

BLENDING VOICES

**A SCRAPBOOK OF STORIES AND PICTURES
FROM A GROUP SINGER**

BY JACK BROPHY



FORWARD

As you take this scrapbook in hand, be prepared for an enjoyable read, with humor a major theme. It also will be clear that serious sentiments are central to Jack's stories. You will feel how his music-making with groups over the years has helped to alleviate the suffering of tornado victims, and responded to the elderly for its soothing effect. You will know how school children have benefited as a result of some of the funds generated by these performances. So while this narrative of Jack's musical life is written with a light touch, it reveals how profoundly important music is to him.

These are reminiscences of music expressed mainly by voices raised in song, particularly small groups. The goal in each instance was to achieve a special harmonic blend to create a single unified voice. Jack explains that, on occasion, he has selected harmonic team players over accomplished soloists.

Jack and I grew up in Pelham, NY. As a frequent guest in his parents' summer cottage (*Merriewold*), I was aware always of the presence of music and laughter. The *Merriewold* experiences surely were an essential part of Jack's life-long passion for harmony and humor. Mom Brophy was an accomplished pianist, as were Jack's sisters, Babs and Patty. Older sister Babs helped introduce Frank Sinatra's music to our generation. I was privileged to know Pat during the years she spent as a professional cabaret pianist/singer. On one occasion, I was attending a convention in New Orleans. As I entered the Roosevelt Hotel lobby, I heard the phrase of a song drifting from the cocktail lounge. It was unmistakably Pat Brophy. When I peered into the room where she was performing at the piano, she called out (without missing a beat) "My brother's best friend!"

Jack and I both attended Cornell University where we were fraternity brothers. Later, Jack, a Navy officer and I a Marine, met by chance during maneuvers off the coast of Japan. It has been a great pleasure for Linda and I to have remained in touch over the years with Jack and Martine.

I have known several of the people to whom Jack's book of musical memories is dedicated. Thus it has special meaning for me. It has been a pleasure reading drafts of some of the stories you are about to enjoy. I guess I am pleased to have been included in some of the incidents in this scrapbook, although typical of Jack's humor, never in a flattering light. Forever a close friend, and whenever possible a listener to Jack's performances (one coming in June for our Cornell 60th reunion), I am pleased to provide this introduction. He could have called upon a fellow musician to do the honors, but I will consider his choice simply another example of his never-ending search for a unique blend of voices. That being the case, I trust that I am on key and in tune with Jack's musical notes.

John W. Allen

Professor Emeritus, Michigan State University

- *The Program* -

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“Blending Voices” will return in 20 Years

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IF THEY ASKED ME, I COULD WRITE A BOOK

OVERTURE

With the encouragement of friends, particularly Jack Allen and Bin Pettit, whom I have known most of my life, I have been persuaded to write about some of my unique experiences involved with vocal music from an early age. Jack has been a close friend from first grade, a Cornell roommate, comrade in the military and throughout life and he has made many editing suggestions as this project developed. Bin sang with me in the Cornell Glee Club and the Cayuga's Waiters and years later joined our group for our reunions at Cornell. He has written his own stories and inspired me to do the same.

My book, booklet, scrapbook, or pamphlet of memories is divided into two distinct periods, which I will call the "Black Period" and the "White Period", and as you might have guessed, it all has to do with the color of my hair. From 1967, ending with The Pink Volcano Quintet, until 1987, when I helped form the Naperville Men's Glee Club, I was vocally impaired or just did not seek out singing groups or opportunities. During that 20 year period we moved from Rowayton, CT to Potomac, MD, to Naperville, IL following marching orders from the Nash Engineering Company where I spent 30 years selling vacuum pumps and compressors, and another 11 years with my own company selling retrofit equipment for their obsolete steam heating products.

Nurturing a family, coaching soccer, chasing tennis balls, DIY home construction, and un-wrecking automobiles, 5 Beetles, 6 Porsches, and a Rolls Royce, satisfied my avocational interests. That said, I never stopped singing along and harmonizing to records, tapes, CDs, and now Sirius radio music, and listening to opera while lying on my back under a car. Whatever vocal talent I was born with, remains today and I always feel blessed and fortunate that it is there to add to my enjoyment of life.

Through my stories it is clear that when I touched vocal music, from the time my voice changed without a crack, through the present, it has rewarded me with great joy, satisfaction and camaraderie with some wonderful and talented people who shared the musical experience. Here's to all of the audiences and to those with whom I have had the privilege to share a stage. Bless them all.

I REMEMBER IT WELL

I am not sure when my interest in music was first realized, but with sister Babs, five years older than me and a gifted pianist, majoring in piano and organ at Skidmore and with perfect pitch playing by ear, I was exposed to exceptional music at an early age. I was also gifted with a good ear for music.

Then there was Pat, five years younger, who majored in Music Therapy at the New England Conservatory of Music after two years studying music at Mt. Holyoke. She became a professional cocktail pianist, and directed The Silvertone Chorus, seniors in Greenwich. Mother sang and played piano and we were using her genes. Brother Ted tried the tenor Saxophone, but never got beyond the squeaking. Dad loved music and was a good audience. We had two pianos, a grand and a console, and each of us was assigned at least an hour a day to practice. In the eighth grade, I went away to Kent private school where I had the opportunity to sing with the glee club, an octet and the chapel choir, after my voice changed in the 9th grade. My piano lessons stopped, but I did start organ lessons at Kent's great chapel pipe organ.

My practice place at the organ was short lived and ceased when the Headmaster caught me playing boogy-woogy with all the stops out during my assigned period.

Mr. Gilliam, the school music director, and history teacher, was a dental patient of my father's and I think that I may have had some insider help with my vocal activities. Gillie would let me direct the Glee Club, while he sang a solo, then I would get to sing a solo. One was a spiritual "Water Boy, Where Is You Hidin? If You Don't a Come, Gonna Tella Yo Mammy". Years later Gillie would ask my father, "How is Water Boy?" He had me sing a solo phrase every Sunday at the Chapel from the choir "Oh Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world" and the student body of 300 would respond, "Have mercy upon us". He was my mentor and allowed me to develop my musical talents and interest. Much to my pleasure he also awarded me the "Vocal Prize" both junior and senior years, which were inscribed hymnals. I was made president of the Glee Club my senior year.

Armed with experience in close harmony with the vocal groups, directing and soloing, I entered Cornell confident that I would continue to enjoy similar experiences. On the bus to a freshmen orientation camp I sat next to and in front of three lads who, when we began to sing camp songs, sang in harmony and the coincidence was that we were tenor I, tenor II, baritone and bass! We ran over some music that we all knew and entertained for our class at camp. Thus we became the Cascadilla Quartet (named for the dorm we lived in) and we sang around campus and at churches in Ithaca for the next four years. We won a campus Barbershop Quartet Contest dressed as a barber with white coat and mustache, floor sweeper

music that we all knew and entertained for our class at camp. Thus we became the Cascadilla Quartet (named for the dorm we lived in) and we sang around campus and at churches in Ithaca for the next four years. We won a campus Barbershop Quartet Contest dressed as a barber with white coat and mustache, floor sweeper with old clothes and broom, customer with bowler, and the shavee with face lathered, not the usual Barbershop singing attire. Our prizes were free haircuts at the student union building.

In that first fall semester there were the Men's Glee Club auditions, which I considered a shoe-in for me. That, however, resulted in a rejection notice. Too many baritones? Mix-up of names? I was crushed, but I picked myself up and signed on to take voice lessons from the Glee Club Director, Tom Tracy. Tom became another mentor. In the spring he recommended me to the Cayuga's Waiters a triple quartet made up of Glee Club members, and he accepted me into the Glee Club for the following fall semester. In 1953-4 I directed the Waiters, and Tom allowed me to direct the Cornell Songs at Glee Club concerts. Once he gave me a solo in "Begin the Beguine" with the short phrase, "Darling, I love you". I thought that I was very seductive, but the next year he relegated my role to playing the bongo accompaniment for that song. At a concert in NYC I got a bit carried away and, as I faded out the last beats on the bongo, I tapped a loud "cha-cha-cha". Tom did not like improv and his expression showed it. That was not the last scolding I would receive by directors going forward with my musical career.

Tom later sponsored me for the all male Savage Club of Ithaca, composed of some 35 musicians, magicians, poets, etc, mostly adults, who would entertain each other every month in their own rathskeller, a large room in the basement of a printing company in Ithaca, with two long tables and a small stage. While the members ate eggs and bacon and drank lots of beer, the president called upon 10 or so members to entertain with an original act. One never knew if he was going to perform, but he had to be ready. Once a year they would put together a vaudeville show for the Cornell students in Bailey Hall. This funded the eggs and beer.

In my first spring at Cornell I joined the Octagon Club, an organization that put on an original musical. It was an exciting experience singing in the chorus with my arm around a cute blonde. It certainly was a step up from singing with the all-boys Kent Glee Club.

I also played on the freshman tennis team, and I also flunked chemistry, a requirement for Mechanical Engineering. At summer school, I continued with my voice lessons with Tom, and studied while listening to the great classical piano concertos.

Vocal and instrumental involvements, the source of many stories:

BLACK PERIOD BEFORE 1969

Directed Kindergarten Rhythm Band fostering the dream of conducting
 Camp Half Moon Choir at 10 years old
 Harmonizing with family washing dishes in Pelham
 Pelham High School Band, sax
 Kent Glee Club president student director, Octet and Choir, Dance Band (picture only),
 Organist for a day, vocal prizes two years.
 Cornell: Glee Club student director, Cayuga's Waiters director, Octagon Club show
 chorus, Cascadilla Quartet, Vulgar Notemen jazz combo contestants for the Ted Mack
 Show, Sigma Phi Four Smart Fellers barbershop contest winners, Folk singing with
 guitar, Director Sigma Phi Intra-Fraternity Glee Club Contest 2nd place, Savage Club
 variety entertainment, Prominent Engineer article for music achievements.
 Fred Waring Choral Workshop
 John Nixon and I in Europe, capturing the Skidmore Women's Glee Club with mating
 song.
 Marine Model Company harmonizing & introduction
 Huntington Men's Chorus
 Pink Volcano Quintet 3 women, 2 men
 Lutheran Church Choir
 Hootennanies with folk singers
 St. John's Men and Boys Choir
 Piano Tuner's Guild, member, professional piano tuner/technician
 Camp songs at Merriewold, with Carol Burnett, Neil Sedaka, Mary Rogers daughter of
 Richard, George Abbott Broadway Producer, Agnes DeMille Choreographer
 Piano lessons from Stuart Hemmingway, blind jazz pianist.

WHITE PERIOD AFTER 1987

Naperville Men's Glee Club, founding member and president, with many subsets,
 USNA joint concert, Cominski Park National Anthem, Great Piano Round-up and
 Organ Transplant
 American Choral Director's Association, member
 Voices for Relief Concerts, organizing IL & New Canaan
 Two Concert for Life benefits for Yale-New Haven Hospital, one singing with
 Swing Fever, one as emcee.
 Connecticut Choraliers, mixed community chorus
 Swing Fever quartet, mixed voices, professional
 The 7th Sound, quartet singing Four Freshmen arrangements
 Voice lessons with Ellen Hanley and Karen Greene, Broadway divas, and Cheryl
 Kemeny.

Sang for sons Randy and Frederick's weddings and daughter Liz's 50th birthday party.

Gentlemen Songsters, treasurer and emcee, 8-12 men singing at nursing homes with Alma Hamilton, professional director/accompanist.



Kent Choir 1946. Author front row first on left. Next is Tom Kelly, current paddle tennis buddy, 67 years later. Tom also took the video of the Voices for Relief in America Concert in 1992 in New Canaan. I introduced him to one of the Pink Volcano Quintet singers, whom he married, and they have two children who are gifted singers. That makes me a gifted match-maker.



Kent Glee Club with Mr. Gilliam, my first mentor, and I, front row center.



This was attached to hymnals
Junior and Senior years, '48, '49



"Frank Sinatra" in the Kent Yearbook

MUSIC MAESTRO PLEASE

In the 8th grade at Pelham Memorial High School I had started E-flat alto sax lessons with Mr. Somers, the school's band director. We were to put on a large concert and I think that I was fifth-sax alternating between two notes the whole time, but that is not the story. There was to be a humorous interlude where the guest conductor is introduced as Arturo Tos-tin-canny (a hilarious joke, yes?). When called in, Harry Henriquez, stumbles down the aisle from the rear of the auditorium wearing knee-high rubber boots and garish outfit, steps to the podium, bends the baton, breaking it, etc, etc.

The day before the concert Mr. Somers met with the band/orchestra in a huge panic. The publicity department had put out a press release to the local newspapers, including the part about our "guest" conductor. The Pelham Sun thought that there had been a spelling error and proudly corrected the spelling to read "Toscanini" and printed it. This meant that residents from Pelham and afar would drop everything and rush to the PMHS to see the great world renown Arturo Toscanini direct our pathetic little band with my two-note sax section. Mr. Somers, sweating profusely, begged and pleaded to us to tell our parents and everyone within earshot, before the concert, that the name was Tostincanny, a joke. I am not sure the word got around because we had an unusually high attendance and packed the auditorium. I hope the evening was entertaining and that Mr. Somers did not have too much of a hangover.



SEND IN THE CLOWNS

Our Cascadilla Quartet sang fun-loving songs on campus for 4 years. Rod Kirk, Glenn Crone, Don Lathrop and I rehearsed loosely, usually at Sigma Phi, where Rod became a member and eventually president of the fraternity. I have already written a bit about the group, but I recalled some technicalities about our preparations to sing. We often sang for church dinners down in Ithaca where we could stuff ourselves in sort of an all-you-can-eat setting. Don Lathrop loved milk and would polish off many glasses before we were scheduled to sing. The result was that Don could not stay on pitch or near pitch after binge drinking whole milk. In order to sing in harmony we would continually lower the pitch as the song progressed, sometimes putting the bass, Rod, below his range. Actually Rod did not have a low range, and Don and I could hit lower notes, but he had a better bass timbre. We could not find a way to make Don lactose intolerant, so we tried to sing near the beginning of dinners, or before.

One night we had a different problem when, with 5 minutes before show time, Glenn developed a case of the hiccups. We rushed him into the kitchen and each tried a different home remedy on poor Glenn, mostly involving drinking large quantities of water. Waterboarding would have solved the problem, but the technique had not been invented. Glenn breathed into a paper bag until we were called and somehow he took his last hic and we went on to sing smoothly and on pitch.

There was a fraternity on campus called Telluride, made up of heady intellectuals, today called "nerds". We had just finished singing at a dance in Willard Straight, the student union building, and someone told us that in the basement of Telluride there was a group singing madrigals. We decided to go uninvited and deliver one song to their long-haired ensemble. Don led us down the steep stairs into near darkness - the madrigals were singing by candlelight. Not seeing his footing clearly, he missed a step and tumbled down the stairs, ending up in a heap directly in front of the group. We rushed down, picked up Don and broke into, "Nothing Could Be Finer Than to be In Carolina in the Morning", sort of a back-woods redneck madrigal. We finished and received scant applause as we turned to leave. Their director gave a dismissive, "Harumph - shorthaired music!"

Rod became a MD and gave me a picture of the winning barbershop combination a week before his fatal plane accident in 1988. Don also became a MD, took up piano and can be seen and heard playing at Cornell reunions for various classes from the '50's. Glenn became a Professional Santa Claus and has written several books on the subject of giving anonymously, and also has a bed and breakfast in VA. I have been the only one to continue with small group singing.



GLENN
CRONE
Tenor I



DON
LATHROP
Tenor II

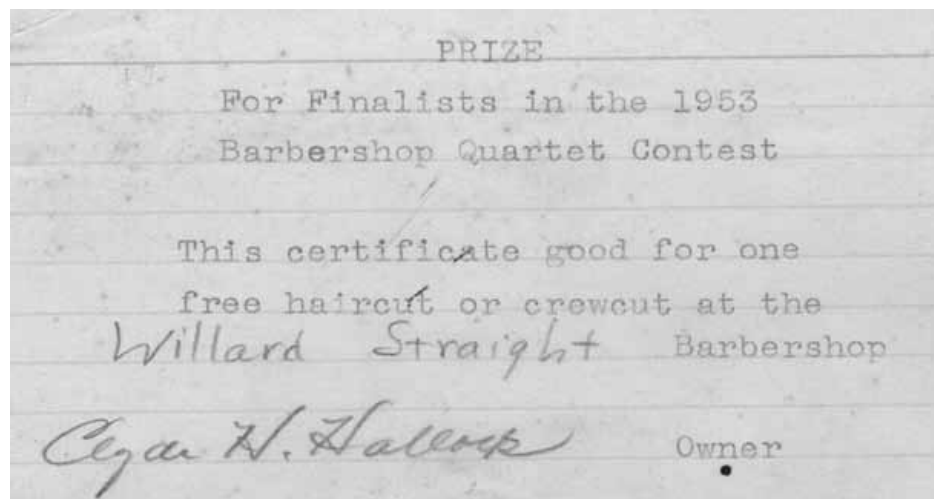
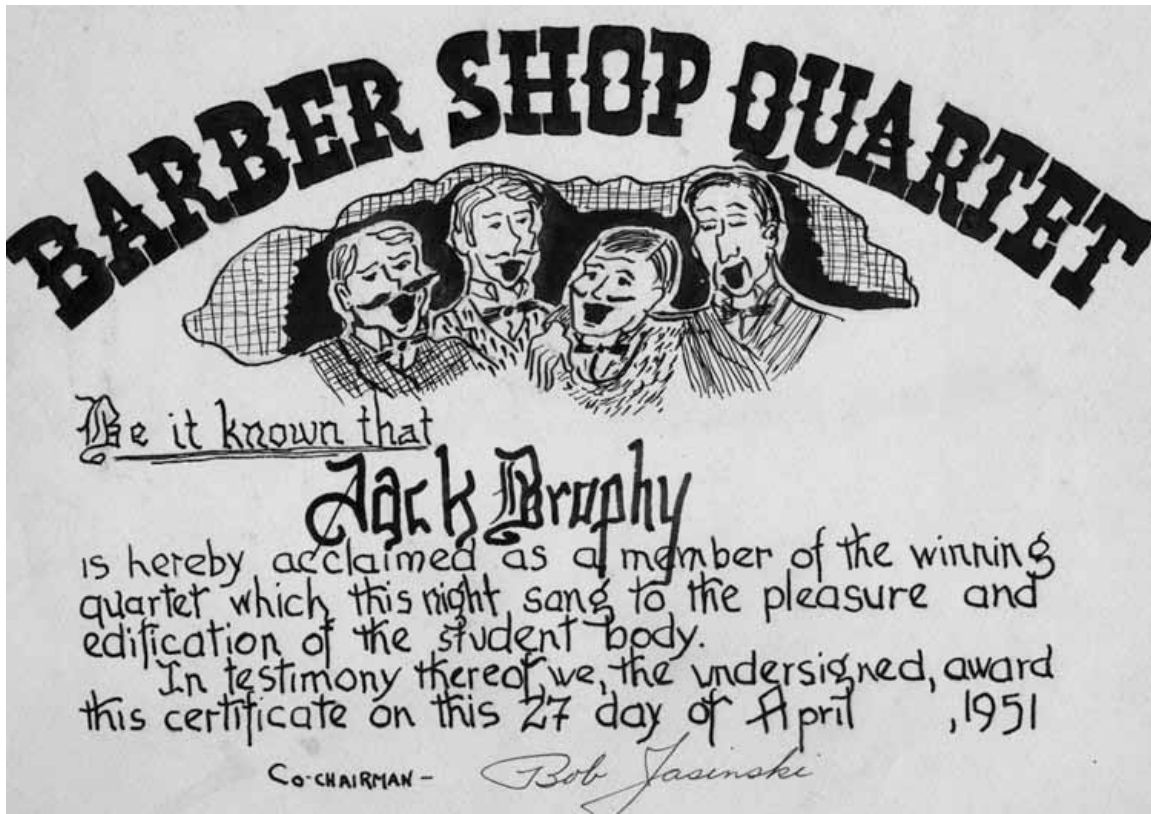


JACK
BROPHY
Baritone



ROD
KIRK
Bass (See "The Trouble With Hello Is Goodbye")

THE CASCADILLA QUARTET



Awards presented to the members of the Cascadilla Quartet

Some of our repertoire:

**On the Boardwalk in Atlantic City
Cruisin' Along in My Old Model T
Shine on Me in the Morning
Honey Moon
Nothing Could Be Finer Than to Be in Carolina in the Morning
Goodbye, My Coney Island Baby**

And...

