Sun. 26	Malden	Mass.	Matinee	Auditorium
	Boston	Mass.	Evening	Colonial Theatre
Mon. 27	Fall River	Mass.	M. & E.	Savoy Theatre
Tue. 28	Milford	Mass.	Evening	Opera House
Wed. 29	Providence	R. I.	M. & E.	Infantry Hall
Thu. 30	Springfield	Mass.	M. & E.	Court Square Theatre
Fri. 31	Derby	Conn.	Matinee	Sterling Theatre
	South Norwalk	Conn.	Evening	Armory; or Music Hall

November 1913

Sat. 1	New Haven	Conn.	M. & E.	Woolsey Hall
Sun. 2	Troy	N. Y.	M. & E.	Rand Opera House
Mon. 3	Saratoga Springs	N. Y.	Matinee	Broadway Theatre
	Glens Falls	N. Y.	Evening	Empire Theatre

Tue. 4	Oneonta	N. Y.	Matinee	Oneonta Theatre
	Binghamton	N. Y.	Evening	Stone Opera House
Wed. 5	Waverly	N. Y.	Matinee	Loomis Opera House
	Elmira	N. Y.	Evening	Lyceum Theatre
Thu. 6	Lock Haven	Pa.	Matinee	Martin Theatre
	Williamsport	Pa.	Evening	Lycoming Theatre
Fri. 7	Wilkesbarre	Pa.	M. & E.	Grand Opera House
Sat. 8	Scranton	Pa.	M. & E.	Lyceum Theatre
Sun. 9	New York City	N. Y.	Evening	Hippodrome



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TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON

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PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION
FESTIVAL HALL, JUNE 19-24-27

THREE CONCERTS OF THE WORKS OF THE
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UNDER HIS OWN DIRECTION

PROGRAMME

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 W. Laraja A. Stechele G. Peralta A. Laraja
 Max Amsterdam

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 G. Kalthoff U. Marcelli M. Bracciaronte F. Crattan
 J. Gold W. Manchester J. Mulleri E. Carlmuller
 E. Thefl H. Hoffman

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 F. Baker C. Schraidt C. Heinsen E. E. Perrigo
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 H. Lahann O. Geoffrion A. Annunini B. Spiller
 A. W. Laraja E. Arriola Jr.

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SECOND CONCERT OF THE WORKS AND UNDER THE DIRECTION OF CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

EXPOSITION ORCHESTRA—RICHARD HAGEMAN, CONDUCTOR
 AUGMENTED BY SOUSA'S BAND

—Soloist—

MISS KATHERINE RUTH HEYMAN

PROGRAMME

THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 24, 1915

SYMPHONY NO. 3 IN C MINOR—For Orchestra and Organ, Op. 78

I—Adagio, Allegro Moderato, Poco Adagio
 II—Allegro Moderato, Maestoso, Allegro

Mr. Guyla Ormay and Mr. Uda Waldrop at the Piano

(Mr. Wallace Sabin at the Organ)

Conducted by M. SAINT-SAËNS

SYMPHONIC POEM—"Danse Macabre"
 Conducted by M. SAINT-SAËNS

CONCERTO IN G MINOR NO. 3—For Pianoforte, Op. 22
 Conducted by MR. HAGEMAN

SYMPHONIC POEM—"Phaeton," Op. 39
 Conducted by M. SAINT-SAËNS

SYMPHONIC EPISODE—"Hail, California!"
 EXPOSITION ORCHESTRA, SOUSA'S BAND AND ORGAN
 (Mr. Wallace A. Sabin at the Organ)
 Conducted by MR. HAGEMAN

THERE WILL BE AN INTERMISSION OF TEN MINUTES AFTER
 THE SYMPHONY

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

Born at Paris, October 9, 1835

At Present a Guest of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition

SYMPHONY NO. 3 IN C MINOR—For Orchestra and Organ, Op. 78

I—Adagio, Allegro Moderato, Poco Adagio

II—Allegro Moderato, Maestoso, Allegro

This symphony was composed for the London Philharmonic Society, and first performed at a concert of that society in London, May 19, 1886, when the composer conducted. It was performed at Aix-la-Chapelle in September of that year under the direction of the composer; at a concert of the Paris Conservatory, January 9, 1887; in New York at the Philharmonic Society (Theodore Thomas, Conductor), February 19, 1887.

This symphony is divided into parts, after the manner of Saint-Saen's fourth concerto for piano and orchestra and sonata for piano and violin. Nevertheless, it includes practically the traditional four movements: the first, checked in development, serves as an introduction to the Adagio, and the Scherzo is connected, after the same manner, with the Finale. The composer has thus sought to shun in a certain measure, the interminable repetitions which are more and more disappearing from instrumental music.

The composer thinks that the time has come for the symphony to benefit by the progress of modern instrumentation, and he, therefore, establishes his orchestra as follows: Three flutes, two oboes, one English horn, two clarinets, one bass clarinet, two bassoons, one double-bassoon, four horns, three trumpets, three trombones, one tuba, three kettle-drums, organ, piano (now for two hands and now for four), one triangle, a pair of cymbals, bass drum, and the usual strings.

After an introduction, Adagio of a few plaintive measures, the string quartet exposes the initial theme, which is sombre and agitated (Allegro moderato). The first transformation of this theme leads to a second motive, which is distinguished by greater tranquillity; and after a short development, in which the two themes are presented simultaneously, the motive appears in a characteristic form, for full orchestra, but only for a short time.

A second transformation of the initial theme includes now and then the plaintive notes of the Introduction. Varied episodes bring gradually calm, and

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TWENTY FOURTH SEASON

thus prepare the Adagio in D-flat. The extremely peaceful and contemplative theme is given to the violins, violas, and 'cellos, which are supported by organ chords. This theme is then taken by clarinet, horn, and trombone, accompanied by strings divided into several parts. After a variation (in arabesques) performed by the violins the second transformation of the initial theme of the Allegro appears again, and brings with it a vague feeling of unrest, which is enlarged by dissonant harmonies. These soon give way to the theme of the Adagio performed this time by some of the violins, violas, and 'cellos, with organ accompaniment, and with a persistent rhythm of triplets presented by the preceding episode. This first movement ends in a Coda of mystical character, in which are heard alternately the chords of D-flat major and E minor.

The second movement begins with an energetic phrase (Allegro moderato), which is followed immediately by a third transformation of the initial theme in the first movement, more agitated than it was before, and into which enters a fantastic spirit that it frankly disclosed in the Presto. Here arpeggios and scales, swift as lightning, on the piano, are accompanied by the syncopated rhythm of the orchestra and each time they are in a different tonality (F, E, E-flat, G). This tricky gayety is interrupted by an expressive phrase (strings). The repetition of the Allegro moderato is followed by a second Presto, which at first is apparently a repetition of the first Presto; but scarcely has it begun before a new theme is heard, grave austers (trombone, tuba, double-basses), strongly contrasted with the fantastic music. There is a struggle for the mastery, and this struggle ends in the defeat of the restless, diabolical element. The new phrase rises to orchestral heights, and rest there as in the blue of a clear sky. After a vague reminiscence of the initial theme of the first movement, a Maestoso in C major announces the approaching triumph of the calm and lofty thought. The initial theme of the first movement, wholly transformed, is now exposed by divided strings and the piano (four hands), and repeated by the organ with the full strength of the orchestra.

Then follows a development built in a rhythm of three measures. An episode of a tranquil and pastoral character (oboe, flute, cor anglais, clarinet), is twice repeated. A brilliant Coda, in which the initial theme by a last transformation takes the form of a violin figure, ends the work; the rhythm of three measures becomes naturally and logically a huge measure of three beats; each beat is represented by a whole note, and twelve quarters form the complete measure.

Eilers Music Company, for extent and completeness of exhibit, receives Grand Gold Award.

HEARD THE WORLD AROUND

TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON

This Symphony is dedicated to the memory of Franz Liszt.
Liszt died at Bayreuth, July 31, 1886. The symphony was performed at London before his death.

(From Boston Symphony Program Notes, by Philip Hale)

SYMPHONIC POEM—"Danse Macabre"

The "Danse Macabre," or "Dance of Death," does not, as might be supposed, follow the well known episodes which Holbein's pictures have made so familiar, but is based upon a grotesque poem by Henri Cazalis, beginning:

"Zig et zig et zig, la mort en cadence
Frappant une tombe avec son talon,
La Mort, a minuit, joue une air de danse,
Zig et zig et zig, sur son violon."

Death is described as a fiddler, summoning the skeletons from the graves at midnight for a dance, the hour being indicated on the harp. The ghastly merriment, interrupted by some somber strains, is kept up until the cock crows, the signal for the instant disappearance of the grim and clattering revelers. The poem is based upon two themes, one in dance measure, punctuated with the clack of bones, and the other a more serious strain, symbolic of night and the loneliness of the grave. The variations upon these two themes continue until the cock-crow, given out by the oboe, sounds the signal for the close. The poem, in a word, is a waltz measure set off with the grotesque but very ingenious instrumentation.

CONCERTO IN G MINOR NO. 2—For Pianoforte, Op. 22

This concerto was composed in 1868. It was played for the first time with Saint-Saens as the pianist at a Concert Populaire, Paris, December 13, 1868. The first performance in Boston was at a concert of the Harvard Musical Association, February 3, 1876, when Mr. Lang was the pianist. Therefore, the statement in the published records of the Philharmonic Society of New York, that the performance at one of its concerts, December 9, 1876 (Mr. Lang, Pianist),

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was the first in America, is incorrect.

The concerto is scored for solo pianoforte, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, two horns, two trumpets, kettledrums, strings, and a pair of cymbals ad lib. for the third movement. The work is dedicated to Mme. A. de Viliers, Born de Haber.

The first movement opens with a free contrapuntal cadenza for pianoforte alone, Andante sostenuto, G minor, 4-4 time but no bars are marked in the score until the orchestra enters. The cadenza grows more and more brilliant until the orchestra enters with two mighty chords, which are followed by a sturdy phrase in strongly marked rhythm. The oboe has a recitative-like phrase which is accompanied first by the pianoforte, then by the strings pizzicati. The first theme is announced by the pianoforte, alone. The strings come in with an accompaniment during the development. Imitations between pianoforte and strings and wood-wind instruments lead to a subsidiary theme (B-flat major) given out by the pianoforte with certain phrases reinforced by the wood-wind. The clarinet has an episodic phrase with accompaniment of chords for flutes and horns and with running passages for the pianoforte. There is a change of tempo, *piu animato*. The pianoforte begins measures of brilliant passage-work.

SYMPHONIC POEM NO. 2—"Phaeton," Opus 39

This composition was first publicly performed at the Concert national, under Colonne, at the Theatre du Chatelet in Paris, on December 7, 1873. It was first given in Berlin, under Bilse, at the Conzerthaus on February 19, 1876; and in Boston at one of the symphony concerts of the Harvard Musical Association, under Mr. Carl Zerrahn, on March 2, 1876.

On the fly-leaf of the published full score is printed the following note:

"Phaeton has obtained leave to drive his father's, the Sun's chariot, through the Heavens. But his unskillful hands lead the steeds astray. The flaming chariot, thrown out of its course, approaches the terrestrial regions. The whole universe is about to perish in flames, when Jupiter strikes the rash Phaeton with his thunderbolt."

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TWENTY-FOURTH SEASON

"HAIL CALIFORNIA"

Composed Especially to Commemorate the P.-P. I. E.

"Hail! California!" is a many-sided musical document. It is the tonal celebration of the joining of the Atlantic and the Pacific by the completion of the Panama Canal; it suggests the parts played in this mighty achievement by the sister republics of the United States and France; it links the undertaking with the Exposition, and it portrays the gay civilization of the race to which California owes its name and its romantic beginnings. More than it is a revelation of the art of the great French composer, Camille Saint-Saens.

Written for full orchestra, with the added sonorities of organ and military band, to make its climax the more grandiose, the work is described as a symphonic episode.

The score opens with a brilliant prelude of ascending passages for strings and reeds. This is Saint-Saens' way of arousing in our minds the sense of the gay circumstance of an Exposition to which all nations of the world have set their hand. Trumpets and trombones utter their summons and the full orchestra gives out a majestic rhythm. An insistent drum-beat is heard and the French horns intone the opening phrase of the "Marseillaise"; clarinets take up the strain; trombones add their harmonies; the melody repeated by trumpets and the strings discourse it in splendid fragments.

Having paid his tribute to France, the composer turns his thoughts to California and he describes its charm in a tone-picture. When Fra Junapero Serra first saw this land and how beautiful it was, he wrote his friends that the flowers of the newest Spain were as lovely as those of old Madrid. M. Saint-Saens suggests this floral exuberance, in instrumental terms. The harp is heard; the flutes make soft music; the triangle sings its penetrating note. Clarinets make soft harmonies; the 'cellos weave gracious arpeggios against the whispered undersong of the organ; a delicate strain for flutes and violins gives the idea of romantic content. There is fretwork of strings and reeds. The episode is Saint-Saens in his most idyllic mood.

Our Spanish past is portrayed in a glowing fiesta, full of Hispanic rhythms, with flaunting pizzicati for strings against the firmly marked throb of drums and double basses and a rapid figure of repeated notes for 'cellos. The episode is redolent of the spirit of the days when California was the Westernmost colony of Spain. A fivefold rhythm made use of in this part of the composition is alluring and provocative.

After recurrence to earlier parts of the work, the voice of the trumpet gives out the initial notes of the "Star Spangled Banner," reminding us that what

Spain began and France helped to enrich, the genius of the American people has brought to fruition. The second phrase of the tune is heard in the noble simplicity of harmonies for trumpets and trombones. Then the melody is sung by strings and reeds.

An interlude for organ comes as a meditative breathing space before we enter on the Tempo di Marcia, which ushers in the final phase of the composition. A mighty rhythm is set up by the orchestra and then comes the blare of a military band playing with an air almost insolently defiant. At first the band plays alone; the strings add the shimmer of sustained chords and gradually the whole orchestral body is brought into action with the rolling of drums and chromatic passages for trumpets.

The horns give out the American hymn and against it the flutes sing the audacious exordium of the "Marseillaise"; the trombones thunder out Rouget De Lisle's immortal song of liberty, the violins chanting its sister hymn of the American people. The full force of the band rolls out the notes of the Columbian anthem in solid harmonies.

Again the organ interlude is heard upon a long-sustained pedal point, and with brazen harmonies and the majesty of the whole tonal body, the composition comes to a close.

REDFERN MASON.

THIRD CONCERT

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 27, AT 2:30

SYMPHONIC EPISODE—"Hall, California!"—Exposition Orchestra, Sousa's
Band—Mr. Wallace A. Sabin at the Organ

MARCH HEROIQUE

SYMPHONIC POEM—"The Youth of Hercules," Op. 30

Two Movements from Suite Algerienne

(a) A Night in Blidah

(b) March Militaire

BARCAROLLE—"A Night in Lisbon"

ORATORIO

"The Promised Land"

FIRST PERFORMANCE IN AMERICA

—SOLOISTS—

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Miss Fernanda Pratt.....	Contralto
Mr. Charles F. Bulotti.....	Tenor
Mr. John Francis Jones.....	Baritone

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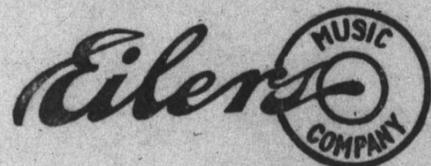
HEARD THE WORLD AROUND

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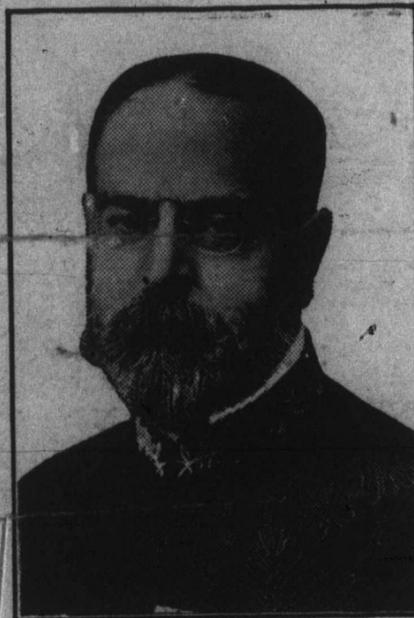


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1915



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 Conductor

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HEARD THE WORLD AROUND

ROUTE SHEET No. 1, SEASON 1915

APRIL, 1915.

Mon. 5	Newark	N. J.	M. & E.	Armory
Tue. 6	Paterson	N. J.	M. & E.	Armory
Wed. 7	Trenton	N. J.	M. & E.	Armory
Thu. 8	Wilmington	Del.	M. & E.	The Playhouse
Fri. 9	Lancaster	Pa.	M. & E.	Fulton Opera House
Sat. 10	Chambersburg	Pa.	Matinee	Orpheum Theatre
	Martinsburg	W. Va.	Evening	Central Opera House
Sun. 11	Washington	D. C.	M. & E.	National Theatre
Mon. 12	Baltimore	Md.	M. & E.	Lyric Theatre
Tue. 13	Hanover	Pa.	Matinee	New Opera House
	York	Pa.	Evening	Orpheum Theatre
Wed. 14	Lebanon	Pa.	Matinee	Academy of Music
	Harrisburg	Pa.	Evening	Majestic Theatre
Thu. 15	Altoona	Pa.	M. & E.	Mishler Theatre
Fri. 16	Johnstown	Pa.	M. & E.	Cambria Theatre
Sat. 17	Columbus	Ohio	M. & E.	Memorial Hall
Sun. 18	Cincinnati	Ohio	M. & E.	Lyric Theatre
Mon. 19	Oxford	Ohio	Matinee	Miami Auditorium
	Hamilton	Ohio	Evening	Jefferson Theatre
Tue. 20	Bellefontaine	Ohio	Matinee	Grand Opera House
	Delaware	Ohio	Evening	City Opera House
Wed. 21	Mansfield	Ohio	M. & E.	Opera House
Thu. 22	Toledo	Ohio	M. & E.	Auditorium
Fri. 23	Jackson	Mich.	Matinee	Athenaeum
	Lansing	Mich.	Evening	Gladmer Theatre
Sat. 24	Battle Creek	Mich.	M. & E.	Post Theatre
Sun. 25	Kalamazoo	Mich.	M. & E.	Fuller Theatre
Mon. 26	Chicago	Ill.	Evening	Medinah Temple
Tue. 27	Kenosha	Wis.	Matinee	Rhode Opera House
	Chicago	Ill.	Evening	Medinah Temple
Wed. 28	Chicago	Ill.	M. & E.	Medinah Temple

Thu. 29	Aurora	Ill.	Matinee	Opera House
	Chicago	Ill.	Evening	Medinah Temple
Fri. 30	Chicago	Ill.	Evening	Medinah Temple

MAY

Sat. 1	Chicago	Ill.	M. & E.	Medinah Temple
Sun. 2	Milwaukee	Wis.	M. & E.	Auditorium
Mon. 3	Clinton	Iowa	M. & E.	Coliseum
Tue. 4	Cedar Rapids	Iowa	M. & E.	Greene's Opera House
Wed. 5	Waterloo	Iowa	M. & E.	Chautauqua Auditorium
Thu. 6	Sioux City	Iowa	M. & E.	Auditorium
Fri. 7	Des Moines	Iowa	M. & E.	Coliseum
Sat. 8	Des Moines	Iowa	M. & E.	Coliseum
Sun. 9	Omaha	Nebr.	M. & E.	Auditorium
Mon. 10	Lincoln	Nebr.	M. & E.	Auditorium
Tue. 11	St. Joseph	Mo.	M. & E.	Auditorium
Wed. 12	Topeka	Kas.	M. & E.	Grand Opera House
Thu. 13	Wichita	Kas.	M. & E.	New Crawford Theatre
Fri. 14	Pueblo	Colo.	M. & E.	Mineral Palace
Sat. 15	Colorado Springs	Colo.	M. & E.	Burns Theatre
Sun. 16	Denver	Colo.	M. & E.	Auditorium
Mon. 17	Greeley	Colo.	Matinee	Sterling Theatre
	Cheyenne	Wyo.	Evening	Capital Avenue Theatre
Tue. 18	(Place to be given later.)			Tabernacle
Wed. 19	Salt Lake City	Utah	M. & E.	Tabernacle
Thu. 20	Ogden	Utah	M. & E.	Tabernacle
Fri. 21	Travel			
Sat. 22	Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, Cal.			

(For nine weeks, M. & E. daily, to July 23, inclusive. Followed by a three weeks' tour East, dates to be given later.)

AUGUST

Sun. 15 Willow Grove Park, Pa., for 29 consecutive days.

SEPTEMBER

Mon. 13 Pittsburgh Exposition, for two or more weeks.

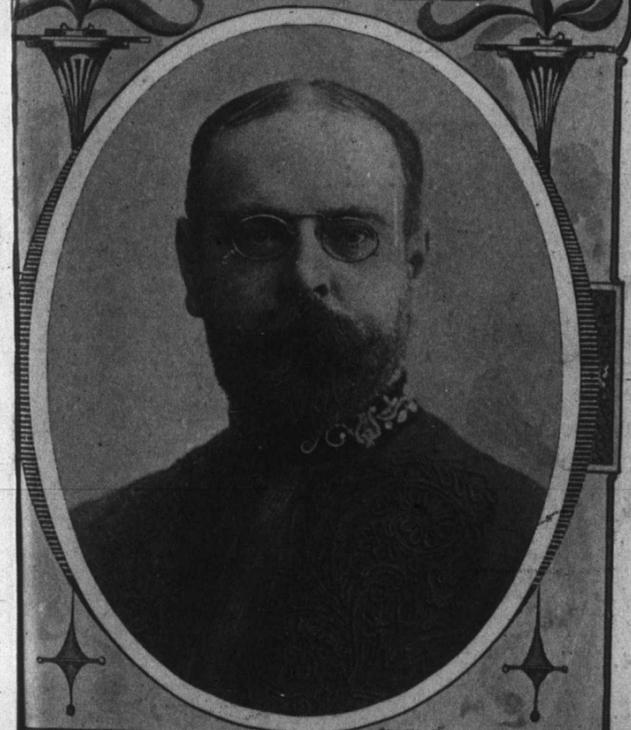


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THE CAREY PRINT, NEW YORK

Wednesday, August 20, 1913

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME CONCERTS
WILLOW GROVE PARK



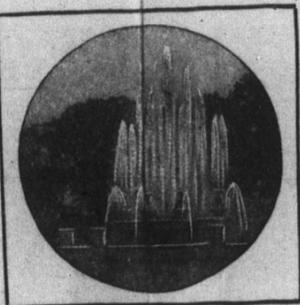
SOUSA

AFTERNOON AND EVENING

Sousa AND HIS Band

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA - - Conductor

Philadelphia Rapid Transit Co.'s cars marked "Willow Grove," on 8th Street, 16th Street, and Glenside Line on Lehigh Avenue run direct to Willow Grove Park, connecting at Willow Grove for Doylestown, Hatboro and Easton.



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THE NEW CAFE **LAKESIDE CAFE**
Opposite the Air Ships Opposite the Electric Fountain
Prompt Service, Moderate Prices
THE RUSTIC LUNCH

AFTERNOON

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, Conductor
Miss Virginia Root, Soprano
Miss Margel Gluck, Violiniste.
Herbert L. Clarke, Cornetist

Arranged in honor of the
GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

1st Concert, 2.30 to 3.15

1. "From Maine to Oregon"Sousa
2. OVERTURE, "William Tell"Rossini
3. SOPRANO SOLO, "Maid of Dundee"..... Gilbert
Miss Virginia Root
4. GRAND AMERICAN FANTASIA,
"Songs of Uncle Sam".....Hosmer
5. MARCH, "Washington Post".....Sousa

ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN DISPLAY, 4.00 O'CLOCK

2nd Concert, 4.30 to 5.30

1. OVERTURE, "My Country 'tis of Thee".....Weber
2. CORNET SOLO, "Old Folks at Home"..... Foster
Mr. Herbert L. Clarke
3. SCENES HISTORICAL, "Sheridan's Ride".....Sousa
(a) "Waiting for the Bugle"
(b) "The Attack"
(c) "The Death of Thorburn"
(d) "The Coming of Sheridan"
(e) "The Apotheosis"
4. VIOLIN SOLO, "Perpetuum Mobile".....Ries
Miss Margel Gluck
5. (a) FAVORITE SERENADE,
"Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming"... Foster
Trombones, Messrs. Corey, Citera, Perfetto and Williams
(b) "The Stars and Stripes Forever".....Sousa

Philadelphia & Reading Railway Trains leave Willow Grove
for READING TERMINAL this Afternoon and Evening as follows:

"PEERMONT KEY WEST" CIGARS ON SALE AT CASINO

CRANE'S Ice Cream Served ONLY at the Casino and the Cafes



EVENING

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, Conductor
Miss Virginia Root, Soprano
Miss Margel Gluck, Violiniste
Herbert L. Clarke, Cornetist

3rd Concert, 7.45 to 8.30

1. SUITE, "Mascarade" Lacombe
2. CORNET SOLO, "Polka Brilliant" Clarke
Mr. Herbert L. Clarke
3. PRELUDE, "The Bells of Moscow". Rachmaninoff
4. VIOLIN SOLO,
"Rhapsodie Piedmontese"..... Sinigaglia
Miss Margel Gluck
5. (a) VALSE, "Fascination" (new).....Marchetti
(b) MARCH, "Sempre Fidelis".....Sousa

ELECTRIC FOUNTAIN DISPLAY, 8.30 O'CLOCK

4th Concert, 9.45 to 10.45

1. GEMS FROM THE WORKS OF PABLO TOSTI
2. SCENES FROM "Andrea Chenier"Giordano
3. SOPRANO SOLO, "Eyes of Blue" (new)Orth
Miss Virginia Root
4. VALSE, "La Gitana"Bucalossi
5. TONE PICTURE, "The Emperor's Review". Eilenberg

5.35 6.54 9.00 10.50 11.05

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AMUSEMENT FEATURES

Willow Grove Park

Tours of the World
Launch Row Boats Theatre
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Photograph Studio
Miniature Electric Railway
Venice
The Racers Coal Mine
Mountain Scenic
Railway
Racing Roller Coaster
Flying-Machine Phonograph Parlor
Two Carrouseles Candyland

The Lakeside Cafe
located in full view of the Lake

The New Cafe
located opposite the Air Ships

The Rustic Lunch
located near Grove No. 2

MUSICAL ATTRACTIONS FOR 1913

ARTHUR PRYOR'S BAND May 24th to June 7th
THE THEODORE THOMAS ORCHESTRA June 8th to 21st
CONWAY AND HIS BAND June 22d to July 5th
VICTOR HERBERT'S ORCHESTRA July 6th to 19th
INNES ORCHESTRAL BAND July 20th to August 2d
WASSILI LEPS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA August 3d to 16th
SOUSA AND HIS BAND August 17th to September 7th

PROGRAMS AND CLIPPINGS

M.475.388

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SYMPHONY HALL *N. 475.388*

TWO GRAND CONCERTS *by* **SOUSA** AND HIS **BAND**

Thursday Afternoon, April 7, 1904, at 2.30
Thursday Evening, April 7, 1904, at 8.00

PROGRAM THURSDAY AFTERNOON

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA Conductor
ESTELLE LIEBLING Soprano
JESSIE STRAUS Violinist
JEAN H. B. MOEREMANS Saxophonist

1. OVERTURE SYMPHONIC
"Mysora" *Wettge*
2. SAXOPHONE SOLO
"American Fantasie" *Moeremans*
Mr. J. H. B. MOEREMANS
3. SUITE, "Mountain Life" *Le Thiere*
4. SOPRANO SOLO, Nightingale Song from
"The Marriage of Jeannette" *Victor Masse*
Miss ESTELLE LIEBLING
Flute Obligato by Mr. MARSHALL LUFKY
5. Good Friday Spell from
"Parsifal" *Wagner*

INTERMISSION

6. MILITARY SCENES
"Pomp and Circumstance", *Elgar*
7. a. IDYL, "La Lettre de Manon" *Gillet*
b. MARCH, "Jack Tar" *Sousa*
8. a. Walther's Preislied *Wilhelmj*
b. Hungarian Dance *Hauser*
Miss JESSIE STRAUS
9. SOME AIRS FROM
"Chris and the Wonderful Lamp," *Sousa*

PROGRAM THURSDAY EVENING

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA Conductor
ESTELLE LIEBLING Soprano
JESSIE STRAUS Violinist
HERBERT I. CLARKE Cornetist

1. OVERTURE
"The Promised Bride" *Ponchielli*
2. CORNET SOLO, Rondo Caprice *Clarke*
Mr. HERBERT I. CLARKE
3. SUITE, "Looking Upward" *Sousa*
a. By the Light of the Polar Star
b. Under the Southern Cross
c. Mars and Venus
4. VALSE FOR SOPRANO
"The Voice of Spring" *Strauss*
Miss ESTELLE LIEBLING
5. EXCERPTS FROM "PARSIFAL," *Wagner*
a. The Flower Maidens.
"Come, handsome stripling, come,
I'll be thy flower;
Come, sweetly dancing, rippling
Bliss shall fill every hour."
b. Processional of the Knights of the
Grail.
"O food forever blessed,
God's gift from day to day,
In prayer to Him addressed
For life and strength we pray.
As, anguished and lowly,
The Saviour Holy
His life for us did offer,
So in deep contrition
And glad submission
To him now our all we proffer."

INTERMISSION

6. BALLET SCENE
"The Greeks" (new) *Massenet*
7. a. NOVELETTE, "Once upon a Time,"
from the Fairy Cantata, "Princess
May Blossom" (new), *Lisa Lehmann*
b. MARCH, "Jack Tar" *Sousa*
8. VIOLIN SOLO, Scènes de la Czardas, *Hubay*
Miss JESSIE STRAUS.
9. TRANSCRIPTION OF GRAND TARAN-
TELLE No. 2, in A-flat *Heller*

MECHANICS BUILDING Boston

Sunday Evening, November 24, 1912

SOUSA AND HIS BAND

MR. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, CONDUCTOR

Miss Virginia Root, Soprano
Miss Nicoline Zedeler, Violiniste
Mr. Herbert L. Clarke, Cornetist

PROGRAMME

1 OVERTURE, "Robespierre" *Litolff*

The weird and gloomy opening of the overture seems to depict the period of desolation which has come over France, and the mourning at the loss of so many of her sons and daughters who have been claimed as victims of the guillotine. Suddenly this mournful strain is succeeded by a vehement and impetuous melody. We are in the midst of the excitement of the Revolution. The Sans-Culottes are rushing wildly through the streets of Paris committing dreadful outrages. The air is filled with cries, and the sound of cannon is heard above the din. When the excitement is at its height, Robespierre passes on his way to the meeting of the Convention, where hundreds of innocent people will be summarily condemned and sent to execution. The National hymn, "The Marsellaise," is thundered forth as a song of triumph in honor of the Dictator Robespierre.

