

VOLUME 61, NUMBER 3, SUMMER 2017

THE TRACKER

JOURNAL OF THE ORGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY



2017

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AEOLIAN-SKINNER ORGAN CO., OPUS 1398 (1959)



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HINNERS ORGAN CO. (1927)



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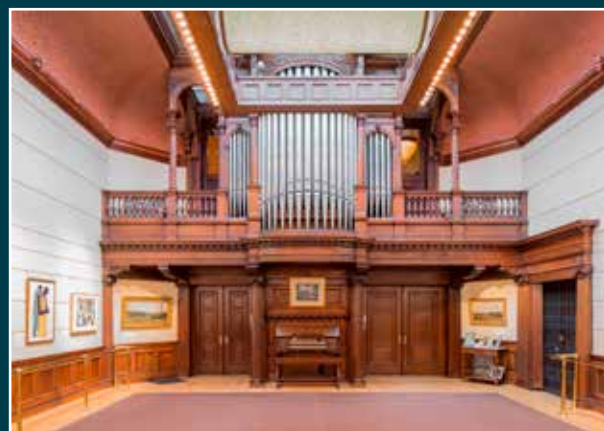
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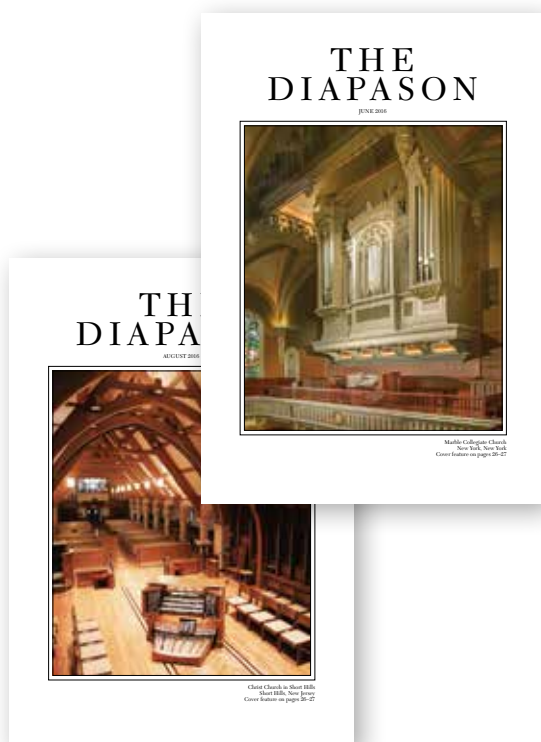
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THE TRACKER

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ON THE COVER

The 1891 Hutchings organ in the art gallery of the James J. Hill House in Saint Paul, Minn.

PHOTO LEN LEVASSEUR

CHRISTOPHER
MARKS

From the Chair

IN OUR RECENT strategic planning exercises, we were challenged to think of the OHS as an organization that serves the pipe organ community. This is a bit of a paradigm shift, since—although we always have been a membership organization consisting of dedicated, talented, fascinating people—we've tended to focus on the pipe organ itself, the instrument as a living artifact. Ultimately, though, a membership organization is about people, and as we seek to expand our membership and to connect with more people who love the pipe organ (and people who may not yet have discovered it), we should try to understand why people value the OHS.

As I near the end of my two-year term as Chair of the Board of Directors, and the end of an even longer term as a member of the Board (previously the National Council), I find myself looking back at what the OHS has meant to me, especially during the eight years I've been involved in its governance. I've reflected in past columns on the progress the OHS has made as an organization in that time; now, I hope to offer a more personal perspective, one small part of our collective story about the people who make up the organization.

My own orientation always has been primarily as a performer. Though I enjoy research to understand the history of the music, of the instruments, and of the churches—and though I have an enormous appreciation for the complexities and artistry of organbuilding—for me it has always been about hearing and performing the music, about the discovery of forgotten corners of the repertoire, and about the sound of the instruments that make these pieces come alive. The most magical moments for me have been at conventions when performer, instrument, and repertoire are perfectly aligned, making for an unforgettable—and often unrepeatable—experience.

I've had the great fortune to perform at eight OHS conventions, almost all of them on 19th-century trackers. When I was in school, I had almost no opportunity to play and understand this kind of instrument, or the music written for it. The emphasis was much more heavily on historic European instruments and the accepted canon of important European organ repertoire. This didn't prepare me for the challenge of finding appropriate repertoire for the instruments I was playing at OHS conventions and learning to use the instruments appropriately. By meeting these challenges, I've grown as a musi-



From the Chair | CONTINUED

cian in ways that only could have happened in the context of the OHS. Through these performances, I've cultivated a much more thoughtful process for matching repertoire to instrument, for listening to what the instrument wants to do, and for finding interesting and perhaps underappreciated repertoire to perform on it. Of course, I'm hardly the only OHS performer to have this approach, and part of my own success stems from observing and listening to experienced OHS performers who have been doing this for much longer than I have.