GEORGE JONES

(A popular song of the Cascadilla Quartet, from the Yale Songbook)

George Jones had a meetin at his house last night,
For-hor to name his first born chi-ha-ild.
To give him a high toned name and start him off right
Po-o-or George was almost a wi-ld.

At the time of the christnen parson Brown inquired
Say what's this child's name gonna be?

Someone shouted Ham, another hollered Sam.
But George said "Name him for meeeeeeee."

Gonna name him
George Washington, Christopher Columbus,
Madison and Douglas Lee-he-he
Gonna name him Jim, Jim Jeffries,
Joe Ganz Jack Johnson,
Bring in a Booker T,

Oh, Admiral, Admiral Dewey, Te-Thomas Jefferson
McKinley and Sherlock Holmes
Obadiah, Hezekiah,
Abraham a Lincoln, oh I say, I say a Lincoln and I mean, I mean a Lincoln Jones.

Now George's little sister didn't have no name, so George said, Let's name this one too
He turned to the Parson sayin' "Reverend Brown, Let me tell you what I'll do"
It ain't so important as a-naming my son,
to that you surely would agree...

When up stepped George's wife,
Just as big as holy life, and she said,
You leave this one to meeee.

Gonna name her
Martha Washington, Amy Simple McPherson, Shirley Temple, Gypsy Rose Lee-he-he
Goin to name her Cleopatra, Peggy Hopkins Joyce, bring in a Lydia T.
Oh Aunt Jemima, Texas Gyna, Victoria and Katy Malone.
Ad-do-lina, Gertrude Stein-a,
Lindy Lou Eliza, oh I say, I say Eliza, and I mean, I mean Eliza Jones.

THE TROUBLE WITH HELLO IS GOODBYE

In the late '80's I developed a passion for listening to Bill Evans (still have it) and could not get enough of his unique and engaging keyboard artistry. The family had a ski trip to Aspen where I listened to Evans on tape as I skied. I linked up with Dr. Rod Kirk, now an orthopedic surgeon in Aspen, from the Cascadilla Quartet, my roommate and soul mate from Cornell. He was a remarkable athlete, in football making All-East Safety. We skied, drank and laughed ourselves silly one late night along with Rod's girlfriend, about to be fiancé. Rod had just upgraded his personal plane to a more powerful two engine used Cessna. For some strange reason we had a discussion about Doctors with planes, and buying more than they could put in the time to master. We talked about a distant relative, a doctor dying in a house fire, and a doctor friend in severe depression who set himself on fire.

So it was a terrible shock when Jack Allen called me one week later, having tracked me down at a business meeting in Hilton Head, to tell me that Rod had crashed in Aspen having experienced engine problems. He was able to avoid a crowded clubhouse, but his wheels caught the tennis fence and the plane flipped and caught fire, but he died instantly.

Shortly after, Martine, Frederick and I went to Cancun, Mexico. I listened to the same Evans tape constantly, much to other's annoyance, but I think now that it was an unspoken form of grieving. Rod and I had a strong bond from freshman year, but as happens, had lost track of each other for years. His wife had died in a shower stall accident and left him to bring up his 4 children alone. I regret not having been aware of this until much later. Rod was a hero figure to me.

I went to an outdoor bar at the resort alone and by strange coincidence met a couple from Aspen who were friends of Rod's and filled me in on the details of the accident, then showed me a knee scar created by Rod, the orthopedic surgeon. We kept in touch with Rod's girlfriend for a while, and then lost her when she moved. She told me that the night before the accident, she had a dream which woke her up. She dreamt that Rod and his wife were sitting across the table from her and Rod told her, in the dream, that he had to be with his wife. She told this to Rod and he said that the description of his wife was accurate. These are the kinds of reflections and emotions certain music can awaken.



Rod's interception in the Michigan game

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Is it possible to capture the excitement felt when your college football team scores the winning touchdown in the last seconds of the game?

What if a recording could be made that would end with a piece of music that, in its final notes, would invoke that feeling, causing listeners to jump to their feet with racing hearts proclaiming that this was the most moving performance they had ever heard. To achieve this effect, the ingredients had to be perfect.

This would be the challenge for the cast and specific instruments combining on stage in a hall of magnificent acoustics, with microphones hung from the great ceiling and positioned around the stage and back in the 10th row of seats. The cast was made up of the 1950 Cornell University Men's Glee Club', all 80 voices, and the instrumentalists were three selected talented student trumpet players, and, putting underlying power into the equation was the master organist at the huge cathedral type pipe organ. The piece selected was the bombastic pompous and patriotic "Battle Hymn of the Republic".

The venue selected for the recording was Bailey Hall which, when filled, held an audience of 1500 in the orchestra, dress circle and balcony. But today, only the professional sound engineer and a few future members of the CUGC, myself included, would be allowed to witness this monumental performance, forever to be captured in vinyl on a 12" 78 rpm record.

For hours this music was rehearsed until perfection was assured, and then, and only then, was the cast called upon to record it for future generations. Trumpets could be heard tuning up and running up and down scales and the organist limbered up his fingers and feet to be ready for the opening notes. Finally the director, Tom Tracy, took to the podium, raised his arms and, once he had the full attention of the cast and pin-drop silence in the hall, brought his baton down. The organist opened with his biddily dum, biddily dum, followed by the three trumpets with their ta ta ta taaa.... Then the Glee Club, in perfect unison started in slow cadence, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord...". It was a gooseflesh moment.

The men sang with their melodious tenor and rich resounding bass voices, picking up the pace and the volume, “He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat...”, and at times almost whispering beautiful harmonies, but with great intensity, “In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea...”, always aware that they needed to conserve their energy and voices for the final phrase of the anthem.

This was going to be like a winning touchdown for sure. One could just feel the excitement building.

Too soon, the piece was creshendoing to the final notes. Then, “A MEEEEENNNNNN”, held while the trumpets blared and the organist pulled out all the stops. As the voices faded, and lips came together, one trumpet player, Willis DeVoll, ran out of breath, and tried valiantly to sustain the note. Alas, it cracked into a metallic yodel. Milli-seconds passed before a blood-curdling scream of three words was heard from the offending trumpeter, a rogue soloist, and recorded into the vinyl master, “GOD DAMN IT!” There was pin-drop silence, and I never heard the sound engineer shout, “That’s a wrap”.



Cornell University Glee Club 1953. I am front row, third from the right.

HIGH HOPES

The Savage Club of Ithaca: article

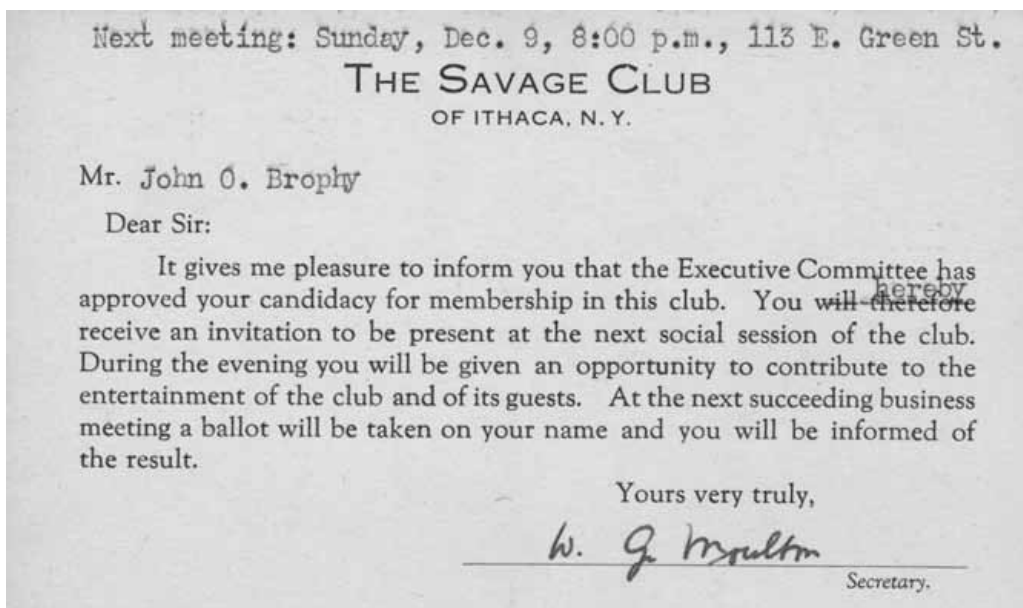
ITHACA, N.Y. -- A little talent goes a long way, at least for members of the Savage Club of Ithaca who entertain Cornell University alumni at reunion weekend each year. These are comedians, jugglers, magicians, musicians, songsters, storytellers and all-around good guys from the greater Ithaca area.

The Savage Club is composed of "some 40 gentlemen who possess some form of performance talent and who entertain in variety shows at different venues and times throughout the year, but always perform for alumni during Cornell Reunion Weekend," said Jack Burns, Savage Club steward.

Ithaca is home to one of three such clubs in the world. While on a trip to England in 1895, members of the Cornell Glee, Banjo and Mandolin clubs were entertained by hosts in London who used the Savage Club moniker. The idea of local residents entertaining visitors in this manner prompted the touring Cornellians to adopt the idea and the organization's name upon their return to Ithaca. The third club, also founded in 1895, is in Melbourne, Australia.

For more than a century, the Savage Club of Ithaca has performed for alumni returning to campus for Cornell reunion. "The club is a mix of Cornell alums and area residents who don't know the meaning of stage fright," Burns said.

The group meets monthly to entertain fellow members and to sharpen their talents in preparation for another Cornell reunion.



In my junior year at Cornell, Tom Tracy, our Men's Glee Club Director, proposed me for the Savage Club of Ithaca. He accompanied me for my very scary audition. I first had to sing before the membership committee and once they passed on me, I had to perform before the entire membership at their monthly meeting before a vote of the membership was taken. At the time they had around 8 students and 35 Ithaca residents including faculty from Cornell and Ithaca College. Our Cornell President Mallott was a member and read his own poetry. It was humbling to attend these meetings and participate in their shows, and I was proud that they felt I was worthy to join them. Just before graduation, the president of the club allowed me to select the entertainers for one of our Sunday evening meetings, an honor I still treasure.

When the Cayuga's Waiters from the '50's, 15-21 alums of the CW, were invited in 2004 to entertain classes from the '50's and 60's at their June reunions, the Savage Club was kind enough to invite us to share their stage for seven years. One of the members of the club located my old beer mug and presented it to me. I treasure it and so do the flowers that reside in it.

For one of our Bailey Hall shows when I was a student, we formed a small jazz combo and I was asked to play the large double bass, despite the fact I had never played the bass before. The song was "Tea for Two". As it was a simple harmony I found that I could tune the strings so that each string was tuned to one of the notes in the song. In that way, I did not have to finger the strings with my left hand. No one ever knew.

That combo became an entity once we found a legitimate bass player and I switched to being the crooner. We named ourselves "The Vulgar Note Men" with Tom Foulkes, piano, Ken Barney, double bass, and Rick Nordlander on sax. One of our gigs was at a big Engineering School banquet. Our bassist went out to make a phone call just before we were called upon, so I stood on the stage supporting the bass. The piano and sax took their solos as I faked playing, then they turned to me, calling for me to play solo, knowing full well that things would not go well for me. Feigning confidence, I did some slapping of the strings and spun the bass a few times before they reentered the tune. Again, no one ever knew. There was a write-up in our Engineering Magazine (attached) about my Cornell activities, which acknowledged my bass playing ability. Perhaps without that performance, the article might not have been written. I landed on my feet a lot.

Prominent Engineers

Dick Conway

Thick glasses, a wan face, and a weary tread are the trademarks of an engineer with a ninety average in the eyes of most undergraduates. Richard Walter Conway, M.E. '54, completely defies this tradition (he wears no glasses, has a cheerful, ruddy face, and a springhly walk) and has managed to accumulate an average of 92.69 in his eight terms in the University to lead his class by a wide margin.

Dick graduated from Whitefish Bay (Wisc.) High School in 1949 with his sights set on industrial engineering, and in pursuing this course of study he has left behind him a believe-it-or-not story. He won his numerals on the freshman rifle team and continued shooting during his sophomore year. The following fall he switched to crew and last year rowed No. 2 on the varsity 150's. For additional diversion Dick has played the trumpet in the Big Red Band, the Concert Band, and the University Orchestra. He is also a member of ASME and is active in CURW, having been co-chairman of the Living Units Speakers committee in preparation for last year's Campus Conference on Religion.

To occupy any other spare time he might have had, he has been historian, rushing chairman, vice president, and president of his fraternity, Alpha Delta Phi. Like all good engineers, he has spent a good share of every exam week taking his 1941 Buick apart—for aesthetic reasons.

In recognition of his achievements Dick has been elected to Pi Tau Sigma, Kappa Tau Chi, Tau Beta Pi, and Sphinx Head. When entering Cornell he was awarded a McMullen Scholarship and now holds the American Brake Shoe scholarship for his class.

Dick married Edy Davies, presently enrolled in the school of Home Economics, last August 29th, and is now an instructor, teaching Ac-



Dick Conway

counting 3231. When Dick graduates this June he plans to remain at Cornell for a year to teach and do some graduate work in the field of operations research, a brand new field developed during the war. Operations research deals with the application of the scientific method to the analysis of operations and is used as a guide to decision-making. It attempts to make common sense

out of situations involving vast numbers of variables, a situation where common sense tends to be more of a well calculated guess.

After a year of grad school Dick's plans become a bit hazy, but it's safe to say that the class of 1954's King Midas will make a success of whatever he touches.

Jack Brophy

The fall of 1949 saw the entry into Cornell University of Jack Brophy, a lad that was to win his laurels by entertainment rather than by meteoric academic achievements. John Osborne Brophy, M.E. '54, graduated from Kent and came to Ithaca from Pelham, N.Y., with a talent for engineering and music as well as a legendary sense of humor. He won his numerals in tennis his freshman year but since then has concentrated on the Glee Club, Savage Club, and Cayuga's Waiters. Last spring Jack was elected leader of the Waiters, an autonomous triple quartet composed of members of the Men's Glee Club. Under his direction the Waiters have put out a new 10-inch long-playing record of their most popular numbers and have spent a week in Bermuda during Christmas vacation entertaining at the Castle Harbor Hotel. Jack is a soloist with the Glee Club and plays the sax, bass, and piano in addition to singing for Savage Club audiences. As a result of his fine work he has been elected to membership in Quill and Dagger.

Jack, a member of Sigma Phi fraternity and at one time a pledge-master there, is now a counselor in Cascadilla Hall. Being in NROTC, he has spent one summer on a Navy cruise, another designing and constructing machine templates for use in factory layout.

Jack's plans for future years do not extend beyond his tour of duty with the Navy, but with his resilient sense of humor they are bound to be enjoyable.

Jack Brophy

—Matthew Starr



SAVAGE CLUB

Entertainment is the primary purpose of the Savage Club. Granted the sole charter on the North American continent, the Club is unique in more ways than one. In the dinner meetings held in their private lodge, each "Brother Savage" is constantly prepared to come forth with some form of entertainment for the pleasure of the other members.

Composed of Cornellians and Ithacans alike, the club performs each year at a Bailey Hall show, which takes the form of a regular meeting, each Brother being called upon by the president to perform. The popularity of the club and the versatility of its members insure a near-capacity house for the shows and ample funds for the charities concerned.

Famous names grace the records of the club, as many Savages have gone on to great heights in the entertainment field. Ever since the founding of this organization in the nineties, the Club has flourished with its never-ending supply in the form of Cornell Students. Two more charters have been recently granted, doubling the size of the Club. Continents now represented include The British Isles, North America, Australia and New Zealand.

NIATTERNE SEGAVAS



TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1953

Red Cross to Sponsor Show

The Cornell unit of the American Red Cross will sponsor a campus-wide talent show in Bailey Hall Apr. 11. The proceeds from this event will be contributed to the national fund of the Red Cross.