His power, however, is not destined to last very long. After a few more days of carnage, the populace who had acclaimed Robespierre as the saviour of France, began to tire of their leader. "The Marsellaise" is heard in the distance, and the weird harmonies which accompany it seem to presage the impending fall of the Dictator. The mob rushes to the Assembly and clamours for the death of the great assassin. Robespierre is arrested and condemned to death, and amid the execration of the mob he is hurried to the scaffold. This wild rush to the guillotine is magnificently depicted in the overture. Commencing pianissimo the tone of the Overture is gradually increased until at length the band, at the height of its impetus, comes to a sudden stop. A crash is heard: the knife of the guillotine descends, and Robespierre's head falls on the scaffold. The groans of the mob (represented by a long roll on the drum) die away. A short funeral dirge follows. Then the trumpet sounds a fanfare, and a triumphal march, indicating the joy at the death of the tyrant and the end of the Reign of Terror, brings this remarkable overture to a conclusion.

2 CORNET SOLO, "Caprice Brilliant" *Clarke*

MR. HERBERT L. CLARKE

3 CHARACTER STUDIES { "The Dwellers in the } *Sousa*
Western World }

(a) **The Red Man**

"And they stood on the meadows
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Painted like the leaves of autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning."

(c) **The Black Man**

"Now, de blessed little angels
Up in Heaven, we are told,
Don't do nothin' all dere lifetime
'Ceptin' play on harps o' gold."
"Now I think Heaben'd be mo' homelike
Ef we'd hyeah some music fall
F'om a real ol' fashioned banjo,
Like dat one upon de wall."

(b) **The White Man**

They sailed, they sailed then spoke the Mate
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night,
He curls his lips, he lies in wait,
With lifted tusk, as if to bite."
Ah! that night!
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—

A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a startling flag unfurled:
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn;
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson—"On and On."

4 SOPRANO SOLO, "Will you love when the Lilies are Dead" *Sousa*

MISS VIRGINIA ROOT

Will you love when the lilies are dead?
And the bloom from the roses has fled?
Will my eyes be the eyes that are brightest?
Will my hand be the softest and whitest?
Will my laugh be the sweetest and lightest?
When the lily and rose are dead.

5 ANDANTE CANTABILE, from "String Quartette" *Tschaikowsky*
Opus 12

INTERMISSION

6 CAPRICE, "In the Spinning Rooms" *Dvorak*
(From "The Bohemian Woods")

7 (a) IDYL, "Heartsease" (new) *Macbeth*

(b) MARCH, "The Federal" new *Sousa*

8 VIOLIN SOLO, "Romeo and Juliette" *Alard*

MISS NICOLINE ZEDELER

9 GALOP BRAVURA, "Dance of the Cordials" *Sousa*



As His Later Audiences Knew Him

*M. 475. 386

Sept 19 1920

SEVEN hundred thousand miles covered in more than a score of trans-continental journeys, with five tours of Europe and one at least of 60,000 miles, zigzagging around the world, are the unchallenged record of Sousa's Band, which has its "welcome home" party here in New York next Sunday night to celebrate a twenty-eighth anniversary of the first concert given under its present name. Not all the 100 men have traveled the total of miles in all these years. Many veterans among them have done so, however, and every mile was as certainly led by John Philip Sousa as were the uncounted concerts under his command.

No American musician, it is said, has had so many honors paid to him as has Sousa, both here and abroad. He received from King Edward VII, the medal of the Victorian Order, pinned on his breast by the then Prince of Wales, now King George. The French Government has given him the Palms of the Academy and the Rosette of Public Instructor; he has the medal of the Fine Arts Academy of Hainau, Belgium, and other gifts by institutions and individuals. The "march king" appeared by command before King Edward at Sandringham and at Windsor.

Ten years ago his band started on its tour of the world, which Sousa's friends yet declare stands alone in the annals of concert-giving. It was, they believe, the first time in the history of music that an organization of 100 artists had made a circuit tour of the globe. Europe, Africa, Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand, the Fiji Islands and Honolulu were visited before the return to America. "It is doubtful if such a trip can be made again until another man arises who enjoys the dual popularity of international composer and conductor," wrote the historian of that tour.

Sousa Follows the Flag.

Sousa, it has been said, follows the flag. Sousa's marches have made "The Stars and Stripes," to name but one of them, heard as well as seen wherever the sun shines on this or most other nations' emblems. So the name of the American bandmaster, who was born in Washington, Nov. 6, 1854, has come in his sixty-sixth year to mean a national institution. It not only takes the Hippodrome to hold the band's own birthday party next Sunday, but the hint has leaked out that, when the great

back-drop curtain rises on the last encore, it will disclose fourteen fellow musicians and composers playing fourteen grand pianos in "The Stars and Stripes Forever," till the elephants trumpet the chorus.

When Offenbach visited this country in the centennial year of the United States the young John Philip, son of Antonio and Elizabeth Trinkaus Sousa, just then a man of two-and-twenty, played first violin in the orchestra assembled for the composer of "La Grande Duchesse" and "Orphée aux Enfers." Later Sousa led a touring church choir company in Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore." Twelve years in all he conducted the United States Marine Band, serving in that period under Presidents Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland and Harrison. He organized Sousa's Band and directed its first performance on Sept. 26, 1892, twenty-eight years ago next Sunday.

The band leader has since composed for his own players more than fifty marches. In the modern form of talking machine records alone sales of the "canned" versions of his quickstep airs have exceeded 6,000,000. But one, it appears, is his favorite. Hundreds of thousands of American soldiers and sailors marched to its strains during the World War, and it was played by the military bands of Great Britain and France, as well as by the most humble of American village bands.

His reason for preferring "The Stars and Stripes Forever" has been told by Sousa himself. "It is richest in melody and the best in orchestration," he said. "I have other favorites, too, and I feel that 'Comrades of the Legion,' which I wrote only recently and dedicated to the American Legion, is worthy of a place, but 'The Stars and Stripes Forever' is my first choice. In this I am backed, I think, by thousands of my hearers, who seem to be most enthusiastic when the band plays that composition."

Probably second choice of all the Sousa marches is "Semper Fidelis," one of his earlier compositions, based on an old bugle call of the United States Army. Equally familiar are "Washington Post," "El Capitan," "Jack Tar," "Thunderer" and "Hands Across the Sea." It is now thirty-five years since Sousa began to compose, and it may be said that some of his earlier attempts were not marches at all, but more or less serious efforts along the lines which are now engaging the attention of an increasing number of American musicians.

He First Wrote for His Band.

As far back as 1885 Sousa undertook to write "humoresques," or joking variations, on some song "hit" of the period. "A Little Peach in an Orchard Grew" was the subject of one of his first arrangements. He found the public liked these musically humorous versions of its songs, and each season the band's repertory included such a piece, often his own work, but for the last few years by Bellstedt, a member of his band. This year Bellstedt was ill and unable to write, but Sousa turned to and composed "Suwanee" in two days.

This "hurry up" work on "Suwanee" recalled an incident of many years ago when he wrote an entire orchestral score for "Pinafore" in forty-two hours, wholly from memory of the airs and with some harmonies unknown to Sullivan. Of this performance the bandmaster said: "The score was immediately liked by many people, and, in fact, I was told that it was preferred in Australia by the manager who used it there. You see, I embellished the music, getting unusual effects, and some of those made a hit. I never had seen anything but a piano score of 'Pinafore,' and my score was made without other help."

In writing music, he works on the usual sheet of thirty-two staves, or sets, of notelines to the page, filling in the parts for the entire orchestra or band phrase by phrase.

Few musicians, perhaps, who have heard the really effective "muted brass," often misused in a jazz band as the "weeping trombone," know that Sousa was the first to introduce it into band music.

"The muted brass is one of the most effective innovations now," he said recently. "and I believe that I was the originator. It is true that the trained French horn player long has covered the bell of his instrument with his hand to obtain a muting effect, but the actual use of a muting block in the trombone and cornet was my idea, and today it is the source of unusual effects not only in band music but also in that for orchestra as developed by Richard Strauss."

As a man among musicians, Sousa frankly has his idols. "The Messiahs who brought the glad tidings," he said in an Etude interview which is reprinted in this season's souvenir program, "Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven, Wagner and a multitude of divinely endowed musicians have led the world out of the wilderness of crudity. Between 1766 and 1914, composers added many woodwind, brass and percussion instruments to the primitive symphonic combination. With the single exception of the harp, there has been no effort to incorporate

permanently into the string band any other stringed instrument. Richard Wagner, in nearly every instance, enunciates the 'leit-motifs' of his operas through the agency of woodwind or brass.

"The aim of a composer is to produce color, dynamics, nuances, the storytelling quality, the greatest number of mixed and unmixed quartets. To presume that the clarinet, the cornet and the trombone should be simply used to blare forth marches and ragtime tunes, or that the violin family should devote its days to scraping waltzes, two-steps and fox-trots, is equally ludicrous. The string band and the wind band may be likened to the feminine and the masculine, for, like maid and man, they can breathe into life the soulful, the religious, the sentimental, the heroic and the sublime."

A search through the files of the United States Marine Corps headquarters in Washington has developed the interesting co-incidence that the genesis of the electric-like marches of John Philip Sousa and the use of electric energy to light the world was almost simultaneous—making especially appropriate the current series of radio concerts arranged for the General Motors Family Parties by Sousa's Band.

Edison invented the incandescent light in 1878 and Brush the arc light in 1879. Sousa, whose band plays its third concert of the fall General Motors series, broadcast Monday evening, Oct. 21, over WEEI, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WTIC and NBC System, with Oldsmobile as host, became leader of the U. S. Marine Band in 1880. A photograph made at Cape May, N. J., in August, 1882, shows Sousa and the Marine Band beneath one of the first electric arcs ever used to light a band stand. The picture was discovered in the Marine Corps files by a General Motors representative while searching for data on Sousa's service with the famous government band, of which his father also was leader.

Most of the music in the programme of this Oldsmobile and Viking concert was composed during the 50 years celebrated this month as the semi-centennial of light. All of it has the stirring, electric quality Sousa himself brought to the work of composing marches. There are to be three of the most famous Sousa marches, in addition to "The Stars and Stripes Forever," which will open and close the concert.

Sousa and Band Played Under First Electric Arc in 1882



OLD TINTYPE OF JOHN PHILIP SOUSA AND HIS BAND
Photo shows Sousa (seated on the stand) and his Marine Band at Cape May, N. J., Aug., 1882, beneath one of the first electric arcs ever used to light a bandstand. Electric arc is enclosed by circle.

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Wm Danno

Sept. 17, 1923
"My musical career," said John Philip Sousa, "when it began? Hmm. Let's see—"

He reflected a moment. "It's a harder question to answer than you think. The question isn't merely one of lessons. It goes back farther. It's really a question of when one began to think music, to feel it and want it."

"Here's a memory, and a rather vivid one. I was trudging along a road, a boy of seven, in Washington, during the Civil war, following a military band. I remember I lost my way."

"The band, about every second time it performed, played a rickety old piece, which at the time fairly enchanted me. I couldn't hear it enough. I never forgot it."

"Of course I didn't dream of trying to find out the name of the piece. No kid in the wake of a band with great big men in uniforms and a drum major twirling his stick would dream of such a thing. But the tune imbedded itself in my dreams and my memory."

"Of course I didn't do like the boy in the story book, and sit down and write an immortal melody. But it is true that that experience and many others like it did plant very deeply within me the conception of stirring march music, played by many instruments, and very intensely felt by me."

"It was many years before I learned the name of the tune which had inspired me. But one day, quite by chance, I was looking through an old album of music, and my eye fell on a certain printed page, and that blessed old melody came ringing back over the years. It rejoiced in the name of 'The Sultan's Polka.'"

MUSIC LESSONS TO KEEP HIM OUT OF MISCHIEF

"My music lessons commenced almost by accident, and I am frank to say that the first ones were not particularly pleasant to me. One evening an old Spanish gentleman, a musician, and his wife were visiting at our house, and in that particular occasion I annoyed the company by the activity with which I kept rolling a baseball across the room. It was probably the idea of distracting me from this occupation which caused the old gentleman to suggest to my father that it would be a good thing for me to study solfeggio. My father said he feared I was too young, but I begged so hard that he finally consented to the plan."

"The old gentleman had voice, which, with the possible exception of my own, I ever heard. A combination, or alternation, of squeak and squawk."

"Do, he would squeak. 'Do, I would articulate after him, imitating the sound as closely as I could. 'He would fly into a rage. 'No, no, he would scream. 'Sing DO. 'Again I would do my best. Beside himself, he would fling all manner of abuse at me. You see, he had a very fine ear, but the sound he heard in his head and the sound he made with his voice were very different."

PLAYING "HOOKEY"

"I grew to dread these lessons more and more. One night when he came for the lessons he felt in his pocket and missed his glasses. His wife knew he had them when he left home. The entire family joined the guests in hunting for the spectacles on the road and about the house. Suddenly I saw them lying in the grass on the lawn. I picked them up and put them in my pocket—a fact which I kept carefully to myself, meanwhile continuing the hunt, and inciting everyone else to do the same. My plan was to keep those glasses through the evening, and thus escape the lesson it worked. It was bed-time when I said to every one 'punas noches,' passed the professors coat hanging in the hall, dropped the glasses in a pocket, and gained my room, not to sleep, but to listen. I heard the farwells and goodnights, and then the sharp exclamation of the old gentleman as his fingers closed on the glasses in his pocket. 'Car-mine maledictio,' he shouted, 'to think we have been hunting all evening for what I have just found. I searched my pockets, so this—significantly—'must be the work of the devil or one of his imps, and so he went home. And Master Sousa, upstairs, turned in with a sigh of relief, and the consciousness of a well-earned night's repose!"

SOUSA BACK-STAGE

"This was during a talk with Lieutenant-Commander Sousa in his office back of the stage, between concerts. One had the sensation of attending a monarch's levee. A high monkey-moon, touting the nation in his high powered patrol wagon, as our friend F. P. A. would say, was allowed to come in and smoke a cigar. His lady, sat in wide-eyed curiosity and admiration, and us mere people talked of Wagner's 'Tannhauser' overture that they were looking through an old album of music, and my eye fell on a certain printed page, and that blessed old melody came ringing back over the years. It rejoiced in the name of 'The Sultan's Polka.'"

"The man's voice was almost shaking. 'Mr. Sousa, you don't know me. At least you don't remember me as I do you. I played the horn by your side, when you, as a little chap not particularly pleasant to me. One evening an old Spanish gentleman, a musician, and his wife were visiting at our house, and in that particular occasion I annoyed the company by the activity with which I kept rolling a baseball across the room. It was probably the idea of distracting me from this occupation which caused the old gentleman to suggest to my father that it would be a good thing for me to study solfeggio. My father said he feared I was too young, but I begged so hard that he finally consented to the plan."

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a pencil stuck belligerently in his mouth, waiting for his prey.

So Mr. Sousa came back to reminiscences. "You know," he said, "I'm not a college man. I was educated first at home, being kept indoors a good deal for my health for several years, and then educated by my mother in reading and writing. Then the public school. Because of the excellent training I had received at home, I stayed some two hours in what was then known as the 'second secondary' grade, and went into the 'first secondary.' The next year I was in the 'intermediate division,' and the next in the grammar school.

"ON THE MAT" FOR SKIPPING SCHOOL

"In the grammar school we had a sleepy old professor, who, five minutes before closing time, would announce the misdeeds of the day and the names of the boys who could leave at the closing hour. The boys not named stayed. The usual form of penalty was to give them a certain number of verses to memorize and then recite before they could get out.

"On a certain particular day, the teacher read out the names of 20 pupils. 'All those whose names have been called are dismissed.' Then he came to the S's, whereupon one Sousa and one Smith, raising hands to inquire what was wrong, found that each was penalized for misdemeanors I have forgotten, and each sentenced to a number of verses, which, with their intellectual equipment, meant a full two hours that afternoon and the next, after school was over.

"Now that very night there was a freeze, a real freeze. The pond, about a mile and a quarter long, froze solid. Even the Potomac River froze good and deep, and there was simply bully skating.

"Of course, when it came three that afternoon, our names were not read among those who could leave.

"We were desperate. We were going skating, anyhow. We had smuggled our skates into our desks. We lit out unseen. We skated that day and the next and the next, saying nothing to our parents, going home at meal-time, and otherwise defying and evading the truant law. The ice was just too good, and we intended to have our innings.

"Then the ice got rotten, and the time of reckoning was at hand. We knew the truant man was about to get us, anyhow, so we decided to make the best of it. It was decided I was to do the talking. We walked into the superintendent's office. I said, 'We were suspended, sir, for leaving school without permission. We are sorry for what we did, and would like to get back to school.'

"This superintendent had been a boy himself, but had not forgotten the fact. 'Well,' he said, 'I'll give you a ticket back to the principal, with the understanding that this is never to occur again.'

We gave the card to our teacher, who agreed to take us back on condition of a public apology for our conduct before the class.

"The next morning, after prayers, he announced that an apology was to be made by Philip Sousa and Willie Smith. As before, I, being a little reader with my tongue than Willie, made the first speech, and he did his best to remember the exact words and repeat them after me.

"It was to the effect of 'how sorry we were to have angered teacher,' and we promised 'never to do it again.'

"When we were back in our seats, I turned and whispered to Smith, 'No skylarking, now,' and we thought we were well out of it.

"Can you imagine our feelings when three o'clock came and our names were not read? I raised my hand. 'Please sir, may not Willie and I go home?'

THE TRICK ON THE "SLEEPY OLD PROFESSOR"

"He answered, 'You have each six verses against your names.'

"Honest, if I had been that man's size I think my school career would have ended then. After our apology, mind you. It was too mean. We were wild.

"At this juncture I heard a whisper behind me from a fellow named Billy Wood. Billy was always 'in bad.' He was a little fellow, and an awful fighter—the kind that cries all the time he's fighting, but usually licks his man. Billy was the most unfortunate boy in school. He had so many penalties that—well, school for him lasted every day till five o'clock, from the beginning to the end of the season.

"Billy had nothing to lose, and he was our friend.

"Billy whispers, 'D'you want to get out?'

"I nodded, but had no idea he could do it.

"Will you give me ten cents if I get yo' both out?'

"We would.

"I've told you our teacher was old and sleepy. He'd sit there at his desk, up on the platform—just a flat table you know—and doze through the silent hours. After three, his head swaying slowly from side to side, for all the world like a horse 'weaving' in its stall.

"Billy leaves his desk and drops down to the floor. He crawls up to the platform. He sits himself under the table, right in front of the professor's legs, facing us, with a book wide open in his hands.

"I raise my hand. 'Please, sir.'

"The head stops, the professor blinks and comes to, 'Yes.'

"I've memorized my verses, sir. I can recite them all.'

"Very well; proceed.'

"I stand up and advance as near as I can toward Billy, under the table. 'Page —, sir. Gray's 'Elegy in a Churchyard,' and begin, going slowly, glimpsing the lines in the book. Billy is holding out to me as far as he can from under the table.

When I have finished two verses in good order the professor says, 'That will be sufficient. You may go.'

"Maybe I didn't go! Outside I waited for Smith. But Smith didn't come. The reason was, as I found later, that the teacher had happened to put forward a foot, and touched Billy under the table. This was a moment after I made my escape, before Smith had begun. The old man hadn't the wit to connect the business with me, so that I got off and poor Smithy stayed. But I gave Billy Wood his whole fee—ten cents. I guess he'd have licked me if I hadn't!"

"How," I asked, did you get any time to study music?'

STUDYING MUSIC IN EARNEST

"The music study began in real earnest," Mr. Sousa replied, when I became a pupil in John Esputa's Academy of Music. John Esputa was an organist, a violinist, and the best cornet player, at the time, in the world. He was the son of the old gentleman who gave me those early lessons in sol-fège, which I now continued at the academy. The younger Esputa, when he opened his academy, naturally canvassed for pupils, and I think my parents embraced his offer principally with the thought that it would be an additional interest to keep me off the street.

"I don't believe I spoke fifty words in three years in Esputa's school. But I worked hard. The training was remarkably good and thorough for a music conservatory of that period of America's

artistic development. I told you I was a rotten singer. My instrument, as a soloist, was the violin. I learned the flute by picking up another fellow's instrument and consulting his book, 'Nicholson's Flute Instructor,' while he was out at lunch. I got hold of the rudiments of playing the piano, though I was never much at that, my hands being unable to stretch an octave. I studied the cornet, but never played it very well, because I have not good 'trumpet muscles.' I did much better on the baritone, and familiarized myself with the trombone and alto horn. The great point is that I had in time a thorough knowledge of the penetration and facility of all the band instruments, and, what I consider indispensable to a composer, and what 'hear what I saw,' and 'see what I heard.' I mean by that, that I needed no instrument to tell me how a page of music sounded, and I could write down, without requiring the aid of any instrument, whatever musical sound came into my head.

"I personally can hardly understand how a man can compose original music unless he has this ability. Unless you can imagine, away from keyboards, melody and harmony, you will be in great danger of following the beaten track when you take to an instrument to compose. Your fingers will fall into accustomed formulas. They will find for themselves secure and pleasant places. A man's musical thought cannot be vital, and his own, if it is bounded north, south, east and west by conventional intervals, scales and arpeggios.

"Esputa himself paid no attention to me until my third year under him. Then, one morning, I was sight-singing in class, and I began to make the most abominable noises. I was reading an inner voice part in a glee. There was a mistake in the printing, which was neither my knowledge nor my fault. Esputa rapped with his stick to begin again. I sang again, holding stoutly to the notes before me. We tried a third time, to no purpose. I kept yelling it wrong. Esputa came over and snatched the music from my hand. He looked at it angrily, then burst out, 'Well, by G-d, he's been singing what's written here.' And that interested him. It showed that I had learned to sing something different that harmonized with the other voices. But no—I had held true, and sounded the intervals on the page against the other voices.

"From that time on Esputa gave me special attention.

PLAYING THE CYMBALS

"When did you begin to play?" I asked.

"There again," he answered, "it's a little hazy. I know I was drifting into odd musical jobs and performances at a very early age. Well, you heard what that man said a moment ago. He remembered playing the drums while I played the cymbals in the Marine Band when I was a boy 11 years old. It seems to me that I was playing and even giving some lessons at that time or soon after. I remember this, too, a performance of Haydn's 'Creation,' in which I was a member of the orchestra. Clara Louise Kellogg was one of the soloists, and I remember her coming down during the rehearsal and patting my head—not, of course, because of anything noticeable in my performance, but only because I was such a small boy.

"John Esputa encouraged me in this sort of thing and even in a number of little private concerts. Perhaps the most embarrassing performance I ever gave was on one of these occasions, an entertainment at the Government Hospital for the Insane. I was to drive over with Professor Esputa in a great big carriage known as 'The Bloomingdale.' I suddenly remembered that I had no clean shirt.

"I was not excused on that account. Esputa made me go upstairs and put on one of his shirts, many sizes too large for a small boy. The collar had to be fastened with a pin and I was about as uncomfortable a youngster as you could find when I stepped on the platform to play.

"I had not finished more than the introduction of my solo when that wretched collar button became unfastened and began to climb over the back of my head. The agony of this, coupled with the thought of the audience I was facing, made me forget every note of my solo. I began to improvise to cover up this lapse of memory, and I could hear my master hurling imprecations at me under his breath as he vainly struggled at the piano to vamp an accompaniment to my improvising.

"Finally I broke down entirely and fled from the stage. My master followed and hissed in my ears, 'Don't you dare to eat any supper tonight.'

"This was my punishment, and I had to pretend a bird-like appetite at the supper that always followed the concert, and so I went hungry to bed!"

WON ALL THE PRIZES

When Sousa graduated from Esputa's Academy he won all the prizes offered! Esputa said to his father, 'Tony, that d—d boy of yours has won to every medal we've got. I can't give them all to him, because if I did I'd be accused of favoritism.'

In 1867, when he was in his 13th year, Sousa commenced the study of harmony and composition with George F. Benkert, "one of the best musicians who ever lived," he said, "and a very thorough and very inspiring teacher. He had a face—well, I don't intend to be sacrilegious, but it often made me think of the face in paintings of the Christ. Benkert's talent was never adequately recognized."

From now on the young Sousa was doing every kind of a job that came his way. It is a pity that more of our virtuoso pianists, violinists, etc., cannot or will not do the same. Strange as it may seem to the layman nourished on tales of heaven-sent genius, a given amount of musical routine is indispensable to any success in the musical art, and the more of this routine, the more odd jobs of all kinds that the orchestral player, conductor or performer secures in his formative days, the better musician he is likely to be.

Although—as Mr. Sousa says, "If a man is a fizzle the first time he tries to conduct, he's not likely to succeed in it later. Conductors, like poets or other people of highly specialized qualifications, are born and not made."

One of Mr. Sousa's keenest memories is the first time he heard Theodore Thomas conduct in Washington, as a boy of 14. "To me," he said, "it was the gateway of heaven." Another memory is his first personal contact with Thomas, when he, Sousa, prepared the band which was to participate in a performance under Thomas' baton at the dedication ceremonies of the World's Fair of 1892. "And afterwards," said Mr. Sousa, "we talked a solid five hours." The way his face lit up as he said those words can't be conveyed in print.

He went on to talk with a contagious enthusiasm of the Wagner performances—Wagner was just then being introduced in America—of Thomas and of Arthur Nikisch, who remain, to Mr. Sousa, the two greatest orchestral conductors he has ever heard. "Thomas made Wagner so beautiful," said Mr. Sousa, "and even today, at the hands of conductors who should know better, Wagner is so hideously and unreasonably brutalized."

"These two men, above all others," he continued, "appeared to have been born with the knowledge, the personality and the genius for

spirit of the times in my blood; it was rather revolutionary for me to think of such a thing when I recalled the other days before the war. It would have been the ruination of me then, even to whisper a thought of disobedience of the ruler's wishes. And now, with things upside down, I was scheming on the possibilities of seeing the former Kaiser and photographing him myself.

Later in Paris I told my good friend Count de Sokolowski about my idea. He laughed at me, and I answered him by offering to wager that I could get to Doorn, see the Kaiser and get photographs.

"Don't be ridiculous, Baron," the Count told me. "Impossible! Why, my friend, do you not know that clever newspaper photographers, cinema men and a lot of others have tried every conceivable way! You can't even get to Doorn. The authorities won't let you. The officials at Berlin will refuse and the Kaiser will not see you, even though the authorities do allow you to go to see him."

He reminded me of several attempts to get photographs of Doorn by alighting airplanes and balloons, but the authorities interrupted the scheme. "Impossible! Ridiculous!" the Count laughed. "Nothing is impossible my good fellow," I told him. "You will see."

LUDENDORFF ONE OF THE FEW

Rarely does the ex-Kaiser see even his old friends at Doorn. Ludendorff is one of the few of the old generals who have visited him more than once. When I finally got to Doorn I was informed by one of the secretaries that Wilhelm had received approximately fifty friends in more than two years and the authorities restrict the visits of even the ex-Kaiser's sons.

You must understand, too, that even if the ex-Kaiser wants to see old friends, it is hard for them to get to see him. They must be granted passports in Berlin and conduct long negotiations with secretaries in Berlin and Doorn; their mission must be explained in detail for the scrutiny of the

WHEN HIS VIOLIN STRING BROKE

To return to Sousa's earlier days: In '73 he was a violinist at the Theatre Comique in Washington. The leader fell sick and Sousa stepped into his place. The violinist lead as well as played. One night, in the middle of a dance, the E string of Sousa's fiddle broke. Sousa continued beating time with his bow. Jake Budd, the famous comedian, was then state manager. When the two song-and-dance men had completed their turn and gone off, they told Budd of the astonishing and irregular conduct of the first fiddler, and asked, "Where did you get that fellow from?"

During the rest of the season Sousa led the orchestra for Milton Nobles, whose performances in "Lightning" are applauded today. Nobles himself took the part of Carroll Graves in "The Phoenix." For this play, at Nobles' request, Sousa furnished an overture and some instrumental music "cues"—incidental music.

"There was really wonderful talent with us in that company," said Mr. Sousa. "Nobles himself could take the greatest or the smallest parts and glorify them with his genius. In fact, I can say that much of the inspiration of those early years for me was due not only to musicians, but to actors, actresses, singers, tragedians and comedians, whose interpretations of various roles I took to heart. It wasn't only in the orchestra pit that I was learning my lessons."

"I wonder sometimes if the young musicians of the day have the enthusiasm for their music that we had. I remember, in the course of a trip over a good deal of the country with Mr. Nobles, a day we arrived in Lincoln, Neb., to find that the theatre

in which we were booked to perform had burned down. We found another place which would have to do as a makeshift.

"A member of the orchestra of the theatre that had been destroyed was describing to me the catastrophe. 'I might have lost my life,' he said, 'but by God I saved the "Poet and Peasant" overture!'"

"Funny accidents happened, as they always do on the road. A number of your readers who have seen that particular play will remember the scene in which Carroll Graves (Mr. Nobles) is sitting at a table, writing the famous story, 'The Villain Still Pursues Her,' and the Irish lawyer, Dionysius O'Gall, makes his appearance. The man who played the part of this lawyer suddenly left us, but fortunately a little Englishman, who served another member of the troupe as valet, had heard the play so often that he was letter-perfect, and did the part very well.

"On a certain night one of the fire traps in the theatre happened to lie directly in front of the door marked for the entrance of the Irish lawyer. With a hearty, 'Good morning, Carroll, I have brought you some oysters,' the valet rushed forward and stepped into the open trap.

"This made a tremendous hit with the audience, who let out a roar of laughter, thinking the episode a part of the play. As for me, sitting in the orchestra, I felt my hair standing on end. The curtain was rung down, a ladder lowered into the abyss into which the valet had disappeared, and the actors and grips stood about, fearing the man was dead. You do not so easily feaze an Englishman! At that very moment the valet ascended and poked his head above the trap. Mr. Nobles grabbed him by the arm. 'Are you hurt?'"

"No, sir," answered the little Englishman, looking much perplexed, and evidently still at a loss to understand the situation. 'No, sir, I am not hurt, but greatly surprised.'



Jacques Offenbach.

"In '75 I was with Mat Morgan's Living Pictures, and with them toured the country. Then in '76 Offenbach came to America and I was a member of his orchestra in Philadelphia. The rehearsals were the devil and all, because of the rotten way in which some scribes in Paris had copied his parts for him. They doubtless conceived of Indians, and the like on Broadway, and thought such work good enough for America. Nor was Offenbach inclined to be over-fussy at rehearsals.