The benefit of these experiences has extended far beyond the context of OHS conventions. I never perform anywhere without thinking carefully of this intersection between instrument and repertoire, between performer and audience. Through the OHS, I've learned a tremendous amount about registration, the history of American organbuilding, the history of American music, performance practice, and American composers (many now barely remembered, and deserving

of more study). I've learned a great deal about things unrelated to music as well, which is best left to another column, but as I look back over the last eight years of my involvement with OHS, it's the music that really stands out as most meaningful for me. I'd like to think that this will continue, that I will have many more meaningful experiences at OHS conventions, as listener and performer, since our journey as an organization—and my own as a musician—are far from over!

This is part of my own story as an OHS member. What's yours? What is meaningful about the OHS to you, and what would you like to share with others? Write us at chair@organsociety.org.

Chris

Letters | TO THE EDITOR

"ARCHIVES CORNER"

Over the past seven years as archivist of the OHS, I have written about 30 articles published in *THE TRACKER*. None has attracted more attention than that of the "Archives Corner," Spring 2017 issue, where I identified organbuilders for whom we have opus lists. Any student of American pipe organ history will immediately note that the list is a short one. One reader called to my

attention that at least 13 builders in southeastern and central Pennsylvania are not represented.

I urge other readers to examine the "Archives Corner" list, and compare it with their own holdings of North American pipe organ ephemera. While we continue to grow, there still is much work to be done at the OHS Library and Archives gathering, identifying, protecting, and disseminating written material about the pipe

organ. Therefore, I ask that everyone take a look in that shoebox under the bed, where you might find a missing opus list, or a photo, or a recital program. The burden of preserving our history does not lie exclusively with the archivist, but rather with the entire community. Material gifts to the OHS Library and Archives are always welcome.

BYNUM PETTY, archivist
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Post Office Box 26811, Richmond, Virginia 23261 • 804-353-9226 • FAX: 804-353-9266

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The Organ Historical Society celebrates, preserves, and studies the pipe organ in America in all its historic styles, through research, education, advocacy, and music.

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Dear Friends,

I am excited about the process of preparing Stoneleigh to serve as our home, and I want to share the current news. A recent meeting introduced me to an account executive at Comstar Technologies. We discussed OHS requirements for IT and such equipment as computers, phones, alarm systems, and more. Relocation frees us from the clumsy copper wire system we now use, allowing for wireless and cloud-based technology. I'm thrilled by that prospect, and that our budget will provide for these services. Separate conversations are under way regarding two high-quality copy machines, one suitable for digitization of archival quality.

It's no exaggeration to say that nothing in the Richmond office has intrinsic value, except for the things we've produced and the stock that we sell. We have lived with fitful plumbing and HVAC, a leaky roof, single pane windows that lost their caulking long ago, and a landlord who hopes to never, ever hear from us. We are singularly blessed with two wonderful women who show up early every day and who do their best while working with a cranky internet and failing computers. Our archivist, Bynum Petty, fares rather better, but Rider University is panting for us to move our library as they rush to shut down Westminster Choir College. Our move is timely!

Developing strategies that support our new operations require unrelenting focus. Regular planning sessions were held for the past two years. I generally attend two to four meetings per month, along with about a dozen others, each of whom represents a specific discipline. Minutes are meticulous and the process is both exciting and demanding. Decisions hold real consequence!

Our preparation concludes with installation of the Aeolian-Skinner, No. 878 residence organ, and its companion piece, a Concertola. If you've not encountered one of these marvelous contraptions I recommend that you Google "Concertola—John D. Rockefeller, Jr." It's worth the trip! The organ chamber required a six-foot excavation that produced the only major hitch in the schedule. A test probe was used to check the water table, and it prepared the way for excavation—or so it seemed. In fact, a major deposit of schist was uncovered that required a tremendous effort to remove, by jack hammer and shovel, with rocks carted to the rear entrance in many wheelbarrows. (One can't use dynamite inside a historic residence!) Fortunately, our contingency funds protected us from cost overruns.

Meanwhile, Bynum Petty contracted with the firm that earlier moved OHS archival holdings from New Hampshire to Warminster, Pa. At Princeton, they will face a challenge: our library is on the second floor of the Westminster Choir College library, and unbelievably, there is no elevator in the building. Movers must unload shelves into packing boxes and

walk each one down the stairs and onto the trucks.

With the organ installation begun, we can receive previously ordered furniture, new equipment, the collections, and also OHS materials from the Richmond building that we plan to vacate by October 31.

Moving forward there is one thing we cannot control: a legal requirement that the Township of Lower Merion issue a Certificate of Occupancy—now anticipated for October 13, 2017. If all works well, that will arrive on schedule.