In an elimination contest held last Friday, four students were

chosen to participate in this show. They are: Charles Holcomb '55 folk singer and guitarist, Joe Segal '54, impersonator, Jack Brophy '54, vocalist and Rita Rausch '56, pianist. Four alternates were also chosen at this time.

The 15 act show was the last of the Bailey Hall preliminaries. Judges were Prof. Emeritus Bristow Adams, William Dillon and R. Seldon Brewer, General Alumni Secretary.

This competition included our Vulgar Note Men jazz combo.



Sister Pat with Charles Holcomb '55, folk singer and guitarist, a Sigma Phi fraternity brother, member of the Savage Club, and entertainer in the Red Cross Show above. Patty was engaged to a Cayuga's Waiter for a spell.

ANGEL EYES

At a Savage Club Show I spotted a very pretty coed in the front row. As I stared, she looked my way and throughout the show we locked eyes. There was no way to meet her. It was like being on trains next to each other then leaving in opposite directions. Around a week later, at the sandwich truck parked outside of the coed dorms, across the campus from my dorm, by strange coincidence, I spotted her in line and overcame my shyness to make an introduction. She was a lovely girl and we dated at the end of the semester and when she returned for vacation to Yonkers and I to Pelham. No follow-up story, I'm afraid.

The passion of music can be intoxicatingly romantic.



The Cayuga's Waiters 53-54 offering their album to Perry Como when the Glee Club sang on his show. Perry was ecstatic. Joining us was Tom Tracy, Cornell Glee Club Director and my mentor.

DONKEY SERENADE

The Cornell Glee Club of 1952, under the directorship of Thomas B. Tracy, had a membership of 80 voices with a repertoire of mostly non-serious music, which made for wonderful entertainment for the audiences. Featured in the program was a song made popular by Mario Lanza, "Donkey Serenade". Eddie Gibson was the soloist with the Glee Club humming in the background.

Now Eddie was a bit of a liability to be around and one never knew what to expect in his presence, but he had a beautiful lyric tenor voice. The day of a Glee Club concert at Bailey Hall, Eddie obtained from the Veterinary School a cow tail (no need to know its history), and he attached a string and alligator clip to the top of the tail.

When the emcee introduced "Donkey Serenade", Eddie stepped forward, hands behind his back, positioning himself between Tom Tracy and the audience. Tom turned his attention to the Glee Club as the song began. Eddie then turned and clipped the tail onto the back of Tom's tux. Tom never felt a thing as Eddie stepped to the side and proceeded to sing directly to Tom, *"There's a song in the air, but the fair senorita doesn't seem to care for the song in the air. So I'll sing to the mule, if you're sure she won't think that I'm just a fool serenading a mule."* As Tom directed, the tail was flipping around and the audience loved it. Tom must have wondered at the smiles on the faces of his singers. Not until he turned to take a bow was he aware of his added wardrobe accessory. Eddie had sung like an angel and all was forgiven.



Cornell Men's Glee Club on NBC TV, The Perry Como Show with the Fontane Sisters 1954. Bin Pettit (far left) sang the solo in "Cindy". I am on the opposite end, dreaming about professional show biz.

GOOFUS

In my second year with the Cayuga's Waiters, 1951, when the CW was an autonomous subset of the Cornell University Men's Glee Club, we were introduced to perform a few songs for a capacity audience in the large Bailey Hall. All in tuxedos and lined up on three levels of risers, the 80-man Glee Club stood at ease as the twelve CW stepped forward and addressed three microphones on stands. The audience enjoyed the diversity of the concerts and the inclusion of a small group with their often unique songs, and welcomed us with warm applause.

For our first number, we had chosen to include a trombone accompaniment played by Jim Casey, our leader, a portly jowly linesman from the Cornell football team. The leadoff song was "Goofus", popularized by Phil Harris. It was a folksy corny tune that went, *"I was born on a farm out in Ioway, A flaming youth, who was bound he could fly away, I packed my grip and grabbed my saxophone.....I'd start to play, folks used to say, "Sounds a little goofus to me."*

Jim would announce our numbers with crazy titles, like: "Head for the Roundhouse, Mother. He Can't Corner You There", or "This is a song about a purple cow: 'Mood Indigo'". Jim was to start solo with a low note on his slide trombone and gliss up the scale an octave, at which point we would start the vocal close harmony. The audience hushed and we were ready when Jim picked up this instrument, pulled it tightly to his lips and blew hard as his massive cheeks puffed out bigger and bigger. He huffed and puffed, and almost exploded, but no sound emitted from the shiny brass bell! In the five seconds of silence you could have heard a mouse fart.

We all came in on the beat and proceeded without the trombone accompaniment. One of the mischievous tenors, Eddy Gibson, from the Glee Club had stuffed a piece of cardboard matchbook cover into the mouthpiece of Jim's trombone before the concert.

We went into the second verse with two trumpets, a clarinet, and a guitar. and hummed into combs wrapped in toilet paper (cheap Kazoos), while the trombone player was intently trying to fish out the plug in his mouthpiece in utter frustration. Yes, this was indeed a unique song



Jim Casey on left with four Cayuga's Waiters serenading a coed.
I got leid that night.

LETTER FROM FRATERNITY BROTHER TOM GILLESPIE

Jack. Goofus was written by Wayne King, "The Waltz King." He lived in Kenilworth and his (gorgeous) daughter Penny was in my class. It was a small town so we knew Wayne (Mr. King) pretty well. You may find this hard to believe but I had a (brief) career as a tap dancer performing with two other guys on major stages in Chicago. Goofus was our BIG number. One year we were performing in a contest and learned that Penny's (also gorgeous) mother was one of the judges. We figured we had first prize locked if we did our Goofus number. We were right.

At a reunion just a few years ago I asked Penny if her father had indeed been born on a farm down in Ioway. He had, but it was not an especially pleasant story. He could not wait to "fly away." No 76 trombones, or anything like that.

FASCINATING RHYTHM

It is a little known fact that at Cornell, I was in the Naval ROTC band as a drummer. My tenure as a Navy drummer was short lived, but I will explain.

Our Captain's dream, and Captains have the power to make their dreams come true, was to have a NROTC Drum-and-Bugle-Corps to which our black-shirted midshipmen could keep step on the parade grounds. Goose-stepping would surely have been his next whim. He ordered brand new instruments for his dream band and then, and only then, did he ask for talented and skilled volunteers to make sounds. I had found that I was allergic to marching and I figured that this was an opportunity to learn to play the drums from someone with experience, so I raised my hand and dedicated my rhythm and musical talents to the patriotic cause. There was only one other volunteer, and by some strange quirk of fate, he signed up for the same reasons I did, assuming that he would be my protégé. As we sat in the "band room" unwrapping the brand new snares, my cohort let his slip onto his pointed toe and put his foot through the drumhead skin. Since he could not even play the drum, let alone know how to unwrap one, he was immediately dismissed from the squad, or "drummed out", to be more accurate. This left only me, and forget about anyone volunteering to blow a bugle. I'm sure I could have done both simultaneously with adequate training, and if marching were waived.

I was presented with an old bass drum, 4 feet in diameter, with heavy scratched and chipped wooden rims, and without carrying straps. The glory I was seeking had taken a turn for the worst. I was ordered to carry, or roll like a hoop, the damn noise maker to a position on a hill overlooking the baseball field where the NROTC was to march. My duty was to beat out the cadence. After a bit of warm up, I found a good beat, somewhere between a crawl and a jog, and the midshipmen were sent out in ranks for precision drilling. As I beat my drum (without ear protection, I might add), I was horrified to see that, in the distance, our boys were not listening nor marching to my drumbeat. I immediately solved the problem and matched my beat to their marching.

Of course I had neglected the speed of sound, and at 200 yards distance, I soon saw columns of uniformed men stumbling over each other. Well, adjustments were made and complaints were registered, and the NROTC Drum-and-Bugle Corps, me, ended that tour of duty the following week. It was a seasonal job. The temperatures had moved into winter, we had "Victory at Sea" movies to watch. I graduated that year with a commission, thus dismantling the "band", and The Cornell NROTC Drum-and-Bugle Corps became only a lingering memory in the history of Cornell, not even recognized with a picture in the Year Book. God knows, I was there to lead the charge.



Not a drum or bugle in sight. What a shame.

There are many stories from our trip to Bermuda, but I want to write about Fred Waring, the world famous choral director of TV and concerts with his Pennsylvanians, a mixed chorale of around 30 voices.

I decided to learn more about choral directing by attending the Fred Waring Choral Workshop at Shawnee, PA for two weeks in the summer of 1953. We had around 60 singer/choral directors and the evening sessions were conducted by Fred Waring himself. When he entered the auditorium, where we were on risers, he would start tapping one foot, we would copy him, then he would clap his hands first slowly, then quickly, then change from a horizontal clap to a vertical clap and back again varying the tempo. We would mimic him. We did not know why he had us do this exercise, but we spent the first 5 minutes of our sessions with him doing team movements before singing. When we sang, it was only a small piece of a song to illustrate a musical point. He was a marvelous teacher and we were absorbing a tremendous amount.

The final day of the workshop he invited three High School choruses to sing for us. They had prepared two numbers and had not performed as a group before. He started the first piece and immediately it was obvious the some of the voices were not blending. He stopped the music, but did not comment on, or criticize the singers. He merely had them do the exercises with the foot tapping and hand clapping. Once they were performing these like a precision drill team, he started the song. The blend and balance were perfect! The students stopped listening to their own voices and focused on their director.

Fred Waring and the Pennsylvanians came to Cornell in the fall of 1953 and on a Saturday held two concerts to packed Bailey Hall. The father of one of the Waiters, Fred Thomas, had roomed with Waring at Penn State and lived in Ithaca. Thomas' family had invited Waring to come for cocktails after the second concert and they also invited the Waiters. At the party I approached Fred Waring and noted that, although he must be exhausted, I would like him to listen to our singing group. He dismissed me with, "Yeh, why don't you go in the other room and warm up". We moved to another room as Mrs. Thomas refreshed his drink. We were half way through a song when I noticed that he was standing in the doorway listening. When we finished, he put down his drink and joined us, saying how much he enjoyed our singing and that he could hear some things I had learned in Shawnee. Then he asked us to start again and he spent full 45 minutes coaching us and making minor changes. Fred Waring was dedicated to choral singing and he was the real deal.

Here is a clip from Wikipedia:

During the 1940s and early 1950s, Waring and His Pennsylvanians produced a string of hits, selling millions of records. A few of his many choral hits include "Sleep," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "Button Up Your Overcoat," "White Christmas," "Give Me Your Tired, Your Poor" and "Dancing in the Dark."^[5]

Choral workshops

In 1947, Waring organized the Fred Waring Choral Workshop at his Pennsylvania headquarters in Shawnee-on-the Delaware, which was also the home of Shawnee Press, the music publisher which he founded. At these sessions, talented musicians learned to sing with precision, sensitivity and enthusiasm. When these vocalists returned home and shared what they had learned with fellow musicians, Waring's approach to choral singing spread throughout the nation. The first Fred Waring Music Workshop in the western United States was held in June of 1968 as part of the University of Nevada's Summer Session curriculum in Reno, Nevada. Waring taught and supervised these summer workshop for 37 years, continuing right until the day he died.

TONE SYLLABLES

By FRED WARING

PUBLISHER'S NOTE:

THE success of Fred Waring and his Glee Club on the stage, in motion pictures, recordings, radio, and television has been due in large part to his continuous experimentation to improve every aspect of his group's singing. One phase of choral singing which has always been of vital interest to him is that of clarity of word enunciation.

He has always believed that making words understandable is as important as singing notes correctly. In the method of enunciation which he has developed, the group sings *every component sound in every word*. He calls each of these individual sounds a "Tone Syllable," and refers to the technique as "Tone-Syllable enunciation."


This technique has been extended by Mr. Waring and his associates to groups outside the professional entertainment field. They have employed it in the training of large amateur choruses for the performance of all types of concert music and have found it of great benefit in telling the story of a song clearly and effectively.

In order to make this enunciation technique available to all choral groups, *Tone Syllables* are incorporated in all new Shawnee Press choral editions.

America, I Hear You Singing

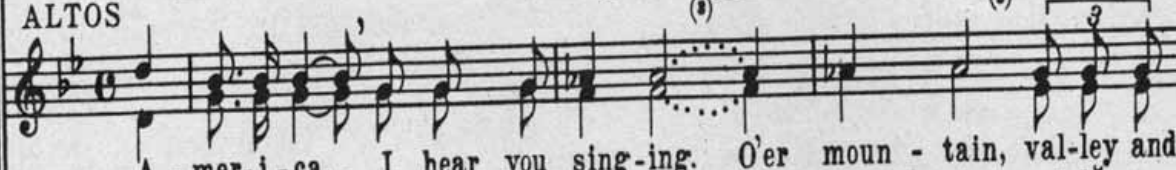
Words and Music by
TOM SCOTT

SOPRANOS



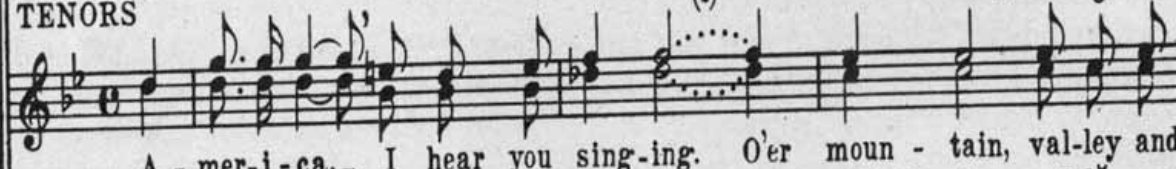
A - mer-i-ca,- I hear you sing-ing. O'er moun - tain, val-ley and
Uhm^hmeh^ri-kuh,- ah-ihih-r i-oo sing- i - ng oh - r mah-ōōn-ti - n, val li an-

ALTOS




A - mer-i-ca,- I hear you sing-ing. O'er moun - tain, val-ley and
Uhm^hmeh^ri-kuh,- ah-ihih-r i-oo sing- i - ng oh - r mah-ōōn-ti - n, val li an-

TENORS



A - mer-i-ca,- I hear you sing-ing. O'er moun - tain, val-ley and
Uhm^hmeh^ri-kuh,- ah-ihih-r i-oo sing- i - ng oh - r mah-ōōn-ti - n, val li an-

BASSES



A - mer-i-ca,- I hear you sing-ing. O'er moun - tain, val-ley and
Uhm^hmeh^ri-kuh,- ah-ihih-r i-oo sing- i - ng oh - r mah-ōōn-ti - n, val li an-

An example of the Waring "Tone-Syllable" enunciation.



Cayuga's Waiters with favorite lady archer in their rehearsal room in the Fine Arts building.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

I had been a member of the Cayuga's Waiters, the 12 voice subset of the Cornell Glee Club, since the fall of 1950. In '52-53 I was the Business Manager, and Director '53-54. We relished opportunities to sing off-campus at Oneonta, Cortland, Wells, Elmira, Skidmore, Vassar, Smith, and Mount Holyoke for the young ladies of the northeast. Moreover we entertained for 10 days at the Castle Harbour Hotel in Bermuda. I was more than a bit distracted from my Mechanical Engineering curriculum and found it necessary to confront reality. The last semester of my 5th year, I made the weighty decision to drop out of the Glee Club and the Waiters and miss their spring tour to Mexico and San Francisco. If I had made the trip and flunked one course, it would have denied me my BME degree (which happened to one of the Waiters) and my commission in the Navy. In retrospect the decision to study, instead of attending rehearsals, was a no-brainer, but tugged at my heart. Once my degree was assured, I rejoined my singing groups for the graduation concert.

For that final concert, I had learned all of the songs and lyrics except "Cielito Lindo" which the Glee Club had prepared for the Mexico performance. The lyrics were in Spanish and I was language-impaired. When it came to singing that song on stage, I did my best to form my lips to match the sounds I heard, but Director Tom Tracy looked over at me and quickly sensed what I was doing. Since I was standing at the end of the front row, his profile was to the audience. He began flapping his lips, like saying "mamamama" over and over, knowing what I was up to, that I was faking it. Tom's sense of humor was rarely exhibited, but he could not resist letting it out this time. I just stood there smiling and sucked it up.



I am to the right of the banner, but did not get aboard the flight to Mexico. I stayed home to study and graduate.

HEART OF MY HEART

While I was on my self-imposed leave from the Glee Club, there was a campus Barbershop Quartet Contest. The members of my Cascadilla Quartet, which had won the event in a previous year, had graduated the year before, but I was in a 5-year program. At my fraternity, Sigma Phi, we had superb vocal talent. Hugh Whitney was president of the Glee Club and sang bass with the Waiters, Phil Hoyt was an outstanding tenor in the Glee Club, Rick Nordlander, who was a fine musician at the piano and with the sax, had a recent nose operation which changed his voice from a banjo sound to that of a cello, and moi. One of the many difficult things in starting up a singing group is to give it a proper name, or an improper name, as it was in our case. Someone suggested "Four Smart Fellers" and it stuck. We outfitted ourselves in black robes, horn-rimmed glasses, and carried volumes of the Encyclopedia. This garb was certainly unique among tattersall-vested and straw-hatted Barbershop quartets. Whatever it was we sang, we knocked it out of the park, and we were awarded first prize. The emcee would not pronounce the name of our group. He called it the "Quartet from Sigma Phi" One of the judges told us later that every chord we sang was perfect. Too bad we had no more engagements.

BEWITCHED, BOTHERED AND BEWILDERED

This is not a love story, but it could have been, had it not been for my Cornell classmate Gerry Grady.

For ten days after Christmas, 1953, the Cayuga's Waiters, 12 voices from Cornell, were invited to entertain at the Castle Harbour Hotel in Bermuda. One evening there appeared in our audience a similar singing group of girls, students at Smith College who were there to perform for the military and other venues. There were not many single ladies available that Christmas holiday, so after we did our gig we had a mad scramble to meet our new listeners. The bottom line was that I met a lovely young soprano, B.J. Furlong, and I was so entranced that I invited her to come to Cornell for the Winter Party Weekend. She accepted.

Enter classmate Grady with an invitation for me to join him for a ski trip to Stowe, VT during vacation. Now Gerry, to those who know him, is a bit of a liability to be around, as I will explain. The plan was laid out that I would drive my tiny Hillman Minx with Gerry and all of our gear and he would provide the lodging, which turned out to be a former train caboose tucked into the forest near the ski slopes. On the return trip, we were to pick up my Smith date, B.J. in Northampton, MA, a full day's drive to Cornell, and she and I were to start a warm new long-lasting relationship.