"He was moreover delighted with the orchestra, probably larger, irrespective of the manner in which it compared with the band at the 'Bouffes Parisiennes.' We played, I remember, music from the 'Trip to the Moon,' 'La Perichole,' 'La Ballerina,' and other of Offenbach's operas well known then, and too seldom heard now. At that time, as you will remember, he hadn't written the famous 'Tales of Hoffmann,' and if you had told us that most of the things for which Offenbach was then famous would be abandoned by the next generation, and an opera that he hadn't yet written, and that he couldn't get performed in his lifetime, would be the principal work to preserve his fame, we would have been very much surprised. History most extraordinarily reverses verdicts, in art.

"Max Maretzek was our first conductor, Anthony Rieff and Simon Hassler assistant conductors. One of my early compositions was 'The Interna-

tional Congress,' which I wrote, on Offenbach's request, for performance on the 4th of July, 1877. Our principal piece, however, became the pot-pourri of a German composer, 'Offenbachianna.' It contained most of the principal airs from the other works on the programme, and was engraved in Germany. Offenbach found he could get much better printed music in Germany or America than he could in Paris."

"What did Offenbach," I asked, "think of 'The International Congress?'" I was surprised to find that far from discussing this work with Offenbach or even presenting it personally, Mr. Sousa sent up the piece without even signing his name to the composition. "There was no necessity for it," he said. "I was just a violinist in the orchestra, who turned out something they wanted. In fact, I don't believe I was introduced to Offenbach, or shook his hand, or did more than to respond to his cordial 'Good morning.'"

"I was asked to write such a piece. That was all. For me it was only one of a number of compositions that I was turning out all the time. I didn't have any sense about money in those days anyhow. I was glad to get the first things printed. Some of them I sold for \$5.00. For the 'Review,' the first march that I had published, I received the proceeds of the sale of 100 copies. It just about paid, at the rate of 15 cents a copy, for the cost of the visit and interview with the publishers! Much I cared. I was earning enough money to feed me, and for the rest was immersed head over ears in my art, and doing everything I could possibly do to know it better.

"The 'Review' wasn't my first published composition, you understand. The first, or one of the first, was the waltz, 'Moonlight on the Potomac.' This composition I played to a friend of mine, Albert Tabor. He was enamoured of a charming girl, whose name was Carrie Foote. She won't mind my telling, I'm sure, if she reads your lines, how Tabor, much impressed with my music, offered to pay half the price of its publication, if I would dedicate the composition to Carrie Foote. I was glad to do this, and pay my half of the cost of the printing!"

"One day," said John Philip Sousa, "I was showing the score of Offenbach's opera, 'The Chatterers,' with considerable enthusiasm, to George Benkert, my musical patron saint and teacher of composition, and, expanding under the influence of friendship and encouragement, as a young man will, I turned to him, and asked, 'Do you suppose I will ever be able to write an opera like that?'"

"Benkert laid his hand affectionately on my shoulder, and said, 'My boy, you'll write a better one.'"

"That was going pretty far, and I guess I ought to have rapped on wood. Anyhow—and put it down, the truth and nothing but the truth being what we're after—my first opera, 'The Smugglers,' was a failure."

"The second went much better, and brought some important things in its train. This was 'Our Flirtations,' the libretto by Bera Wilson. I returned to Philadelphia in the fall of '79. F. F. Mackey, then stage manager of the Chestnut-Street Theatre, had made a deep impression on me in a comedy, 'Masks and

Faces,' and said he would star in my operetta.

"We put it on at the Park Theatre in 1880. It had a good run, and I felt that I was catching on to writing music in an effective way for the stage."

ENLISTING IN THE MARINE CORPS

Now it happened that at the time we were producing 'Our Flirtations' the Secretary of the Navy and also the Colonel Commandant of the Marines came to Philadelphia to inspect League Island. Evidently they attended one of my performances, for they returned to Washington and communicated with my father, who was still closely associated with the Marine Corps. "We saw a young chap in Philadelphia who bore your name, conducting an orchestra," they said. "Is that your boy? We think we've got something for him."

"There had been a shake-up in the Marine Band, and in due course I received the official proposal to become leader of that organization. I was delighted, as you may imagine, but first, in response to the earnest request of Mackey, went with him for a few weeks on tour. I could not finish the tour. I received a telegram from my father. 'I have accepted the position for you. Better come at once,' and I had to return. I enlisted October 1, 1880.

UNDER FIVE PRESIDENTS

"I served in Washington as conductor of the Band of the U. S. Marine Corps for 12 happy and eventful years, and under five presidents. They were Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland and Harrison.

"Apart from the musical opportunities, it was a great experience for the development of character. In official life a man has to stand right up to the job. He makes his mark or he fails. The temperamental 'flowing-tie variety' of musician could not exist under these circumstances, and sometimes I think it would be a very good thing for the world if he couldn't exist anyway. The discipline is invaluable. One learns that whether he will or no he has to adjust himself to the workings of a great organization, and I don't know any experience that better enables a man to find himself, if he hasn't already done so, than just that.

"Prompt obedience, of course, is required of the leader of the Band of the U. S. Marine Corps, just as much as it is required of every soldier and officer in the Army or Navy, and he who said it was necessary to learn how to obey in order to learn how to command uttered a very profound truth. Of course there are times when routine involves actions which seem incongruous, but I don't think anyone who is thoughtful has lived very long without blessing, when something in life caves in on him, that very routine which seemed under other circumstances so useless.

"But etiquette does give rise at times, to funny situations. At the time of the unveiling of the Farragut statue during the Garfield Administration, it was suddenly decided at the White House to hold a reception for the many distinguished visitors in the city. Orders for the Marine Band to attend came at 7 P. M., when the men had been dismissed for the day and had left the barracks. I explained, 'Well, said the communicating officer, 'those were my instructions and those are your orders.'"

"We scoured the barracks, and found just one man, the bass-drummer. So at 8 o'clock I sat in my gorgeous red uniform at one end of the platform, and the bass-drummer at the other. There was a dazzling array of music stands and empty chairs, but no men. The President evidently saw the humorous side of

it, and realized that it couldn't be helped.

"So all evening we sat there, the drummer and I. When the reception was over I dismissed the drummer with proper military ceremony and we filed out. We had reported for duty, though, and were all present and accounted for, though the President and his guests never heard a note!

PLAYING "CACHUCA" FOR PRESIDENT ARTHUR

"Sometimes a man had to use his wits, and use 'em quick.

"President Chester A. Arthur was fond of certain tunes. One night, during a State dinner, the President came to the door of the main lobby of the White House, and, beckoning me to his side, asked me to play the 'Cachuca.'

"When I explained that we hadn't the music with us, but would be glad to play it on our next programme the President looked surprised, and said, 'Why, Sousa, I thought you could play anything. I'm sure you can. Now give us the Cachuca.'

"By God's grace I had in my band a Maltese musician named Amabile Samuels. That fellow had in his head about every tune ever invented. If I didn't know an air or had forgotten which one it was, I had only to call him over, and cock an ear, while he played it for me, and, as I've said, once I can hear a thing, I can write it down.

"In this dilemma I called again on Amabile. Sure enough. He came over, we put our heads together, and he played softly and swiftly the air of the 'Cachuca.' Bless him! He's alive today, too. Then I got hold of some music paper, swiftly sketched out the parts that were indispensable, and told the rest of the band to 'vamp.' Then we played the 'Cachuca' for the benefit of Mr. Arthur, who came to the door and said, 'I knew you could play it.'

"You had to take care with your programmes, too. When President Cleveland married at the White House he sent for a copy of the programme in advance. I had put on it, among other things, the air of a song from one of my operas, called 'Student of Love.'

"I was summoned to the White House. Colonel Lamont emerged from an inner chamber. He pointed to the title on the programme. 'The President says, play the music, but take off the name!'

"Mrs. Harrison, and her daughter, Mrs. McKee, were both much interested in music, and I took great pains in the preparations of the programmes for them. Mr. Harrison was exceptionally unassuming and democratic. On a drizzly day, when I myself had driven up to the White House in a cab, I saw through the window a short man with an umbrella nearly run over by a street car. That was President Harrison.

"I recalled an incident I had seen in Paris not long before—a great commotion in the streets, a platoon of hussars with revolvers, clearing away the crowd, following them, at a short distance, a platoon with drawn sabres, and finally a hollow square of the cavalry with a barouche carrying President Carnot of the French Republic. I couldn't help contrasting the difference in custom between different republics.

"The time was near when I was about to leave my Washington duties and organize the band I lead today. I was allowed each season three concerts in Philadelphia. They always created great enthusiasm and drew big audiences. It happened that in 1892 the manager, David Blakely, had had a difference with that great band leader, Patrick Gilmore, whose manager he had been up to that time. It concerned the number of men which Blakely believed could be taken through the country in a band, and the greater number of men that Gilmore wanted. The matter ended in these two severing connections.

WHAT PRESIDENT HARRISON SAID

"Blakely wanted another band, and made a proposal for an extended series of tours to me. I wanted to do it, of course, if I could get permission from the White House. As I have said, Mrs. Harrison was very fond of music, she had done numberless friendly little things for me, and, feeling I had a 'friend at court,' I first mentioned the project to her. She said she would speak to the President that evening. I went up to the White House where the Speedway is, and at length the President came out. 'Mrs. Harrison has told me of your desire for a tour, Sousa,' he said. 'I was going to tour the country this next season myself, but I'm afraid I've got to give it up. You go ahead! I guess the country needs you, Sousa, more than it needs me.'

"That was the good nature and kindly way in which I received the Presidential permission for my first tour.

ORGANIZING SOUSA'S BAND

"I hope he didn't regret giving the permission, and I don't think he did. He was a 'white' man clean through, and there were other bandmasters in the country than John Philip Sousa. The result of the business, anyhow, was my resignation from the Marine Band the following season, and my first tour with Sousa's band. We gave our first concert at Plainfield, New Jersey, September 26, 1892. We've been going ever since.

"The invaluable experience of my 12 years at Washington had taught me not only the musical problems associated with instruments, their balance, grouping, and so forth, but also the system and discipline under which any organization must work if it is to endure and succeed.

"But given the perfect adjustment of routine, there remains a factor of even more importance in a success—the human equation and the relations between the director and his men. Men, especially musicians, are not articles to be sold or hired in the market. If the men are to follow your wishes, and perform their work with enthusiasm, they must know that the leader appreciates their help and that he is their friend, and counsellor if they want one. And I have always believed in high wages.

"If I paid musical union rates to my men I would save today about \$1800 a week in salaries. Calculate on the basis of seasons averaging from 32 to 36 weeks, and you can see that the total amounts to quite a figure. That is as it should be. I do not take average players into my organization. I take only very good men. I have some instrumentalists in my band, second on their instruments to no one in the world. It is to my interest to make it advantageous for them to stay with me year in and year out, and it is the merest justice that they should receive pay in proportionate to the artistic value of their talents.

"I made it a rule, furthermore, very early in the game, that no agents were to be given a cent of the salaries I paid. Those salaries are for the men, not the agents. Any man in my band who gave a weekly percentage of his pay to an agent who got him a job, or any agent I knew of who made such an agreement with a player he recommended to me, would be 'through,' so far as the Sousa band is concerned.

"Well, to return to the fortunes of our early tours: We started out the second season 'on our own,' and were everywhere very successful. The very shrewd Blakely made the most optimistic predictions when he perceived the success of this second tour in cities which we had visited the season before. That tells the story. That convinced both Blakely and myself that there was a big future for the band.

"Incidentally, let me reiterate advice which more than one successful business man has handed down. It can't be too often repeated. It is this:

"Never, if you can possibly help it, make money a first consideration in undertaking a given piece of work. Granted that you can keep alive, money is the last thing, particularly for a young man to consider. Of course, I know that such a course may be impractical in a number of cases. Young men have to support parents or large families. No one's circumstances, abilities and openings are the same. But as a general rule, if it is a question of doing better work or making more money, do the work. While it doesn't always follow, it is liable to increase one's material fortunes in the end more than the temporarily profitable job would have done.

"It was, for example, a financial loss for me to accept the position as director of the Marine Band in 1880. The position, of course, gave a certainty—although you can lie down on a routine job like that, or build it up, as you please. It was, first of all, the opportunity of having a band to play with, to work out my ideas and make myself known as a force in the development of the band and its music that attracted me. I had plenty of work, I had opportunity to concentrate all my powers on it and to go as far as my abilities and energy would permit. As for the money, the pay of a fourth-class clerk in a Washington department—\$1800—had always seemed to me as much as anyone should require. I was perfectly contented with the same salary, as leader of the band. I told you that I sold my early compositions very cheaply.

"SEMPER FIDELIS" FOR \$35!

"I sold the 'Washington Post' for \$35. This march, 'The High-School Cadets,' 'Semper Fidelis'—that march, regarded by all Marines as their exclusive property, was, strangely enough, always the favorite of William Hohenzollern, and it's the only thing I've ever held against it—and 'The Gladiator,' the first of the marches to go big—sold for an average of \$35. I didn't realize, I admit, what financial possibilities lay in them. But if I had I doubt if I would have concerned myself much in the matter. I was earning \$1800 a year as leader of the Marine Band, and thought that this was enough money for any man to get and squander! Others went for much less. There was an occasion when a board bill was pressing I wrote a march and, going to a publisher, offered it for \$30.

"Don't want it," said the publisher. "Have more marches now than I feel like printing."

"Well, give me \$20 for it."

"As I started to leave, discouraged but smiling, my eye fell upon a stack of dictionaries in the store."

"Well, take it for a dictionary."

"I'll go you," came back, and I proudly walked out with an Unabridged under my arm; but the landlady had to wait another week for her bill.

"I wasn't much troubled about it, though. A young man, with his health, his talent, his friends and his work, knows that the world is his oyster. Whether it is or not, he feels that way.

Lucky, perhaps, that he don't know what's coming to! He'd be less cocky. But it's a good thing to be young and to have what are called 'illusions.'

Perhaps they're not illusions, after all. Perhaps they are the real things, and the apparent burdens, afflictions, weaknesses and failures the illusions—the things that make and pass, and drop away.

"Those were happy, busy, and on the whole, carefree days. I felt then, and don't know but what I still feel, like the Italian who played 'cello in a string quartet to which I belonged in Washington, in the days before I directed the Marine Band.

We were going out one night to play at the house of William Hunter, the Assistant Secretary of State.

There was a tremendous snowstorm, the cars were all held up, and we tramped home five good miles through the snow. We had our fiddle boxes, but the Italian juggled his more ponderous instrument on his shoulder.

"SAVA DA FIDDLE"

"We came to a steep slope. Before you could say Jack Robinson the old Italian slipped and plunged down, rolling over and over in the snow in one direction, while his 'cello skidded in the other. Presently, out of the silence and from the snowy depths, came a shrill and agonized voice: 'Sava da fiddle! Neva minda da neck! Sava da fiddle! Neva minda da neck!' As betwixt my earnings and my art, those were precisely my sentiments."

I wanted to know the stories of some of Mr. Sousa's most famous marches.

"The first time," he said, "that I learned that the popularity of my marches had gone beyond the boundaries of my home in Washington was in the '80s, when I gave a concert at the Academy of Music in Philadelphia. No composition of mine had figured in the programme. Instead, there was a list of composers. During the first half of the concert, regular numbers and encores of the 'classic' kind were played. During the applause that followed the first piece of the second half of the concert, an old gentleman rose from his seat in the audience and holding up his arm, said: 'Will Mr. Sousa play the 'High-School Cadets'? and like Kipling's ship, I found myself."

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it. Now who is this Giovanni Filippo Sousa?"

"Oh," said the shopkeeper, "he is one of our famous Italian composers."

"Indeed! I am delighted to hear it. Is he as famous as Verdi?"

"Well, I should say not as famous as Verdi; he is young yet."

"Have you seen him?" I inquired.

"I do not remember."

"I would like, with your permission," I said, "to introduce you to his wife. This is Signora Giovanni Filippo Sousa."

"And Mrs. John Philip Sousa said: 'Permit me to introduce my husband, Signor Giovanni Filippo Sousa, the composer of the march called 'Washington Post.'"

Explanations followed, and the shopkeeper charged me full retail price for a printed copy of my own march!"

This isn't a critical musical article. Some day I shall indulge in one on the subject of the Sousa marches. I have been hearing them day in and day out, for over a week, and they grow on you. Confession is good for the soul. This writer, who specializes in the repertory of the Symphony Orchestra and the Opera House, while he always was stirred by Sousa marches, had not realized, by any means, the originality and mastery of their workmanship. No man who ever wrote in this country wrote music with more joy and inspiration than Sousa at the maturity of his powers, and no man has put more ideas into fewer measures. Then there is his original treatment of key relationships; the gradual, and as he tells me, instinctive evolution of his particular manner of instrumentation for the band; his disregard of precedent as regards form, and the way in which each march, with an individuality of its own, has a style particularly appropriate to the musical idea which inspired it. The technic, in other words, springs so truly from the musical idea, and not the musical idea from the technic.

Like a seed in the ground, this idea grows its own, native roots and branches.

Also, a yard could be written about the themes themselves—this one electrical in its force and rhythm, that one of a lyric character unique with Sousa. His personal stamp is on all of them. Consider the almost Latin wit and insouciance of the second phrase of the "Washington Post," the optimism, the gayety, and at the same time the grace of this idea. The nervous energy of the music, the youth of it, is the energy and youth of this American nation, and I swear, when it comes to the second period of the "Stars and Stripes," and the thrice familiar melody that swells and soars, first softly, and then with all kinds of counterpoint

and counter melodies from the band—I think of one thing—the flag flung out to the breeze, floating in a heaven of blue and fleece and sun. And you can bet that that was the feeling, if not the mental image of Sousa when he composed that march.

HOW HE COMPOSED "STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER"

I asked him about the inspiration of it, and it proved an interesting story.

"I composed that march," he said, "pacing the decks of the vessel that brought me back from my European tour of '95, going from Liverpool to New York. I walked up and down, day by day, with a whole brass band in my head, without putting one note on paper. Gradually the march shaped and perfected itself, inside me, down to the last note of the orchestration."

"When I landed in New York I put the music on paper, and I don't believe I altered a note of what I had completely thought out on the ship."

"I then sent the score to the publishers, with the title of 'The Stars and Stripes Forever.' They wanted to take off the last word, and call it 'The Stars and Stripes.' I couldn't agree."

"The published score bears the date, Christmas Day, 1896. The first performance was in the spring of '97 in Philadelphia, when the new march received a regular ovation. General Wood paid it a compliment which highly honored me in a speech he made not long ago at El Paso. He said that in three wars, the Spanish war, the war in the Philippines, and the World war, he had had the privilege and inspiration of marching to 'The Stars and Stripes Forever.'"

THE STORY OF "SEMPER FIDELIS"

"If you want an author's opinion, I can say that no march of mine, in my own estimation, has beaten 'Semper Fidelis.' Do you know that that is the one composition officially recognized by the United States government?"

"It is the official march of the U. S. Marine Corps, always played by them on those occasions which demand the passing in review before the President or other dignitaries of this country, or highly honored visitors. I have always been proud and happy, that according to my own abilities, such as they may be, I was able to bring my best inspiration to bear in writing this music."

"For I had imposed an artistic responsibility on myself which I felt strongly. The standard piece of music played on occasions such as those I have described had been 'Hail to the Chief.' I suppose the title of the piece had given it its office in the programmes of the Marine Band. As a matter of fact, this tune, originally a Scotch boating song, is almost as inappropriate and inconvenient a tune for impressive ceremonies as could well be. There is no climax for the salute with the flag, it is too short, it is not particularly good marching."

"President Arthur, in a personal conversation I had with him, asked me what I thought of the air, and I told him. I asked if there was an official ruling that ordered the invariable performance of 'Hail to the Chief,' and when he answered that it was a custom, but not a ruling, I asked if I might attempt a march to serve instead. He gladly agreed to this, and I went at it. I composed it in such a way that the full band, with the trumpets and the drums, would be playing as it passed in review and saluted with the colors. The march found favor at once, and I named it with the motto of the U. S. Marine Corps, whose representative march it is: 'Semper Fidelis' ('Always Faithful.')

By Olin Downes

Post Oct. 1, 1922

On a certain and memorable day, said Mr. Sousa, "the 22nd of February, to be exact," Mrs. McKean of Philadelphia, introduced me to a remarkably pretty girl with the loveliest complexion I had even seen. After the introduction the fair one said, 'I'm celebrating two birthdays today, George Washington's and my own,' and then, with a superior air, added, 'I'm sixteen years old today.'

"Well, she changed her name to mine within the year, and has ever since signed her checks 'Mrs. John Philip Sousa.'"

"You ask if she is a musician. Certainly! She has the accomplishments of the well-educated American girl. Among them, she sings, when I let her, Millard's 'Waiting,' 'Under the Daisies,' 'Take back the heart thou gavest,' and such like."

"As a pianist her strong numbers are 'The Maiden's Prayer,' the 'Chop-sticks Waltz,' and 'Tam O' Shanter, Grand Galop de Concert.'"

"She has a passion for gardening, both kitchen and flower, and I'm sure that the lettuce she raises on our place in Long Island doesn't cost me over seventeen (\$17.00) dollars a head. But she says they are priceless, as are also the beans, corn, tomatoes, apples, peaches, etc., which come from our place."

"I guess she's right!"

"She's a Daughter of the Revolution, and proud of it, for two of her ancestors gave their lives for the cause of freedom."

JOHN PHILIP THE THIRD

And that was that. Today there is a John Philip Sousa 2nd, in business in New York, and also a John Philip Sousa the third. He delighted his grandfather recently, when introduced to company by that title, by promptly rejoicing, "No! Not John Philip Sousa the third. John Philip Sousa the foremost!"

If John Philip the 1st were not the exceptionally kind man that he is, level-headed, and not temperamental after the manner of our fiddlers and barytone, I should expect a scene with him next time we meet. For I have unintentionally misquoted him. Mr. Sousa was made to say in the last article of this series, that his favorite march was "Semper Fidelis." That is wrong. "Semper Fidelis" is the favorite march of Sousa's manager, Mr. Harry Askins. Sousa's favorite march is "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

"Of course," he said, as I jumped his train last week when he was in Massachusetts, and he glanced over the "story," "you can say whatever you like as to your favorite. The 'Stars and Stripes Forever' is mine."

Mine too. And probably a majority of readers will agree with Mr. Sousa.

How nice he was about it! "I like everything to be done," he said. "with a nod of his head and a great deal of his character, and the secret of his personal content and his wide popularity are contained in that remark."

And shown in his compositions. They are sunny. They are buoyant. You can't listen to Sousa, or travel with him either, without concluding that it's a pretty good old world, after all, and you better get busy as quick as you can to enjoy it and repay it for what it's given you."

HOW "LIBERTY BELL MARCH" WAS NAMED

The marches are in fact personal documents with Sousa, as they are also, in a majority of cases, reminders of events in this country.

The Liberty Bell March was so called in celebration of the return of the Liberty Bell to its historic place in Philadelphia. Mr. Sousa, on that day, had just completed a march, but had not named it. While conducting a concert in the Chicago Auditorium he received a wire from Mrs. Sousa, saying that John Philip the 2nd, then aged about 5, had been in his first parade. He was one of the Philadelphia school-children who took part in the ceremonies of the installment of the Bell.

Later in the evening Mr. Sousa attended a show at the Auditorium, and the first drop that fell showed the Liberty Bell. "There," said Mr. Sousa, "I thought, is the title of my march, and forthwith named it—'Liberty Bell.'"

"That was the first march," he said, to bring me in a substantial amount of money. Up to that time, as I have told you, I was selling my marches at the average price of \$35.00. The John Church Company now made me an offer of \$200 bonus, and a 15 per cent royalty on the sales. That made everybody sit up, and since that time I have had no difficulty in securing good financial returns from my compositions."

PICKING THE TITLES OF HIS MARCHES

It is evident that an element in the success of these marches, also, has been the cleverness and the popular character of many of their titles. I make no question, and I believe the Gridiron Club in Washington, of which Mr. Sousa is one of the very few honorary members, has stated it—no question but that Sousa would have been a brilliant journalist if that had turned out to be his field of endeavor. He is a born raconteur, and, as the boys in Washington put it, "he has a nose for news."

What headlines he might have written! "Hands Across the Sea"; "Bullets and Bayonets," and "Sabre and Spur," composed while he was doing one of the greatest things of his life—raising hundreds and thousands of bandmen for the U. S. army and navy at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station during the war. "Semper Fidelis," the fine motto of the Marine Corps and so appropriate in its dignity and symbolism as the name of a march to accompany the salute with the colors.

And then the marches of more local significance, such as "King Cotton" for the Cotton States Exposition in Atlanta; "Powhatan's Daughter," played on the scenes of the famous adventurous

romance of Pocahontas, at the Jamestown-Virginia Exposition, "Who's Who," written for the Annapolis Class of '18. The titles say so much. How delighted our esteemed editor would be if we could all manufacture such captions—the news in the first two words of the headline.

The last march he composed, or rather the last march to be published—he produces with so much fertility that it is a bold man who will call anything from his pen "the last" if he hasn't seen him for a month—is "The Gallant Seventh," dedicated to the men and officers of that organization. The march was written, I believe, at a time when Mr. Sousa suffered severe pain from an accident, and yet it is as energetic, as fiery, as optimistic as any one of them.

"As for my operas," he said, in the course of a most entertaining and informing chat about his compositions, "they are inextricably interwoven with the romances and marriages of de Wolf Hopper!

"I've spoken of the first two—'The Smugglers' and 'Our Plirations.' They enabled me to get my hand in, so to speak, in writing for the stage. Now came the third opera, 'Desiree,' the book by E. M. Taber.

AN OPERA ROMANCE

"In that opera de Wolf Hopper made his debut. Let me say, incidentally, that he could have achieved, in my estimation, as also in the estimation of John McCall, producer of 'Desiree,' the highest success in grand opera. McCall told me he considered Hopper the finest basso cantante he ever heard. But that's another story, and the light opera stage can thank it's stars that this remarkable singer and actor remained with it.

"Just behind Hopper, in an early rehearsal of my opera, stood a very pretty young girl who had some highly insignificant role in the piece. McCall lost his temper, and took to hectoring the chorus. 'For heaven's sake,' he shouted, 'Wake up! Get some life into you! Think of something nice—anything—anything that will get you going. Think I've raised your salary—'

"For my part," says the little girl back of Hopper, "if you should raise my salary I think I should drop dead!" Hopper turned and grinned, and Cupid made a capture on the spot. That girl became the first Mrs. Hopper. She was a Boston girl, too—Ida Mosher.

"Speaking of 'Desiree' reminds me of an experience I had with McCall which persuaded me I had best never try to impress a manager by interpreting my music with my voice.

"Cottrelly and I were showing the score to McCall. We came to the second number, which I sang, if you can call it that, in what I considered my best manner. 'It won't do,' said McCall flatly, when I had finished, 'It's unworthy of the rest of the opera.'

"I promised to write something else in its place. My second song was a pretty little polka movement, in the manner of a French chansonette, and I was much pleased with it. I took McCall into the Casino in New York, sat me down at the piano, and once more tried to sing. But the beaming smile of the fascinated director was not on McCall's face when I had finished. 'Dam sight worse than the first one,' was his terse comment. I was in despair.

"But Rose Leighton, who had one of the principal parts in 'Desiree,' was fortunately delighted with the composition, took issue directly with McCall on it, and insisting on singing it herself. The singer was now a charming young woman with the voice of a thrush in place of a mere composer with the voice of a crow, and McCall was enchanted. 'That,' he said when she had finished, 'is quite different.' The song went big. You know, composers are about the only people who can hear

good music in spite of bad sounds. We hear in our heads what it ought to be. The average music lover, or even performer, hears what it is under prevailing conditions of performance, which, as the manager said to the star, is quite different!

"There were some pretty good songs in 'Desiree,' if I do say it. The song 'For which my son-in-law will pay' was utilized by any number of musical comedy interpreters, and the like, for years after 'Desiree' had been laid to rest. It evidently made a deep impression on de Wolf Hopper's mind, for it was only a few months ago, when we were both at a banquet, that he sang that melody, after 40 years, remembering also the text of several verses, which he interpreted for myself and listening friends.

"Let's see . . . 'Desiree' was the third opera. The fourth was 'The Queen of Hearts.' The 'Loyal Legion March' came out of that and remains a favorite with the public. We later transplanted from it the 'Ammonia Song,' lines by E. M. Taber, into the 'Charlatan,' which I consider on the whole my best opera. But 'The Queen of Hearts' had one great handicap. It required too large a cast. The stage was filled with actors clad as different members of the pack of cards—the Queen, the King, the Executioner, and so forth, which made a gorgeous spectacle, but demanded rather too much, for those days, of the comic opera stage. I've long considered revising that work, fixing it up for a smaller cast, and seeing how it would go today.

WHAT HE THREATENS TO DO

"'Queen of Hearts' was followed by 'El Capitan.' Edna Wallace, appearing in that opera, became de Wolf Hopper's second wife. (One of these days, if he doesn't watch out, I'll write an opera about his romances—title, 'Matrimonial Bureau,' libretto by John Philip Sousa!) The libretto of 'El Capitan' was by Charles Klein, and I personally think it the finest libretto for a light opera that has been produced on this side of the water. I often think of those times, and Charley, the prince of fellows, gone down on the Lusitania! Well-a-day! Tom Frost and I wrote the lyrics of 'El Capitan.' A lot of good stuff in the score, too. There's the march named after the opera, taken from it, and going as strong as ever. Then there's the 'Typical Tune of Zanzibar,' and 'Sweetheart, I'm waiting,' and 'Tolling of the Bell.' Several others, too, that I'm pleasantly reminded of now and then in statements of royalties from my publishers!

"I wrote libretto as well as music for 'The Bride Elect.' Among numbers in that opera which have worn well are the 'Card Song,' 'Pack up Your Sunday Clothes,' the 'Boat Song,' and 'Unchain the Dogs of War.' The beautiful and statuesque Nellie Bergen was our leading lady.

"By the time we had mounted the next opera, 'The Charlatan,' Nellie Bergen, again our leading lady, had become Mrs. Hopper third! My own opinion of the value of the music, compared with that of my other operas, seemed to have been sustained in Europe, where 'The Charlatan' was produced under the name of 'The Mystical Miss.' The finale of the second act, a concerted number for principals and chorus, gained honorable mention in a good many places, as also the quartet, 'Social Laws,' and 'The Seventh Son of a Seventh Son.' With the exception of the 'Ammonia Song,' the lyrics in that opera were mine, as well as the music.