We found our caboose, which had a sign "The Risqué Chalet", after hiking through the heavy snow into the woods. It had no heat, water or electricity and in fact, it had the creature comforts of a tree house. In the morning, our beer was frozen and we washed at a men's room of a garage, or some ski lodge, the detail are purposely forgotten. We did ski a lot that week, Gerry in his long black priest coat, white golf cap with his sister's short white skis with red polka dots. It was easy to keep track of him on the slopes. Toward the end of the week, I took a fall when my attention was diverted by a rather fetching young blonde. When I looked down at my legs, one knee had been sliced by the edge of my ski, but no pain or bleeding, yet. The pretty damsel noticed that I was the one in distress and, coming to my aid, she took my poles and went in search of the ski patrol. She did not get far before she tripped on my poles and twisted her ankle. Both of us were tobogganed down the hill and sent off the clinic together. I came away with 17 stitches and she with a wrapped ankle. We celebrated the end of our skiing that night at the Round Hearth, where I stayed close to the fire and tried not to think of another night in the Risqué Chalet. A throbbing knee added little to the romantic mood.

The next day, which was our last, Gerry decided to borrow a new pair of skis that he found in our Chalet and do a timed race on the mountain in order to

qualify for a bronze medallion. I waited at the bottom of the run and expected him to come flying through the gate, breaking the course record. It took a long time before Gerry appeared on a toboggan carrying 1-1/2 skis, having fallen and broken one borrowed ski in half. On the way to Smith we had to stop at Amherst College to advise the owner of the skis that he was going to have to drastically adjust his skiing technique if he was going to use those skis again.

Oh yes, the Smith date, B.J. Now remember that I had only met her for a short chat in Bermuda and she was perhaps doing a risky thing to let me drive her to Cornell. Well, here is where Gerry added the risk element. He said, "Jack, there is a good bar called Rahar's in Northampton, and here is the plan! Drop me off at Rahar's, and I will have a drink or two while you pick up B.J. Then return to the bar and tell her you have to go in and cash a check. I will duck out the back door and go up the block posing as a hitchhiker. Then you pick me up and we will take it from there." I did as I was told and as we drove from the bar, there was Gerry with his thumb out smiling his "I need a ride" smile. I told B.J. that I would like to be a Good Samaritan and pick him up. She was saying "NO WAY" as I stopped and Gerry tumbled into the little Hill Minx. You see the car was a sub-compact with a front bench seat, and our bags took up the back seat. The three of us were packed tight, she did not really know me, Gerry smelled like Rahar's bar floor, a three day growth of beard, and she should have panicked immediately while she had the chance, rather than later. Gerry began to confirm why he was a liability to be around, and started grunting, drooling and occasionally twitched, sometimes feigning sleep. I began my interrogation of our new guest and learned some of his history. His name was Günter Perdue. He worked for a traveling carnival, his wife had been run over by a tractor, and he needed work. What a good guy was I when I suggested that he could find a job at Cornell, our destination. At that point I was beginning to get the elbow from B.J. We broke open a box of animal crackers and he was happily biting the heads off the little critters when I asked him what he did at the carnival. He told me that he was a "geek" (a person who would get doped up and drunk and bite the heads off of live chickens. It had been a topic in a recent book). B.J. whispered to me, "What's a geek?" I whispered the definition whereupon she pushed even closer to me, if that was possible.

As we approached Albany, after three hours of weird conversations, jammed as we were in the narrow front seat, I announced that we had to stop for gas. It was then that B.J. began to feel controlled panic, and think survival, and she made up her own story that we were going to visit some family in Albany and would have to leave Günter at the gas station. As I pumped the gas Gerry got out and told me that his plan was working well and he would

go up two blocks and I was to drive around the block to avoid him and there he would be, ahead of me, waiting to be picked up. It crossed my mind that this would be a great ending to the story if I had just left him there to hitchhike to Cornell by himself.

Günter said his goodbyes and thanked us as he walked up the street. B.J. was so relieved and even had thought that the tip of the broken ski she saw in the back of the car could have been used as a murder weapon. I told her that we would not see him again and drove around the block. But what was this? There was Günter trying to hitch a ride up ahead of us. “B.J., I want to stop and give him some money to help him”. “Jack, there are people like him making a living off of people like you. Don’t stop! Please, don’t stop!” I did stop and when I offered him some cash, he proudly refused. So I had no options except to say that we had a change of plans and would take him to Cornell with us. He opened the door and squeezed in and off we went. Now there was an immediate change in the personality mix as B.J., although closer to me than before, refused to talk. After at least an hour of her silence and Gunter’s jerking, drooling, grunting pieces of sentences, I decided that the act had to end. I quite formally introduced B.J. to Gerry, no longer Günter, and we pulled up along the side of the road and had a great laugh, recounting the conversations we had and even finished off the animal crackers.

This was such a relief for B.J. that I think she fell for Gerry. When we reached Cornell we got cleaned up and Gerry showed up that evening washed, shaven, teeth brushed, and in a three-piece suit. I can still see the image of my date, of the “warm new long-lasting relationship”, walking ahead of me across the campus arm-in-arm with Gerry and calling back to me, “Come along Gimpy”.



“Gimpy” being assisted



BJ and I at the Cornell Winter Party Weekend sans Gerry, front row right, eating head of party favor dog. I was sorry to learn from Smith College that BJ passed away at age 59.

WHEN YOU'RE SMILING

This remembrance does not involve coed dates or singing, just pure entertainment, at its worst.

This is courtesy of Jack Allen and his Cornell all-male cheerleading squad of jerks. The big football game that fall was with Navy, and I was recently informed by Clancy Fauntleroy from New Canaan, who played guard on our team, that the final score was a bit of an embarrassment for Cornell. However, at half time I was the one to be embarrassed.

It seems that the cheerleaders wanted to put on a skit (a silly juvenile show) for the 25,000 spectators (according to the 1953 yearbook). The skit involved having a car drive onto the football field, then the cheerleaders were to open the trunk where a cardboard Navy goat attached to many helium balloons would be removed and float up and over the stadium to the cheers of the home crowd. They needed a car and driver and I was approached at Jack's suggestion, thus assuring an opportunity to enhance my entertainment skills. They insisted that I dress up like a stupid man in a big red and white hat, large black-rimmed glasses, tank top and a cigar jammed in my mouth. Why dress me like a fool? Perhaps Jack had some influence in that too.

After the marching band played almost to the end of the half-time, I obediently drove out to the 50 yard line where the cheerleaders performed their lame trick of releasing the "goat". Then they ran back off the field, deserting me, a clown in my miniscule Hillman Minx clown-car. Since the band had left the field late, the two teams of giant men waited impatiently on both sides of the field for me to drive off so the game could restart.

Well, restarting was a problem that day, my friend. Was there ever a good time for a car battery to die? My battery picked that particular moment! Many thousands waited as the tiny car with its eccentrically dressed driver, too mortified to get out, just sat like a big shiny black football at mid-field. After what seemed like an hour to me, the cheerleaders came to my rescue and pushed, or perhaps carried, the miserable little Minx to the end of the field. I suspect that they disregarded Jack's plea to leave me out there. Later I reflected that I was the one Cornellian to cross the Navy goal line that day. Come on, cheerleaders: Give us a "J", give us an "A", give us a "C".....



Scene of the crime.



Cheerleading squad of jerks. Jack Allen second from left front.



My Minx

RUDOLPH THE RED NOSED REINDEER

In my junior year the Waiters sang at a formal fraternity party and they picked out a rather dazzling freshman coed to whom to sing "Good Night Little Girl". I remembered her, and her low cut strapless red evening gown. She was sitting on the floor. Two years later, two months before graduation, Swede's girlfriend arranged for me to go out on a blind date. It was the girl in the red dress. It was Barbara May who came home with me after graduation. Mom thought she was "stunning", but took a different view when Barb sat on my lap in front of her. I heard about that from Mom, and some other comments like, "You are not serious about Barbara, are you?!"

Dad, being a dentist, commented about another girl I was seeing, after the Navy, "She has quite prominent teeth, doesn't she." From then on that is all I could see, horse teeth. I asked them both to hold comments, good and bad, or I would not bring my dates home.

Barb, on a hot spring day, came to our house to meet the whole family and the Wilsons in our back yard. Everyone was shocked that she arrived wearing long white gloves. She had just dyed her hair black without protecting her hands and they had turned black. She provided me with many funny stories, which will remain untold.

Barbara's father, Robert May, wrote the story "Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer" for her when she was around 6 years old, and her mother was dying. The story appeared in the Reader's Digest around 20 years ago. I followed up and she and her husband had me for dinner in San Francisco. I asked her what she remembered about me and she said, "The Four Freshmen", not what I anticipated.

THE SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI

In the spring at Cornell, they have an orchestral concert on the Library Slope in the outdoor Natural Amphitheater. It is a scenic event, overlooking Lake Cayuga in the distance with the students sitting on blankets and dressed in jackets and dresses for the relaxed, but formal occasion. It was in 1953, my senior year, and I decided to invite a very special coed, Barbara Williamson, National Sweetheart of Sigma Chi. Engineering students did not have much spare time and advanced planning was not their strong suit, but the popular Barbara had Sunday afternoon open, so she accepted.

In picking out my wardrobe to impress my special coed, aware that image was everything, I panicked when I found that I did not have a clean long sleeve dress shirt. I ran the laundry concession for Sigma Phi, so I knew that my loyal and reliable friend, Jack Allen, had some nice highly starched dress shirts in his draw. I went to Jack and he was able to come up with a perfect starched white shirt for the occasion.

I picked up the lovely Barbara and we found a place on the grass, front row, right in front of the orchestra, so as not to miss a note. We positioned ourselves comfortably on a blanket, but the sun was strong and I decided that I would remove my jacket. There were a thousand students behind us and it was a perfect setting, with a perfect date.

After walking Barbara back to her dorm, I went back to the fraternity to change out of my sweaty shirt. When I pulled it off, yipes, what was this? There was a tear in the freshly starched shirt from the collar down to the tail. As I had sat on the ground with my arms around my knees, I had been exposing my shiny sweaty back to the audience behind me and also to the National Sweetheart of Sigma Chi. When I later asked her, yes, she had noticed, but did not want to embarrass me, and yes, I received lots of humiliating comments from friends the next day. Had Jack knowingly given me the shirt with a wardrobe malfunction? Of course he had! He admits that his only regret is not attending the concert with a camera. That was my last date with the Barbara, through not for trying. Image is not everything, it is the only thing!



The National Sweetheart of Sigma Chi

I returned to the Library Slope Natural Amphitheater without my "Sweetheart" to emcee and lead Cornell songs at Class Night before graduation. I kept my jacket on.

Mechanical Engineering was a five-year program and we had an extra year of credits than they have now in their four-year program. As we were about to retire at 65, Cornell finally recognized this, and sent us new diplomas with the title "Bachelor of Advanced Mechanical Engineering" - a tad late to be of use on the resume. Dad often asked me if I was studying Engineering or Singing. He said, "You sang your way through college.", and I surely did, and loved every minute.

The class of 1953 had 1630 students and, as of January 2013, 635 have passed away, almost 40%.

We had fun during our college years, and the Cayuga's Waiters from the '50s look forward to singing our old and familiar songs at the Class of '53 lunch for their 60th Reunion in June, 2013. Who would have thunk it!

CORNELL UNIVERSITY

CLASS NIGHT

1953

Natural Amphitheater

7:45 P.M.

JUNE 14, 1953

Program

CHIMES SELECTIONS	RALPH VICHILL
ALUMNI SONG	JOHN BROPHY, <i>Master of Ceremonies</i>
CLASS HISTORY	NANCY WEBB, DAVID KOPKO
GIVE MY REGARDS TO DAVY	JOHN BROPHY
LAST WILL AND PROPHECY	PARRY BENTON ROBERT BENZINGER
CLASS ORATIONS	SONYA BLOSER WILLIAM McCONNELL
PIPE PASSING CEREMONY	GARRIE DAVIS, <i>Pres. Class '53</i> STANLEY BYRON, <i>Pres. Class '54</i>
EVENING SONG	JOHN BROPHY
ALMA MATER	JOHN BROPHY

THANK HEAVENS FOR LITTLE GIRLS

When I was released from the Navy in June 1956, I drove across the country from Seattle in my new Sunbeam Talbot to Ithaca, NY for my "Baby Reunion" of the Class of '53. The plan was to meet John Nixon, a classmate, and a Cayuga's Waiter, also a recently released Navy Officer. From Ithaca, we were to travel to Paris to begin a 10-week tour of Europe on the cheap.

We started out in Paris by attending the wedding of a classmate then we picked up our 2CV Citroen to travel counter-clockwise around the continent. John had made a study predicting that tour groups traveled clockwise. This would present the best opportunity to meet more people (girls). We set our rules early on: if we met a pair of lovely ladies, John would be assigned the tallest, no matter what. We also had a side bet as to "who could acquire the most affection" (the results are still being disputed). Since we both were able to croon in harmony, we tried out our duet skills and decided to make "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie" our mating call. We embellished it with a cute tag at the end, and began using it to attract and ensnare the opposite sex, much like the birds of the jungle. By golly, it worked. Not only did it offer us a first meeting with girls, but also we sang in bars where customers bought us beers.

But the catch-of-the-day was in Innsbrook, Austria. We spotted two young lasses in bobby socks and saddle shoes walking down the street in a shopping area and we broke into "Wait 'til..." They actually came running and said, "Let's sing something we all can sing". We made up a mixed quartet on the spot for they were members of the touring Skidmore Women's Glee Club. They invited us to join them at a large restaurant up the block where the whole glee club of 50 lovely young ladies was assembled. It occurred to us that we may have died and gone to heaven. No waiting, the sun was shining that day, Nellie. We felt like two cats among 50 mice. Since there were more than two, we waived the sorting-by-size rule. Two of the more possessive, aggressive and less shy girls cut us from the herd and told us to meet them in Heidelberg Germany in two weeks after they finished a concert. We sang and drank and acted like Dumb and Dumber until their bus had to leave. We told them that we definitely would see them again. Adieu, mes filles.

The "mating call" had been put to the test and proved very successful. In Heidelberg, Germany we arrived at the appointed location and took up surveillance next to their bus. They arrive on schedule and my date took me down to a bar around the corner to surprise me by pointing out an old Pelham High School classmate, Mike Lawson, a dear friend who was

following the girls on tour. We had a wonderful reunion, which extended into the next day.

My advice is to always have a "mating call" at the ready to sing or hum during lonely moments, if you are single, and if you can carry a tune.

A strange coincidence was when I visited Martine's home in Cannes in the late '60's, I knew the neighborhood because John and I had stayed at a Youth Hostel just down the street. She would have been around 12 years old when we were there.



John and I sent this card from Italy to a girl we both had dated at Cornell. We wrote, "We are still fighting over you". I think her mother incepted it, because she never received it.



THE THINGS WE DID LAST SUMMER

My parents had a summer home at a place called Merriewold, which had 45 cottages and a small lake. Every summer I would lead the residents in a sing-along on a Saturday night at the rustic lakeside clubhouse. In the early 1970's I arrived with all of the song-sheets (You Are My Sunshine, etc) and began setting up the chairs. I was then informed, however, that someone else, a new homeowner, would be directing the singing. I thought to myself, who could be as skilled as I at leading the camp songs? "His name is Neil Sedaka", I was informed. "Does he know anything about music?", was my naive question, having never heard of the musical giant of the day.

Soon the children were lining up to receive autographed copies of Neil's latest album, and they proceeded to sing his songs, and they knew every word (including my children Randy and Liz), and they did not even have song sheets, and I could not sing a note, nor a word! I felt like drowning myself in the lake, or hanging myself from the "swing rope", but I knew they would continue singing and never miss a beat.

Merriewold attracted a theatrical group from Broadway. I remember singing Saturday nights with Carol Burnett, and Mary Rodgers Gettle, Richard Rodger's daughter. I played tennis regularly with Walter Prude, theatrical agent and the husband of world famous choreographer Agnes DeMille ("Oklahoma" was one of her hits). Walter introduced me to Isaac Stern of violin fame. We played tennis as partners and I called him "Ike", since I had not heard of him either, and wondered why he wore a glove on his playing hand. The Broadway show producer, writer and director George Abbott ("Damn Yankees" was one of his hits) lived next door to us and one day in 1959 he brought two composers to our house to use our piano to work on a new show, "Fiarello". George would take some showgirls down to our "pitch-n-put" golf course with a bucket of balls and shank them, the balls, from the first tee while the showgirls used their beautiful shapely and limber limbs to fetch the balls for him. I'll bet he never even thought about sending out ball-retrieving dogs.



Merriewold Lake where we frolicked and sang with the best of Broadway in summers. The pitch-n-put golf course is the light patch at the top.. The clubhouse is at the top of the lake.



Merriewold Club House, where we sang, danced and romanced in the summer evenings on Saturday nights. It was a paradise. There was a “swinging rope” hanging from the tree limb so that we could swing out over the lake.



View of Merriewold Lake. Our summerhouse was just around the “point” of the L-shaped lake, upper left. We would travel by rowboat, canoe, sailing kayak, Sailfish, or sailing canoe to the beach from our boathouse. Our summerhouse was appropriately named “Shangri-La”.

HOW DO YOU SOLVE A PROBLEM LIKE MARIA?

There was a Catholic camp, St. Joseph's, a few miles down the road from Merriewold. One day two nuns, guests of a member, visited our lakefront. In the beauty of the setting they noticed the "swinging rope" hanging temptingly from the sturdy branch over the lake. As they approached it, one of the young swimmers grabbed the end of the rope and pushed it over for them to reach. Without so much as a prayer, the two nuns took the end of the rope together, and pushed from the wall out over the water to swing free.

We all knew that, with two on the rope, the push-off is rarely strong enough to bring the hemp pendulum back to the starting point. The laws of physics took over, and of course the adventurous spiritual ladies, their giggles turning into screams, plummeted from the rope into the lake, fully uniformed, like black parachutes. Sadly, they found that they could not fly, as they had seen on the TV, nor could they walk on water, as one of their own had done years before. They had to return to their Mother Superior in wet disgrace. I honestly do not think that a preliminary prayer would have helped.

LETTER TO A FRIEND

Sarah Vaughan! The "Divine One". My favorite female singer. I am sending this CD recorded in mid-'50's because you have the musical sense that will appreciate how perfectly balanced the vocal to instrumental accompaniments are. Pianist Jimmy Jones and his small band are remarkable in their restraint. They are on the first four cuts which came from a 10" LP around 1953, which I almost played through to the other side. I sang Sarah's lines with our 1953 jazz combo, The Vulgar Note Men, including: "Ain't Misbehaving", "Stormy Weather", "Nice Work if You Can Get It", and "It Might As Well Be Spring".

I carried the record on my ship LSD-8 to Japan, and when I listened to a Japanese lady singer at an Army club at a base near Tokyo, I returned a week later and gave it to her. Another week later I returned, with Marine Jack Allen and an Army friend John Shannon, from our summer home ~~teen age~~ years (coincidences piled up to bring the three of us together). The singer was now singing like Sarah Vaughan and doing all of the numbers. We ended the evening by going out dancing and I fixed up Jack with a blind date who did not speak a word of English (payback for the blind dates he had arranged for me) and she clung onto him like a drowning cat. She was a nurse and wanted Jack to call her at the hospital forgetting that they could not communicate. John was with his Japanese girlfriend whom he later married. There are so many stories from that period, but most of all the music we listened to was outstanding and I remember it well. Sure hope you appreciated it, and perhaps it will bring back a few fond memories.

George Shearing! Here is a bonus CD. I revisited this recording because I just finished his autobiography. In 1949 George put together his original quintet and developed the "Shearing Sound" using "locked hands" styling or "block chords" within an octave while the vibes, Marjorie Hyams, and guitar, Chuck Wayne, played melody in unison. John Levy's bass parts were specifically arranged and Denzil Best filled in a light drum. Not only was the sound unique, but also the timing was critical and demanded a lot rehearsal time.

They disconnected the rotating vane motor of the vibes so there was no vibrato between the piano, guitar and vibes, which added to their distinct sound. The first 7 cuts on the recording are with the original quintet.

EASTER PARADE

The Easter holy day at the massive St. John's Episcopal Church in 1965 was very special. The dowagers contributed heavily to the Church, and in return they heard a marvelous service and the choir of twenty boys and eight men, accompanied by genius choir-director/organist Rodney Hanson. Rodney could play with both feet, both hands on three levels of keyboards while listening with both ears for missing notes, sing a part at the same time, and even, it was said, crack walnuts between his knees simultaneously. A most remarkable and invaluable contributor to the occasion. The ranks of organ pipes were used to their optimum.

Bob Wood sang bass and he was the most talented sight-reader of music I had ever met. I stood next to him, dressed in a vestment of a white cotta over black cassock, and as we sang the hymns, his every note was perfect, but so was mine, because I had the God-given ability of listening to, and sing his note a mere nano-second after him, and he never knew. Except that I confessed years later to him and he said, "I knew".

That Easter service was pure magical pageantry. It began with the procession advancing triumphantly down the center isle towards the front of the church to the altar, in full regalia, spreading smoking incense in its path, led by two beautiful teenaged acolytes looking like runway models in their white robes carrying staffs with crosses on high. You could almost see the halos. It was a solemn cortege stepping to the measured tempo of the huge organ. As the two lovely girls passed before us, Bob interrupted his singing to acknowledge to me in a whisper, "If they are virgins, I'm a water buffalo!"

If anyone in the congregation had been looking my way, they would have seen an adult man in the choir turning purple, and choking, trying his best not to explode into laughter. It was a "What's-wrong-with-this-picture" moment, and what started as a scene from a Norman Rockwell painting became a New Yorker cartoon.

MR. PIANO MAN

Around 1971 I began a quest for a cheap upright piano. For \$75 I bought a rather ratty 5 ft tall upright piano which needed lots of TLC. The veneer was missing in patches and the bass strings had lost their resonance years before. I borrowed a truck and we wheeled it into our basement off the garage. We picked out some heavy blue/gray rough sawn wood vinyl wallpaper and gave a new external life, quite a unique finish for a piano. I located Ford Piano in NYC and purchased a new set of bass strings and, in the process, piano tuning and repair tools as well as a book on tuning and a frequency meter. Finally I was able to combine my professional engineering and music avocation.

After sorting out the old upright, replacing strings and tuning it, I made the circuit of my family and friend's pianos to further develop my tuning skills. Then sister Pat, who was teaching music at Greenwich Country Day School, asked me to tune the pianos at the school. I agreed, thinking there were perhaps 3 or 4, but when I visited I found 21 pianos, mostly Steinway grands. The school once had a campaign asking friends in this wealthy community to donate their pianos to the school. There were many small rooms with two grands, one for the teacher and one for the student, and they had to be tuned to each other. Although the pianos had been maintained by a tuner who had retired to Florida, there were plenty of repairs to be made and many weekends of work ahead. It was a wonderful learning experience and once I finished the whole lot, it was time to tune them for the next season. At \$10 each, one season was enough for me. But now that I had experience and confidence, I decided to list in the Yellow Pages as "Accurate Electronic Piano Tuning", alphabetically being the first, and I charged \$50 per tuning plus repairs and key surface replacements, including ivory. I even joined The Piano Technicians Guild and attended their monthly meetings in New Haven.

One night we had a party resulting in a major project, I do not know the details or the motivation, but Martine sold the lovely blue/gray upright to neighbors up the street. The next day the new owner appeared at our door with his 10 year old son and a piano-moving skateboard-dolly. I don't think he knew that pianos are not made of rigid foam and that they are very heavy. This one was around 700 pounds. Being the weekend, it was possible to gather a number of male neighbors, and 6 of us began pushing it up the incline of Rowayton Avenue with cars with curious drivers passing us on both sides. We had to stay on the crown of the road or the dolly would drift down to the curb. After a half a mile we arrived at the driveway of the piano's new home. The driveway was gravel! We would have to carry it! So we recruited two more men and lifted the great instrument, taking 6 baby-steps at a time, then resting. We finally arrived at the front door and found that the great instrument was too large to fit through, but not too large if we removed the doorframe, which we did. No way were we returning it to my house. We rolled it into their family room and the next day I tuned it and never saw it again. There is a good chance that it is still there.



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J. O. BROPHY

I HEAR MUSIC

We were just sitting down for dinner one night when a call came in from the Westport County Playhouse. They were starting a rock-and roll-concert for teenagers in an hour and a half and needed their 8 ft concert grand piano tuned on the stage. They pleaded and I was there in half an hour. No time for a proper tuning, but I would do the best I could. The band came out on stage to practice and warm up as I tried to listen to the frequencies. Fortunately I had my electronic frequency-meter and could make some adjustment. Then the band left the stage and the teenyboppers were admitted to the theater, rushing and screaming to fill up the seats in front. As I pulled out my rubber and wire wedge mutes from between the strings, one accidentally fell between the strings, thus disabling the center octave of the once grand concert grand. In a sweat I fidgeted with a bent rod to try to fish it out, but could not catch it and it would fall back across the keys again. The Microphone being situated at my mouth, the tender young ears were treated to some profanity. Finally I decided that I had to remove the keyboard and I crawled under the piano to locate the screws. They were not there! No way to take out the action. By now I was hearing the steady beat of hands clapping implying that the young audience wanted their rock band. I made one more desperate attempt with the bent rod and this time I was able to grab the runaway mute.

As I packed up my tools, I was rewarded with a thunderous applause. I gave them my best Elvis, "Thank-you-very-much", into the microphone, and bowed deeply. I walked off stage and one of the band members gave me a beer as I kept walking to the car.

STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT

In my first job in 1957 I had been away for three months and flew from New Orleans to NY, via Miami and DC. A cute young redhead came aboard our almost empty plane after dark in Miami, and she sat next to me. She had stoked up on a couple of martinis to overcome her fear of flying, as well as fear of her seat-mate. As we became airborne I felt a finger on my cheek and a soft warm voice saying, "You know, you look so much like Julius La Rosa!"

There, that is the musical link that qualifies this story for inclusion into "Blending Voices."

To make a long story short (and sanitized), she became quite cuddly and expressed great affection, which I, quite naturally, felt obliged to return. The plane was dark, no need for reading lights, and.....blah, blah, blah and yadda, yadda, yadda. This was a slow prop-plane. A hot-air balloon would have been fine, under the circumstances. She left the plane in DC without giving me her telephone number. I proceeded to NY humming "Come Fly with Me". She had eliminated my fear of flying as well.

Thank you, Julius. I owe you one.



Julius La Rosa from the Arthur Godfrey Show



Moi

IT DON'T MEAN A THING IF IT AIN'T GOT THAT SWING



THE PINK VOLCANO 1967 AND 1997

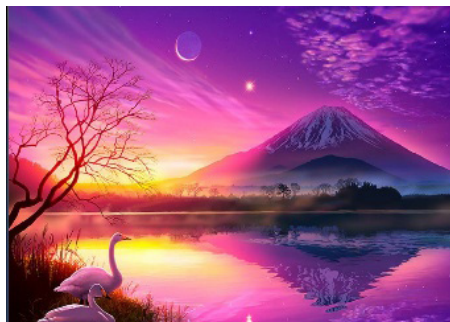
Bob, Priscilla, Rosalie, Joan and I rehearsed Bob's beautiful 5-part jazz arrangements every Tuesday for two years before Martine and I were married. We only performed for the opening of a new jazz club (left above) in Norwalk, CT. Before we broke up we recorded a demo with a combo, but we could not get through "The Story of the Three Bears" without contagious laughter, so we left it in the recording. My favorite was "Where is Love" from *Oliver*. We could not find a name we all liked, so in the era of the "Electric Prunes" and other silly names, we settled on "The Pink Volcano".

Bob (from the Easter Parade story) moved to Wyoming with his family.

Priscilla taught music at the elementary school on our street in New Canaan (a coincidence) and had her students participate in my "Voices for Relief in America" with sister Babs accompanying. She married my Kent classmate and I was their best man.

Rosalie went on to sing in the chorus of the New York City Opera. She is also a creative arts and crafts professional.

Joan stayed in the area. She is a very good sight-reader on her Steinway Grand, which helped us when we rehearsed at her home for two years. When we moved back from Chicago, she and I joined the Connecticut Choraliers and she accompanied me for my audition, when I sang the hauntingly beautiful "The Promise (I'll Never Say 'Goodbye')" by David Shire with lyrics by the Bergmans.



“THE PROMISE” (I'll Never Say “Good-bye”)

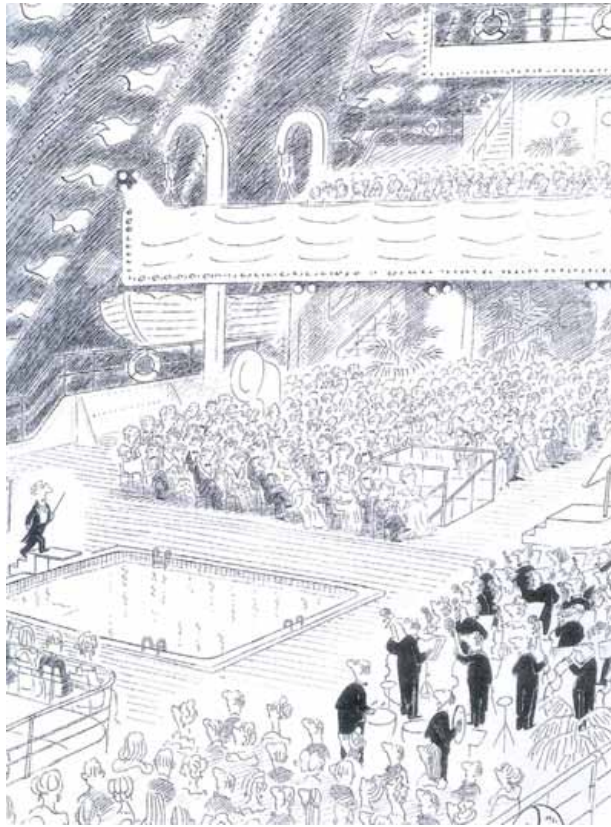
Say "good-bye"?
 Why I can barely say "good-night".
 If I can hardly take my eyes from yours, how
 far can I go? Walk away? The thought would never
 cross my mind. I couldn't turn my back on spring or fall,
 your smile, least of all. When I say "always", I mean
 forever. I trust tomorrow as much as today. I'm not afraid
 to say "I love you". And I promise you, I'll never say "Good
 -bye". We're dancers on a crowded floor. While other
 dancers live from song to song, our music goes on,
 on and on. And if I never leave your arms, I really
 will have traveled everywhere, for my world is
 there. When I say "always" I mean forever.
 I trust tomorrow as much as today.
 I'm not afraid to say "I love
 you". And I promise you,
 I'll never say "good-
 bye". How could
 I ever say
 "good-
 bye"
 ?

Dedicated to my ever-lovin' Martine

INTERMISSION

“Blending Voices” will return in 20 years

PICK YOURSELF UP



It was the premier performance for the Illinois Naperville Men's Glee Club in 1987, an ensemble of 30 male voices, which I had helped to found. The concert was held at the high school auditorium and the town provided a large audience to start us off. Our uniform was a black tuxedo adorned with a red rose. We were quite spiffy.

Our first two numbers were well received, but there was still nervous tension on stage. Our director then announced that I would direct the Club in the rousing Dartmouth's "Hanover Winter Song", and she moved into the ranks to sing as I came forth.

This song involved a fair amount of flailing of my arms, and as we started the song, "Ho, a song by the fire; pass the pipes, pass the bowl...", I felt a strange restriction moving down my legs and settling at my knees. My cummerbund hook had released causing the accessory to straddle me in full cry. It was obvious to the audience and the Glee Club, which stopped singing and broke into lyrical laughter as the accompanist broke into bump-and-grind stripper music from "Gypsy". I twirled the offending cummerbund several times over my head and flung it into the Glee Club. The sympathetic audience pegged out the laugh meter. When everyone settled down, we restarted the song, and the nervous tension of our first night's performance had dissipated.

LET THE MAGIC CONTINUE

This is our fourth annual Valentine Concert. The tradition originated with the thought that most choral groups have a Christmas concert, but being such romantics, we felt that Valentine's Day should not be neglected. There is so much beautiful music that lends itself to the occasion.

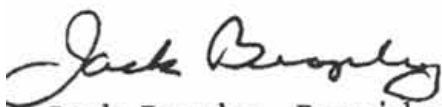
The Naperville Men's Glee Club is continually having new and exciting experiences. "The Magic", we call it. This summer we were asked to perform for "an old lady in her final days, and to 30,000 of her friends"! She turned out to be Comiskey Park, where we sang "O Canada" and "The Star Spangled Banner". We rehearsed by singing at a charity softball game which included the wives of the White Sox.

Shortly after that, the NMGC responded to the needs of the tornado victims by organizing and hosting "Voices for Relief", a benefit concert with eight local choruses. This resulted in a gift of \$1200 and a piano to the Plainfield High School Chorus, and \$2400 to United Way for the neediest. Paula Zahn, a former Naperville resident, invited the NMGC to perform on the CBS This Morning Show in front of the devastated Plainfield High School.

A moving performance followed at the Marine Corps Birthday Ball with the singing of the Marine Corps and Navy Hymns. The chapel at the Naper Settlement, and a luncheon combining the local Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, gave us settings for Christmas music.

Looking ahead, the NMGC is talking to the U.S. Naval Academy Men's Glee Club about a possible joint concert in the spring. There will be a full spring concert for our friends and we look forward to seeing you back for an all-new program.

Unfortunately, a job transfer has moved me to Connecticut. Someone made the point that if entire drug rings can be run from prison, then...(hmm). I'll be separated from an extremely talented group of friends, and a truly inspiring director with a solid organization to make The Magic continue. How could I ever say "good-bye"?



Jack Brophy, President
The Naperville Men's Glee Club



The NMGC performing the Canadian and American National Anthems for the last day of the old Comiskey Park, Chicago, to open the Blue Jays vs. White Sox game in 1990. Attendance exceeded 30,000. I sat behind a steel column and could not see home plate. The new stadium would avoid that problem, I would assume.



"The Great Piano Roundup and Organ Transplant"
Instruments donated by the NMGC to:

All American Nursing Home	Chicago	Organ, Wurlitzer
Americana Health Center	Naperville	Organ, Kimball 300
Church of The Brethren	Naperville	Spinnet Piano
Community Convalescent Ctr	Naperville	Console Piano
Community Convalescent Ctr	Naperville	Spinnet Piano
Lithuanian World Center	Lemont	Upright Piano
NCTV Channel 17	Naperville	Spinnet Piano
Robert Vokal (blind child)	Lombard	Organ, Conn Model 465
St. Jerome's Church	Chicago	Baldwin C-630 Church Organ
Warrenville Community Center	Warrenville	Upright Piano
Leon Patel	Naperville	Hammond L100
Independence Village	Naperville	Spinnet Piano
Plainfield High School	Plainfield	Console Piano

HOW DO YOU KEEP THE MUSIC PLAYING

From my piano tuning experience, I could suggest the values of instruments donated to the Not-for-Profit NMGC, and the donors could take a tax deduction. We, in turn, would find new homes where they would be used and appreciated. It was a win-win situation.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY MEN'S GLEE CLUB

IN CONCERT WITH

The Naperville Men's Glee Club

May 17, 1991

The Combined Glee Clubs *Our National Anthem*

The Naperville Men's Glee Club

Oh, Won't You Sit Down
The Prayer of the Cricket
The Promise

ARR. R. LEE GILLIAM
MICHAEL COX
DAVID SHINE
(ALAN AND MARILYN BERGMAN)

2²

WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT

The OCELT

When Day Is Done
Sunny Side Up

ARR. B. KLEE
ARR. GENE PUEDLING

The NAVAL ACADEMY MEN'S GLEE CLUB (Please refer to the Academy's program for selections)

INTERMISSION

Take Eight

Medley The Duke of Earl
Johnny B. Goode
Surfin' U.S.A.
Silhouettes

ARR. ROGER EMERSON

The Naperville Men's Glee Club

I Want To Be Ready
FA LINA CANZONE
Ride the Chariot
Mississippi Mud (Mostly)

ARR. MICHAEL RICHARDSON
ONAZIO YECCHI
ARR. W.H. SMITH
ARR. B. KLEE

The NAVAL ACADEMY MEN'S GLEE CLUB

(Please refer to the Academy's
program for selections)

The Combined Glee Clubs

Battle Hymn of the Republic
There Is Nothin' Like a Dame

ARR. PETER J. WILLIHOUSKY
ARR. WILLIAM STICKLES

The Naperville Men's Glee Club gratefully acknowledges

AMERICAN LEGION POST #43
NAPERVILLE, ILLINOIS

for its assistance in providing dinner for the Naval Academy Glee Club



The joint concert with the US Naval Academy was inspirational and emotional for me, since I had once worn the midshipman uniform. The Gulf War had just started, and many of their singers might soon be in danger. By luck, when I called the USNA Glee Club director to obtain an arrangement of the Marine Corps Hymn, which we needed for singing at their annual Birthday Ball, he mentioned that they just had an opening in their tour schedule to sing in our area. We then organized the joint concert. The local TV station won an award for their three-camera video recording of the concert. I was honored and thrilled to direct the final joint number, "The Irish Blessing" (*May the road rise before you, may the wind be always at your back...*), a fitting piece to end the concert..