"The 'Free Lance,' book by Harry B. Smith, and a good book it was, starred one of the ex-Mrs. Hoppers—nee Edna Wallace. She sang opposite Joe Cawthorne, who was incomparable in his role. Favorite excerpts were 'The Mystery of History,' the 'Goose Girl's Song,' the 'Hair Song,' and the march, 'On to Victory.'

"Then came 'Chris and the Wonderful Lamp,' in which again Edna Wallace—though not with her former husband, nor, this time, with Cawthorne, but with Jerry Sikes—were the dual stars. Glenn MacDonough was our librettist. From that came a song hit of considerable duration, 'Momma, Poppa and the Patter of the Shingle' and 'The Man Behind the Gun' and 'Where is Love?'

"My last opera to see the stage, 'The Glass Blowers,' appeared in 1913. As soon as I get time, I'm going to launch another one on the unsuspecting public. My 'Maine to Oregon' march came from 'The Glass Blowers.' So do 'The American Girl' and 'The Crystal Lute' and 'In the Dominion of Twilight He Told His Love'—surely one of my best songs.

TROUBLES OF A COMPOSER

"It's not easy to write a good light opera! But I am not one of those who sneer at the judgment of the great general public. The collective mind is bound to be better balanced and more intelligent in sum than the individual mind, and it's true in more than one way that you can tell the popularity of your compositions best by examining the royalty sheet of the publisher."

Mr. Sousa dilated on this theme on a later occasion, and said some things which musicians of the higher-browed variety will be interested to hear, whether or not they agree. "I don't believe," he said, "in subsidizing music any more than I believe in subsidies from persons or governments of other activities. Much is made of the pecuniary help certain great composers received from people of wealth or circumstances. It sounds pretty. But history has insisted on surrounding these people with such a halo that the actual facts, which show how the majority of them struggled continually with circumstance, and as a matter of fact gained by the struggle, are generally unrealized.

"Most of the big fellows were constantly writing music on order and for occasions, side by side, with their inspired masterpieces. Don't think by this that I praise the composition that is ordered. I don't think very much music of lasting value has been written in that way. You can't flourish a hundred dollar bill in front of your nose and attract inspiration. I merely quote this side of the activities of great composers to show how many of them were constantly obliged to do such work. Most of them were up against need, public taste and all the rest of it. From Handel to Wagner they were conscious of that public, subjected to its caprices, and fought for their daily bread from the cradle to the grave.

"Lucky or unlucky, the lot of the composer who must depend for his living on his art is not a comfortable one. And yet, those are about the only

people who become great composers. The occasional exception of a Mendelssohn is only the exception which proves the rule, and many of us believe that it was only the happy and successful life of Mendelssohn which prevented him ranking with the very greatest composers.

"Suppose, as head of my band, I knew that my comfortable salary was a fixed thing, that my band was supported by a big subscription, that I was so secure with my community that on no condition whatsoever would they let me starve. Would I work as hard as I do? I know, as conditions are, that I can't let down for even a single concert. Every programme must be selected with the greatest care. Every time it is played it must be done to the level best of everybody's ability. If I've been so fortunate as to secure the support and the friendly approval of big publics, I can assure you I've worked for it, and my men have, too."

TOURED THE WHOLE WORLD

This led into reminiscences of the Sousa tours. His tours have extended from the United States and Canada into British East Africa and Honolulu and the Fiji Islands and Australia and New Zealand—we'll come to that in a moment. But from the beginning they have succeeded, not only because of Sousa's music, but also because of his regard for his public, his sincere conviction, harbored by so few musicians, that he can learn from that public, and his almost fanatical sense of duty to his audiences.

If he has erred it has been on the score of too much affability and a dislike of hurting people's feelings. He has, for example, always gone out of his way to help young musicians and composers, and this attitude of his, becoming well known early in his career, has laid him open to the activities of many people willing to take advantage of it.

One of Sousa's managers who resented such abuses of his kindness very strongly was Christiana. "I think," said Sousa, "that he hated every other composer in the world except me, and his oaths when he found compositions by John Doe and Richard Roe, local composers, on our programmes, were in themselves an education."

WHY HE WAS "ROASTED"

"One evening in Cleveland three composers brought short compositions and urged me to play them as encores. It was a dilemma. 'You see,' I said, 'my audiences seem to want to hear some compositions by me. It's bad taste, I admit, but it can't be helped. And then there are two or three minor composers like Johann Strauss and Richard Wagner on the programme. I'll tell you what I'll do. I simply can't play these three compositions, but you three fellows toss up, and I'll play the march of the one who wins.'

"They did this, and the winning piece was duly performed. The next day, to the joy of Christiana, I was roasted for putting miscellaneous and unexpected music on the programme. Christiana decided right there that such practices must stop. 'The next time one of those fellows comes round,' he said, 'you send 'em to me. I'll take care of 'em.'

"Now, I don't like to refuse musicians, especially young men, the chance of a hearing. I doubt if any other band leader in this country has played as many unpublished compositions as I have. But a few evenings later a young fellow came in, so persistent and aggressive in his determination to have his march played that I wasn't sorry for the promise I had made to Christiana.

"This chap simply wouldn't be silenced. There were hundreds of people, he said, out there in the audience, who had come to the concert for the purpose primarily of hearing his march. I repeatedly explained that I had no longer a personal decision in the matter, because of a promise I had made my manager.

"It was nearing time to go on. I inwardly breathed a blessing when Christiana appeared in the door.

"He detected composers from afar. He knew the look of them. He gave that persistent youth one look, and said, 'How many people did you say came here to listen to your march?'

"The young man stammered.

"How did these people know your march was going to be played?'

"The budding composer was speechless.

"Christiana continued. 'You come with me and show me the people in the audience who have come to hear your music. When you have shown them to me I will see that their money is refunded, if they want it, and they can go home. Your march isn't going to be played. Good night!'

Among Sousa's early competitors were Gilmore, who died soon after the Sousa band came

into being; Cappa, Dodsworth, Innes, Keeves—the composer of the admirable "Second Regiment" march; Missud, Marshall, Brooks, Weldon, Itzel. There was on the average much more good band music in America than now. But Sousa rapidly forged ahead of every rival. It was his creative and interpretive abilities, first of all, which gave Sousa his start.

He always looked conditions in the face, and never was deterred from doing a thing because of precedent or tradition. The populace whooped with joy at his instant reply to a critic who found fault with his playing "Kelly" as an encore—a programme which also contained excerpts of Wagner's Siegfried.

"I'd just as soon play 'Kelly,'" said Sousa, "as an encore to 'Siegfried,' as I would to play 'Siegfried' as an encore to 'Kelly.'"

"ARTISTIC SNOBBERY"

"There's more 'class consciousness,'" he said, "when people talk about music, in this country, than there is between Fifth Avenue in New York and Avenue A. It's all so ridiculous. Look at the 'Tannhauser' overture—a master work if there ever was one. Look at the furious, dramatic music of thunder and revolt that Rossini has produced in his overture to 'William Tell.' Aren't these great pieces of music? Of course they are. They're immortal. 'William Tell' is over a hundred years old, and as popular today, or rather more so, as the day it was written. 'Tannhauser' is three-quarters of a century old, roughly speaking. It's played alike at open-air summer concerts and at the winter ministrations of your Boston Symphony Orchestra.

"But do you think there isn't music in 'Turkey in the Straw'? It's a magical tune. Anybody could be proud of having written it. But this tune, for our 'high-brows,' is 'declassé.' It didn't come from a European composer, nor yet a music conservatory or opera house. It is the humble composition of an unknown negro minstrel. Its birthplace was a cheap theatre, or worse, wherefore we can't shake its hand in polite society.

"All that is foolish. It's artistic snobbery. As for Wagner, Beethoven, any great composer you please, I'll stand second to nobody in my enthusiasm for them. I've played 'Parsifal'—excerpts from it—10 years before the Metropolitan Opera Company produced the work. I won't say that at first it roused salvos of applause. It was anticipating. But the audiences listened most attentively, and in proportion as their fear of it wore off they began to like it.

"Once, at least, the 'Parsifal' music was wildly applauded. This happened when I gave 'Parsifal' excerpts during a howling blizzard in a town in Texas. The atmosphere was chilly, not only without, but within. The audience sat huddled in wraps and blankets, and my men wore their overcoats. There was \$124 in the house—one of the smallest, politest, almost frigid audiences I ever had in America.

"Back of the stage, in the intermission, the mayor of the town, the editor of the local newspaper, and the manager of the hall saluted me, and apologized for the size of the audience. 'I don't mind the size of the audience,' I exclaimed. 'I don't blame them. But if they appreciate our presence here, as you tell me, won't they at least give us a little applause?'

"They explained. The audience hadn't applauded, out of consideration. They knew that we, too, on the stage, were freezing, and they didn't want us to feel obliged to play encores. I said, 'Don't worry about encores. There is something that freezes a musician more than the deadliest cold. That's lukewarmness on the part of his audience.'

"The next selection was from 'Parsifal,' a long and dignified number. But the audience applauded violently. As a result, the men woke up. We played encore after encore—no, I don't remember that 'Kelly' was among them, but I do recall 'Dixie,' 'The Stars and Stripes Forever,' a medley of plantation airs, two ragtime hits. We gave almost another concert. The men were perspiring and dropped their overcoats. The audience went wild. 'Parsifal' had started the business, everybody was happy, and the blizzard forgotten!"

It was soon after this that Sousa turned the tables on Offenbach, Strauss and many a travelling virtuoso and singer who visited America, by deciding in turn to tour Europe. "I hear you're going over to Europe," said John L. Sullivan, the fighter, who had become one of Sousa's friends. "Well, you'll knock him out of 'em."

The title of 'March King,' said John Philip Sousa, "was given me not in America, but in England, during my first tour of that country. I regret I can't give you the text of the article, which I've misplaced. It appeared in an English musical magazine.

"It mentioned Reeves, Downing of New York, a number of other well-known composers, and said of myself that 'we must mention as 'March King' John Philip Sousa, who is as much entitled to that distinction as Strauss is entitled to the name of King of the Waltz.'

"My first European tour took place in 1900. Colonel Mapleson, the operatic impresario, had planned a trip for us in 1898. But in that year, on account of the Spanish war, there was strong feeling on the part of some European factions against America. Mapleson finally wired that in his judgment the tour should be postponed.

TOURING EUROPE

"In 1900 we toured France, Belgium, and Germany. We gave concerts at the Paris Exposition, during which time we played for the dedication of monuments of Washington and Lafayette.

"During my concerts at the Paris Exposition, 'The Stars and Stripes Forever' seemed to make a deep impression on the French people, and they spoke of it as the 'Musique Americaine,' with a greater frequency than they did of any other composition.

"One night, at dinner, a brilliant Frenchwoman said to me that the march seemed to epitomize the character of our people. 'For every time I hear it,' she confessed, with a Gallic enthusiasm and confusion of symbols, 'it seems as if I can see the American Eagle throwing arrows into the Aurora Borealis!'

ENGLISH AUDIENCES

There are no better listeners in the world than the English people. They maintain absolute silence during a performance, and unmistakably concentrate on the music. I wonder sometimes if this habit is not acquired from much experience of oratorio and other forms of sacred music, exceptionally popular in England, which compel both respect and close attention."

When Mr. Sousa made his initial appearances in London the critic of the Telegraph said that he had had a surprise. He had experienced the novelty of a conductor appearing punctually at eight on the platform, who did not pause and critically survey the audience, who did not twist his moustache, then

rap ostentatiously on the stand with his baton, and by other prima donna devices delay the concert getting under way. On the contrary, while the audience waited for all this, the band was well launched into the first number.

"I was glad he felt that way about it," said Mr. Sousa, after calling my attention to this notice. "I'm frank to say it pleased me, because I have always tried to give my audiences what they came to hear. I take it that people come to a concert for music and not to watch a conductor's face or back or gloves. It seems to me they're entitled to their money's worth!"

While in London Sousa seems to have struck up a real friendship with King Edward VII. We do not mean by this that he clapped Edward on the back and said, 'King, have a cigar,' or that Edward leaned over the bar and said, 'Johnny, old boy, what'll it be?' But a real regard seems to have sprung up and through the formalities of a royal "command" to perform at Sandringham and Windsor, and Sousa was not forgotten by Edward when the last encore had been played and the last ceremonies concluded.

Sousa and his band were invited to play at Sandringham on the occasion of her Majesty's birthday on December 1st, 1901. "But, Mr. Sousa," said the official who brought him the invitation, "the King does not wish any previous publicity about this. After the affair you are at liberty to make the engagement public as you please."

A PRIVATE CONCERT FOR THE KING

"I'll bet the Boston Post never planned a 'scoop' more carefully," said Mr. Sousa, "than I planned to keep our approaching concert out of the papers. I realized that if our visit was to be kept a secret it would be necessary to withhold the news from the band till the last minute, because the men had friends outside the organization, and you know the Persian proverb—'remember that thy friend hath a friend!' Therefore, to keep them in the dark, I announced that we were going to play at the Baron Rothschild's, outside of London.

"The day of the concert came, and with it a very anxious bandsman. 'Mr. Sousa, I'm afraid our transportation people have made a most serious mistake. We are to play for Baron Rothschild, and we have been booked for the train for Sandringham. That isn't the residence of Baron Rothschild.'

"I kept obstinately to the point that if a mistake had been made it was not our mistake, that we would board the train for Sandringham, and, if anything miscarried, place the blame where the blame was due.

"At a late hour in the afternoon we boarded a special train. We entered two splendidly appointed coaches with two long dining tables the length of each car. These tables were loaded with things to eat and with accompanying refreshments no longer purchasable—at least legally—in America.

"My bandsman looked down the table, and his brow cleared, and he sighed a happy sigh. 'Well,' said he, 'whoever this is we're going to see—he may not be Baron Rothschild, but he certainly knows how to treat musicians!'

"When we arrived the puzzle was explained.

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We were accorded literally a royal reception. At the end of the programme the King requested the performance of the American National Anthem. In a whisper I instructed our musicians to play our Anthem, then to pass from it, without a pause, into 'God Save the King.' We began the British Anthem softly, swelling to a great climax, and I'll never forget the face of Edward at that moment every inch the king!

KING EDWARD'S PRESENT

"Edward VII., as you may know, was one of the best shots in England. He must have inquired, with some particularity, about my tastes. Because, some days later, I received a present which only one man fond of shooting would have made to another man interested in the same sport. This was a gift of four beautifully marked pheasants, accompanied by a card on which was the legend, 'To John Philip Sousa, from His Majesty, Sandringham.' I have these pheasants today, mounted and hung in my dining room at Port Washington, L. I.

"Our second performance before the King and Queen was at Windsor Castle. There the King told me that two Sousa concerts were being given in the palace, the one by myself and my men in the presence of the King and Queen and a very few guests, and the other upstairs, where the present Prince of Wales and his sisters were giving a Sousa concert on the record machine!

RISING TO AN EMERGENCY

"I was very proud of the way the band met an emergency about that time. We had given an afternoon concert in the Shakspeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, another concert in the evening at Leamington, and were engaged to give a third concert at midnight of the same evening at Warwick Castle, for the Countess Warwick and her guests. It turned out a rainy, icy, slippery evening. Conveyance went wrong, music was lost, a fragment of the band, only a little more than half of it, finally assembled at Warwick Castle. But I knew I could rely on them. As casually as if nothing were wrong, and lacking the presence of some important members of the different instrumental sections, I announced a programme of compositions with which we were most familiar, and those splendid fellows played them from memory, and played magnificently. They knew their business."

HIS SPEECH IN SCOTLAND

"The legend is that the British are unemotional. They were not unemotional for us, either in England or other portions of the British Isles. You would find, should you consult your geography, that the British Isles include Ireland, Scotland and Wales. In some of those countries local feeling ran strong—not excepting Scotland. I remember a dinner in 1901 at the Glasgow Exposition. The Lord Mayor of the city was sitting by me. In a speech I was called on to give, I spoke of the magic of folk-songs, of 'Annie Laurie,' which I thought the finest of all songs of that type, and of the folk-song which I rank only second to it—the 'Old Kentucky Home' of Stephen Foster—I said of 'Annie Laurie,' that it was sung not only in the land of its origin, but by Irish Norah and English

Mary—when the Lord Mayor suddenly sprang to his feet, thumped the table and cried, 'Not English Mary! Not English Mary!—Hieland Mary—and a cheer from the company. I acknowledged the appropriateness of 'Hieland Mary' and all was well again.

"In Glasgow, by the way, I had the largest audience of my career, 153,000 at the closing Saturday night concert.

VISITING WAGNER'S GRAVE UNDER DIFFICULTIES

"I shall never quarrel with a man of any country who idolizes, however fanatically, the great men of his land, and its arts, poetry and song. I remember the simple earnestness of an old woman, a caretaker at Bayreuth, where I seized a chance to go and visit Wagner's grave. My coming was unannounced. Frau Wagner had left the house to go to the theatre, and her orders were strict, that no one be admitted to the grounds in her absence. I tried all my powers of persuasion on the housekeeper, but in vain. So I went around the back,

through a sort of park, where the composer and the 'Crazy King' Ludwig of Bavaria used to walk together. I met a German student on the road, and told him of my disappointment, as we walked along together. A little girl with a basket of bread, who seemed very much interested in our conversation, walked behind us. Finally she came up and said she was sorry I could not get in, but that she thought she could get me admitted as she knew the housekeeper.

"A consultation was held among the servants, and the little German girl's eloquence prevailed where mine had failed. They agreed to admit me for five minutes.

"I was struck immediately by the fact that there was no name on the stone which marked the grave, and I asked the housekeeper why.

"He does not need it," she answered, with a pride as simple as it was majestic, 'he is the First man (Die Erste Mann)'.

TROUBLE WITH RUSSIAN CENSORS

"In 1903 we went over-seas for the third time, through Russia, Bohemia, Denmark, Poland, Belgium, France, Austria, Holland and Great Britain. In Russia I had some strange experiences with the censor.

"All newspaper advertisements, programmes, announcements and texts of songs had to be submitted to that individual in advance of a concert. Lacking his official O. K. of such texts, the concert could not be given. It was a new problem for us. Generally the censor was prefect of police, as he proved to be in Petrograd. Nearing that city I had a telegram from my advance agent. 'Police want words of songs to be sung at your concerts. There was no time or opportunity to send them. We were on board train, the concert was to take place on our arrival. I telegraphed to that effect, and our agent rose to the occasion. He gave the police censor the only words he knew. They were 'Annie Rooney' and 'Marguerite.' The result was that our vocalist threaded her way through the brilliant vocal pyrotechnics of the big aria from David's 'Pearls of Brazil,' to the words of 'Annie Rooney.'

PLAYING THE RUSSIAN ANTHEM

"There have been instances when I have played the national anthem in which the intensity of public feeling and patriotism in the audience evoked great enthusiasm, but I can remember no instance where the song was received with greater acclaim than in Russia. At a concert in the Cirque Cincelli, which corresponds in Petrograd to the

New York Hippodrome, I was waited upon in my dressing room by the secretary of the police prefect, who came this time to say that it was the birthday of the Czar, and requested that I open my performance with the Russian national anthem. 'And,' said he, 'if it meets with a demonstration, will you kindly repeat it?'

"I said I would. 'And,' he added, 'if it meets with a further demonstration, will you repeat it again?' I said I would repeat it just so long as a majority of the audience applauded.

"The audience consisted almost entirely of members of the nobility and the military, with their wives, sweethearts, sons and daughters. At the playing of the first note the entire audience rose and every man, almost all in uniform, came to a salute. At the end of the anthem there was great applause, and I was compelled to play the air four times before the audience was satisfied.

"But that was not the end. On retiring to my dressing-room for the intermission at the end of the first half of the concert, I was again visited by the secretary, who told me it was the wish of the prefect that I begin the second part of my programme with the national anthem of America, and that he would have an official announcement to the public beforehand the name and sentiment of the song.

"Before we began our second part, a tall Russian announced to the public the name and character of the words of the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' and I have never heard more sincere or lasting applause for any musical number than that which greeted our National Anthem. We were compelled, again, to repeat it no less than four times, with every one in the vast hall standing and the military men holding hands to their caps in the attitude of salute. I am sure that no body of musicians ever played a

piece with more fervor, dignity, and spirit than our boys did the 'Star-Spangled Banner' in the capital of the Russian Empire.

MR. SOUSA'S "RIVAL"

"Another thing—Russian lettering is darned funny to the man who sees it for the first time. Some of the letters are like ours, you know, though they usually represent different sounds than ours do, and some of them look like figures. Going through the streets of Petrograd I passed a magnificent poster—A Cossack, with his hat on the tip of his bayonet, shouting announcement of a concert by some man whose name was spelled 'Cy3a' the '3' in Roman numerals. Evidently a rival, thought I, and heavily advertised at that. I wondered who this 'Cy3a' could be, and remonstrated with my advertising agent for not billing me as prominently. My feelings were only appeased when I found out, on inquiry, that 'Cy3a' is the Russian way of spelling 'Sousa.'"

CLAIMED BY FOUR COUNTRIES

"There has been a lot of confusion, anyway, about your name," I said.

Mr. Sousa laughed. "I should say so. And mostly the fault of one of my most active and valuable press agents. I refer to the gifted and ingenious publicity promoter, Colonel George Frederick Hinton. Some years ago he evolved from the inner recesses of his gray matter an extraordinarily picturesque fiction, dealing with my supposed antecedents and nationality. It seemed that Germany was eagerly claiming me as one Siegfried Ochs, emigrated to America, with one small trunk labelled, 'S. O., U. S. A.' England put in a rival claim. I was Samuel Ogden, of Yorkshire, emigrated to America, under the initials and address, 'S. O.,

U. S. A.' America plainly regarded me as a foreigner of distant, if not doubtful derivation, for I was said by mysterious persons who professed to be 'in the know' to be a Greek, a young musician of poverty and genius, who had arrived on those shores carrying my all too few possessions in a trunk which bore the name 'Philipso,' or 'Philip So., U. S. A.'"

I told Mr. Sousa one more yarn I had heard, that in France he was 'Mr. Sou, of the U. S. A.'"

He turned in a mock panic. "I can't catch up with those yarns," he said, "ever. But my family will get even with them, even if I can't. By 1922 or thereabouts, the Sousas in America, their various branches and offspring, will have become so numerous that they will have supplanted both 'Smith' and 'Jones' as bearers of national names!"

"In 1910," he continued, "we made a two years' tour across the world, visiting Europe, Africa, Tasmania, Australia, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, British Columbia, etc., and returning to New York in 1912. The country I liked best? The British Isles have always given me a homey feeling. But one continent above all others fascinated me, as it does everyone else who knows it. That's Africa. I don't know exactly why, but it has an atmosphere. If deeds leave memories behind them, then the enormous antiquity of that country, and its strange history, may have something to do with it. It's not perhaps that one loves the place, but, once visited, it haunts you."

Sousa described himself once in a club register as "John Philip Sousa. Occupation, globe trotter; musician; preaching Americanism with the aid of Sousa marches." Americans abroad grabbed him and hung on him as he passed. One of them saw him at a railroad station in Dresden. "He looked so like the 'stars and stripes,'" said the man, "that although he wasn't in uniform at the moment, and I didn't recognize him, I ran up and shook hands, because I knew he was an American."

SULTAN'S BAND PLAYED "WASHINGTON POST"

Another American, a distinguished one, had the experience of standing on an imperial platform with the Sultan of Turkey and having "The Washington Post" blared out by the Sultan's band as it went past. When I asked Mr. Sousa about these things he said, "I'll tell you another, which sounds almost too pat to be true. If you want to verify it, ask Major Coffin. He was on the train coming East from California where he told me of an experience in Borneo.

"He was going through a patch of woods and heard a strange noise. He investigated. It proved to be a comparatively tame native, with an old guitar in his hand, strumming wildly from a copy of 'The Washington Post,' which he had braced in the crook of a tree!"

BIG AND SMALL RECEIPTS

British South Africa gave Sousa some of his greatest and also his smallest audiences. "The smallest receipts of my career," he said, "were taken at Bakersfield—\$64.00. The biggest jump in receipts that I ever had was at Cape Town. We opened there to \$600. The next day we took in \$3400. The biggest tumble was at Johannesburg, but it was due to a natural catastrophe.

"At our fourth concert there we had taken in \$4000. As a sporting venture, we offered \$5000 cash for the receipts of the house for the final concert of Sunday night. This offer was refused. On that night there developed a tornado—a South Africa tornado, which is a special variety. The building held under the pressure, and we gave our concert—receipts \$500. Maybe the other fellows didn't wish they had accepted that bid of \$5000!"

"The biggest two nights' receipts I ever took in were the receipts of Friday and Saturday night concerts in Albert Hall, London—\$10,000, with \$500 more from the sale of programmes. The biggest week's receipts were taken in the United States, at the end of 6 days in Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, York, Pa., Philadelphia, New York and Boston—total \$25,500."

We talked of national airs and their characteristics. Not only has Sousa heard most of these airs in the lands of their origin or official adoption, but he compiled, on the order of the government, his book of "National, Patriotic and Typical Airs of all countries, ranging from Abyssinia to Zanzibar," and he made this observation: that the largest countries have short national airs and the little countries have long ones. "Thus," he said, "the national hymn of England is 14 measures long; of the United States, 24; of Uruguay, 70; of Chile, 46; of Siam, 76; while San Marino, the smallest existing republic in the world, has the longest national anthem of any!"

Although Mr. Sousa's march music is distinctively American, he does not believe in nationalism in music.

OUR SOUTHERN MUSIC

"National music," he said, "is not a growth of the soil. A great genius like Wagner burst upon the world. He is a product of Germany, but his music is not German national music. He is the leader, and there follow in his wake a great number of imitators—men who take up the master's ideas and do less with them than he did. People speak of a national music in this country and instance the negro melodies of the South. Were they a product of the soil? Let us see. The foremost composer of these melodies was Stephen Foster, a Pittsburg man, who lived in the North and wrote of the South. No matter what the country may be, the South is always the land of romance, and so Foster, for Negro minstrel performances in New York, wrote of the South, too, and he invested his music with a rare charm that was held to be typical of the South. Yet he was a Northerner, writing in the South. He was the leader, and there were myriads of imitators—lesser lights, but all writing to the same end.

"Had Wagner been born in New York his music would have been American, his imitators would have made it national. Mlle. Chaminade's music is not French, it is Chaminadic. What is called nationalism in music is only prenatal influence and enviroinic suggestion!"

One asks if the very admission that prenatal influence and enviroinic suggestion determine the style of a composer is not equivalent to the admission that nationalism is the most fundamental thing in music. Mr. Sousa didn't think so.

He cited the case of an imitator of Johann Strauss, the composer of delicious waltzes. "I remember," he said, "when I was playing the violin in Washington, Johann Strauss payed a visit to America. There was great enthusiasm over the 'Waltz King.' His waltzes were called 'Viennese,' and when he left America there was published a waltz called 'Strauss' Autograph.' It became a great favorite, and the Viennese style was recognized and warmly praised. But it wasn't Strauss at all who wrote the 'Autograph,' but an American composer, a young fellow named Warren. He wasn't a Viennese, but he quickly got into the spirit of the Viennese school, and his work was accepted as typical."

"Why, gracious!"—he called his librarian, and asked for a certain score. When the score came—look at this. Wouldn't you call that pretty good

ragtime? Now look at the directions in the score!"

They were directions no composer would have put in if he had known anything of negro music in America. They were names of dances which don't exist here, and other nonsense. "And yet," continued Mr. Sousa, "it was taken there, and has also been taken here, as 'very characteristic' of negro music!"

He said he thought national spirit in music lay deeper than any superficially characteristic melodic quirk or rhythm. He didn't like the word "national" over-emphasized in speaking of music. Good music and bad music, he said, were the kinds he knew. At the same time, he made this reflection about the future of American music: "Whether the American composers that are to come will be satisfied to proceed according to tradition in harmonic development and to continue writing symphonies, is questionable. It is not at all improbable that they will develop, not only a school of music that will not follow the old lines, but create new forms, and new modes of expression as well. I believe that the American composer will not allow himself to be limited by the so-called classic ideas."

A friend asked Sousa why he didn't compose a symphony, observing, incidentally, that there were themes enough in a Sousa march for an entire work in that classic form. Sousa's answer was again typical of his sincerity and his level head. "I don't write a symphony," he said, "because I don't want to. The form doesn't appeal to me. I might succeed in it, but it isn't the character of my talent. I prefer a more concentrated manner of expression, and I have a profound distaste for classical padding which, it seems to me, is escaped by very few composers who write in symphonic forms. In a word, I would rather be the composer of an inspirational march than of a manufactured symphony. Art is the perfection, the ease, with which one does things, whether it is courting a girl or leading a band or composing a march. Sincerity is essential to success."

"The lover and writer of poetry," he said, "would never contemptuously throw aside a poem like 'The Skylark' as trifling because it is short and simple, and I think sometimes that we, of the musical profession, are apt to consider that the mastodonic symphony, the elephantine overture, or the leonine prelude, are entitled to all consideration, while the skylarkish waltz, march or ballad win no place on our affections."



SOUSA AND HIS BAND

WHERE SOUS AND HIS BAND HAVE APPEARED

UNITED STATES
CANADA
ENGLAND
IRELAND
SCOTLAND
WALES
ISLE OF MAN
FRANCE
BELGIUM
HOLLAND
DENMARK
RUSSIA
POLAND
SERBIA
AUSTRIA
SWITZERLAND
CANARY ISLANDS
AFRICA
AUSTRALIA
TASMANIA
NEW ZEALAND
HAWAII ISLANDS

6000 MILES

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

THE ONLY ONE "SOUSA" BAND
AND JOHN PHILIP SOUSA IS ITS CONDUCTOR

(At top) The Sousa party getting a breath of air and looking the sights over when the train stopped at a town in South Africa. (At bottom) A Sousa poster. The map shows by its heavy lines the wide range of his tours when he played for the whole world.

To the Officers and Men of the Seventh Regiment, N. G. N. Y.

The Gallant Seventh

MARCH

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

Lieutenant Commander U.S.N. R.F.

The musical score consists of five systems of piano and bass clef staves. The first system begins with a piano dynamic marking of *ff*. The second system includes markings for *mf* and *fs*. The third system is marked *mf*. The fourth system is marked *fs*. The fifth system is marked *mf* and includes first and second endings.

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The first page of Sousa's latest march, played in Boston for the first time recently. It is dedicated to the Seventh Regiment of the New York National Guard, an organization greatly respected for its gallantry and fine traditions.



"After Sousa left the jungle" is the name of this sketch from the American Musician, which pictures all the jungle inhabitants stirred by Sousa's band and endeavoring to produce a brass band of their own.

in Marches



"In the Public Ear," 1906

Post Sept 10, 1927

By *Ellin Downes*

A summer park at night-time. Merry-go-rounds and aerial railways, soda fountains and children and popcorn, a pond and a colored fountain, fathers and mothers and spooning boys and girls, and miles and labyrinths of twinkling lights—yes! and the movement, the murmurs and laughter of the crowd, the joy and hopes and dreams of thousands of human souls, ascending like a perfume to God—all this to a singing, thundering march by John Philip Sousa.

The "March King!"—And king of more than he can know!

That march is sounding almost directly underneath the place where this is written. For this chapter is written in a little office perched high up in the pavilion of Willow Grove Park, outside of Philadelphia.

Down on the bandstand is the incomparable Sousa famously beardless, with a moustache grown gray, but retaining its military bristle, and the building is shaking to his rhythm, as he swings his arms with the old familiar gesture, and the equally familiar but irresistible results, leading his world-famous band in one of his many world-famous marches.

THE FIRE OF HIS MARCHES

This particular march is "The Stars and Stripes Forever"—the one with the three themes, symbolizing the country, the North and the South. And what does one think of while this victorious march, which you and I have heard ten thousand times, goes sailing by? Of holidays, aerial railways, Harry and Harriet looking foolishly into each other's eyes, or what?

One thinks of the American line, advancing invincibly at Armageddon. One thinks of youth, swift blood, the pride and glory of battle—things one does not think of every day, feelings and visions which would look absurd if set down on paper. Why, in a peaceful park, with its innocent amusements that intrigue us all if we come near enough, should one think of these brave and fine things, just because of a strain of music by Sousa?

You know what Balzac said of music?—He said that the crowning wonder of music was its power of reflecting a man to himself. This one, when the music is sounding, thinks of a purling stream, that one of a laughing child, this one of the country he worships, that one of the mother he adores. It is according to character, experience and the inspiration of the music.

HAS THE "COMMON TOUCH"

And that is the explanation of Sousa's extraordinary hold on the people, particularly in this country, but also the world over. He has achieved the "common touch," which is given to so very few

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in art. He has expressed in a way everyone feels and remembers emotions that lie deep in us all, and are never appealed to in vain. To understand how this has come about one must know something of the composer's experience and character, the things which made the boy and the man.

Lieutenant-Commander Sousa is a very simple man, absorbed in his task, utterly in love with it.

He has just come up to this office, which he meekly and courteously allows me to occupy for purposes of inquiry and chronicle. His aide has divested him of his military jacket, with the six medals: the Victory Medal from the World war, the Military Order of Foreign Wars, the Palm of the French Academy, the Victorian Medal of England, the Grand Diploma of Honor from the Academy of Hainault, and the Order of the Sixth Army Corps of the Spanish war. He has shoved the cigars toward me, lit one himself, and when I ask him how he stands the strain of really tremendous labors, days of work and play that would put most of us, figuratively speaking, under the table, answers:

"It keeps me fit and happy. I wouldn't exchange my job with that of any other man under heaven!"

And that's perfectly true. Sousa has the wonderful knowledge that he has found and is fulfilling his appointed task, that he "belongs," that he is doing a work fruitful for humanity. He is content, and envies no man. His life has been exceptionally picturesque and successful, a career full of action and accomplishment, and fun, as well as good works, "on the side." He doesn't deny that, nor deprecate it.

He said to me, not as a brag, a pose, or anything but a heartfelt thankfulness for what he realized to be true, "My life's been like a fairy-tale." Do you, who read, realize what an absolutely stupendous remark that is for a man of 67?

SHUNNED THE PIANO WHEN A BOY

It is nothing less. I don't believe I ever heard another human being, in his later years, make such a remark, and I can't conceive of anyone saying it with more simplicity and sincerity.

Sousa's childhood was not that of a bespectacled musical phenomenon, but of a very happy, real American boy. American boys had fewer facilities and, I am inclined to think, more intense happiness in those days than now. This boy "nicked" eggs, hunted terrapin and arrow heads in the marshes, learned at an uncommonly early age to use a shotgun and his fists, played baseball, shunned the piano and went fishing.

I asked him if he remembered his first fish. (I do mine.) He said, "No, I don't believe I do. It was so early in the game. In those days it was about the first thing a boy did when he left his mother's breast."

The fishing was in the Potomac, in the days when Washington, D. C., where Mr. Sousa was born, was a small city with mostly mud roads, the White House, a few government buildings and mansions and negro slaves or servants, as the case might be—Washington, in short, in the days just before and during the Civil war.

The Potomac itself wasn't as well combed as it is now. There were more stretches of wankapins, lily pads, reeds, matted grass and great willows and oaks overhanging the stream. There were simply flocks of every kind of game bird, and the river full of herring, shad, "rocks," perch, eels, "catties"—the catfish of the Potomac are still famous, though much rarer than in the boyhood days of Lieutenant-Commander Sousa.

WHEN SOUSA SOLD FISH

There were so many fish that he caught enough to sell and buy the lumber for a boat he needed and built with the assistance of an older friend who knew how to put a good boat together. "The whole business," said Mr. Sousa, "cost about eight dollars. You wouldn't get lumber for that price today."

"I made my boat to last, and didn't order the lumber until I could pay for it. But for eight dollars I got two seven-eighths inch planks of dressed cedar for the sides, four oak knees, a midship mold, a cedar bottom, an oak transom, wood for seats, rudders and bow-piece, and the nails, screws, rivets, oarlocks, sails and stuff to caulk her."

"I started with 13 cents—I forgot—I lugged in coal and water, as well as fished for the balance. I still have the figures of one of my bills for fish. I sold 17 'catties,' 34 eels, 110 yellow perch, 128 white perch, 28 'rocks' and 16 suckers, or 3 fish less than 28 dozen, at 10 cents a dozen. Total, \$2.77—a small sum, but considerably bigger to the boy of those days than it would be to the man of today, and then—think of the fun of that fishing. It was a two-days' catch."

In these days, when Mr. Sousa visits Washington, he passes the little two-story brick house, now numbered 636, where, on the 6th of November, 1854, he was born. He passes the old school. He visits the gun-shop of William Wagner on Pennsylvania Avenue West. The building now stands almost in the shadow of the new \$3,000,000 office building of the House of Representatives.

WENT SHOOTING WITH WAGNER

But that is neither here nor there with Mr. Sousa. What counts is the fact in earlier days he used to shoot with Wagner, Wagner used to be the best shot-gun expert in the country, and Mr. Sousa can show you himself what good shooting means. If you doubt this, inquire at the Anacostian Gun Club, where, with his cronies, he pots clay pigeons thrown from the traps over the very marshes where he hunted Indian arrow heads as a boy.

DRIVEN FROM PORTUGAL

All three of John Philip Sousa's names have ancestral significance. Thus, Sousa itself is one of the oldest and finest names in Portugal; his father's country. And older than that. It is found in the Bible as Shusen, and its meaning is "lily." Sousa's father's name was Antonio. His family were of Portugal, but in the political upheaval of the early 1820's, Sousa's grandfather and grandmother (a de Blanco) were driven out of Portugal, and Sousa's father was born in Seville, Spain.

Between the Spaniards and Portuguese there have been historic contests. The Portuguese, following the period in which Portugal was one of the greatest of the world powers, were conquered by the Spaniards, and the period of Spanish domination, which lasted some 60 years, is still bitterly referred to as the period of "captivity."

WHY THEY NAMED HIM "JOHN PHILIP"

"Then it was," said Mr. Sousa to me, "that the people arose, under John, the ruler of Portugal, and smote the followers of Philip, ruler of Spain, hip and thigh, and recovered their independence. My father thought, apparently, to hand down the memory of that blessed day in christening me John Philip Sousa!"

Sousa's mother was Bavarian by birth. She came from Franconia. Her name was Elizabeth Trinkhaus. The family lived in what had been an old abbey, and because of this, and the sweetness of her character, Elizabeth was known in her girlhood days as "Cloister Elise."

She came to America in the late '40's, on a visit with a school-companion, two or three years after the arrival of Antonio Sousa, who, after an adventurous career on the sea (he had run away to sea at 12, and had served both as sailor and as musician on many ships), had made America his abiding place. The two met in Brooklyn. Elizabeth was about to return, when the troubles of 1848 broke out in Germany. Antonio, who loved her, persuaded Elizabeth that it would be best to remain in America, and marry.

In a later year John Philip Sousa took his own bride to his mother's home in Franconia, where they were welcomed with unforgettable warmth, as the "children" of "Cloister Elise."

HIS PATRIOTISM

Now, one of the deepest things, perhaps the deepest thing, in John Philip Sousa is his patriotism. I do not make this statement as a conventional compliment due a man whose music is famous for its patriotic savor, but as a matter of inescapable fact, perceived soon after you meet him—the inevitable high light of the portrait.

Patriotism with him is profound, passionate, interwoven in every fibre. With most of us it isn't so, at least in such a degree. We have it, somewhere deep down as I said when I spoke of the effect of a Sousa march. But we reserve it for great occasions, or, regrettably enough, forget it for a space. And there are some who do much worse—sniff loftily at patriotic emotion, and, with far less credit to themselves than they think, speak of the dangers of "race passions," and the like, failing, in the extreme superiority of their mental and moral hair-splitting, to make the clean and obvious distinction which exist between the two things. Enough of that: patriotism is an overwhelming fact with John Philip Sousa.

Yet here is a man, American for just one generation back, the son of a Portuguese on one hand, and a German on the other. When I remarked on this Mr. Sousa made a very interesting reply.

"Do we feel American," he asked, "because of race, or because of tradition? Here am I, half Latin, half Teutonic, and with not a drop of the blood of the Anglo-Saxon race which founded this nation in my veins. But no words could tell you what this nation meant to my parents, and means to me. It's the tradition, the undying ideal, that makes us."

Brander Matthews wrote recently an admirable article on 'the Anglo-Saxon Myth.' I wrote Mr. Matthews, complimenting him on his article, in which he had spoken of certain Americans, Roosevelt, Farragut and others, including myself, not being Anglo-Saxon, but being real Americans. I cited a conversation I had with a gentleman in London who said, 'You could travel from John O' Groat's to Land's End in Great Britain and not find eight pure Anglo-Saxons.' I said I doubted if you could find two in America, but the Anglo-Saxon spirit was as strong here as in England. Our revolution came as an uprising of Saxon against Anglo-Saxon, a defence of ancient liberties against encroachment.

"There you are! Portuguese, Spanish. I'm confoundedly proud, as I have every reason to be, of my ancestry. But here's a land where we are bound together as one in the cause of liberty, justice and humanity. To these everlasting principles every race makes its contribution, and is proud, in such a cause, to lay its valor and its strength at the feet of America."

VISITED CIVIL WAR HOSPITALS

"And you mustn't forget this," he continued, "I was a small boy in Washington when the Civil

war was being fought, when the city was an armed camp, when we suffered, hoped and prayed with the great Lincoln, and regiments and bands, including the one I was later to lead, were incessantly filing by. And I visited the hospitals with my parents. I saw the wounded men. I heard them cry out, and knew that some of them were to die."

Saying these things, he changed not a muscle of his face. It is always noticeable to a civilian, the manner in which a man who had imbibed military discipline and principles will keep his face straight and his feelings to himself under pretty nearly any and all circumstances.

Thus, when he told me of the day that he led the Marine Band in review past Dewey, returned victorious from the Spanish War. The band was playing Sousa's march, "Semper Fidelis." Sousa, speaking of the moment, said of Dewey, "He seemed, as he stood there, to be simply glorified. He seemed to me to rise inches in height as we went past, and to tower over everything." And when I asked, "Weren't you deeply stirred yourself? To be able to render homage with your own music, on such an occasion, to such a man?" Nothing but a grunt, a military grunt. No reply. Such things, one gathers, are not commented upon in the day's work in the departments of army or navy.

Mr. Sousa's picture of his home life was delightful. He described his father. Was he tall or short? "A few years ago," he said, "some one who hadn't seen me for a long time, and knew my father very well, gaped at the sight of me. 'It's simply your father over again,' he said, 'your father all over. And so,'" he continued, "if you know my size, height, and general build, I imagine you have a fair general idea of the physique of my father."

HIS SCHOLARLY FATHER

His father was a man of letters, an accomplished linguist, who had the world's literature on his shelves and much of it, astonishingly much of it, in his head. He adored his wife, and his manner toward her was of Castilian courtesy. He was good natured, with a sunny attitude toward life, not ambitious, holding a good story, or a fine piece of architecture or cabinet making, in both of which arts he was well informed, worth more than the prizes that financial or political strategy might bring.

"And," said Mr. Sousa, "truth to tell, he was very indolent."

"Tony," my mother would say, as he started for his couch after the midday meal, "Tony, you surely don't have to take a nap!"

"But he would have his siesta. He would reply, 'My dear, we must not forget'—with the shake of forefinger, 'the day is for rest, and the night is for sleep!' And he was prone to say, about something to be done, 'Manana.' 'Manana, manana. It can be done tomorrow.'"

"My father had an endless fund of stories, most of them culled from his reading, and always so retailed to me as to point some useful lesson or moral. Rather curiously, I found one of the stories he used to tell me, almost identical with his words, in a book more than 300 years old which I recently secured for my library from England."

HIS FATHER'S STORY

"And so, my boy," my father would say to me after this tale, "never lose courage, nor succumb to despair. That is neither manly nor wise."

"Your father was an experienced musician, was he not?" I asked.

FIGHTING THE ENEMY WITH A TROMBONE

Mr. Sousa smiled. "It's according to your standard," he said. "He had played the 'cello. He played the trombone, I think, during his service in the Mexican war, and I know he was a musician in the army during the Civil War. But they did say that if all else failed they could stop shooting and frighten off Johnny Reb with Antonio Sousa's trombone!"

"And your mother?" He laughed outright. "I think," he said, "she was the most unmusical person I ever knew!"

PLAYING THE FIDDLE FOR HIS MOTHER

"It was the boy, and not the music, that she loved. I can remember so well my early attempts at composition. I commenced to write almost at the same time that I commenced to play. I would take my fiddle, and regard my mother very seriously. 'Now mother, please listen!' I would wait till I had her eye, and then saw out those childish phrases, watching her intently the while.

"Don't you like that, mother? Don't you think that's pretty good?"

"She would drop her sewing, and open her arms. 'It is wonderful, my darling. Come to your mother,' and she would hug me till I nearly smothered. I have often laughed over a letter I received from her on a later day, when she wrote of a concert she had attended, and of the officiating bandmaster. 'When he waved his arms, she wrote, 'they played, but when he dropped his arms they stopped. But when you drop your arms they go on playing just the same!'"

"This last referred to my frequent habit, when the band was at home in a composition and was playing well, of ceasing to beat the measure, and letting them play on by themselves. That will give you an idea of how much my dear, dear mother knew of the art of music."

THE GREATEST TRIBUTE

"Never have I forgotten her verdict after the first concert she heard me conduct in Washington. From the corner of my eye I could see her in the box, erect, black-eyed, black-haired, though she was then 80. And, upon my soul, I felt again like that little fellow who had made his mother listen to his fiddling. I was not altogether easy as to what she would think of it. Inwardly I was asking again, 'Mother, don't you like that? Don't you think that's pretty good?'"

"I got my answer late that night, when I found the house dark, and everyone in bed but mother. She was waiting for me. I said, 'Well, mother?'"

"She came across the room, put her arms around my neck, and said, 'Philip, dear, you deserve it all'—which was more to me than all the applause I ever received."

"Music I could learn for myself. My parents taught me the things which also remain untaught if a boy hasn't the right kind of a father and mother. And they didn't fail to let me know that there were such things as sorrow and tragedy in life."

PEACHES FOR THE SOLDIERS

"I have told you that I visited the hospitals in Washington during the Civil War. I was also allowed to take fruit to the wounded men. We had, growing close to the house, a peach-tree. Its



Admiral Dewey.

ideal must have been conservation, because we gathered from it not more than 25 to 30 peaches a year. Every one of those peaches went to the men in the hospital.

"One day, laden with the peaches, I came to a line of cots, and in the last cot at the farthest end was a man badly wounded, and groaning in his pain. I went toward him, but there were many other before I arrived at his side, and I could not help believing that two peaches would do a suffering man more good than one. Imagine my feelings, when within three cots of that soldier, I looked in my basket, and found that every peach was gone! I've seldom felt so badly as I did when I had to turn back from the cot of that poor fellow without giving him a thing.

"I told my father about it, and as usual, he has something pertinent to say. 'Let this be a lesson to you, son, not to be so generous with what you have as to defeat your own purposes in giving!'"

THE ARMY'S RETURN, AS TOLD IN SOUSA'S NOVEL.

For a final glimpse, and a most dramatic one of those first seven years, those seven years which said the Jesuit Father, fix for life the mould of character, I quote, word for word, with the permission of Mr. Sousa, his own description of a sight he never forgot—the return of the Union army to Washington, at the close of the Civil war. This description occurs in the first of Mr. Sousa's five novels, "Pipetown Sandy." "Pipe-town" is the name of that part of Washington in which Mr. Sousa lived as a boy. "Sandy" tells his tale in the boy's vernacular of the period.

"This was the story: A young man, whose fortunes had gone against him, was wholly dependent and discouraged, so that he resolved to end his life by throwing himself in a nearby river.

"On his way to the river bank he saw a small coin in the dust at his feet. He picked it up, and with it purchased some peanuts.

"He stood on the river bank, eating the nuts, throwing the shells over his shoulder.

"Hearing a movement behind him, the young man turned, to discover a ragged beggar picking up the shells.

"The young man asked, 'Why are you picking up those shells?'"

"The beggar replied, 'To eat them, young master, to eat them.'"

"The young man took courage. He said, 'If it can possibly be that someone else is more unfortunate than I, then I can live, and master my destiny.'"

"The young man turned about, and went his way. He lived to be famous and happy.

"My father wuz readin' the Evening Star after supper, an' he ups and sez, 'Jennie, I sees by this 'ere paper that the army is comin' home.' 'The Lör' be praised fer that,' sez mum, 'an I hopes an' prays they'll stay home, an' never go off fightin' agin', at which my dad sez, 'Amen'."

"Well, sir, we hears a rumblin' down the street an' we know'd the army wuz comin'. There wuz a fine-lookin' gen'ral ridin' in front. One of the pack er gov'ner's sez, 'There's Meade!' I'd never seen him before, but I took the gov'ner's word fer it. Then come a lot 'er officers, some clean an' new-lookin', an' others considerably s'iled, an' as they passed the President, they s'luted with their swords an' kept right on.

"THE DEVIL'S OWN HORSE"

"I wuz jest wishin' it would get a little excitin', when hickety-split, the devil's own horse comes tearin' up the street fer all he wuz worth. He cert'nly did look bad. The crowd stops cacklin' an' rose up like bees a-swarmin', an' strains their necks peekin'. There wuz'n officer on the horse, with no hat on. His long lightish hair wuz jest

blowin' ev'ryway; ther' wuz a great wrbath swung on his left arm, an' that 'ere horse wuz runnin' as if Satan hisself wuz chasin' it. I wuz so scared I jest kep' my mouth shet fer fear I'd spit out my heart. My father grabs my arm tight as a vise; yer could see the place a week afterwards.

"My God, he'll be dashed to pieces!' hollers a lady, holdin' on to the rail.

"IT'S CUSTER!"

"Who is it?' shouts a gov'nor, jumpin' on a chair, shakin' like an aspen leaf.

"It's Custer!' bellers er officer, jumpin' on a chair, mos' dead from excitement.

"That's all right!' yells my daddy, as loud as he knows how. 'Set down, an' enj'y yerself.'

"Jest then the horse rears up, an' when he come down I tho't he wuz goin' heels over head.

"Oh!' cries all the people at onct, a-shudderin'.

"Set down!' yells my dad ag'in. 'Set down; it's Custer, an' it's all right. He don't ride a horse 'cause he has to; he rides 'cause he kin'."

"Fer a minute yer could hear a pin drop. An' lo an' behold, we sees the gen'ral comin' back, an' his horse was steppin' soft an' actin' as gentle as a parson's nag on Sunday. Custer was a-bowin' to Andy an' Grant an' the ladies as he passes, an' he wuz jest as ca'm an' smilin' as if he wuz in a parlor.

"Oh, my, how that crowd did clap an' hurray! Yer'd a-tho't it wuz a house er-fire. My dad said he felt like he had hair clean down his back, an' ev'ry one a-standin' up, when he seen that horse runnin' away, but when he heard it was Custer he jest lay back, an' could er snoozed, he felt so peaceful like. Pop sed Custer wouldn't know how to start gittin' scared. . . ."

THE "ZOO-ZOO'S"

"After a while the Zoo-Zoos comes by, all in red trimmin's, an' red tassels in their caps, an' it wuz jest great, an' the 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marchin', stayed with me till I got home. Lots of the flags had crepe on 'em. One of the gov'nors sed it wuz 'cause Mr. Lincoln had died, an' that wuz mighty sorrowful to ev'rybody aroun', to say nothin' of poor ol' dad.

"When dad and an' mum an' me was sittin' talkin' 'bout it, that night, pop sez: 'It wuz fine an' no mistake.' But after he had lit his pipe, he sez: 'Jest wait till tomorrer, an' then yer'll see somethin' that yer'll see. My army is comin'. The Bummers with Uncle Billy and Black Jack'll be marchin' in, an' they'll make Rome howl!'" . . .





(Above) A sight familiar to millions the world over—Sousa's back as he leads his superb band in one of those marches that make your nerves tingle.
 (Below) Sousa's mother. Because of the sweetness of her character she was known in her girlhood as "Cloister Elise." She left her home in Bavaria in the late '40s to come to America. In Brooklyn she met her future husband, Antonio Sousa.



A remarkable photograph of Mrs. Sousa. The great band leader met her when she was only 16 and they were married within the year. These photos are loaned from the private collection of the Sousa family for exclusive reproduction in the Sunday Post.

pected when he went into the pasture, set the pail down, and waited for the cow to come and back up to it. I seek inspiration by getting myself into the atmosphere of the particular kind of composition I want to write.

"If I want to write a march I turn my imagination loose among scenes of barbaric splendor. I picture to myself the glitter of guns and swords, the tread of feet to the drum beat, and all that is grand and glorious in military scenes. How these compositions come I cannot tell. It is an utter mystery to me."

"As regarding marches, I feel that a composition in march tempo must have the military quality, if it is to make a hit; it must have the military instinct. That is one reason why so few of the great composers have written successful marches. They lived in an atmosphere of peace, away from the clash of swords and the barbaric splendor of war. The roll of the musketry had no meaning for them, and so that quality is entirely absent from their works."

"See," thought I, "the Schubert 'Marches Militaire'."

Yet this is the same man who later gave voice to the reflection that a good deal of the glamour had been taken out of war by the constantly lessening employment of music on or near the battlefield, and uttered the hope that the absence of music as a stimulant might accomplish something substantial toward reducing the possibilities of armed conflict.

"War," said Lieutenant-Commander Sousa, "is rapidly losing its glamour and is destined to become shortly an unpopular pastime—for it is and always has been somebody's pastime. And chiefly responsible for this result is the fact that in modern warfare and in the movements of modern armies the military band—the thing that in the history of armies has done more to thrill them and inspire them than probably anything else—has become a practical superfluity or impossibility."

"No more the inspiring music of the military band to accompany the troops in their success, to encourage them in their defeat. In the hundreds of miles of trenches the soldiers see nothing of either the success or failure of their efforts; they suffer without knowing the source of their suffering, and they can no longer feel the glory of victory, as has been possible in combats in the past. Under such conditions, and where there is not only no place for the military band, but where it could in no way enthuse or inspire the hundreds of thousands of men scattered along the lines, music is destined to be eliminated almost entirely from war, and that will make war almost impossible, for people will not stand cry for it so quickly, and governments will hesitate in declaring it."

AMERICA CAN LEAD ALL IN MUSIC, SAYS SOUSA

COMPOSER WELCOMED TO BOSTON ON FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF BEGINNING OF HIS CAREER AS BANDMASTER

Lieutenant Commander John Phillip Sousa brought his band of eighty-four pieces to Boston today for a week's engagement at the Metropolitan Theater. Two hours before he went on his first appearance he was host at the Hotel Touraine to representatives of the Commonwealth, the city, the Army and Navy and press. He was welcomed officially by all except the press, and responded in happiest vein. In fact, the response came before the welcome but later he pleaded for just one more word, and then he said the thing that gets the headlines.

"There is in America more latent musical talent than in any country of the world," said Sousa. "The time will come when there will be no such thing in the United States as a foreign conductor. He won't be needed any more than foreign musicians are needed in my band. Of my eighty-four musicians, eighty-two are Americans."

The Commander's statement was inspired by the remarks of John A. O'Shea, superintendent of music in the public schools, who had said that there are altogether too many imported orchestras and conductors in this country. Mr. O'Shea described the "March King" as an American composer who is the greatest conductor of bands in the world, and told of the inspiration which his music gives to the pupils of the public schools.

Frederic W. Cook, secretary of State, representing Governor Fuller, assured Sousa that Massachusetts always has had, and always will have, a warm spot in her heart for the man who would go down in history as "the great American composer." Frank Seiberlich, chairman of the Election Board, brought the good wishes of Mayor Nichols and expressed the hope that Sousa would add many more anniversaries to this, his fiftieth year as an American bandmaster. Captain John D. Robnett, U. S. N., and Captain Traverse D. Carman, commander of Crosseup-Pishon Post, American Legion, extended cordial greetings. Captain Car-

man announced that the post would have Commander Sousa for luncheon guest on Monday at the Hotel Bellevue.

Others present were Captain James D. Wilson and Lieutenant T. E. Renaker of the Navy; Fortunato Sordello, assistant to Mr. O'Shea in the public schools and formerly a member of Sousa's band; and Sheldon H. Fairbanks, representing the Boston Chamber of Commerce. All present except the afternoon newspapermen adjourned to the Metropolitan Theater to join the audience which greeted band and bandmaster at one o'clock.

The Hotel Touraine affair was announced as a ham-and-egg breakfast. Baked beans and brown bread were also served.

SOUSA "CONDUTS"

Wields Conversational Baton Over Score of Many Subjects, in Pajamas, With Pianissimo on Jazz

In the list of public characters reporters are called upon to "interview" and ferret out opinions, pertinent and otherwise, on everything under the sun, perhaps none is more welcome than John Phillip Sousa, "march king" still in an age of jazz. Renewing acquaintance with Sousa carries no trepidation for the reporter no matter in what city or town the ordered interview takes place. He is certain of a welcome, certain of copy. In addition, in those sidelights of such a visitation, he is certain of innumerable conversational asides in geniality which mark the man but defy typing because no mechanical process has mastered accent or twinkle of the eyes.

At ten this morning Sousa, who conducts in Symphony Hall tomorrow afternoon and evening, lay abed and "visited" not too solemnly on divers topics: critics, his four novels, the English, "the best listeners in the world," and jazz. He was in pajamas because he arrived at the Hotel Somerset late last night by motor from Haverhill. He talked, not solely because his remarks would be reproduced for public consumption, but because he is everlastingly interested in everybody and everything—and in the course of his long life all over the world has led, not trailed, in stating opinions. Such personality is vivid, considering the subject of the interview evidently had been reading Sumner's "Folkways" before the rap at 522 and in the adjoining room the tub

was filling and somewhere a waiter was on his way to take the order for breakfast. "You'll have breakfast with me, won't you?"

America Is a Band Country

Propped against his pillows, Sousa wore the eyeglasses which are now as much a part of the man as was his trim military beard in years past. It is inconceivable that he wears them whole asleep, but one gets that impression somehow. He would look undressed without them.

Preliminaries in conversation on the Lawrence concert this afternoon and the New England engagement and the thirtieth appearance in Boston, led Sousa from the by-paths to the road he was going to follow for the next fifteen minutes. "America is a band country—but it's got to be an awfully good band to hold them."

A band, he holds, is a peculiar institution in this country; started from the old village choir. There was someone in the choir who liked the pomp and glory of assembled musicians, learned he cornet, or trombone, or clarinet and with others from the choir formed the nucleus of a band.

"Art follows commerce," said Sousa. "I don't know whether you've thought of that. The moment people become commercially important they want to pay something to Art. Through the years the original love for a band became more intense and as a man would fill his house with beautiful furniture, or build a more beautiful home, he wanted his bands to be just as good. Here Sousa disagreed with the recent assertion that America is on the verge of a renaissance in art, forecast by a New York philosopher, on the ground that commercial supremacy, as in Italy in the Middle Ages, will not mean here a swing from commerce to art, because men who are essentially moneymakers can never get enough, no matter how great spenders they are when they get it."

Jazz Numbers Have a Short Life

Money, of course, led to jazz and the school of music which plays no part in the Sousa compositions. Thoughtless young men and young women find jazz rhythm essential to the dance of today. Jazz numbers have an intensely gay and short life. Jazz-makers—"not composers"—have heard and talked baby

talk on the piano, played that instrument and by playing all the time developed a rhythm even for Rachmaninoff's Prelude of Saint Saens "At Thy Sweet Voice," or "Aida." As the jazz-writer's first consideration is a market for his goods he stops short at jazzing up "Abide with Me" or equally familiar melodies because he realizes that the religious strain in the American people would countenance no such temerity no matter what has been done in the field of speeding up classical music.

Jazz will last just as long as people want to dance to it. Then it will make a hurried exit. "Perhaps something more rhythmic will take its place." There's no looking ahead for styles in music. Time was when no program in this cycle of dance music was complete without the waltz; then came the square dances between the round dances; then the racquet, "and no man was happy unless he danced it once a day"; then the varsovienne; the redowa; the schottische; then the two-step, of which Sousa was the originator. "I went to a ball in Springfield and a man asked me if I knew what the program was at a ball held there a couple of days before . . . There were twenty-two dances. They played "The Washington Post" twenty-two times . . . It became so popular in Europe that in Germany composers called the dance itself the Washington Post . . ."

The one-step and the fox-trot paved the way for jazz, which does not require a man or woman to be a dancer to dance. "All you've got to do if your arches are flat is to walk or slide around the floor on your flat feet and get away with it." Today presents the paradox of the poorest ballroom dancing and the best stage dancing in a generation. While the stage is at its peak, men and women who never expected to dance do so now. "If it makes them happy why shouldn't they?" It is hard, though, on the man who has poetry of motion photographed on his mind, to see an old fellow with feet like Cincinnati hams on the floor with a miss of sixteen or seventeen whose patience should win her the wings of an angel. Anyway it means a saving in real estate because hotel proprietors can put one hundred dancers today on a space required for four people dancing the measures of other days. The motion of eels, gliding in an out. No, the future of the

dance cannot be forecast any more than one would have forecast ten or fifteen years ago that women and girls would have so shortened their skirts as to reveal graceful, silk-encased legs . . . and now legs are not a novelty any more.