ILL (IL) WIND

One fall day in 1990 I received a phone call in my office, which my secretary said was from CBS. I thought someone was kidding me. It was the producer of the "This Morning Show" in NYC hosted by Paula Zahn. They had heard that the Naperville Men's Glee Club was organizing a multi-chorus show for the benefit of the tornado victims in Plainfield, next to Naperville, where 28 people lost their lives. He wanted to know if the NMGC could sing one song on their morning broadcast two days from then at a place of our choosing.

Of course I agreed, and selected a field outside of the severely damaged Plainfield High School with its flagpole at a 45-degree angle and the flag at half-mast. The football team and cheerleaders, around 150 children, had been practicing the day before school was to open when the storm drove them into the gym. The winds were raging and a teacher from Kansas had all of the students leave the gym and stand next to an inside wall. As they closed the door the steel and concrete ceiling of the gym collapsed and not one child was injured. Three of the staff at the school, a science teacher, custodian and a secretary were killed in the tornado, which followed.

At 4:00 in the morning I met at the hotel with the CBS team and led their satellite trucks to the site. Our 25 singers, in their tuxedos, were assembling the risers in front of the school when we arrived. One of our singers was a bit tardy and arrived in his tuxedo without a tie. This would not look well on national TV, so I rushed out to my car where I normally had an extra tie in my briefcase. It was not there. What I found was wide black leather piece, which was attached to the shoulder strap for carrying comfort. There was a security guard nearby and I asked if by chance he had a penknife. He did! It was razor sharp, and I was able to carve a leather "bow tie" with a tab to hook behind a shirt. Our tenor clipped it on and took his place in the back row as they equipped me and the director with hearing and microphone gear.

Paula Zahn interviewed us from NYC after weatherman Mark McEwan introduced us. Then we sang "Steal Away" to audiences across the country. The mosquitoes were so bad that they looked like snowflakes on the TV screen until we heard, "We're on", we were constantly waving our hands to fend them off. When the show started we were obliged to stand with arms at our sides and let the mosquitoes have their way with us. We did exhibit some unnatural nose movements and facial contortions, and the audience must have assumed that we had an unusually high percentage of the members strangely prone to tics.

We had a good turnout at the eight-chorus concert, and we donated a piano to the school and a nice check to the most needy. The leather bow tie was added to our NMGC memorabilia collection.

The NMGC is still viable and just had a 25th anniversary concert and performed at the Kennedy Center in Washington DC.



AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

Just after we were transferred from IL to CT, Hurricane Andrew devastated parts of Florida in 1992. From my experience in organizing the “Voices for Relief” for tornado victims in Illinois with the NMGC, using a multi-chorus benefit concert, I decided to organize a 6-chorus benefit in New Canaan. I called it "Voices for Relief in America" and tried to make it a countrywide event. There was some national recognition regarding “making a difference”.

I did not know anyone in town then, so it was a one-man organization, hiring the Saxe Middle School School auditorium, police, janitors, designing the programs and tickets, finding choruses and attending their rehearsals, etc. We had programs and ads just like the NMGC, and I was the emcee, not a singer. I gave the proceeds to Americares and offered to make it an annual event for them. They never responded, and what could have been a popular and profitable event, never materialized. I regret not having tried again, because enthusiastic people came to me at the reception after the concert who offered to help the next year. It could have become a positive tradition in town.

Sister Babs was our photographer and also accompanied the South Elementary School Chorus in the singing of “America the Beautiful”, directed by the music teacher who used to sing in my Pink Volcano Quintet here years ago. Programs were donated by a printer with pictures and write-ups of the 6 choruses. Nephew Steve designed our fitting logo of the American flag mounted on a quarter note.

The hit was a gospel chorus from Bridgeport, which I came upon by coincidence (another story). They had the Episcopal Church Choir dancing in the aisles in their blue robes. A friend, and classmate from Kent, made a video of the concert. It was challenging and time consuming, but the end result was worth the effort. I appreciated that the president of my company, Nash Engineering, was in the audience with his wife, unaware of how much company time I had spent on the project. This endeavor was one of my proudest, although it felt natural and something I could and should do.

OTHER NEWS:

“Voices for Relief in America” presented a benefit concert for victims of Hurricane Andrew on Nov. 14 at Saxe Middle School in New Canaan.

Local choral groups from Bridgeport, Norwalk, and New Canaan, Conn., donated their time and talent for the evening. The concert was organized by John O. Brophy, a New Canaan executive, who is active in choral groups and previously organized a highly successful choral benefit in 1990 for tornado victims in Illinois.

“We selected AmeriCares, not just because they are based locally,” said Mr. Brophy, “but because they are able to cut through the red tape of disaster relief situations and provide health and medical relief assistance.

“Reacting immediately on August 28 they airlifted 42,100 pounds of aid to South Florida. We are proud to have this opportunity to help in this massive effort, and thereby make our own effort worthwhile.”

Americares published this announcement.

"Voices for Relief in America"

**Hurricane
Andrew
Benefit Concert**



Saturday, November 14, 1992
8:00 p.m.
Saxe Middle School
Farm Road
and South Avenue (Rte. 124)
New Canaan, CT

An Inspiring Evening of Choral Variety

Featuring

RCG Ensemble, Bridgeport — Gospel Choir

By Popular Demand, Darien — Vocal Jazz

Crystal Theatre Players, Norwalk — "Ellis Island" Excerpts

St. Mark's Episcopal Church Choir, New Canaan

New Canaan High School Madrigal Ensemble — Classical

South School Singers & Advanced Recorder Club — Patriotic

Proceeds will be donated to AmeriCares in New Canaan to be used exclusively for the victims of Hurricane Andrew.



Photos by Melanie Barocas

P.S. An observation about multi-chorus benefit concerts ...

Choral music comes in many sounds and feelings. Classical to jazz, the source is the same, the human voice, the most versatile musical instrument.

The leadership abilities of choral directors are impressive. They are intelligent, articulate, and organized. They must deal with a rainbow of personalities and mold their voices into a harmonic blend free of strident standouts. Directors are true communicators, the "unsung" heroes and heroines of the concert.

Most people who sing in choruses do it because they feel compelled to use and improve God given talents. They love to rehearse.

During a concert they can develop an extraordinary bond with the music and the director's interpretation. Choral singers are focused in a way that few of life's experiences demand. A concert is exhilarating and emotional for singers and director, and often the audience can sense this and be drawn into the power of the moment.

A multi-chorus concert is rewarding because we are allowed to hear the different techniques and sounds of each organization. The audience can observe what directors see ... the faces, the eyes, the intensity, the inner energy of each singer. I have sung in choruses, with the opportunity to do some directing. Facing a chorus, one is conscious of the facial expressions of the singers. They vary greatly during a concert, depending upon the depth of the presentation. There is always a reflection of preparedness, confidence, feeling for the music, and how each relates to the piece. Life's joys and sorrows are illuminated during the building of the relationship between singer and music.

When a concert is for a beneficial cause, there is an added dimension of giving to the receiving. The shared awareness of the sensitivity of the human spirit will surely stay with us tonight as we depart.

J.B.



Dear Friends of "Voices for Relief in America":

In a recent "Choral Journal" of the American Choral Directors Association there was an inspiring statement. When Hurricane Andrew attacked the southeast, leaving indescribable devastation to property and lives, this quote came to mind and became the "marching orders" to organize this benefit concert. It read:

"I will do more than belong - I will participate.
I will do more than care - I will help."

A proposal was drafted to organize multi-chorus benefit concerts across the country on November 14. It was sent to the heads of the major choral directors organizations - ACDA, America Sings, Sweet Adelines and SPEBSQA. So you may hear of similar concerts performed on this day. November 14, by coincidence, has been selected as the second annual community volunteer "Make a Difference" day by USA Weekend Magazine, the weekend insert for approximately 800 newspapers, assisted by the Points of Light Foundation in Washington. We are pleased that tonight's concert was chosen as an example in last weekend's issue.

After discussing with a number of emergency service organizations how proceeds would be distributed, AmeriCares was selected - not just because they are locally headquartered, but because they are able to cut through the red-tape of disaster relief and provide health care and medical assistance. AmeriCares' overhead is just 1.5%, and they have been named the most cost-effective health and medical charity in the country. We are proud to have this opportunity to help them, enriching ourselves in the process.

I would like to thank the choral directors and the more than 200 singers, and also the behind-the-scenes helpers. Each showed enthusiasm and gave support from the beginning. Their program is unique in that it provides a wide range of choral music, combining the talents of youth and adults. It gives the audience a series of "demos" with the expectation that you will attend concerts of each of these choruses in the future.

Maybe, just maybe, "Voices for Relief in America" concerts could become an annual event in New Canaan. What do you think?

Thank you for your participation and your help,

Jack Brophy

Jack Brophy
Concert Organizer

John O. Brophy
146 Gower Rd.
New Canaan, CT 06840

Tel: 203 966-0800 Home
203 852-3729 Work

June 21, 1993

Mr. Robert C. Macauley
AmeriCares
161 Cherry Street
New Canaan, CT 06840

Dear Mr. Macauley,

I received your letter of June 17 with the touching story of Sead Bekric. The fine work of Steve Skakel, whom I have worked with on "Voices for Relief in America" concert last year, and others in your organization can certainly be applauded.

The audience at the end of the concert gave a rousing cheer when asked if we should have it again next year. The concert was hastily organized for the benefit of Hurricane Andrew victims and the net proceeds of \$2,300 were given to AmeriCares. Done properly, with AmeriCares' mailing list of volunteers, and support from local newspapers and business establishments, we could raise considerably more. I recently emceed the second annual "Concert for Life" at the Quick Center, Fairfield University, a benefit for the Yale Comprehensive Cancer Center. The first year netted around \$7,000 and this year was close to \$15,000.

Rather than having a "Voices for Relief in America" concert to benefit a specific disaster, it might serve to produce it annually in support of the ongoing work of AmeriCares. Local residents are certainly tuned in to the work of AmeriCares and the need for funding. Late January or early February could be better than November, allowing choruses to establish their programs, and people look for reasons to get out of their houses at that time of the year.

I just wanted to bounce this thought off you and your staff and receive your comments. I'll be more than willing to organize another "Voices for Relief in America" concert, but I would require lots of help.

I am taking early retirement from Nash Engineering in Norwalk at the end of the year and perhaps there are other ways in which I can serve AmeriCares. In the meantime, enclosed is a contribution of \$100.

Sincerely,

cc: Steve Skakel

This letter had no response. I regret not following up,
but I had a job, and this was very time consuming.



"Voices for Relief in America"

Hurricane
Andrew
Benefit Concert



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St. Mark's Episcopal Church Choir, New Canaan

New Canaan High School Madrigal Ensemble — Classical

South School Singers & Advanced Recorder Club — Patriotic



Proceeds will be donated to AmeriCares in New Canaan
to be used exclusively for the victims of Hurricane Andrew.

A copy of this picture set was sent to each participant as a "Thank You" souvenir.

THE OLD SONGS

Imagine that the Class of '53 was entertained by a singing group made up of old grads singing for their first reunion, and suppose that they are called the Cayuga's Waiters from the '90's, the 1890's, that is. This puts into perspective what has been going on for the past eight years as the "Cayuga's Waiters from the '50's" entertain the returning classes at the Cornell June reunions, almost sixty years after their own graduation.

It all started in 2001 when the ensemble from 1953-54 met for the first time in 47 years at a resort in Vermont. All of the living members, 9 of the original 12 were present. It was decided to meet yearly and to invite other members who sang with the Waiters in the 1950's. Then in 2005 they were invited to sing at the Cornell Reunion Weekend and have done so each year since then. After an intense first rehearsal Thursday the 16 to 20 members have performed at the Savage Club Show, the CRC luncheon, three classes and finally one song at Cornelliana night for all of the alumni. They dust off their old repertoire from their recordings made from 1952-'60 and bring back fond memories and strong emotions to the classes from that era. Show tunes, "Hello, Young Lovers", "Every Time We Say Good Bye", "Halls of Ivy", "I Got Rhythm" and the Four Freshmen's "Blue World" and "The Day Isn't Long Enough" and "Gigi from the Figi Isles" are some of the popular numbers, but they always finish by selecting a lady in the audience to make blush with their traditional "Good Night Little Girl...I thought I could win you with all that gin in you...". One year Dr. Robin Davisson, President Skorton's wife, was delighted to become their victim at Cornelliana.

They wear their classic "uniforms", blue blazers with their pocket crests, but an obvious change in the line-up is their first lady singer in what had remained an all-male group. Carl Fuchs '55 passed away four years ago and his sister, Liz Fuchs Fillo '58, a professional singer and composer, was invited to sing Carl's part and become a member, a wonderful addition to the tenor section. The Cayuga's Waiters were formed in 1949, and last year Willy Hodges '52, a charter member, joined the Waiters on stage at reunion. Thirty-two members have returned at least once to sing at reunions.

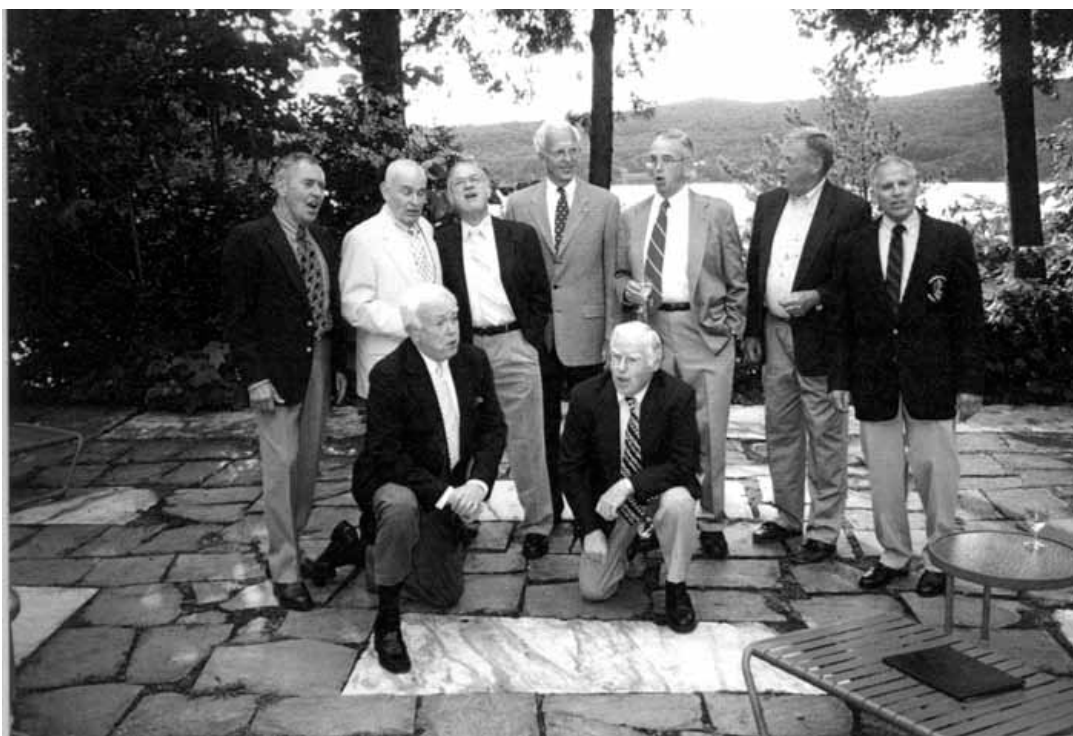
At the 2013 Reunion, the Cayuga's Waiters from the '50's will perform for the classes of '48,'53,'58, Continuous Reunion Club and College of Human Ecology. They have added a hauntingly beautiful and inspiring Four Freshmen arrangement of "America the Beautiful" followed by the audience joining in, and their tag at the end. It was first performed at Cornelliana in 2010 and Glee Club Director Scott Tucker noted that, "It certainly left

everyone with a good feeling". Alumni have commented that they are a class act, and it is remarkable that these gentlemen, who love to sing and entertain, make the trip each year, some from as far away as Florida and California. It is heartening that the Cayuga's Waiters still exists and are immensely popular on campus today. Will they return to sing in 60 years? Let's hope so.

CAYUGA'S WAITERS, 1953-54



Standing: Carl Fuchs, Morton Kimball, Charles Wolf, Fred Thomas, Richard Miller, Hugh Whitney, Mason Colby, Donald Wechter, David Schmidt. **Kneeling:** Irving Pettit, Donald Graves, Director John Brophy.



In 2001 the nine living members from 1953-54 assembled at Basin Harbor, Vermont, as guests of Charlie Wolf. We took up the same positions. We have met every year since then adding other members from the classes of the '50's.

THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC

It was at the 740 capacity Quick Center at Fairfield University. The event, "Concert For Life", around 1999, was a fund-raiser for the Yale-New-Haven Cancer Center, in which a number of local entertainers performed. The vocal group was our "Swing Fever", a SATB quartet in which I sang bass, sort of reminiscent of the "Modernaires" from the '40's. It was the best blend of voices I had ever experienced. Our soprano, alto and tenor, Fred, were experienced and accomplished musicians, on CD recordings with Fred singing both tenor and bass with an overdub, before I joined them. We sang with Bobby Kay's 17-piece big-band once a month. The first outing for me was a shock because the monitors were behind us to make room for dancers. We were in front of the brass section, and I could not hear our voices, but the audience could. We "owned" (knew it) the music, so I assumed we did well starting off with "Sunny Side of the Street." What an experience.

The Quick Center was our largest audience to date, and the first time under spotlights. Before we were announced, Fred went into a dressing room and spent some time getting ready. As we walked on stage to sing, I looked at Fred and did a double-take. He had used mascara on his eyes and looked like he had just stepped out of the set from "Dracula". I whispered, "Fred! What's with the eyes?" He whispered back that the spotlights wash out his eyes unless he used some makeup. I could not sing if I looked at him, it was horrid, so I concentrated on the audience stage right.

The following year I emceed the event and the performers were professional studio jingle singers and instrumentalists from New York. None on stage looked like they had just been punched-out.

Our program at the Quick:

SWING FEVER

"My Sugar is So Refined" S. Dee/Lippman
"Can't Get Out of This Mood"
"Straighten Up and Fly Right" Nat King Cole
"Juke Box Saturday Night" Glen Miller



Swing Fever

This musical group brings their audiences swing and jazz favorites, past and present, in their special smooth blend of harmonies. All are members of the Connecticut Choraliers.

Alice Schweitzer, lead, attended the Dana School of Music in Ohio and sang professionally in the Midwest before she moved to New York with her two sisters where the trio performed on stage, radio and television.

Fred Catto, tenor, attended the Manhattan School of Music and has written and arranged for many choral groups in the northeast.

Linda Talbott, alto, was a first-place finalist with her Sweet Adeline quartet. Among the stages she has graced is the Royal Albert Hall in London.

Jack Brophy, bass, started singing in the glee club at Kent School as soon as his voice changed.

HAVE YOURSELF A MERRY LITTLE CHRISTMAS

She was a big woman, very big, full bodied and wide bodied, with big red hair, a big name ‘Anastasia’, and a big soprano voice, big enough to crack glass windows in the town hall where she sang with the Connecticut Choraliers, a mixed community chorus. She had a big stage presence. She did not have to come to all of the rehearsals, or help set up and tear down before and after concerts. She was a diva. She was the Director’s wife! At the annual Christmas shows, in the finale, she would emote “O Holy Night”, starting out in a soft mellow voice and crank it up with rafter-shaking air-raid siren vibrato. In a cabaret venue, the audience, spellbound by this great vocal instrument, which demanded them to “...fall on your knees...” found it logistically difficult to comply, although the will was strong.

The husband/director, a tiny man with a pony tail and goatee, denoting his self-perceived musical genius, wrote the Christmas show for the Choraliers every year and this particular season he had written an original Christmas song for this wife to sing and exhibit her enormous talents. It was to be positioned in the middle of a set where each Choralier sang a section of a carol, then passed the microphone to another singer, and so on. The director accompanied each of the soloists with a flourish on his state-of-the-art electronic keyboard. Half way through the vocal medley came the piece de resistance, Anastasia singing her husband’s virgin beautiful Christmas song.

The first of two concerts was on a Friday at 8:00 with call for 6:00 allowing for tables to be set up, drinks and finger food to be spread out, trees installed on stage and miles of wires to microphones and speakers, but of course, no Anastasia. At 8:00 still no Anastasia. She had another engagement, or something that conflicted with her attendance that night, or perhaps a disagreement with her husband/director, so the show went on without her.

On Saturday night at 7:59 the diva arrived in full and elaborate costume, marking her visual presence in her big way. Towards the end of the program the medley of carols commenced and, after singing my turn with “Christmas Waltz” made popular by Frank Sinatra, I walked over to Anastasia and reached out to pass her the microphone, only to be told, “Oh no, no, please not me”. So I quickly passed the mic to the next singer and the show continued sans the much-anticipated virgin beautiful Christmas song.

After the show, I was confronted by Anastasia who said, “Jack, don’t you know play-acting when you see it? I was going to sing, but I was trying to play coy, you know, sort of bashful”. Now coy and bashful were not part of her personality traits in my mind, and no, I did not recognize “play-acting”.

The season ended with no new original virgin beautiful Christmas song. I retired from the Choraliers, and the next season the husband/director left the day before the next concert, following the big diva. Had someone not handed her the microphone at the right moment during the dress rehearsal? Had I started a trend? “Oops” and “Sorry about that” may not have been enough.



Our friends, the little Murray girls, joined me on stage to sing carols at the Christmas concert. Jamie just graduated from Notre Dame and Melissa is studying engineering at Rose Holman Institute of Technology.

DO IT AGAIN

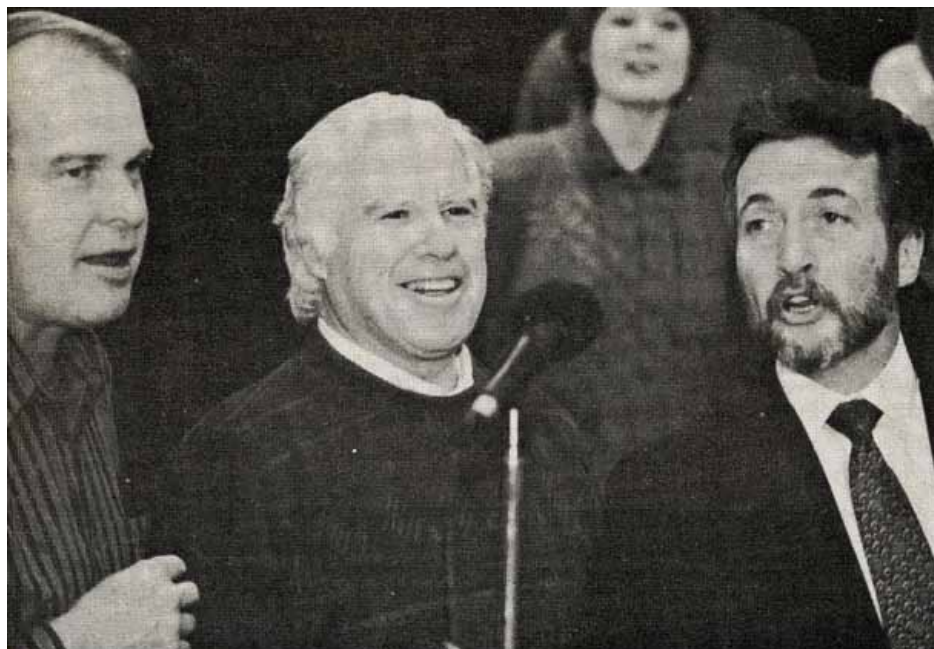
In 1995 The Connecticut Choraliers, a mixed community chorus of 35 singers, gave a concert of show tunes at the Darien Town Hall. The audience assembled in a cabaret venue sitting at small tables with wine and finger food. The setting was intimate and expectations ran high. It was an unusually hot spring evening without air conditioning and with the noisy fans turned off so as not to compete with the music. The director, with his state-of-the-art electronic piano, had made accompaniment floppy discs for all of the songs, so that once we started under his conducting, there was no deviation to the music.

The first half of the program went smoothly and was well received. The second half, after the audience had a chance to refill their glasses, was bound to be flawless. I was honored to sing a solo to start off the program after the intermission. The song was Erskin Hawkins' "Tuxedo Junction" made popular by Glenn Miller's orchestra in 1939. The state-of-the-art electronic piano was fed the disc, the ceiling lights dimmed as the stage lights brightened and the Choraliers took their positions on stage. A spotlight focused on the wings stage left. The "On" button for the piano was pressed and the music started, cueing me to casually stroll across the stage, pull out the mic from its stand, and start warbling, "Way down south in Birmingham. I mean south in Alabam. There's place where people go to dance the night away" (Enter the Choraliers) "They all drive, or walk for miles..."

As mentioned, it was a hot evening, more stifling and humid after intermission. I had a great idea to keep me cool and to be kind of a cool guy in the process, and that was to take off my tux jacket off and drape it over my left shoulder, holding it with my left index finger. I think I had seen Frank Sinatra strike that pose on the cover of his "20 Classics" album. If it worked for Frankie... This was an important opportunity for me to sing jazz, the music I loved. I had family and friends in the audience ready to put their hands together for one of their own. The first few measures of the song were being played as the Baritone took to the microphone, with only his right hand free. I grabbed the mic and immediately learned that every move must be rehearsed ahead of time. The mic was jammed into its holder on the stand and there was no way to release it with just one hand.

As I began to look uncool and tangle my jacket around the mic stand, I decided to make up a scat riff into the mic as I struggled, "Can't get this microphone out of the stand. obli-a-dooby-doo-scooby-oly-a" - and so on. The director frantically jumped from the podium, rushed to the "Off" button of the faux piano, ran back, twisted the mic out of the stand, handed it to me, rushed back, pushed more buttons and started the music from the top. He did a good impersonation of John Cleese in BBC's "Fawlty Towers". The audience seemed to enjoy the unscripted interlude and I received applause even before the song had begun. My daughter later told me that I really had the audience behind me, and that, once again, I had landed on my feet.

Soon after, at another venue, in another town, same song, with tux jacket on and both hands free, I received my second chance to get it right. I became inspired, for some reason, to talk to the audience and pay tribute to Ella Fitzgerald who had died that day. The music from the floppy had started, and when my solo was to begin, I was still singing the praises of Ella, when I should have been merely singing. Rather than try to catch the lyrics, I scatted my solo while the director was mouthing the lyrics in a panic for me to follow his exaggerated lip-sync. I figured that it actually was appropriate for me to scat since I had just eulogized the greatest of all scatters. The director did not see it quite that way and accused me of changing the script, and a few other things. I might have heard him use the words, "Loose cannon", among other non-musical terms.



Brophy and George Arthur rehearse for the Connecticut Choraliers concert, *Wintersong '93*, to be held at Darien Town Hall on December 11 and 12.



A little commuting music

The Connecticut Choraliers, a mixed voice adult show chorus, performed holiday favorites for commuters at the Greenwich train station last week.

Photo by Liz Miraglia

THIS IS A LOVELY WAY TO SPEND AN EVENING

By the time we had lived in New Canaan for 15 years, I had a lot more group singing under my belt with the Connecticut Choraliers, Swing Fever and Gentlemen Songsters. I knew of Dave Bentley, who was a Four Freshmen Fanatic, having managed the singers for a period in the 1990's, President of the Four Freshmen Society (FSS) and librarian for all of their vocal arrangements, more than 500. Dave is an accomplished pianist, guitarist, and quartet singer, and also transcribes, in beautiful penmanship, all of the FF arrangements without using the computer programs. He has organized quartets named the "Faux Freshmen" to sing the FF arrangements and he has produced three CD's using professional singers, some former FF, which to me sound better than the current ensemble.

One day Dave called and introduced himself before visiting me to sit around and "kick notes". Shortly he called and said, "Jack, I've got to sing!" We met at this house with his long-time friend Pete Wells, a bass and good horn man. What we needed was a solid lyrical lead tenor.

Fast forward... we tried out four that I introduced and none came close to what we were looking for. The lead sang the melody line but his quality, pitch and attention to details had to be spot-on. I finally invited Bill Ford, a former CT Choralier tenor, and we began singing some fantastic, very complicated and sophisticated material arranged specifically for the Four Freshmen, but never recorded. For me it was a new experience blending such tight harmonies, which, frankly, very few singers have the ear to perform (not bragging, just a fact). It came easily to me and I tested my theory that if I could hear my voice, I was singing too loudly. If I could not hear my own voice, but the chord was correct, then I was blending properly. I had applied this to the Swing Fever also and our blend was very good. Another technique I applied was to memorize my part as a melody, and in that way, no other singer could throw me off or suck me onto his note.

We rehearsed every Tuesday evening at Dave's house for almost two years, but never performed for the public, except once when I invited them to my class, "Everyone Can Sing" at the Norwalk Community College where we took the stage in the large auditorium. The mics went dead! In this setting mics are essential, so our one outing did not go well. We were supposed to sing for the Senior Men's Club Tennis party, but Dave was called out of town the last minute. Without performing and just rehearsing, I became frustrated and resigned. It was a wonderful experience while it lasted, and Dave understood and remains a good friend. We were named "The 7th Sound".

Here are the songs we rehearsed, concentrating on those marked *:

A BEAUTIFUL FRIENDSHIP
 A LOVELY WAY TO SPEND
 AN EVENING
 AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL *
 ANGEL EYES
 BLAME IT ON MY YOUTH
 BUT BEAUTIFUL
 CHARADE *
 CHRISTMAS TIME IS HERE *
 CLOSE YOUR EYES
 COMIN' ROUND THE
 MOUNTAIN *
 DAY DREAM
 DON'T GO TO STRANGERS *
 EV'RY TIME WE SAY
 GOODBYE
 FOR ALL WE KNOW
 HAVE YOU MET MISS JONES
 HOW CAN I TELL HER
 HOW HIGH THE MOON
 I GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU
 VERY WELL
 I WISH I DIDN'T LOVE YOU
 SO

I WISH YOU LOVE
 IF I HAD YOU
 I'LL NEVER SMILE AGAIN *
 IT'S A BLUE WORLD
 LITTLE GIRL BLUE *
 MOON RIVER *
 MY FOOLISH HEART
 NIGHT TIME
 NOCTURNE IN BLUE
 OUT OF NOWHERE
 PRELUDE TO A KISS
 SEND IN THE CLOWNS
 THE DAYS OF WINE AND
 ROSES *
 WARM *
 WHAT ARE YOU DOING THE
 REST OF YOUR LIFE *
 WHERE DO YOU START?
 WHILE YOU ARE GONE *
 WILLOW WEEP FOR ME *
 YESTERDAY *
 YOU'RE ALL I SEE *
 YOU'VE CHANGED

A sample of Dave's meticulous transcribing

The Four Freshmen**COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN****Jack**

"Traditional"

Arr: Harry Dodson

Handwritten musical score for "COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN" by Jack. The score is written on two staves, treble and bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is on the treble staff, and the bass line is on the bass staff. Chords are written above the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Chords: A+7, D6, G7, G#7, G#7, F#m11, F7, Em9, Eb11, D, F#7, E7, Eb7.

Lyrics: SHELL BE COM-IN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN WHEN SHE COMES OH WHEN SHE



The Seventh Sound: Peter Wells, Jack Brophy, Bill Ford, and Dave Bentley singing only Four Freshmen arrangements.

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING



Gentlemen Songsters, senior men from New Canaan who entertain at nursing and retirement homes. Alma warns the audiences (mostly women) that her men will be counted before we leave to avoid kidnapping. Alma is a uniquely skilled director and accompanist.

LETTER FROM ALMA HAMILTON, DIRECTOR OF GENTLEMEN SONGSTERS

My funniest reminiscences (two of them) are both concerned with my student days.

As a pianist, I obviously had little orchestral experience in my youth, so the professor decreed that I should become an exponent of the percussion department. At one concert, I had a direct line of sight to the string section. They had an energetic workout at one point, and the concertmaster was so carried away that he inadvertently inserted the point of his bow into his desk-partner's coiffure.....and lifted her wig completely off her head!

As the "kitchen" specialist, I was responsible for sound effects; I can't remember the context, but at one point I was charged with providing a horse's neigh. I couldn't find a recording anywhere so, in jest, said, "Well, I can imitate one!" At the dress rehearsal, I chickened out, but the story worked just fine; come the real thing, I initially hesitated then, just as everyone thought it wasn't coming, I produced what I still maintain was a good imitation. The effect was more than I could have hoped.....the action came to a dead stop while the conductor tried in vain to stop laughing. I enjoyed it myself.

A

YOUR LIPS TELL ME NO-NO, BUT THERE'S YES-YES IN YOUR EYES

Director and accompanist Alma and her 10 elderly Gentlemen Songsters were arranging themselves around the grand piano the New Canaan Waveney Care Center's large atrium to entertain the mostly Alzheimer's-afflicted patients. The semi-annual concert of singing familiar songs in four-part harmony for the 60 patients/residents was about to begin. As the emcee, it was my job to brighten up the event with some unscripted chitchat before we began. I asked Alma if I could tell a joke, and she replied. "Tell as many as you want", and she smiled, exhibiting complete confidence in her announcer. The joke I told was:

Maurice Chevalier was brought to the United States from France with the anticipation that he would fill the void recently left by the ever-popular Bing Crosby. Expectations were elevated for this European crooner, who had enchanted so many in the movie "Gigi" singing "Thonk Eavens Fora Leetle Girs". His popularity in France should surely transfer across the Atlantic, n'est ce pas ? Well they escorted him to a recording studio and he sang his first song with full orchestra live. He blew it on the first take, and it was decided that this move was not well thought out and he returned to his homeland without a recording contract. Dean Martin later made it popular. What he sang was: "Your lips tell me no-no, but there's oui-oui in your eyes".....

End of joke...not a sound from the audience for 30 seconds, or forever. Then a burst of laughter from the Gentlemen Songsters who were laughing at me, not with me, for telling this joke to an audience that probably forgot the first part before I finished it. I like to think that I had a dead microphone, but clearly I had bombed at the Waveney before a tough audience. They did appreciate our singing and rewarded us with lots of applause, but three years later members of the GS still remind me that the audience was there to hear us sing, not to listen to my jokes that they could not comprehend.

.....

A story along these lines came from the last concert of the 80-man Cornell Men's Glee Club's Eastern States Tour, 1953. We had listened to our strangely humorless (engineer student) emcee tell the same joke word-for-word every night for two long weeks. It was corny, but always received a big laugh from our spirited and sympathetic audiences. The singers in the back row of our risers decided to play a little prank on the serious-minded emcee. During his key joke, perhaps his only joke, they unfurled a 10-foot banner with a message to the audience: **"DON'T LAUGH"**. At the end of the joke, complete silence, except for the emcee chuckling into the microphone, followed by his expression of shocked panic. I should not be critical, because I had been asked to be the emcee for the GC and declined.

PUT YOUR RIGHT HAND OUT

COMMENTS TO A FRIEND ABOUT CONDUCTING

My son Frederick once asked, "Why is a conductor necessary?". Of course, the smaller the group, the less importance there is for conducting as the players or singers feed off each other.