The man had laid out toothpaste and toothbrush and announced that the bath was ready. Sousa demanded the whereabouts of the long-summoned waiter and added that if he had died on the way he knew an undertaker he could recommend. "O, Lord, how the world loves a melody."

34th Annual Tour of America

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SOUSA AND HIS BAND

HARRY ASKIN, *Manager*

Lieut. - Commander JOHN PHILIP SOUSA
CONDUCTOR

MISS MARJORY MOODY, *Soprano* MR. JOHN DOLAN, *Cornet*

MR. HOWARD GOULDEN, *Xylophone*

New England Tour

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MESSRS. ALBERT AND RUDOLPH STEINERT

SOUSA AND HIS BAND

Lieut.-Commander JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, Conductor

1. Overture, "Herod".....Hadley
(Written for Richard Mansfield's production of Stephen Phillip's tragedy, "Herod.")
2. Cornet Solo, "Sounds from the Riviera".....Boccalari
MR. JOHN DOLAN
3. Suite, "The Three S's"
 - a. "Morning Journals".....Strauss
 - b. "The Lost Chord".....Sullivan
 - c. "Mars and Venus".....Sousa
4. Vocal Solo, "On the Beautiful Blue Danube".....Strauss
MISS MARJORIE MOODY
5. Symphonic Ballade, "Tam O'Shanter".....Chadwick

The lines of the poem by Robert Burns, which have suggested this symphonic ballade, are as follows:

"The wind blew as 'twere blawn its last
The rattling showers rose on the blast,"
"Ae market night
Tam had got planted unco right,
Wi' reaming swats that drank divinely,"
"Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg
Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,"
.... "Kirk Alloway is drawing night,"

Tam catches his first glimpse of the revels in the church. This orgy is described in a series of dances very much in the Scottish style.

.... "He screwed the pipes and gart them
skirl,"
.... "Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail."

INTERVAL

6. A Fancy, "The Wets and the Drys" (New).....Sousa
"HAVE A LITTLE DRINK", says the Wet to his friend the Dry, who has been singing "HOW DRY I AM." "I don't care if I do," says the Dry, "How about 'TEA FOR TWO' "? So they go off to a Tea Dansant where the orchestra is playing "HOW DRY I AM" as a Spanish dance. Refreshed by the cup that cheers but does not inebriate, the Wet and the Dry take a walk, "DOWN WHERE THE WURTZBURGER FLOWS." "I know something better than that," says the Dry. "Let's get a drink out of 'THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET' ". They march off to the well, singing "THE SOLDIERS' CHORUS." "What a kick!" exclaim the Wet and the Dry in unison, as they quaff deep from the well. "WE WON'T GO HOME 'TIL MORNING" and they stay at the well until dawn, finally parting to the tune of "AULD LANG SYNE" as they think of the "good old days" before Prohibition when people drank water.
7. a. Saxophone Corps, "Saxerewski".....Paderewski-Hicks
MESSRS. HENEY, KINCAID, SULLIVAN, SPALTI,
MADDEN, CONKLIN, SCHLANZ, and MONROE
- b. March, "The Sesqui-Centennial" (New).....Sousa
8. Xylophone Solo, "Liebesfreud".....Kreisler
MR. HOWARD GOULDEN
9. Dance African, "Juba".....R. N. Dett

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M. 475.388

Although interviewing many of the most famous artists known to the artistic world, until the other day it had never been this writer's good fortune to meet the one and only John Philip Sousa, acknowledged as interesting a personality as there can be found in all the world of music. To have the opportunity of asking the most original composer of American music a few questions about his career is an experience of itself, for it was discovered that his life has been unique in its many varied aspects. Indeed, Mr. Sousa's career reads like a fairy story, for he candidly admits he did not spring from a musical family, and as far as he knows, he is the sole member of his race to show any pronounced predilection for art.

The writer asked him many questions, all of which he answered as good naturedly as if he had nothing else in the world to do. The personality of the man is the thing that most impresses; one feels a certainty and faith in what he says; he carries conviction in every word and gesture, and he says very straightforwardly that he sometimes thinks his career has been more like a romance than an actuality.

He in turn asks questions, and one of the first was: "Where did some of the newspapers get the idea I was partly German and partly Spanish? I want the whole world to know, and let it be shouted from the house-tops, that I am an American, an American through and through, for as a matter of fact the first Sousa came to this country in 1531 as an explorer and not as an emigrant. Now, while I do not claim unbroken descent, yet it is a fact that the Sousas were important people in those days, and they were Portugese, and not Spanish. My father came as a very young man to this country in 1840, he being an exile from Portugal. He settled in the borough of Brooklyn, and at the house of a friend he met my mother, who was a Bavarian. It was not long before an attachment sprang up between them, there was a short engagement and they were married."

"Were your parents gifted as musicians?" the interviewer asked.

"No," replied Mr. Sousa, "my father was not what I would call gifted as a musician. However, he was a great linguist. He played the 'cello and a few brass instruments, but to tell you the truth he could not have gotten a place in my band. He served in the Mexican and Civil Wars, and as I often told him, I do not know which was worse for the enemy, his playing of the trombone or his musket and rifle. No wonder they fled if they heard his trombone."

"When did you first discover your great gifts for music and as a composer?"

"That was accidental," said the bandmaster. "It so happened that as a young child for three years I was very delicate, and obliged to remain a great deal in the house. I began picking out tunes on an old violin and I became quite a chum of my father, reading with him on many subjects, music included. He was the best all-around informed man that I ever knew, and while he was not a musician, yet he was passionately

fond of music, and I think he and a friend who was a violinist really discovered my talent. When about ten years old I was sent to an old friend named Esperuto, who was a most excellent musician, and I remained with him for a number of years. I am one of eleven children and the only one I may say here who found in music a career; in fact the others were distinctly not musical.

"After the Mexican war my father settled in Washington, and there I was born within the shadow of the capitol. I am American all right, enough, and I resent keenly the suggestion that I am anything but a native born. My country is my life, and I am at its service in any manner that I can be of use. My father, as I have said before, was an ardent patriot and one of the first to volunteer in the Civil War. He was a wonderful man and I owe much to his splendid influence, for somehow I became his constant companion. I accompanied him on his hunting trips, and great was my delight when he gave me my first gun, for his favorite play was to take to the woods and roam through the forest.

"But to return to the teaching, I remained at the Academy studying the violin, theory and foundation of composition until I was fourteen, and much to everyone's surprise I was awarded all five medals. Then my father thought I should learn something about the piano, and so he sent me to Benkhert, who was really a great man. Much to my astonishment Benkhert refused to teach me the piano, for he realized that composition should be my aim, and I devoted my time to learning duets. After six weeks with him I said, 'When are you going to teach me something about the piano?' and he replied, 'You know as much as you will ever need to know, for I see the day when you will be something more than a piano player. You had better stick to the work that nature has cut out for you, and attend to your composition.' And," said Mr. Sousa, "he never did teach me the piano."

"But," said the interviewer, "you play the piano at your opera rehearsals."

"Yes, that is true," he remarked, "but I don't mind telling you that even a tenth rate piano teacher would be ashamed to claim me as a piano pupil."

It was while playing at Ford's Theater in Washington that Mr. Sousa took the music of a famous comic opera to Benkhert and asked, "Do you think that I can ever write opera?" to which the old musician replied, "I hope you can write a better one than this."

"Tell me how you came to be the leader of your famous band."

Mr. Sousa reflected for a moment and then said, "The history of my life reads like a romance, and yet it has all come around in the most natural way, everything just happened opportunely. I began my career as a violinist in a theater orchestra, and went from one theater to another, always advancing in my work, now arranging something, now rewriting some piece that was needed to help out the show. One day the leader of the theater where I was playing became ill and I

took his place. This led to something better until just after I was twenty I found myself conductor of a theater orchestra in Philadelphia. At twenty-one I was asked to go with a light opera company on the road at a very good salary, but salary was not an important consideration with me. I had other aims and I knew I was capable of writing music that would be really worth while. Then Sullivan's 'Pinafore' was produced and I was given the opera to conduct, which I did to complete satisfaction of the people managing it. I also traveled with Offenbach during the time he was in America."

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Mr. Sousa was conducting in Philadelphia when he came to the attention of the officers of the President's staff, who were in a box at the theater. Nothing was said at the time, but one day while on tour he received notice that Washington officials wished to see him in regard to taking the leadership of the Marine Band. He sent word, however, that as it was the beginning of the season he could not be in Washington until March. His surprise may be imagined when he received a wire from his father saying, "Have accepted in your name as conductor of Marine Band. Come at once." After securing a substitute conductor for the company which he was leading, Mr. Sousa arrived in Washington Oct 1, 1880, and assumed his duties as leader of the Marine Band. He retained this position until 1892. It happened that year the Marine Band was playing in Chicago. David Blakely, a well known printer, became so interested that he said:

"If you can create this enormous success for the Washington Marine Band, why not for a 'Sousa Band,' I will see that it is financed."

The proposition appealed to Mr. Sousa and the band was created that season, and from its very beginning the success was magical. It was not many years, however, destined to be under the management of Mr. Blakely, for this enterprising enthusiast died. So great, however, had been the response from the public that Mr. Sousa was thereafter able to undertake its management himself. The Sousa Band was a distinct creation, something so unlike anything known, that no less a man than Anton Rubinstein said, "They have Thomas Orchestras in other countries, but America has the only Sousa. I never imagined such an orchestra of brass instruments. It could serve as a model for many famous orchestras."

But band conducting is, after all, only one of Mr. Sousa's many activities, for he has written ten operas and one hundred marches. He is of the opinion that the "Stars and Stripes" is the most popular. He adds:

"I think it is my best and strangely enough I wrote it on board the Teutonic. I must have walked five hundred times around the deck with the march in my head, and it was not until a week following my arrival in New York that I put it down on paper, Christmas Day, 1896. It had its first performance in Philadelphia in April, 1897."

Mr. Sousa is frequently his own librettist and the most successful lyrics are those he has written.

Mr. Sousa is also a successful writer of novels. His book, "The Fifth String," has had an enormous sale. It is a fascinating fantastic story of a violinist and his ill-fated love affair. Imaginative persons have supposed the hero of the book to be the famous band-master himself, but he is a long time happily married man, with two daughters and a son, none of whom, however, have made any attempt to wrest their father's laurels. One, however, Jane Priscilla, did write a charming song. It was sent to a music house by J. P. Sousa. The manager seeing the initials immediately attached it to John Philip and it was published, much to the astonishment and amusement of the Sousa family, which is an extremely "pally" corporation. However, the laugh was Jane Priscilla's when the song proved a success.

Mr. Sousa's views are characteristic of the man. He adores Beethoven and says no greater genius was ever produced. He does not believe in musical heredity and asks the interviewer to cite examples of great musical genius descending from father to son. He quotes copiously from recent books, including Villiers Stanford's newest and proves his contention. None of the histories give important examples except Bach and Strauss.



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The Lesser Sousa: Written in His Theater Days

For Kings and for the Thousands He Composed and Conducted, Becoming a "King" Himself in His Own Field

By Benjamin Powell

Trans. 1928

THERE is not a degree of difference between Sousa's account of his winning five medals as a boy at Esputa's Academy in Washington, and his command performance before King Edward. In his autobiography ("Marching Along," published in Boston by Hale, Cushman & Flint) he reports these two achievements with identical, matter-of-fact pride. But it is easy to see that they represent the alpha and omega of his career. Early in the book he says, recounting a spiteful reprisal against his mother, who had refused him an extra cruller, "Had I exterminated Sousa on that rebellious day, a kindly musical public would never have given me the title of 'March King,' King Edward VII would have presented his Victorian Order to some more deserving artist, the French Government would have bestowed the palm of the Academy on some other fortunate mortal and five Presidents of the United States would have sought another band master than myself."

He was ill for two years after his foolish escapade—lying out in the rain—and that hiatus, coupled with the unconventional habits of his household made for a cut-up and diverse education. He was a young tyrant, and made strong resistance to a parental effort to interest him in music. He preferred a bakery, until he had spent three long nights at his apprenticeship, then he went back to music. While still a student he organized a quadrille band and was invited to join a circus. His father heard about the latter and got him out of bed early.

"Good morning, Son."

"Good morning, Father."

"When you dress today," he said, emphasizing every word, "put on your Sunday clothes."

"It was not Sunday," continues Sousa, "and I didn't like at all the idea of making such a radical departure from custom, but I obeyed, put on my Sunday clothes and went downstairs where Father and I had breakfast together, and chatted casually. At the end of the meal he said, 'We'll take a walk.'"

"We took the walk in the direction of the Marine barracks—through the gate in silence and across the parade ground to the commandant's office."

"The record of the Marine Corps says that John Philip Sousa enlisted on the

9th day of June, 1868." Somewhat over thirteen years of age, and not fourteen until the following November!

"This father of mine, bless his soul, had played trombone in the Marine Band since 1850, and was very much liked by everybody in the corps from the commandant down. He had been to see General Zeilin, the commandant, and they had discussed the matter as two fathers would, and concluded to enlist me in the corps as an apprentice boy to study music until I got over my infatuation for the circus, for my father knew that I was so much a law-abiding boy that I wouldn't desert."

Let Them Go

Even the pomp and glitter of the Marine Band could not hold him. He tired of it and got his release, and there ensued years of study concurrent with a bit of teaching, a spell of vaudeville, and a term on the road with opera. His first considerable success followed his conducting in Gilbert and Sullivan companies and while engaged in this he was invited to return to Washington to lead the Marine Band. He took up his duties in September, 1880.

"I found its music library limited, antiquated and a good deal of it poorly arranged and badly copied. There was not a sheet of Wagner, Berlioz, Grieg, Tschalkowsky, or any other of the modern composers who were attracting attention throughout the musical world. I immediately selected some first-class compositions from the leading catalogues of Europe and proceeded with the most rigid rehearsals, in order to bring that band up to modern requirements."

"The small pay received by the musicians and the impossibility of getting a discharge from the service, except through disability or bad conduct, developed in the band a perpetual grouch. It bothered me so much that I went to the commandant and explained to him the condition of affairs, and my diagnosis of the case; I suggested that he grant a discharge to any member of the band who applied for a release with my approval. With great reluctance, he finally consented. At the next rehearsal, one of my best players in the band put down his instrument and said the rehearsals were beyond his endurance."

"Well," said I, "what do you propose to do about it?"

"I want my discharge," was the sullen reply.

Speeding Up the Shakers

"I knew he didn't really want anything of the sort, but I said, 'Make out your application and I will get it for you.'"

"Much to that musician's surprise, he received his discharge in twenty-four hours."

"By the end of the first year the band was reduced to thirty-three men and even the commandant was a little alarmed; but I gradually gathered about me an ambitious and healthy lot of young players, and the public performances of the band were such that it be-

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gan to attract very favorable attention from Washingtonians and visitors to the national capital.

"From a motley mob of nurses and baby carriages and some hangers-on, the audiences at the White House grounds concerts grew into the thousands, and the Saturday afternoon concerts at the White House became a social event. Thursday concerts at the Barracks were splendidly attended and Wednesday concerts at the Capitol drew large audiences, although we suffered from the noise of street cars and carriages passing near the bandstand. The harmony and good behavior of the men became proverbial; for be it said to their everlasting credit that, during the last eight years I was in the band, not a man was reported for dereliction of duty or unsoldierly conduct.

"The first appearance of the band under my direction was at a New Year's reception. The first to enter are the ambassadors, then the Cabinet, then the Supreme Court, then the officers of the Army, Navy and Marine corps stationed in Washington, the bureau chiefs of the departments, winding up with the general public. As the first named arrived we played music of a subdued character, eliminating the percussion instruments, so that the drums, tympani and cymbals were largely squelched, all of which did not please the drummers, who had from long usage believed that they came not only to be seen, but to be heard. Then as the guests came in greater numbers, light operas were played, and when the general public arrived, I ran into marches, polkas, hornpipes and music of the liveliest character. I think my method gave the President a chance to shake hands with double the number of people he could have met had I played slow pieces. President Hayes's secretary told me it was a splendid idea, that the President was less fatigued than he had been after previous receptions. The President evidently appreciated the work I was doing.

Educational? Never!

"As a band, we played in the ante-room which was an entrance to the Portico; as an orchestra, beside the staircase between the East Room and the reception rooms. When we had orders to play for the President we assembled at the Marine Barracks and went to the White House in a street car."

In this high position Sousa had full facilities for developing in composition and began to make a success of his marches. His fame spread fabulously and he was finally tempted into a private venture leaving military service behind. And here he engendered the creed he pursued throughout his career, which he expressed in comparing himself and a colleague:

"Each of us was reaching an end, but through different methods. He gave Wagner, Liszt, and Tchaikowsky, in the belief that he was educating his public; I gave Wagner, Liszt and Tchaikowsky with the hope that I was entertaining my public."

The great fairs and expositions of the 90's showered honor on him and his band. He writes:

"At this time the march which rivaled in popularity the far-flung 'Washington Post' was 'The High School Cadets.'

I had written it for a company of high school cadet students in Washington and they had paid me twenty-five dollars for the dedication. At that time I had no adequate idea of the value of my compositions, and sold 'Semper Fidelis,' 'The Picador,' 'The Crusader,' 'The Washington Post,' 'High School Cadets' and several others under a contract with Harry Coleman, the music publisher, in Philadelphia, for thirty-five dollars apiece, and I was also to furnish three arrangements, one for piano, one for orchestra and one for band!

"'The Gladiator,' my first hit in the march line, I offered to Stopper and Fiske, of Williamsport, Penn., for fifty dollars. They returned the manuscript, and nothing daunted, I sent it to Coleman, who took it for his usual price of thirty-five dollars. And that was the march that put me on the musical map! I really believe that every band in America played it.

"How are marches written? I suppose every composer has a somewhat similar experience in his writing. With me the thought comes, sometimes slowly, sometimes with ease and rapidity. The idea gathers force in my brain and takes form not only melodically but harmonically at the same time. It must be complete before I commit it to paper. Then I instrument it according to the effects it requires. Often I fix my mind upon some objective—such as the broad spaces of the West, the languorous beauty of the South, the universal qualities of America as a whole. And then comes its musical expression—be it thunder or sunshine!"

Tooting for Liberty Bonds

For the first fifteen years of this century his fame waxed and with America's entry into the war, he was what later day musicians would call a "natural." His first assignment was at the Great Lakes Training Station, where he revamped the whole musical organization and developed a unit system which would provide a complete band at short notice.

"Our next assignment was the First Liberty Loan drive in Baltimore. Mr. Van Lear Black, chairman of the committee, in discussing the probable success of the drive, said to me, 'I am very much encouraged since the arrival of your band. Now I believe we will be able to raise eight million dollars.'

"Before it was over we had raised nearly twenty-one million dollars! Patriotic Baltimore responded nobly. The banks had already named the amount of their subscriptions before we arrived, but when our concerts began in the Fifth Regiment Armory, thousands of people came forward to make magnificent gestures. I would have a man with a megaphone call out to the assemblage:

"If somebody will subscribe one hundred thousand dollars the band will play

Dixie.' We would get that sum in a very few minutes. Presently the man would announce: 'If someone will subscribe two hundred thousand dollars, the band will play Maryland, My Maryland.' The subscription was forthcoming.

"How we tooted and trumpeted to charm the dollars out of American pockets! We toured Milwaukee, Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh and other cities. I verily believe we were the strongest drawing card in all the war drives. Millions were subscribed to the Liberty Loans and the dollars came pouring in for Red Cross drives and naval relief campaigns. Nor did we scorn fifty, a hundred, or two hundred dollars at a time. Some attractive sailor lad would hold up my twenty-cent baton and ask what he was offered for it. If he received a bid of only fifty dollars he would draw, 'Say, this is a money affair. We can't let this priceless baton go for fifty dollars,' whereupon the bids would rise as high as three or four hundred dollars."

Magical, Not Declassee

That sort of activity kept him busy, but he also found time to write an "American wedding march" to replace the famous ones which were of course tainted with German names; he set MacCrae's "In Flanders Field" to music; and he went to Canada to help them in their loan drives.

The war over, he returned to his concert tours and composition. This country and others continued to add to his fame, with honorary degrees, decorations, medals and so on, until he had amassed, at his death, what was called the world's greatest collection.

He knew his function as an entertainer and was restive under the indictments of the hypercritical.

"Artistic snobbery is so ridiculous! Many an immortal tune has been born in the stable of the cotton-field. "Turkey in the Straw" is a magic melody; anyone should be proud of having written it, but, for musical high-brows, I suppose the thing is declassee. It came not from a European composer but from an unknown Negro minstrel. I am, however, equally enthusiastic about the truly great compositions of the masters. My admiration for Wagner and Beethoven is profound. I played 'Parsifal'—or excerpts from it—ten years before it was produced at the Metropolitan. Most audiences had to learn to understand and appreciate it."

SOUSA CONDUCTS

BAND OF 500 HERE

Capacity Audience Hears Concert for Benefit of Musicians' Union

Apr. 1929
Lt.-Comdr. John Philip Sousa was the conductor of a band of 500 musicians who played before a capacity audience

last night at Mechanics building under the auspices of local 9, American Federation of Musicians. The proceeds will be used to care for members of the union and their families who are in needy circumstances.

Thomas M. Carter, author of the Boston Commandery March, who in 1905 staged the first monster band concert in Boston, at which 400 musicians appeared, was present last night. He was escorted to the platform where Lt.-Comdr. Sousa surrendered his baton and the bard to his old friend, Carter, more than 80 years old, conducted the band in a presentation of the Boston Commandery March and was then presented the baton by Lt.-Comdr. Sousa.

Mayor Nichols, on behalf of President Thomas H. Finigan and the members of local 9, gave Lt.-Comdr. Sousa a gold union card, making him an honorary life member of the Boston branch of the federation.

Miss Marjorie Moody, soprano soloist, sang, and Aaron Harris was euphonium soloist.

John Philip Sousa is going on the air. After holding out for seven years against broadcasting his world-famous band, he will make his radio debut under the auspices of the Chevrolet Motor Company at the General Motors family party on Monday evening, May 6, at 8:30 o'clock, over WEEI and the NBC system.

GREATEST AUDIENCE

Although Mr. Sousa has played to more people than any other director in the history of band music, appearing once before a single audience of 153,000 people, at the International Exposition in Glasgow, America's grand old march king will probably have on Monday night one of the biggest audiences which ever listened to one musical offering.

Thirty-nine broadcasting stations will be linked together for Mr. Sousa's radio premiere and they will extend from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf. Practically speaking, it will be possible for everybody in the United States to hear the concert. Because of Mr. Sousa's fame as a bandmaster and composer and because of the universal affection in which he is held by the people of America, it is expected that a record-breaking radio audience will tune in.

"Until now I have steadfastly refused to broadcast," explained Mr. Sousa, "because I have always felt that part of my success as a band leader has been something in my personality. I have thought that people wanted to see me and my band as well as hear us. I cannot, however, ignore the demand to hear us on the air. I have received at least 10,000 letters asking me to broadcast. I have, therefore, finally concluded that the people want to hear us and that it would be foolish to fail to utilize this great, modern invention, which makes it possible for millions in-

stead of a few thousand to listen to a concert. I am happy in the decision and am looking forward with enthusiasm to what I believe will be another thrilling adventure."

Many of the country's favorite selections composed by the famous former leader of the Marine Band will be played Monday evening, including his ever popular "Stars and Stripes Forever," "El Capitan," etc.

Following the Chevrolet hour, Mr. Sousa will broadcast on eight successive Monday evenings for General Motors and its different divisions.

SOUSA MARCH HAILS ALLIES OF TIENSIN

ap 27, 1930 Times
Hoover and Other Veterans of 1900 Siege Hear Piece Dedicated to Royal Welch Fusiliers.

OLD LEADER SWINGS BATON

Marine Band at Gridiron Dinner Plays Music Perpetuating Ties of British With Our Marines.

By RICHARD V. OULAHAN.

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, April 26.—A colorful episode of considerable historic interest was presented tonight at the Gridiron Club's Spring dinner at the New Willard Hotel. To President Hoover and some others who were present as guests of the club, it recalled thrilling personal experiences during the Boxer uprising in China, thirty years ago.

As a young mining engineer Herbert Hoover, with Mrs. Hoover, was beleaguered in Tientsin by an army of the anti-foreign organization known as the Boxers, and he and the other members of the foreign colony were rescued when the city was relieved by American marines and the Royal Welch Fusiliers, a British regiment.

Commemorating the friendship formed then as comrades in arms between our marines and the Royal Welch Fusiliers, the incident, offered by the Gridiron Club tonight for the entertainment of its guests, centred around and culminated in

the first rendition of a new march by Lieut. Commander John Phillip Sousa of the Naval Reserves, entitled the "Royal Welch Fusiliers March."

The veteran band conductor and March King, who is an associate member of the Gridiron Club, appeared in person to lead the United States Marine Band, his old command, in giving this first performance of his newest composition.

It was thirty-six years ago that Commander Sousa ceased to be leader of the Marine Band. A handsomely bound copy of the score of the march is to be presented soon in London by General Charles G. Dawes, the American Ambassador, to the present commanding officer of the Royal Welch Fusiliers.

Veterans See Colors Borne In.

Among those present at the dinner tonight, who, like President Hoover, participated in the spirited scenes of the Boxer rebellion of three decades ago, were Major Gen. Smedley Butler, Brig. Gen. George Richards and Brig. Gen. B. H. Fuller, all then junior officers of the Marine Corps. Other Marine officers present who saw service in the Far East at that time were Major Gen. John A. Lejeune, former Commandant of the Corps, and Brig. Gen. Charles L. McCawley.

An attractive scenic setting featured this incident of the Gridiron Club's entertainment. Forty red-coated members of the Marine Band marched into the dining hall playing the Marine Corps March. They were preceded by a group of enlisted men of the Marine Corps in uniform, bearing the Stars and Stripes of the United States, the "Cambridge Flag" used by General Washington as a headquarters standard during the Revolutionary War and the flag of the Marine Corps. Marching with them was a soldier-orderly from the British Embassy, bearing the Union Jack of Britain.

When the Marine bandmen and their color-bearing escort had assembled on the stage, Robert Barry, Washington correspondent of The New York Evening World, recalled to President Hoover and the other guests a major incident of the Tientsin siege which was the inception of the Sousa march to the Royal Welch Fusiliers.

Among other things he narrated how Hoover, the young engineer, devised a food-rationing system for the besieged foreigners in Tientsin and thereby gained his first experience in an occupation which, as Mr. Barry explained, "served subsequently to make him a world figure."

Coming of the Marines and Fusiliers.

Addressing the diners, Mr. Barry said:

"We interrupt this Gridiron dinner for a historic dedication. Tonight we ratify unanimously a covenant written thirty years ago in the Boxer uprising in China.

"In June of 1900 Tientsin was beleaguered by fanatical and frenzied Boxers. The President of our Republic, then a young mining engineer, and Mrs. Hoover, were among the so-called 'foreign devils' whose lives were imperiled daily for several months.

"The young American engineer erected the barricade of bags of sugar and rice. He devised food rationing for the besieged foreign colony, an experience which served subsequently to make him a world figure.

"Tientsin was saved. With the band playing 'There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight,' the United States Marines marched into the city. With them was a famous British regiment, the Royal Welch Fusiliers.

"Our marines and the Royal Welch Fusiliers formed a friendship at Tientsin which time has not effaced. As they stood under the walls of Tientsin, with our dead and their dead almost at elbows, our marines, knowing something of the history of this famous Welch regiment, glanced at the regimental standards and asked questions. Famous battles of the Welch Fusiliers were emblazoned there.

Not on the Flags of the Fusiliers.

"Pointing to the flags, our marines asked: 'Where are the names of the battles you fought in the American Revolution?'

"They are not there,' Captain Gwynne of the Welch replied. 'On the regiment's return to England the War Office offered to inscribe the American battles on those flags. Our predecessors said they did not wish to remember or have posterity recall the battles they had fought in America against men of their own blood.'

"When Smedley Butler was wounded at Tientsin, it was Captain Gwynne of the Royal Welch Fusiliers who helped examine the wound and later assist in carrying Butler to a place of safety.

"When General Pershing and the advance guard of the A. E. F. in the World War stepped ashore at Liverpool, the British escort of honor there to greet him was the Royal Welch Fusiliers.

"We have taken this time, Mr. President, to review these historical associations because there have been numerous suggestions of a fitting memorial to commemorate this international comradeship of two great military organizations.

Music as Memorial to Friendship.

"A member of the Gridiron Club has devised a better memorial than stone or bronze. He has proposed something living, pulsating, and we hope as enduring. He has written a march entitled 'The Royal Welch Fusiliers.' He has dedicated it to the United States Marine Corps.

"Very shortly there will be held in London a ceremony at which our friend and our Ambassador, General Dawes, will make a formal presentation of the march and accompanying papers to Lieutenant General Charles M. Dobel, of the Royal Welch Fusiliers.

"Tonight we are privileged to offer before the President of the United States and His Excellency, the Ambassador of Great Britain, the first rendition of this march."

At the close of Mr. Barry's remarks Commander Sousa was introduced as the "composer of this march, our fellow Gridiron member, the March King of the world."

Captain Taylor Branson, the present leader of the Marine Band, handed his baton to Commander Sousa and the latter led the band in rendering the new march. At the end of the rendition the Marine Band marched off, playing the Marine hymn "From the Halls of Montezuma."

Debussy on Sousa

The American Bandmaster Off the Pen of, The French

Composer

Dec 31, 1929
AT LAST! . . . the King of American Music is within our walls! That is to say that during a whole week Mr. J. P. Sousa "and his band" will reveal to us the beauties of American music and how to use it in the best society. One must really be singularly gifted to conduct this music. Thus, Mr. Sousa beats time in circles, or he shakes an imaginary salad, or sweeps up imaginary dust, and catches a butterfly out of a contrabass-tuba. American music may be the only kind which can find a rhythm for unspeakable cake-walks . . . and Mr. Sousa is indisputably its king. [From "The Theories of Claude Debussy," Compiled by Leon Vallas and Published by the Oxford University Press]

John Philip Sousa and Band Finally
Consents to Broadcast--On General
Motors Hour May 6, 1929



JOHN PHILIP SOUSA



At Home in Port Washington With His Daughter 1928

DEDICATION PAGE OF SOUSA'S NEW MARCH.

◆ No 25076 **The Royal Welch Fusiliers**
MARCH

The Welch Fusiliers was organized about 1690 for the wars of William and Mary. It has taken part in many campaigns, the names of some of which appear on its colors. During the American Revolution it was assigned duty on board British warships, and is accordingly recognized as having been Marines. It surrendered with Cornwallis at Yorktown. None of its battles of that war appears on its colors. During the Boxer War in China of 1900 it was closely associated with the U. S. Marines in the relief of Peking, a friendship which has continued. Its officers presented a cup to the U. S. Marines in token of the friendship formed. This March resulted from that association.

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA



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THE AUTHOR AT WORK UPON "MARCHING ALONG": JOHN PHILIP SOUSA,
Who Sixty Years Ago at the Age of 13 Joined the United States Marine Corps Band, and Is Now Preparing His Autobiography of the Intervening Years Before Starting On His Fiftieth Annual Tour of the United States.
(Times Wide World Photos.)

Noted Bandmaster Dominated Era

1932
THE March King has passed on. The recent death of John Philip Sousa was not only a deep personal loss to those who knew the genial musician personally, but to millions of folk in countless American cities, as well as in other countries. Every parade in the last several decades, from Broadway to Main Street, owed something of its trig efficiency and resolute tempo to the inspiring strains of his compositions. In the heyday of band concerts other millions had also heard the noted bandmaster conduct his own organization on the concert tours which he made during many years. It was no wonder that the name of Sousa was a household word.

A volume alone might be written on the part which his marches played in the recent annals of America. It was fitting therefore that final rites for the eminent composer and bandmaster (a brief notice of whose sudden death in Reading, Pa., on March 6, appeared in the last issue of *MUSICAL AMERICA*) should take place in Washington, D. C., with full military honors on March 10. The dead musician was clad in the uniform of a Lieutenant-Commander of the Naval Reserve, a commission which he had held since the war. Governmental notables were in attendance at the burial, which took place in the Congressional Cemetery with the firing of guns and the sounding of taps.

A Picturesque Career

This ceremony closed a picturesque career which extended very nearly to fourscore years during which musical fashions changed but his supremacy as march composer still held.

John Philip Sousa, whose music attained in the final decade of the last century, a popularity which has been accorded to that of no other American composer, was born in the National Capital on Nov. 6, 1854, of a Bavarian mother and a Portuguese father, who had come to America in the 'forties on account of revolutionary activities in his native country. They were married in Brooklyn, N. Y., but soon moved to Washington, where the husband became a member of the Marine Band.

Young Sousa, whose mother was a capable musician, wanted to become a baker, and he actually worked for a time in a bakery. His father, however, was eager for him to be a musician and had him apprenticed to the Marine Band. In the meantime he had had music lessons, chiefly on the violin, but also on other orchestral instruments, with John Esputa; and had even played in public as a violin soloist. He also studied harmony and composition with G. F. Benkert.

In 1871, he joined the orchestra of a Washington theatre as violinist and had his first experience as a conductor when the regular leader became ill. From 1874 to 1876, he toured with the Milton-Noble Comedy Company and the Morgan Living Picture Company. In the latter year he joined the orchestra of Offenbach's company, which had come from France to tour the United States in works of that composer. He then played for three years in the orchestras of the Chestnut Street and the Arch Street Theatres in Philadelphia and also conducted a church choir. It was at this time that church choir opera companies became popular. For his organization Sousa wrote his first comic opera, "The Smugglers."

Conducted U. S. Marine Band

In December, 1879, when only twenty-five years old, Sousa was appointed conductor of the United States Marine Band, in which both he and his father had played. He held this position for twelve years, his period of service covering the administrations of Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland and Harrison. In 1892 he resigned in order to organize his own band, giving his first concert with the new organization in Plainfield, N. J., on Sept. 26, 1892.

During the succeeding decade, Sousa's Band attained an almost unbelievable popularity. For it, the conductor wrote his many famous marches. This being also the period when the "two-step" was being danced throughout the country, the marches were played everywhere. It is safe to say that a copy of each number, as soon as it was published, was found in seventy-five per cent of the homes of the entire nation. Some of the most famous of these were "The Washington Post," "The Directorate," "Liberty Bell," "High School Cadets," "Manhattan Beach," "King Cotton," "Hands Across

the Sea" and "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

Light Opera Activities

To this period mainly belong also Sousa's activities as a light opera composer, although, besides the work already mentioned, he had written "Desirée" in 1884, and "The Queen of Hearts" in 1886.

In 1896, he wrote "El Capitan," in which De Wolf Hopper appeared for two years. Its first performance took place in Boston on April 1 of that year. The march in this work was one of the most popular of the composer's output. Two years later he brought out "The Charlatan," in which De Wolf Hopper also starred. This had passages which approximated grand opera. Though it was a success, it created less enthusiasm than its predecessor. Other operatic works were: in 1897, "The Bride Elect" (with Christie MacDonald), for which he also wrote the libretto; "Chris and the Wonderful Lamp" in 1900 "The Free Lance" in 1906, "The Glassblowers" in 1911, "The American Maid" in 1913, and "Victory" in 1915. None of these achieved the popularity of "El Capitan" and "The Charlatan."

The band during these years made innumerable tours not only of the United States but also of foreign countries. It was the official American band at the Paris Exposition in 1900, after which it toured the Continent. Five European tours in all were made. In 1910, a world tour was made which included Europe, Africa, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Fiji Islands and Honolulu. The tour was 60,000 miles long and ended with a concert in New York, where the band remained an entire year at the Hippodrome, playing to audiences totaling 60,000 persons every week. One of the results of these tours was the popularity of the Sousa marches in other countries. It is said that during the years previous to the war, their greatest market was in Germany.

During the war Sousa was in charge of the musical activities of the United States Army at the Great Lakes Training Station. After the war he was repeatedly approached to conduct for radio, but persistently refused. However, he was at last prevailed upon, in 1929, to conduct broadcasts by fifty-two carefully selected members of his

band. His fee is said to have been over \$50,000. He had many congratulatory messages, including one from Commander Richard E. Byrd who was then in the Antarctic.

Typical Composer of an Era

While it cannot be said that Sousa as a composer had any very definite or lasting influence upon American music, he was, for a longer time than any other native composer, nearest to the heart of the American people as a nation, at what was, perhaps, the period of its most definite nationality, the years around the Spanish-American War. It may be that the popularity of his marches as dance tunes was due to the coincidence of the popularity of the two-step as a dance or vice-versa. The fact remains that the two were concomitant and that their wane came about the same time. Sousa can hardly be said to have invented a form though he is sometimes credited with having done so. He merely wrote better tunes of the kind than any of his contemporaries.

As conductor, he was magnetic and possessed the faculty of communicating his magnetism to his band. His technique of conducting was quiet and undemonstrative, without unnecessary movement, and he was able to get a wide range of effects with gestures merely of a finger. He could never be brought to make a public statement regarding his opinion of jazz beyond saying that "when it was good, it was all right, and when bad, it was very bad," or words to that effect.

Besides his musical activities, Sousa also tried his hand at literary composition. His first novel, "The Fifth String," was a fantastic one dealing with a violinist whose instrument had a fifth string wrapped with a woman's hair. The idea was not wholly original, as a legend of the sort attached to the name of Paganini. He also wrote "Pipetown Sandy," "Dwellers in the Western World" and "The Transit of Venus."

Military Honors at Burial

The man whose compositions played so important a part in the annals of the country was fittingly accorded a burial with full military honors.

The funeral service was conducted at the Marine Barracks in Washington, where two enlisted marines stood at at-

tion over the com. Officials of the government, high officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, distinguished musicians, Mrs. Sousa and other members of the family were present. Captain Frank G. Goettge, Marine Corps aide at the White House, represented President Hoover. A committee from the Society of Authors, Composers and Publishers of New York also attended.

The Rev. Sidney K. Evans, chief of naval chaplains, and the Rev. Edward Gapter, rector of Christ Church, read the Episcopal service. A quartet from the Gridiron Club, of which Mr. Sousa was a member, sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Abide with Me."

The escort, in addition to the Marine Band, included two companies of sailors and marines. The coffin was borne on a flag-draped caisson drawn by eight horses. A firing squad volley over the grave and "Taps" was sounded by a marine trumpeter.

The pallbearers included:

Brigadier General George H. Richards, United States Marine Corps; Colonel H. C. Reisinger, United States Marine Corps; Major William M. Shutan, United States Army; Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics, United States Navy; Ernest Lee Jahneke, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; James Francis Cooke, editor of *The Etude*; Edwin Franko Goldman, leader of the Goldman Band; Gene Buck, president of American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers; Arthur Fryor, bandmaster; John La Gatta, instructor; A. A. Harding, dean of the School of Music, University of Illinois, and Harry Askin, Sousa's general manager.

John Philip Sousa

"The March king," John Philip Sousa was called. He was that, and something more. A typical American, and a typical Washingtonian, he had a Portuguese father and a Bavarian mother, and must have been born with a tune in his head. A priceless gift, in this unmelodious, this cacophonous age! It was a gift that seems to have perished with the old theme-masters. John Philip Sousa's inheritance preserved to the world for a while the faculty of mastering melody and exalting the rhythm of the spirit. For a while? It was for a long lifetime. The marching strains of the Civil War may be said to have tramped themselves into his soul when, as a boy of seven to ten, he heard them day by day, night by night, on the streets of the Capital. At all events, they nourished his childish imagination. He was the leader of the Marine Band in 1880,

when he was twenty-six years old, and soon after wrote the Washington Post March, his most famous composition. Much else he wrote, always with popular delight; and figuratively, if not literally, he died with a baton in his hand. It is a pity that he could not have lived as long as Merlin did.

Sousa will be missed, and he will longer be remembered, no doubt, than many American composers who have assumed to plunge more deeply into the mysteries of music. He touched and won the popular fancy. A nation may be said to have marched with him.

Marine Band Pays to Sousa Final Honors Government Officials at Funeral of Great Band-Master at Washington

Washington, March 10 (A.P.)—In the setting of his earliest triumphs final honors were brought today to John Philip Sousa. His family assembled with a group of distinguished musicians and Government officials to attend the funeral late this afternoon of the great band-master and composer.

The Marine Band, which Sousa conducted forty and more years ago, formed with companies of soldiers and sailors to escort the body from its own band room, where the casket has rested in state two days, to the grave at Congressional Cemetery.

A representative of President Hoover, Captain Frank G. Goettge of the Marine Corps, and a group of senators, were among those to attend the obsequies.

What might be called a breach of naval regulations placed John Philip Sousa in the Navy during the World War and gave the world its greatest massed band. When the United States entered the World War, the famous band leader, who will be buried today, was sixty-three years old. The age limit for commissioned officers was forty-seven, but high naval officers, including former Secretary Daniels, overlooked Sousa's age and he became a lieutenant in the Navy.

Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, now chief of naval aeronautics, was then a captain and head of the Great Lakes Naval Station. In going over his list of enrollments, he found about 600 musicians at the encampment, but most of them were without instruments. Moffett sent for Sousa and asked him how large the world's biggest massed band was. Sousa told him of a massed band of 199 pieces in Germany, then America's enemy.

The thought of the enemy having something superior to the United States was too much for Moffett and he suggested that a move be started to organize not only the largest band in America, but in the world.

Sousa explained that a band of 250 might be handled effectively. "Fine," Moffett told him, "Let's make it 350 for good measure and I'll give you a lieutenant's commission to organize it."

Sousa accepted, and on the day he was to be enrolled, Moffett absented himself from the encampment after warning the enrolling officer that "nothing stops Sousa as a naval lieutenant." Sousa became a lieutenant, but the space for age never was filled in.

Some time later when Moffett told Secretary Daniels of his good luck in getting the famous leader for his encampment, Daniels raised the question of Sousa's age.

"I never thought of that, sir," Moffett replied, "I didn't check his blank, but he certainly doesn't look over forty-seven." Daniels smiled and never mentioned the matter again.

From the moment he first put on the uniform with the double stripes on the sleeves, Sousa was a real naval man. He strictly observed discipline and never claimed any privileges to which one of his fame might feel entitled.

Congress laid aside legislation to honor the bandmaster. The Senate yesterday adopted a resolution of tribute. In submitting it, Senator McNary (R., Ore.), called Sousa "the world's greatest composer of march music." It provided that Vice President Curtis name a Senate group to attend the funeral, and the Republican and Democratic leaders, Watson of Indiana, and Robinson of Arkansas, respectively, McNary, Bratton (D., N. M.), and Moses (R., N. H.), were chosen. Captain Frank B. Goettge of the Marine Corps was designated by President Hoover to represent the White House.

In the House, the Democratic leader, Rainey of Illinois, called Sousa the greatest composer of "martial music who ever lived in the world."

He proposed that the House also send a delegation to the funeral, but Snell of New York, the Republican leader, said: "While I have the utmost reverence and appreciation for the work of the great John Philip Sousa, I feel this resolution would establish a very bad precedent and I must object." He did not explain but the House ordinarily sends representatives only to funerals of congressmen or high Government officials.

LAST HONORS PAID JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

"March King's" Funeral Held in Washington

March 11, 1932 glk
WASHINGTON, March 10 (A. P.)—John Philip Sousa was buried today in the Congressional Cemetery near where he had often played with boyish companions.

The services for the man known for years as the "March King" were held in the Marine barracks, only a little distance from his birthplace, and even more intimately associated with his memory. He was a member of the Marine Band when only a boy. His talent matured while he was with it. He was its leader from 1880 to 1892.

Walter F. Smith, who served under Sousa then, looked down on his coffin today and commented: "A sour note was like a blow to him."

"He was strict but fair," he added. "A good conductor, the best bandmaster I ever have seen. He was to bands what Toscanini is to orchestras."

The hall was crowded and the air was heavy with the scent of flowers banked about the coffin.

"He was a kind man, too," Smith said—but the services had begun.

The Gridiron Club Quartet—J. F. M. Bowie, Fred East, William F. Raymond and Charles T. Tittmann—sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Abide With Me." Sousa was a member of the club for years.

Rev. Edward Gapter and Sydney K. Evans, chief of Navy chaplains, conducted the services. Sousa was a Naval officer during the war. He was 63 then, years over the age limit, but Rear Admiral William A. Moffett, who helped him enlist, commented when asked about it: "He did not look over 47 to me."

Moffett was an honorary pallbearer. So were other officers, Government officials, bandmasters and a delegation from the Senate.

Sousa's widow, heavily veiled; his two daughters and son, were on the front row of the tiers of seats.

The band led the way to the grave to the sound of dirges and funeral marches. Some of them were Sousa's. Eight white horses drew the coffin.

The final rites of the Masonic order at the grave were followed by the lowering of the coffin. Then the clear call of a trumpet—"Taps."

At 10 Somerset st sent a beautiful floral tribute to Washington as an expression of its esteem for the late John Philip Sousa, "March King" at his funeral yesterday.

Sousa was greatly interested in the

newsboys and when he was in Boston he visited the foundation and conducted the newsboys' band and orchestra that played several of his marches.

FINAL TRIBUTES ARE PAID SOUSA

March 11, 1932 Herald
**'March King' Is Buried in
Congressional Ceme-
tery at Capital**

CASKET IS DRAWN BY 8 WHITE HORSES

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The services for the man known for years as the "March King" were held in marine barracks only a little distance from his birthplace and even more intimately associated with his memory.

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Walter F. Smith, who served under Sousa then, looked down on his casket today and commented: "A sour note was like a blow to him."

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Moffett was an honorary pallbearer today. So were other officers, government officials, bandmasters and a delegation from the Senate.

Sousa's widow, heavily veiled; his two daughters and son; were in the front row of tiers of seats.

Outside, members of the Marine band shifted their feet in the cold as they waited. Companies of bluejackets and marines blew on their hands to keep them warm.

The band led the way to the grave to the sound of dirges and funeral marches. Some of them were Sousa's. Eight white horses drew the casket.

The final rites of the Masonic order at the grave were followed by the lowering of the casket. Then the clear call of a trumpet—"Taps."

Sousa died early Sunday morning after conducting a band concert rehearsal at Reading, Pa. The last number was his own "Stars and Stripes Forever."

FRIENDS HONOR SOUSA AT MEMORIAL CONCERT

**1,000 Former Long Island Neigh-
bors Hear Band Play His Works
and Join in Praising Him.**

March 14, 1932
Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES
PORT WASHINGTON, L. I., March 13.—More than 1,000 persons attended a concert in memory of the late John Philip Sousa in the auditorium of the Port Washington High School this afternoon. The famous composer and bandmaster, who died last Sunday, had maintained a home at Barker's Point here for seventeen years. He conducted part of a concert given here about six months ago by the American Legion.

The memorial program was played by a band of more than fifty musicians, many of whom had played under Sousa. Gustave Langenus, well known as a clarinet player, directed the band's playing of Sousa's "Semper Fidelis" and "Hands Across the Sea." During an intermission Leonard Leibling, editor of The Musical Courier, addressed the audience.

Other Sousa compositions played included "Washington Post March," conducted by Maurice Barron, director of the Roxy Symphony Orchestra; "George Washington Bicentennial March," conducted by Paul Burgan, and "El Capitan," conducted by Justice of the Peace Arthur W. Jones, who also is known as a musician. The concert closed with the audience standing while the band played "Stars and Stripes Forever," Sousa's favorite among his own compositions.

A resolution praising the composer for his generosity, faithfulness and friendship was adopted by the audience, which included members of civic and fraternal organizations, the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Girl Scouts, Boy Scouts, police and fire departments.

John Philip Sousa, Bandmaster, Dies Suddenly After Banquet

March 6, 1932 Herald
Succumbs in Reading, Pa.,

**After Being Guest
Conductor**

'MARCH KING' WAS IN HIS 78TH YEAR

READING, Pa., March 6 (Sunday)—(AP)—John Philip Sousa, famous bandmaster, died suddenly early this morning at the Abraham Lincoln Hotel, less than two hours after a banquet in his honor, given by the Ringgold band, this city.

The band, celebrating its 80th anniversary today, had invited Sousa to be its guest conductor; a service he had rendered the band on a number of previous Ringgold anniversaries.

He delivered a speech at the dinner, but appeared very weak.

Sousa was in his 78th year.

CONDUCTED REHEARSAL

Before the dinner Sousa conducted a rehearsal of the band. He was apparently in good condition on his arrival shortly before 6 o'clock on a Pennsylvania railroad train.

His voice was very weak, and at the banquet several hours later he spoke

briefly. A heart attack is ascribed as the cause of death. His home in Washington, D. C., was immediately notified by order of Dr. W. H. Ammarell, coroner. Sousa would have been 78 had he lived until November.

Sousa was found ill in his room about 12:10 by his secretary, Miss Lillian Finegan. The house physician, Dr. Merrill B. Dewire, was called, but the patient rapidly grew worse. He failed to respond to any degree to remedies the doctor applied and he died at 12:30, about 20 minutes from the time he was found ill.

Sousa was met at the railroad station by Ringgold band officials and also by the St. Cyril's Boys' band, a church organization of 50 youthful musicians, in uniform. He shook hands with the band master, Capt. John Wrable, and two boys serving as color bearers.

The band played a number for Sousa, and he complimented the youngsters. From the railroad station the bandmaster was taken to the Ringgold hall,

where he conducted the 55 men in rehearsal of the anniversary concert program. From the hall he was taken to the hotel, where the banquet was served between 8 and 9 o'clock.

It is believed the band concert will be indefinitely postponed, because of Sousa's sudden death.

A career of more than 50 years before the public, during which he composed more than 300 works and directed his famous band in all the principal cities of the world, made John Philip Sousa one of the most widely known of contemporary American musicians. Although an accomplished musician early in his teens, it was his work as director of the United States Marine Corps Band that served as the stepping stone to a position of prominence in the musical world.

Sousa became a member of the marine corps band when only 13 years of age through a scheme hatched by his father, a member of the band, to thwart the boy's plans to run away with a circus band. The father had him enlisted as an apprentice and among the regulations that were read to the recruit was one providing that desertion would be punished by "shooting at sunrise." The bandmaster often told that story later in life, saying: "I didn't want anything like that to happen, so I stayed in the band."

After about two years, however, Sousa left the marine band to strike out for himself and put in several years conducting theatrical and other orchestras and giving violin lessons. His first engagement of importance was in 1877 when, as first violinist he toured the country with the orchestra of Jacques Offenbach, composer of "The Tales of Hoffman."

One month before his 25th birthday, Sousa returned to the marine band as conductor and remained with the organization 12 years. During that time he developed the organization to a high standard of proficiency and placed it in the front rank of military bands.

However, the musicians were poorly paid and Sousa had made considerable financial sacrifice to remain as director.

In 1892 an opportunity came to the bandmaster to carry out a plan he had had in mind for a long time—the organization of a band of his own to present to works of great composers before audiences which operatic companies and symphony orchestras could not reach. The annual tours of his band created a familiarity with and an appreciation for good music throughout America and this is regarded by many as Sousa's greatest service in the field of music. The band has played in every city of size in the United States, and has made several tours of Europe, one

started late in 1910 being extended to a tour of the world which continued until the early part of 1912. Making up his concert programs Sousa did so without regard to the composer or the title of the selection, but with great regard for its musical merit. At the same time he endeavored to present numbers in which the public was most interested. His musical library was one of the most complete in the world.

Acceding to the wishes of his audiences, Sousa was one of the first famous bandmasters to introduce popular music as encore numbers at his concerts. He always believed that if a melody had merit it was worth dressing up sufficiently to be made part of a concert program and his experience was that the public responded warmly to his efforts along those lines. In recent years his programs included a fantasia of jazz, made up of half a dozen first-class jazz compositions. The approval expressed by the audiences, he said, vindicated his judgment in doing that.

PROLIFIC COMPOSER

It would be difficult to say whether Sousa won greater fame as a bandmaster or as a composer. In the latter role he was prolific and seemed always to have a new thought and melody. His music is of the stirring kind with a martial swing and nearly all of his compositions have enjoyed unusual popularity.

Sousa's musical works include 10 operas, many songs and suites, more than 100 marches and "The Last Crusade," perhaps his most pretentious work for orchestra, organ and choir. His marches, however, are the best known of his works. As far back as 1885 a foreign musical journal in an article on martial music bestowed upon Sousa the title "March King," and it became known throughout the musical world as a synonym for his own name.

The question, "What do you consider your best composition?" was often put to Sousa. Invariably he replied: "In that respect I feel like the woman with several babies; there is some good in all of them." And as frequently he expressed his pride in his famous "The Stars and Stripes Forever," which he believed to be his most popular march with the American people.

Among others of Sousa's marches that were popular favorites were "The High School Cadet," "Semper Fidelis," "The Washington Post," "King Cotton," "El Capitan," "Liberty Bell," "Manhattan Beach," "The Thunderer." In fact, nearly every one of his marches was regarded as a favorite by a certain following. His operas included "The Smugglers," "Queen of Hearts," "El Capitan," "Bride Elect," "The Charlatan" and "Chris and the Wonder Lamp."

In addition to musical composition Sousa was author of several books, among them "The Fifth String," "Pipetown Sandy," "Dwellers in the Western World," "The Transit of Venus."

The famous bandmaster had the distinction of service in three branches of the government's military forces. His

first was his long service in the marine corps as director of its band; his second was as musical director of the sixth army corps to which he was appointed for the war with Spain, and the third, his direction of the musical activities at the naval training station at Great Lakes, Ill., during the world war. Sousa was proud of what he claimed a record for having directed more and the largest massed bands than any other bandmaster.

March 13, 1934
By OLIN DOWNS

TWO events of the last ten days, which have visited sorrow upon the living, appear as tokens of the end of certain phases of American music. One of these was the death, on the 6th of this month, of the gifted and honored "March King" of America, John Philip Sousa.

Sousa, in point of historic sequence, comes between the period of Stephen Foster and the America and the jazz of the present epoch. In these days of the popularity and fashionableness of the writhing rhythm it is customary to speak of it as the most original and characteristic musical expression of this country. Of the present period that is probably true, but it is not true of America even twenty-five years ago. And long before the international popularity of jazz, Sousa's marches had made their way over the world. They are an American expression which can never be overlooked in any consideration of the musical development of the nation. They are probably more American in the national sense of the word than jazz with its several exotic derivations.

Sousa, moreover, will probably loom much larger in the history of American music than any of the much-lauded and highly paid jazz composers of this time, and be ranked higher in his expression of American spirit. He is not an intellectual in his art or a symphonist. He is a composer for the millions. But his most representative marches have a vitality, a raciness and democracy unfortunately absent in any form in a large number of highly dignified and carefully wrought American overtures and symphonies. The Sousa marches are alive and real. They are the expression of a genuinely creative temperament and of the energy and impulse of a young people.

Sousa developed and reached the

height of his powers in the fifty years that followed the Civil War. This was the period of national expansion and prosperity and self-assuredness. It was a simpler and more sincere period, whatever its chauvinism or platitudes, than this one. Born in Washington Nov. 6, 1854, the young boy Sousa witnessed the return of the soldiers from the war. He lived in a quarter of Washington then known popularly as "Pipetown," and in one of his three novels, "Pipetown Sandy," has commemorated that event. Sousa's father was of Portuguese and his mother of Bavarian parentage. From these strains came a boy, one of ten children, whose passion and adoration from the beginning to the end of his life was America.

John Phillip's early environment was that of many American boys of his day, and it was calculated to bring a youngster much closer to his soil and his people than the urbanized and mechanized conditions of this period. Sousa not only showed precocious talent, apparently inherited from his father, a player in the Washington Marine Band, which his son was later to lead, but—what was perhaps as important to the texture of his life—the boy knocked about in the open, when Washington was little more than a muddy government town. He fished in the Potomac River, hunted over the marshes, spent long hours on field and stream with a father who engaged his mind as well as his affections, and learned to consort on terms of real companionship with the mass of his fellow-citizens. For such contacts and the impress of nature there is no adequate substitute, whether a man intends to make music or head a bank. A further stroke of good fortune for such a composer as Sousa was in all probability the fact that he was not given too much musical education.

Sousa had early training in music—not a great deal as courses in a modern conservatory would be reckoned, but enough harmony and counterpoint for his simple needs. John Esputa was his first teacher for the violin. He learned a wind instrument betimes. He seems, in the person of George Felix Benkert, to have had a wise instructor in theory and composition who recognized his creative

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gifts and refused to give him piano lessons. Sousa speaks thus of him in his autobiography, "Marching Along":

He went to the piano and struck C on the ledger line below the staff of the right hand and asked what note it was. I said "C." Then he struck the same note again and said "What note is that?"

"Why," I said, "that is the C on the ledger line above the staff in the G clef."
"I think that's as much piano as I want you to know. You seem to have the gift of knowing a composition by looking at it and you may develop into a very original composer if you follow that line of procedure; whereas, if you become a good pianist you would probably want to compose on that instrument and, if you are not careful, your fingers will fall into pleasant places where somebody else's have fallen before."

As a boy of 13 a circus manager discovered that the young Sousa could fiddle de Bériot, and tempted him sorely so that the future composer planned to run away with the circus. The father found this out and took time by the forelock, laying at the moment the foundation of Sousa's career. He took his son the following morning to the official barracks and enrolled him at the age of 13 as a sort of musical apprentice to the Marine Band, which he was later to remodel and bring to a degree of artistic accomplishment that had not been dreamed of by his predecessors.

Of what happened thereafter there is not need to speak in detail: of Sousa's twelve years' leadership of the band under five Presidents; of his swift rise to immense fame and popularity as a composer, principally of marches, though he was also the composer of ten light operas, including "The Bride-Elect" and "El Capitan," and works in other forms; of his establishment of Sousa's Band, with which he worked and toured America, Europe, and once round the world, taking enormous pleasure in this work, and pride in his organization and the affection his men, until the day of his death.

In these years his experiences were as wide and as varied as his travels. His associates ranged from Bob Fitzsimmons, who stood at one of his concerts, and was enthralled by his music and his yarns, to Admiral Dewey, one of his many friends in high places; from old and trusted stagehands to theatrical potentates and the host of celebrated virtuosi

and singers who at one time or another performed under his baton. If any one wanted a cross-section of almost every representative kind of American society he had only to gain an invitation to Sousa's dressing-room and sit and listen in intervals of his appearances on the stage and observe the gathering that swamped him after the concert.

And, indeed, these were almost the best circumstances under which to know the man. For he was as his work. He loved it immensely. He loved his unnumbered public. He had immense interest in people and concern for his friends. His first affection was his family, his second his band—and it was a near rival. His character was simple and sunny. He was one of those most rare and fortunate people who were born to do just what they did, and whose every effort was productive. Sousa liked to write, and wrote some third-class novels. He liked to pen jingling rhymes. He liked to pun, and he was sentimental on occasion, always in ways which further endeared him even to his more sophisticated associates.

Now all this is in his music, reflective as it is of his temperament and the ebullency of what is known as "the gay nineties," when America knew herself to be the best of possible nations in what was by no means the worst of worlds. The energy, the optimism, the youth and sometimes braggadocio of the Sousa marches convey national naiveté and élan. They speak of proud and gallant things that no man with blood in his veins will deny. Sousa helped many a tired soldier, and was even, in his sort, by virtue of his best marches, a builder of State. A French lady told him that "The Stars and Stripes Forever" made her think of "the American eagle shooting arrows into the aurora borealis!"—not a bad line. For all that, it is a thrilling march; so are "El Capitan," "Semper Fidelis," "King Cotton," "Liberty Bell," to mention but a fraction of his contribution.

* * *
Of course dozens of Sousa's scores were compositions for occasions, forgotten when the occasion had passed. He was adept and felicitous in meeting these circumstances. But he was never careless or casual. "A march,"

he says in his autobiography, "must be good. It must be as free from padding as a marble statue. Every line must be carved with unerring skill. Once padded, it ceases to be a march."

"How are marches written? With me the thought comes, sometimes slowly, sometimes with ease and rapidity. The idea must be complete before I put it to paper. Often I fix my mind on some objective—such as the broad spaces of the West, the languorous beauty of the South, the universal qualities of America as a whole. And then comes its musical expression, be it thunder or sunshine!"

"I do not, of course, manufacture my themes deliberately; the process isn't direct or arbitrary enough for that. It is not a nonchalant morning's work. I often dig for my themes. Any composer who is gloriously conscious that he is a composer must believe that he receives his inspiration from a source higher than himself. That is part of my life credo. Sincere composers believe in God"—a statement which history could dispute, but so deep a conviction with John Philip Sousa that he could not conceive of it being otherwise.