All of my related experience is in "Directing" choral groups. The baton is rarely used and the music, dynamics and words are shaped by the director's arms, hands, face, mouth and body language. When I direct, I always say, "Don't read my lips", since I am lyric impaired. Each director has his or her own style, some more easily followed than others. I liken directing to a dancer who feels the music and reacts accordingly. I am in awe of directors and conductors who can articulate the feeling they expect from the performers, able to interpret and translate into words what the music and lyrics mean. It is also an observation that the more eloquent the leader is in rehearsal, the more awkward and less expressive he or she is in conversation or announcing.

I do not have time to delve into this subject as much as I would like to, and I would like to, but maybe some day I will add to the comments because I have some passions to share. I have just downloaded nine very demanding pieces sent to me by the Cornell University Men's Glee Club to learn as an alumnus touring with them in July in Wales, Scotland and GB. One is from Kenya, "Wana Baraka" (with joyous excitement building throughout) not in English, another starts "Span-syeh-sah-tvah-reev-shee-ah" (and little lambs eat ivy). We will rehearse and put on a concert with the Glee Club at reunion in June, where the Cayuga's Waiters from the '50's will also be singing for their 8th annual Cornell Reunion.

(I backed out of the UK trip for various reasons)

I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU

My tastes (its a generation thing).

Ranking of jazz/swing musicians:

#1 Male vocalist: Frank Sinatra

#1 Female vocalist: Sarah Vaughn

#1 Jazz pianist: Bill Evans

#1 Vocal Jazz group: Hi-Lo's

#1 Instrumentalist: Toots Thielemans (harmonica)

All other musicians start at #10, but I listen to, and enjoy, CD's from over two hundred.

Favorite classical composer: Johann Sebastian Bach. He would have been another Bill Evans, if the pianoforte had been invented.

In the car, I listen to classical music, or the Sinatra Channel (my sing-along) on Sirius.

I have aspired to sing like Frankie, with a touch of Nat King Cole, Chet Baker, and Steve Lawrence.

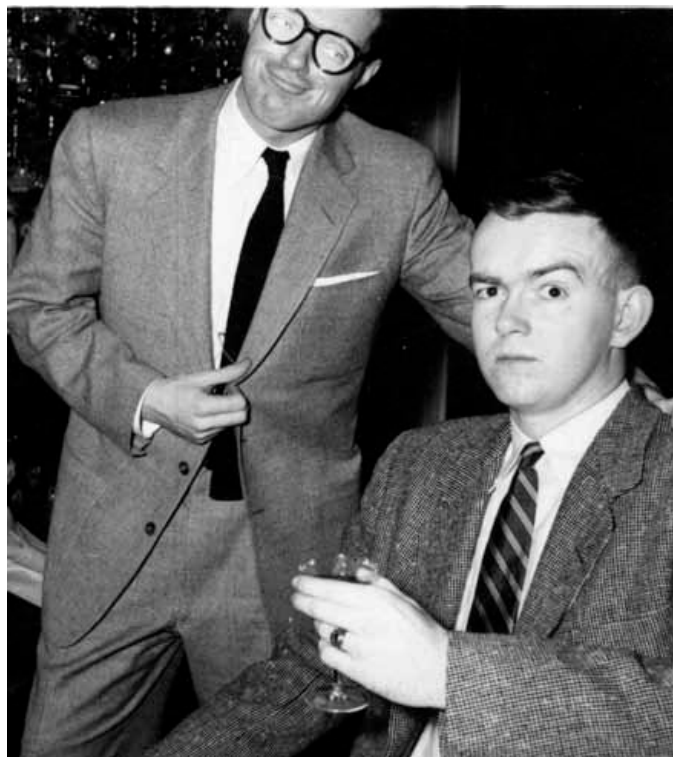
If I had the chops, I would pick Bryn Terfel.

AN AFFAIR TO REMEMBER

LETTER FROM CAYUGA'S WAITER BIN PETTIT

One of the conclusions that I have tentatively come to (after close observation of many friends) is that most of them don't have the slightest clue with respect to musical intelligence, an innate musicianship as you say.

Stan Rubin has often said to me that among almost all of his friends, I am the only one who seems to be on the same musical wave length. His focus, oddly enough, is very narrow. If it's swing, he feels it and knows that I do, but don't talk about singers. He's had many bad experiences with them (us) and has little appreciation for their performances (Tony Bennett is never on pitch, etc.) I, therefore, feel very sorry for so many people who don't/can't react viscerally to the deeply profound force of a beautiful lyric, a tight blending of voices or the splendor of a Vic Damone finishing a marvelous, tender song like *An Affair to Remember*. We are blessed!



Bin Pettit with me in faux glasses December 1954 at our home in Pelham the night before the Cayuga's Waiters left for Bermuda

GIGI FROM THE FIGI ISLES

LETTER FROM DOUG MACLEAN, FORMER CAYUGA'S WAITER DIRECTOR

I still chuckle over one hilarious intervention by Alan Milofsky. I had some leads in "GiGi." I sang, "...when Hiram got back home, the people gathered by his side. They said, where were you and what did you see, and Hiram replied..." Milofsky shouted "Ver vas you, Mac Lean?" We all lost it! Absolutely cracked up! There was a very fat woman in the front row. She was laughing and jiggling all over as we began something serious - Blues In The Night, I think. We all saw her at about the same time...and lost it again!

One night the GC stayed in a crummy hotel in Bethlehem PA. There wasn't enough bed room for three of us to sleep comfortably, so Rusty Davis, our star high tenor, slept on the floor under an open window. Snow drifted over his blankets during the night. Tom Tracy came by to wake us up, saw Rusty on the floor under snowy covers and gasped, "Are you all right, Rusty?" In a low, gravelly voice Rusty said softly, "I'm fine." Tracy just about died on the spot. Rusty laughed loudest of all.

Our first son was born during rehearsals for the Alumni Reunion show. I was late. When I walked in, the men were assembled on the risers. Tracy stopped and someone asked, "How big is the baby?" I replied with the pounds, "Six nine." Ken Merrill said, "Pretty tall for a baby!"

One more. Dunc Sells '50, baritone in the GC Quartet from which the Waiters grew, was called a couple of years after graduation from the audience in Milwaukee to repeat his "Tenor and Baritone" duet with Howard Heinsus. He had always had trouble reaching a high F in his part and we all were wondering how those years would have affected his voice. He not only hit it clearly, the note rang over the entire hall. He turned to the Club and loudly said, "Best goddam F I ever hit!" We cracked up. The audience roared!

It's fun to recall and share these memories. I look forward to reading those shared by others. Thank you, Jack, for the opportunity.


ASSORTED MEMORABILIA



Cayuga's Waiters from the '50 at Cornell 2009 Reunion

Program		PART II	
Musical Greetings	Sewanaka High School Band	In the Red and the White	Richard Lee, '40
Charles C. Hill, director	Sayard Stone, conductor	Alumni Song	William Luten Wood Allan Milofsky, '54 - Tenor
PART I		Tenor Solo - Play Gypsies	Kalman Edwin Gibson, '53
Cornell Medley	arr. Thomas Tracy	Begin the Beguine	arr. John Bulger George Roslund, '53, or John Brophy, '54 - Baritone and Douglas MacLean, '53 - Tenor
Cornell	Songs of Cornell Edwin Gibson '53 - Tenor	Old Mother Hubbard	Victor Hely - Hutchinson (In the Style of Handel)
German Double Talk	Charles Schultz, '54, John Baldeschweiler, '56, Parry Benton, '53	La Danza	Rossini
Now Let Every Tongue Adore Thee	Bach From the cantata, "Sleepers Awake"	★ Cayugas Waiters ★	
O Bone Jesu	Palestrina	Ain-a That Good News	arr. William Dawson
Let Their Celestial Concerts All Unite	from Samson Handel	Dry Bones	Livingston Gearhart
Piano Selections	Robert Benzinger '54	Song of the Classes	Songs of Cornell Glenn Crane, '53; Edwin Gibson, '53; Douglas MacLean, '53; and Albert Packer, '53
Down In The Valley	arr. George Mead	Evening Song	Songs of Cornell
Black Is The Color of My True Love's Hair	arr. Stuart Churchill	* On August 29, 1526, the countries of Hungary and Turkey clashed in battle on Mohacs Field. The Turks' huge, powerful army crushed the tiny Hungarian forces in what proved to be one of the greatest disasters ever to befall Hungary. The story the war veteran tells in his song is a most pathetic one; but he does not complain - so much "more was lost at Mohacs Field."	
Cindy	arr. Harry Robert Wilson		
Impersonations	Joel Segal		
*More was Lost at Mohacs Field	arr. Harvey Enders George Roslund, '53, or David Dingo, '55		

Cornell Men's Glee Club program with my fist solo in Begin the Beguine

RECEPTION AND DINNER		PROGRAM	
IN HONOR OF		TOASTMASTER	
DEANE W. MALOTT		Lewis B. Swift '12	
President of Cornell University		WELCOME TO ROCHESTER	
		Hon. Samuel B. Dicker '11	
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF		Mayor, City of Rochester	
Cornell Club of Rochester		YOUR CORNELL	
and the		Deane W. Malott	
Cornell Women's Club of Rochester		President, Cornell University	
THE ROCHESTER CLUB		ALUMNI ACTIVITIES	
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1953		R. Selden Brewer '40	
SIX-THIRTY P. M.		General Alumni Secretary	
		Pauline J. Schmid '25	
		Alumnae Secretary	
		MUSICAL INTERLUDES	
		Charles Holcomb '55	
		John Brophy '54	
		Donald Graves '57	
		Morton Kimball '54	
		Richard Miller '56	

Four Cayuga's Waiters and folk singer Charlie Holcomb as the "Musical Interlude"

**CORNELL REUNION
JUNE 4-7, 2009**





Jack Allen in Marines and I, Christmas 1955 in Pelham



In San Diego 1955



John Nixon, Navy Diver 1955



UNTINGTON MEN'S CHORUS

1957

The Program

I
Forever Free _____ *Ancient Dutch Melody*
Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring _____ *Johann Sebastian Bach*
Passing By _____ *Edward C. Percell*
Incidental Solo: Frost L. Tinklepaugh
Morning _____ *Oley Speaks*

THE CHORUS

II
Deh Vieni Non Tardar from "Le Nozze di Figaro" _____ *Mozart*
Alleluia from Motet, "Tribulate Jubilate" _____ *Mozart*
Scene and Aria from "Faust" _____ *Gounod*
Go 'Way from My Window _____ *Arranged by John Jacob Niles*
Sugar _____ *Arranged by Paul Bowles*
Czardas from "Die Fledermaus" _____
Miss Angelene Collins

III

The Hand Organ Man _____ *A. von Othengraven*
Casey Jones _____ *T. Lawrence Stibert and Eddie Newton*
The Chain of Jungle Life _____ *Ralph L. Baldwin*
Serenade from Student Prince _____ *Sigmund Romberg*
Incidental Solo: Russell F. Cabot
Romany Life from The Fortune Teller _____ *Victor Herbert*
Solo: Miss Angelene Collins

THE CHORUS

- INTERMISSION -

The Program

IV
Misereere from Il Trovatore _____ *Verdi*
Soloists: Miss Angelene Collins
V. T. Moody
Song of the Golden Calf from Faust _____ *Gounod*

V

Gesu Bambino _____ *Pietro Yon*
Incidental Solo: William C. Steber
Sing We Noel _____ *16th Century French Carol*
Mary Had A Baby _____ *William L. Dawson*
Incidental Solo: Henry W. Roy
Wasn't That a Mighty Day _____ *Negro Spiritual*

VI

The Lost Chord _____ *Arthur Sullivan*

SINGING MEMBERS

FIRST TENORS

Freeman W. Barnes
Lewis S. Bostwick
Ashley A. Chouteau *
Salvatore A. Frassanito
B. A. Habberstad
James Little

SECOND TENORS

Andrew H. Becker
Frank A. Brounert
John O. Brophy *
Russell Cabot
Richard Caspar
Coroelius C. Cassidy
Albert T. Ghoreyeb
Ted Hease
Robert S. Jones
Arthur E. Lorenson *

FIRST BASS

John G. Ray
Ronald H. Sammis
Frederick L. Seass
Robert S. Sellers
Converse W. Sweetser
Dr. Arthur Treford
Anthony A. Vander Linden
Harvey Von Lehn
Paul Watkins

SECOND BASS

James H. Gray
Bruce W. Hackstaff
Francis Lavery
Stanley Ransom
Gordon C. Sammis
Sidney Sellers
Henry C. Sturm
Harold L. Tuttle

* Not singing in this concert

STUDENT GUESTS FOR REHEARSALS
Christopher Basso — Northport High School
Thomas R. Sipala — Northport High School
Walter L. Thomas — Northport High School

What I remember most were the names of the director and the president: Ladislav Helfenbein and Frost L. Tinklepaugh. By contrast, my friend, who introduced me to the club, was Bob Jones.

In the 1960's Nat Williams, a professional banjo player and Renaissance man, tried to teach me five-string banjo. I reverted to guitar and we entertained at a number of folk-singing local events.

Rowayton

Mrs. Ronald Bradford, 866-7107

Hootenanny Set At Meeting House

There will be a Hootenanny on Apr. 30 at 8:15 P. M. in the Meeting House of the United Church. Taking part in the program will be "Darlenites" Douglas Ray and The Windward Five. Also participating will be singers and guitarists Barbara Glass, and Jack Brophy and Nat Williams; Jill Anderson who sings, and plays the guitar and the autoharp; Jessica Huse, guitarist and lute player; and Rowayton's own Harry Hartley with his five string banjo.

Tickets may be obtained by calling Mike Mitchell at 838-5122. The Hootenanny is sponsored by the Ways and Means Committee of the United Church.

ASSORTED MEMORABLELIA #2 WHITE PERIOD



CW FROM THE '50'S REUNION 2006



WITH TOM FOULKES AT THE STRATTON CLUB 2011
TOM PLAYED PIANO FOR THE VULGAR NOTE MEN IN 1953



WITH SISTER PAT AT HER GIG AT THE NEW ENGLANDER IN WESTPORT CT

I'LL BE SEEING YOU

FINALE

I have written many stories of my associations with music and of course the theme has been to illustrate the humorous and ridiculous events that I have had the privilege of experiencing while on the fringe of serious musical talent and craftsmanship. With vocal music, I knew my niche, and tried to stay within it.

I firmly believe that everyone has special talents that they are born with, and they can be enhanced by giving them opportunities to be utilized in some form and shared with others. Music performance is not for everyone, fortunately. There must be audiences as well as performers. I listen to CNBC and marvel at the bright minds that can analyze the stock markets. Their glibness and eloquence is a rare talent. Then there is a cook in a restaurant who loves the chemistry of combining things that taste so good that we are willing to plunk down an unreasonable amount of money to savor the flavor. I watched a TV program on experts in chainsaw sculpturing who have a gifted touch and vision with an ungainly tool to create masterpieces of carved animals, almost lifelike, from stout logs. There are artists of all types who are professional and amateur alike and they are passionate about their creations, be it painting, dance, music or some other outlets.

I think that happiness results from using your unique talents or "geniuses" in some form. In my college days, I took the Johnson O'Connor Aptitude test, then a two day affair, which gave me direction by telling me what I could do in life that would come naturally and easily, and what I could do that would be difficult for me. They said that I could always try anything I wanted to do, but some activities would be much easier. The test confirmed what I knew to be true. I recommended the tests to my sons who were similarly influenced by the results. One day son Frederick, home from college, was a bit down, so I asked him to revisit the results of the Johnson O'Connor test. I had compiled the results of his, son Randy, and myself on a single sheet of paper. He said, "See Dad, I suck at everything". I said, "No you don't. Let me see what you are looking at." It turned out that he was reading my results, not his. Actually, my results peaked for music and it was recommended that I become a professional performer or an Electrical Engineer, because EE's are often musical. I stayed with Engineering as a result, but gave musical performing a good run.

We do not have to use our natural talents just to be competitive or to make money. Use them to be fulfilled and enjoy life a bit more. I do not think that your talents have to be similar to those of your spouse, in fact that might lead to competition and tension if not recognized with good dose of

sensitivity and respect. Differences in couples' interests can lead to a broader life experience.

My interests stem from what I was born with, and with the opportunities I have had to cultivate them. I always had a feeling of confidence within those interests. Everyone is different, and my feeling is that to be successful in your life, and I do not mean financially, you should identify your aptitudes and talents and indulge yourself in them with confidence. If you are confident, you are not afraid to poke fun at yourself, nor do you take yourself too seriously. Only you know what revs your engine, so to speak. Try to rev it as much as you can, and also find ways to give back to people so they can share your special talent.

In conclusion, I leave you with Satchmo:

*I see trees of green..... red roses too
I see em bloom..... for me and for you
And I think to myself.... what a wonderful world.*

*I see skies of blue..... clouds of white
Bright blessed days....dark sacred nights
And I think to myselfwhat a wonderful world.*

*The colors of a rainbow.....so pretty ..in the sky
Are also on the faces.....of people ..going by
I see friends shaking hands.....sayin.. how do you do
They're really sayin.....I love you.*

*I hear babies cry..... I watch them grow
They'll learn much more.....than I'll never know
And I think to myselfwhat a wonderful world*

Thanks for reading. Keep on a hummin'.

DEDICATION

I dedicate this book to those who have taken their final bows, who crossed my path, influenced and inspired me, and enhanced my musical experience. “The Song Has Ended, But the Melody Lingers On”.

Pink Volcano

* Bob Wood

Hootenannies

* Nat Williams

Early Cayuga’s Waiters of influence

Jim Casey

Dick Starke

Tom Tracy, Cornell

Richard Gilliam, Kent

Mr. Sommers, Pelham

Sisters Babs and Pat

Mom and Dad

Merriewold

George Abbott

Agnes DeMille

Walter Prude

Cayuga’s Waiters 53-54:

Carl Fuchs

Don Graves

* Hugh Whitney, roommate

Fred Thomas

Vulgar Note Men

* Tom Foulkes

Rick Nordlander

Swing Fever

Fred Catto

Gentlemen Songsters

Six Gentlemen

B.J. Furlong

Huntington Men’s Chorus

* Bob Jones

Fred Waring

Cascadilla Quartet

* Rod Kirk, roommate

And too many more. * = Best Friend category

Sempé

Quelques Concerts