* * *
He told this writer once of a creative incident significant not only of character but a composer's psychology. He was speaking of the composition which is no doubt the most popular, as it certainly is one of the best of his marches, "The Stars and Stripes Forever." He was returning from a foreign tour, and was thinking with the happiness the thought always gave him of his native land. "Walking the upper deck," he said, "I looked up, on a fine day, and saw my flag streaming against the wind, soaring like a bird, steady-winged, against the flying clouds and the sky. Looking at those serenely soaring colors, the melody which became the trio of the 'Stars and Stripes Forever' came clear and complete into my mind. Fortunately, I can hold and develop in my mind musical ideas that I thus work out and complete before I put them on paper. That melody went down on paper as I heard it in my head, that day on the ocean, going home."

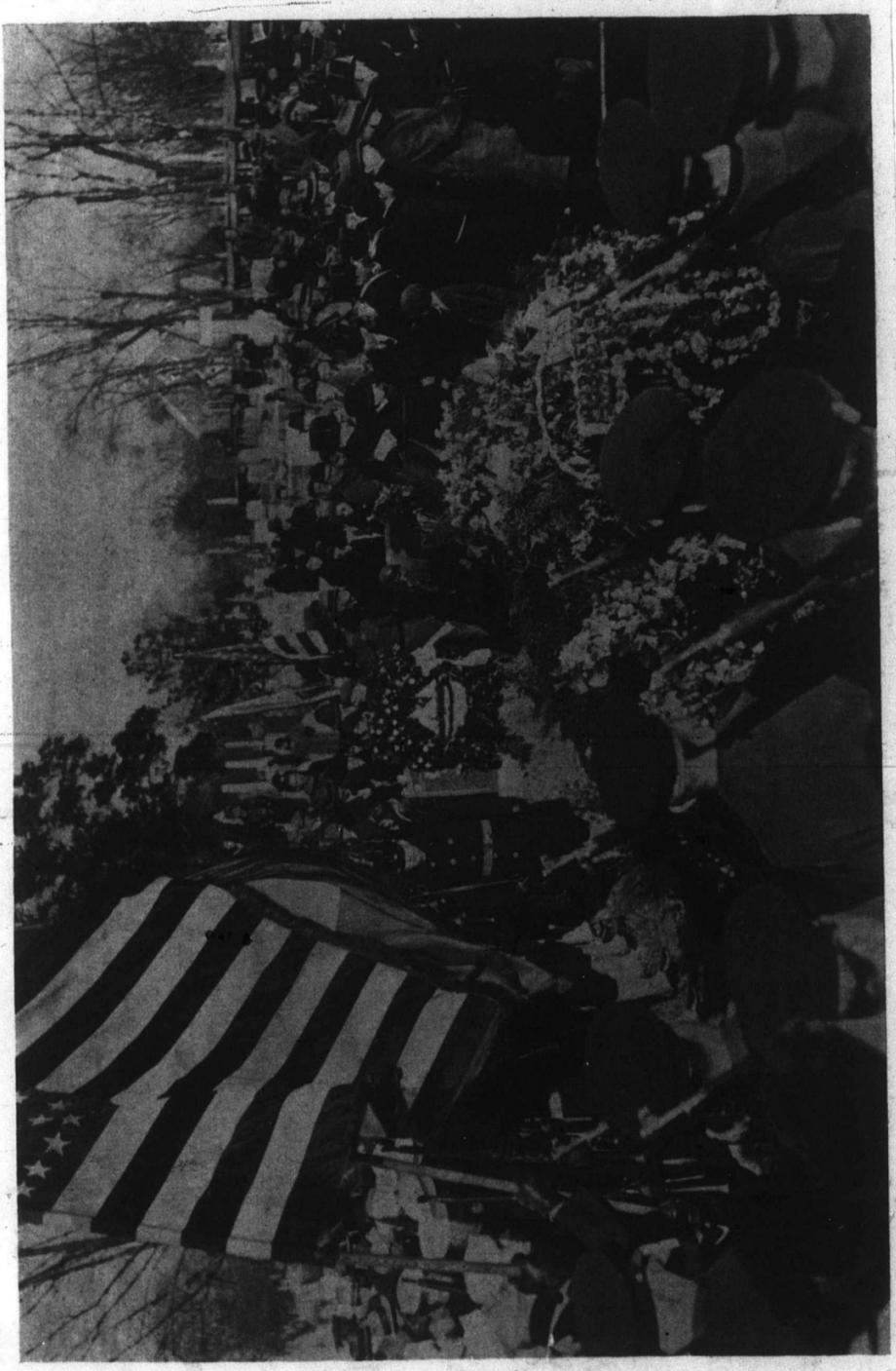
The interesting thing about this is the character of the strain of which he spoke. That sustained melody,

which is breathed and not struck by the instruments, does convey, with a remarkable power of suggestion, the impression of something that soars steadily and triumphantly forward. A sheer musical thought translates an emotion, or impression, not by imitative sound or tonal description, but by another expressive means, more mysterious and piercing straighter to the source of consciousness. It is the same musical creativeness which enabled a Schubert to suggest with two chords the melancholy and the distances of the sea; and it is by such signs, whatever be his sphere or field of expression, that a real composer shows himself.



John Philip Sousa at the Height of His Fame as "The March King"

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Acme
"The Stars and Stripes Forever." Scene at the Funeral of John Philip Sousa, with Army and Navy Forces Participating

John Philip Sousa

March 9, 1932 - Monday

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA was more than a bandmaster, more, even, than a "March King." He was the impersonation, for the United States at least, and perhaps to some extent for the rest of the western world, of the romantic atmosphere that surrounds brass bands, and marching men, and uniforms, and banners flung to the breeze, and all the gaudy paraphernalia of parades.

At the shrine of Euterpe he was, it is true, a minor acolyte; but he was an acolyte always faithful and always deft at his tasks. He composed some comic operas and some songs, but he will be remembered by his marches. Probably nobody has had a surer feeling than he for the four-four rhythm that sets men's feet swinging and their hearts beating a little faster. His marches number more than 100, and many of them have become established items of band repertory. Who does not know the strains of "Stars and Stripes Forever," "Semper Fidelis," "Washington Post"?

As a conductor Mr. Sousa was equally well known. As leader for twelve years of the United States Marine Band, and then for forty years of his own band, he established and maintained playing standards for all American bands. His methods in conducting were the opposite of spectacular. Indeed, the casual observer might suppose that he was merely beating time, and depended wholly upon the virtuosity of his players. But the results proved that the training had been done before the concerts. Sousa passes into history as a figure beloved of the people of the United States, as well as the composer of some of their favorite marches.

SOUSA AND HIS BAND

Were you in New York on Oct. 12, 1918? And did you witness the Liberty parade that day? Here comes the Great Lakes band, commanded by Lt. John Philip Sousa, hundreds of musicians in orderly files, perfect in precision, sonorous in tone, and the rhythm of their swinging marches set all pulses to throbbing.

For that kind of thing Sousa will be longest remembered. He composed suites and operas, but in a double sense he marched to fame. The name of Strauss is not more closely identified with the waltz than Sousa with the march. His Semper Fidelis is the official march of the marines, recognized by the government.

The dancing masters adopted his Washington Post to introduce their new two-step. Everybody has marched to King Cotton and El Capitan.

For many years he always had some new march a-coming. Sometimes it "came" overnight, sometimes slowly through many days. On a voyage from Europe, having heard of the death of his manager and thinking of the homeland, he found a theme unfolding in his mind which developed into the Stars and Stripes Forever. He wrote down what his brain had been playing without changing a note. He will have his page in history as an almost unexcelled master of the march form.

There was a touch of eccentricity, or of showmanship, about the man. He liked to display his medals. One marvels that he could crowd so many on his chest. Yet he named only four of his decorations for Who's Who. He was willing almost to the point of eagerness to play encores.

His gesticulation as a conductor was curious. He kept his hands down and swung his arms backward to the audience and forward to the players like pendulums, and he did little more. It seemed simply beating time without attempt at interpretation, but he got results.

The affinity for martial airs may have been born in Sousa but his boyhood must have developed that liking. As a lad he lived through the civil war years. He was born in Washington, and he heard "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" and "Rally Round the Flag" about every day. During his twelve years with the famous Marine Band, he developed it to a high level of accomplishment and acquired his early fame as a conductor and composer. There followed fifty years of marching and conducting with his own band, and the end came as he might have wished while he was busy with his music.

March 7, 1932 Herald
The New York state Assembly has voted for beer. But their action is more hope than hops.

John Philip Sousa Started Early in Life as Baker's Boy

Cuff on Ear from Boss's
Wife Gave Him a Distaste
For Pie Making

'MARCH KING' TELLS STORY OF HIS CAREER

March 13, 1932 Herald
John Philip Sousa came within a handbreadth of being a baker instead of a bandmaster and the genius that produced the stirring marches which will always be associated with his name might have found expression in the composition of cakes and pies.

The famous "March King," whose recent death has been so sincerely mourned by his thousands of admirers, tells about it in the opening chapter of his book "Marching Along," published by Hale, Cushman & Flint of this city. "My father," he writes, "had enrolled me in the Conservatory of Music of Prof. John Esputa of Washington, D. C., and at the end of our last year there our pleasant relationship of master and pupil was marred by a personal combat."

The professor had been afflicted with boils, and on one occasion criticised young Sousa's handling of his violin bow. Trying to demonstrate how it should be used, Esputa somehow struck the stove with his own valuable bow, which broke. Let Sousa resume:

"His rage knew no bounds. 'Get out of here,' he yelled, 'before I kill you!'

"Taking my fiddle by the neck, I said clearly, 'You attempt to kill me and I'll smash this fiddle over your head!'

"Get out!" he raged. "I'll get out," I replied, "but don't you dare hit me, because you'll get the worst of it."

BECOMES BAKER'S BOY
"I put my instrument in its green bag and walked home.

"My father, sensing something wrong, said, 'What's the matter?'

"Oh, I have just had a fight with Esputa," I answered, and, still shaking with wrath, I explained the whole thing.

"Well," said my father, "I suppose you don't want to be a musician. Is there anything else you would prefer?"

"With a heart full of bitterness I said, 'Yes, I want to be a baker.'"

Sousa senior took the wrathful young man at his word, and within half an hour apprenticed him to a baker in the neighborhood. He worked in the establishment all night and in the morning helped load the wagon and went out with the driver delivering bread to the customers.

TAKES TO VIOLIN AGAIN

The new enthusiasm lasted two days. Then the lady bakeress gave him a smart cuff on the ear for sleeping when he was supposed to be at work. He decided that music was, after all, his calling. Peace was patched up with the boil-tormented professor and the study of the violin was resumed.

Being the first boy in the family, he says he was inclined to tyrannize over his parents, and he cites an instance.

"When I reached my fifth year mother refused to allow me my full quota of doughnuts, and I informed her that she would be 'sorry later on,' planning meanwhile what I intended to be a cruel revenge.

"It was raining hard and I moved out a plank in our front yard, placed it on two trestles, and then proceeded to make it my bed. In 15 minutes I was soaked to the skin, and in half an hour my mother discovered me shivering and chattering with cold. I was carried into the house and put to bed. In a few days pneumonia developed and I was not able to leave my home for two years. My warning to my poor mother was correct—she was sorry later on!"

Sousa was a star pupil at Prof. Esputa's academy, where medals were awarded to students for proficiency in various branches.

WINS ALL FIVE MEDALS

"At the end of my third year," he writes, "the examinations were held. The professor went to my father the next morning and, with the emphatic way peculiar to himself, said:

"That damned boy of yours has won all five medals, but I can't give them all to him—it would excite comment."

"My father smiled as he replied, 'Why, John, it isn't necessary to give him any. I'm happy to know that he won them. The possession of the medals won't make him any smarter, and if you can make better use of them by all means do so.'

"Oh, no," said Esputa, "I'm going to give him three of them, and I'll give the rest to the other pupils."

"And he did. I have those three medals today—little golden lyres—a

constant reminder, when I see them, that I had fooled every one by silence—always golden."

ANECDOTE OF THE SHIRT

At 11 Sousa was to have been a soloist at a concert and spent the afternoon playing baseball instead of getting ready for the performance. When he hurried in to dress he could not find a clean shirt. The good-natured Mrs. Espuata put one of the professor's big shirts on him. He says, "The bosom seemed to rest on my knees and as the collar was many sizes too large she pinned it together."

"When it came my turn to play the pins that held the shirt in place suddenly gave way and it fell from my neck. I forgot my notes, looked wildly at the dropping garment and the laughing audience, and rushed off-stage in confusion, where I sought an obscure corner of the anteroom and wished that I was dead."

At one time during his career Sousa was managing a touring theatrical company and at a certain Pennsylvania town had to assemble a local orchestra in a hurry. He found the local leader in a paint shop, weighing out white lead and putty, his face and arms smeared with many colored daubs, but ready to talk "art."

He was willing to supply the 10 men required for the orchestra at \$2 apiece. Sousa suggested a rehearsal.

"He looked at me with a pitying expression and said:

"Stranger, there are just two things that you don't want here. One is that you don't want any first fid, and you don't want any viola or 'celly, and you don't want no flute, 'cause we ain't got 'em. The second thing you don't want is a rehearsal at 2 o'clock or any other time."

"WE TRANSPOSE ANYTHING"

"But," I persisted, "my music is difficult and a rehearsal is absolutely necessary. Several numbers must be transposed. Can your orchestra transpose?"

"With a wave of his hand he disdainfully said:

"Transpose? Don't worry. We transpose anything."

And with that Sousa had to be content.

That evening he produced his overture, explaining that he had written it himself and that it had met with some favor.

"I ain't sayin' that's so or not, but it won't go here. Will it, boys?"

"A unanimous 'No' from the orchestra dispelled any doubt as to their feelings. I expostulated with warmth and injured pride. 'But you have never heard my overture, you know nothing about it, and I can assure you it is all right.'

WON'T PLAY HIS OVERTURE

"It may be all right in Chicago or Boston, but I tell you it won't go here. I got the overture that our people want and that's the one we're going to play tonight."

"But I think—"
"Don't think," said the leader, putting his hand on my shoulder. "Just make up your mind that you are going to play our overture. Do you read first fid at sight?"

"I mildly admitted that I could."
"Well, just take a look at this thing," and he held up the first violin part of the "overture." "Now I want to explain this piece to you. When we open up on her go along quickly, not makin' any fuss, almost sneakin' like," and he pantomimed the tempo.

"When you are playin' that first part you do it just as if you didn't have no train to catch, but when we get here (he pointed to the next strain marked 'Allegro') just go fast as hell! You'll have to chase your fingers all over the fiddle."

THEY GALLOP IN

The orchestra, it was soon seen, were wretched players, and when Sousa started the movement which was to be taken "fast as hell," he began playing with a rapidity evidently unknown to them and pandemonium regained.

"But curiously enough," he remarks, "each man felt that it was his duty to play the notes to the end regardless of what the rest did, and they finished one after the other, stretched out like a bunch of horses in a race."

Sousa expressed his disgust after the performance and refused to pay the stipulated \$2 per man. The men declined to leave the theatre without the money. He explained the situation to the local manager, who said, calmly, "All right, just call in the constable and put them out as usual."

"As the constable walked in to drive out the orchestra I said to the local manager, 'Just think, these men told me they could read anything and when I wanted them to come to rehearsal they said they never rehearsed in this town.'"

"Yes," said the local manager, "that is true; they never have a rehearsal because if they did they would be discharged before the performance."

STORY OF CHARLES KLEIN

The volume is packed with stories and numerous reminiscences. Here is one on Charles Klein, the comedian. Sousa says: "Some time after the initial performance of 'El Capitan,' the Lambs Club invited Klein and myself to a dinner. Although Klein was an interesting raconteur when surrounded by a few friends and sympathetic listeners, it was an utter impossibility for

him to 'think on his feet.' His brain refused to work when he was called upon to make a speech. At this dinner, after I had spoken briefly, the toastmaster called upon Mr. Klein. The poor fellow arose, looked about him helplessly for a moment, said haltingly, 'I am yours truly, John L. Sullivan,' and stopped for a full minute. Then, in a voice full of real agony, he asked, 'Will some one kindly hit me with a bottle?' and sat down."

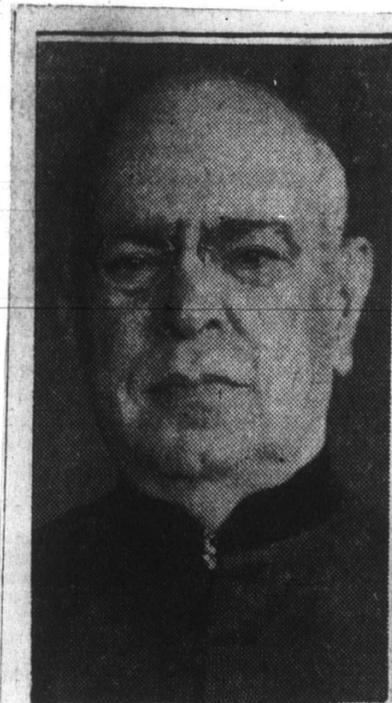
Once, when Sousa was riding a saddle horse through the streets of Los Angeles, his mount, startled by a brass band on a trolley car, began to plunge and rear and became wellnigh unmanageable.

"His antics were decidedly dangerous in that street of crowded vehicles," writes the bandmaster. "My glasses were knocked off in the struggle (sadly upsetting my dignity, which I cherish) and I found myself clinging to his neck in great alarm. I called to a Chinaman standing near, 'Catch the bridle! Catch the bridle!'

"With a face like a graven image he stared and me, and said slowly:

"Me not do; not my horse."

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JOHN PHILIP SOUSA

Pulsation in Marching Rhythms Secret of March King John Philip Sousa's Magic

Serge Koussevitzky,
Noted Conductor of
Boston Symphony, in
Tribute to Band Master

March 13, 1932 Paris
By Leo Rabbette

"The greatest master of the band, a cordial friend, a lover of the finest music, a composer whose influence has been inspiring to all European composers of march music since his advent," thus did Serge Koussevitzky pay tribute to John Philip Sousa, familiarly known as the march king of America, whose sudden passing the country mourns.

The modest but most notable conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra graciously received me in the study of his charming home in Brookline, to tell me something of his friend, Sousa.

"The first American music by Americans players that I ever heard was that of John Philip Sousa and his band," said Conductor Koussevitzky. "I will tell you about it. In 1902, after my season in Russia, I was on my way from Moscow to Berlin, and, to break the journey, decided to stop over at Varsovie, that ancient Polish city, for a few hours.

"I arrived at 4 in the afternoon and there, on all the hoardings, was a great poster. I read, 'American Band, Sousa Conducting.' Very interesting. I must go, I said. I stayed over to hear him. He played his marches.

Something New from America

"The effect was very curious," went on Koussevitzky. "The pulsation from this simple march form was so extraordinary. It impressed me very deeply. I was a long time wondering over it. I did not remember the marches as marches, but the pulsation was entirely new to me; it stayed with me; it was exciting."

"How does the pulsation differ from the rhythm?" I asked, feeling that here was the secret of Sousa's magic, and that the conductor, Koussevitzky, was touching it.

"The pulsation," he replied, "is the life in the rhythm, the impetus, the vital urge, you might say."

Extraordinary Success!

"I had a chance later, that summer, to be in Vienna at the same time Sousa was there with his band. He directed in the grand park there, the Prater, and was such a success, a tremendous, extraordinary success!" Koussevitzky threw up his most sensitive and expressive hands, and glowed in the remembrance.

"It must have been like the American doughboy band I heard playing in the park at Nice, in Southern France," I said. "The French were fairly drunken on this American military music. Even as in the early Greek mysteries, the initiate would cry, 'I have eaten of the drum, I have drunken of the cymbals,' they danced and laughed till they cried."

"Exactly," smiled Koussevitzky. "Sousa had undoubtedly trained them, for it was the same so long ago in Vienna. People cried and cheered and pounded the tables. And Sousa led, with his great black beard and black mustache and his magistral manner. You might say the success of the greatest prima donna.

"After more than 20 years I had the pleasure and the opportunity of receiving Mr. Sousa in Boston, here. I recalled the old nights of his triumph in Varsovie and Vienna and he was very happy. I saw him two or three times in America after that and he was always very congenial.

A Master in His Way

"He was always a very youthful man, he showed great admiration for great music; he was naturally a fine musician. And the virtue in his rhythm was not just evoked himself from his band, though his power was very great, it is in his music. After that moment in Varsovie I often heard his music, his marches played by continental bands; he was very well known throughout Europe, and in South

American countries, too. In his way he was a very great master.

"Sousa was very American. This impelling pulsation of his had never appeared in military music before. In that sense he was truly unique.

"After Sousa's marches became current, composers of Europe began to write better music, that is military music, though they never quite reached

his mastery, his triumphant plangency."

"Do you think the brass bands, of which John Philip Sousa was the pre-eminent leader, have been important to America?" I asked.

"They are indeed very fine for gardens and for popular public places. So many people are enabled to hear good music. Beside Sousa's band, which was one of the outstanding of the world's bands, I know two other very excellent bands, the Garde Republicaine, in Paris, and that very fine band in Barcelona, in Spain; they both are splendidly conducted."

Joyful Plangency

"The march is, of course, music for the military and not for symphonic rendition." Mr. Koussevitzky replied in answer to my innocent question as to whether the symphony had ever played any of Sousa's works.

"But," he smiled, "this is interesting. I do recall that one time the Boston Symphony players did play one of his pieces. It was quite impromptu. One day, we were going to have our picture taken, a group picture, and we had

Folks Cried, Shouted And Pounded Tables When He Played in Vienna 20 Years Ago

some time to while away, waiting for the photographers to get the lights ready.

"So to amuse ourselves—one has one's fun now and then, even in a symphony orchestra—I suggested they play 'The Blue Danube' of Johann Strauss, which they all knew, of course. They had so much pleasure in that I said, 'Now play 'The Stars and Stripes Forever!'

"And how they played it. With the greatest verve. It filled the orchestra with enthusiasm. They delighted in it. It is a joyful, stimulating thing.

"Yes," concluded Conductor Serge Koussevitzky, "great is the inner vigor and life in the music of John Philip Sousa, and though he be, as they say, dead, in his marches he will go on triumphantly forever.

"Sousa will be a name to remember in the history of American music."

Sousa Competed with Symphony

There was a time when Sousa was in competition with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, however. Ben Macomber tells the story in his book on the Panama-Pacific International Exposition in 1915, "The Jewel City," meaning San Francisco, of course;—

"John Philip Sousa had spent a long season at the Exposition. A blunder was made somewhere in dating the arrival of the March King and his splendid instrumentalists, who came while yet the Boston Symphonists were playing in Festival Hall.

"As a result the finest of bands were placed in competition with the finest

of orchestras. But nothing disastrous happened. Those who desired, to the number of 15,000, heard Sousa at his opening concert in the Court of the Universe. Those who desired heard Dr. Muck's instrumentalists to the seating capacity of Festival Hall."

One of the most extraordinary and interesting feats ever performed by John Philip Sousa was the scoring of George M. Cohan's World war song, "Over There," for an 1800-piece brass band, with auxiliary bugle and drum corps. That was at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station where Sousa was recruiting and training musicians for the Expeditionary Forces in France. All the battle songs of the world wove in and out and thundered through this marvelous tour de force of improvising. They played it, 1800 strong, as they marched up the avenue at Washington, Sousa leading. And it will probably never be played again, till we have another war, for it would take a war to get that many musicians together.

In 1892 John Philip Sousa played with Theodore Thomas' orchestra at the dedication of the last World's Fair at Chicago. He was to open the next World's Fair in Chicago, next year, 1933. His spirit will be there, conducting, his own march, "Hundred Years of Progress," yes, the spirit of Sousa, in the resistless march of Sousa will be there, capturing all hearts, "Marching On."

MANY AT UNVEILING OF SOUSA PORTRAIT

Tributes Are Paid Bandmaster
and Composer at Musical
Union Headquarters.

GIFT TO FEDERATION LOCAL

Apr 25, 1932 Paris
Work of Angelo Di Vincenzo Donated by John J. Perfetto, Former Soloist With Sousa's Band.

A glowing tribute was paid the late Lieut. Commander John Philip Sousa as composer and conductor by Joseph N. Weber, president of the American Federation of Musicians, at the unveiling of a life-size portrait of the band master yesterday afternoon at Musical Union headquarters, 210 East Eighty-sixth Street.

The portrait, done in oil by Angelo Di Vincenzo of Pittsburgh, was presented to Local 802, American Federation of Musicians, of which Commander Sousa was a charter member. It was painted from a photograph furnished the artist by its donor, John J. Perfetto, a musical director of the Columbia Broadcast-



John Philip Sousa as he looked at the height of his career as bandmaster of the famous United States Marine Band.

ing System and former soloist with Sousa's band for twenty years. Edward Canavan, president of the local, received it on behalf of his organization.

As the portrait was being unveiled by Mr. Perfetto, a group of more than fifty members of Sousa's Band, conducted by Arthur Pryor, played Sousa's famous march, "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Taps were then sounded by Bugler Charles Cimaglia of the U. S. S. Seattle.

Before the unveiling, a short musical program was given by Miss Helen Oelheim, contralto, and Miss Nicoline Zedeler, violinist. The latter, who had been soloist with Sousa's Band, won acclaim in many lands for her playing on Sousa's last world tour.

Besides Messrs. Weber and Perfetto, Lieutenant J. Allen Haines, U. S. N. R., who represent the Navy, also spoke on Commander Sousa's accomplishments, particularly in building up effective musical units in the Navy.

Mrs. Sousa, the widow; Miss Jane Priscilla Sousa and Mrs. Hamilton Albert, the composer's daughters; John Philip Sousa Jr., and Hans Volz, an old friend of the Sousa family, were guests of honor at the unveiling, which was attended by more than 200 persons.

Clear Titles For Sousa As March-Maker

An English Critic Discovers
Him as Pinnacle Of
American Music

May 7, 1932 *Uran*

PERHAPS some explanation of the apparently untimely appearance of this article is called for. When, a few weeks ago, the death of J. P. Sousa was announced, I had fully intended to write an article on the importance of that remarkable composer. Then, when the time came, I became prostrated with influenza and felt that it was scarcely worth bothering about, in view of the probability of my soon being able to offer personal congratulations to the composer in a better, and I hope, more musical world. Thus the opportunity and the topical interest dear to journalists passed. A fortunate accident, however, has provided at least an excuse for returning to the subject.

The other night at a friend's house I was introduced to two splendid phonograph records of two of the best of Sousa's marches, "Stars and Stripes" and "El Capitan," made by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski himself. These records are, I believe, more than a year old, but I had never met them before, and the consecration of Sousa's music by what is, perhaps, the best American orchestra, if not the best orchestra in the world, seemed in itself a matter of definite musical interest.

As a matter of fact, the Philadelphia Orchestra, in thus devoting attention to the most remarkable "light music" of their country, are only following a great tradition; for the Vienna Orchestra used, I believe, on occasions to conclude concerts by the performance of a Strauss waltz. The analogy is, indeed, close, because Sousa was, in fact, to the march exactly what Strauss was to the waltz. Therein, indeed, lies his importance.

In a sense Sousa's achievement is, if anything, more remarkable than that of Strauss, for it is even more difficult to write a good march than a good waltz; the form is more rigid and, even more than in the waltz, the musical idea must stand, so to say, on its own feet. Further, at least three other composers (not counting Chalkovsky, whose lovely waltzes are ballet music and therefore in a rather different category) have written several waltzes of the first class. But Sousa alone, to the best of my knowledge, has written a collection of first-class marches, though every bandmaster in the world has experimented at some time or another in the form.

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As a matter of fact I know only two marches in the entire musical literature worthy to be compared with Sousa's; they are by the French composer, Louis Ganne, and in any case the principal theme of one of them, "Marche Lorraine," is not his own tune.

It so happens that, thanks to the generosity of an American friend a couple of years ago, I possess an exceptionally representative collection of Sousa's marches, though not, of course, all; for he wrote an enormous number. It must be admitted, however, that when one is not familiar with the original, the piano scores do not always give an adequate idea of the composition, because Sousa's technical skill in writing for military bands always adds something material.

Here the phonograph company kindly came to the rescue by providing me with a dozen excellent records, which included marches comparatively, or wholly unfamiliar, such as "Semper Fidelis" and "Riders to the Flag." Inevitably a considerable portion of Sousa's large output is of inferior quality, but it is the exception rather than the rule to find a march in which there is not something individual or arresting. Usually this is to be found in the section, technically known, I believe, as "la bataille," which comes between the trio and its final repetition. Sousa was particularly happy in his treatment of this section, which in the hands of an ordinary march composer is usually mere bombast.

Quite apart from his really great marches, such as "Stars and Stripes," "Hands Across the Sea," and "King Cotton," many of the lesser marches are extremely successful in this respect. I would instance "Wolverine," "The Fairest of the Fair," and "The Invincible Eagle." Yet two of the best marches he ever wrote, "El Capitan" and "High School Cadets," dispense with this section altogether. "High School Cadets," indeed, is a wonderful composition.

All the four tunes of which it is made up are of the first order, the last especially, with its accentuation of the third and fourth beats of the bar, being extremely good and the rhythmical variety beyond praise. This is an example of Sousa's success in four time, but he is no less happy in six-eight; witness "Liberty Bell" and "King Cotton," both splendid marches.

The fact is that Sousa really had something to say in music. It was not, of course, anything intellectual or poetical; it was an expression of that directness and vitality which are, perhaps, the most attractive characteristics of the American people. Moreover, he had a genuine sense of character. If you compare a march like "El Capitan" with "Riders to the Flag" this will be obvious. "El Capitan" really has something Mexican about it, while "Riders to the Flag" immediately suggests the caracoling of a troupe of cavalry with their mounted band. Can anybody listen to the irresistible lilt of "Stars and Stripes" (probably the most perfect and typical of all his compositions) without visualizing the pomp and circumstance of a military band on the march? Here is the very quintessence of military music. Many people will be surprised at this

serious consideration of a composer like Sousa. Musical opinion in England, especially, seems unable to understand that genius in any form of musical composition is the most valuable, as it is the most rare, manifestation of musicality. No amount of praiseworthy endeavor, however high-minded, however intellectual, can take its place. The world has to wait almost as long for a Sousa or a Strauss as it does for a Handel or a Mozart—which is by no means to say

that the quality of their inspiration is of equal value.

The point is that the Sousas and the Strausses of this world possess inspiration, whereas the vast majority of composers have, in the strict sense of the word, little or none. In short, Sousa in his music really represented not only himself but his country. Much as it may shock the "highbrows" on either side of the Atlantic, I am convinced that his marches are in reality the most valuable contribution that American music has yet made to the world. It seems a thousand pities that he was never commissioned to write an American "Marseillaise" to take the place of that unsingable, apparently unmemorable, and wholly uncharacteristic dirge, which, despite the fine promise of the first four bars, is "The Star-Spangled Banner."

FRANCIS TOYE

[Reprinted from the London Morning Post]