Here is a portion of the Master Schedule since January 2017, showing specifics relating to our needs:

#63-Remove Concrete beam, organ chamber	1/24-1/24
<i>(This was a disaster when schist was discovered under most of the site)</i>	
#64-Excavate and pour organ chamber footing	2/03-2/22
<i>(Didn't happen!)</i>	
#68-2nd floor replacement—sistering of joists—make safe	2/16-3/10
#70-3rd floor joist sistering	2/23-3/10
Revised Schedule:	
#87-Excavate organ chamber and pour floor	5/12-5/30
#89-Wall & Ceiling finishes	5/16-6/27
#91-Interior Storm windows	6/06-6/26
#95-Install Mill Work	6/28-7/12
#96-New elevator installation	7/10-7/11
#97-MEP fixtures (electrical, plumbing, etc.)	7/10-7/28
#102-Project Closeout!	8/21-9/25
#103-Carpet/rubber base (where applicable)	8/31-9/14
#104-Final wall finishes / top coats	8/31-9/11
#105-Commissioning of systems and equipment	9/08-9/18
#106-Final cleaning—punch list	9/18-10/13
Begin Organ Installation	10/02/17
#110-38 Weeks from Issuance of building permit	10/03/17
#111-Certificate of Occupancy	10/13/17

If all goes well, we will be holding a "Hard Hat" concert before the end of the year—and open for business soon after. Plan to join us in this exciting venture.

That's it for now!

Sincerely,



MAJOR SUPPORTERS OF THE ORGAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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THE EDITORIAL DEADLINE IS
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Spring issue closes	February 1
Summer issue closes	May 1
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CLOSING DATE FOR ALL ADVERTISING
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SECOND PRECEDING MONTH

February 15	for Spring issue
May 15	for Summer issue
August 15	for Fall issue
November 15	for Winter issue

SCARCELY had the Spring issue of THE TRACKER hit the news stands than former OHS President Michael Friesen informed the editor/author that the 1904 Aeolian organ No. 956 listed for Dr. William Alexander Jones was not the first Aeolian organ in Minneapolis. Rather it was an 1897 instrument, No. 829, purchased by Dr. J.H. Martindale, a dentist living at 2429 First Avenue South. Friesen enclosed a clipping from the *Star Tribune*:

A pleasing event promised for next Saturday afternoon is a musicale to be given by Mrs. J.H. Martindale. . . . It will be a benefit for the free dispensary of St. Barnabas's Hospital, the money to be devoted to the purchase of medicines. The program

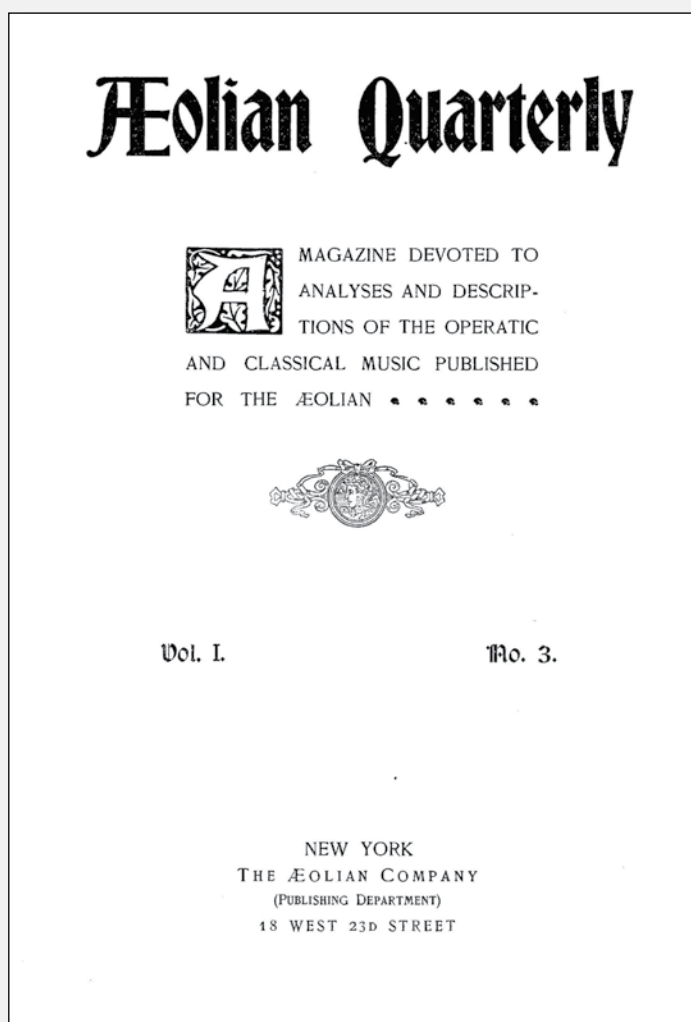
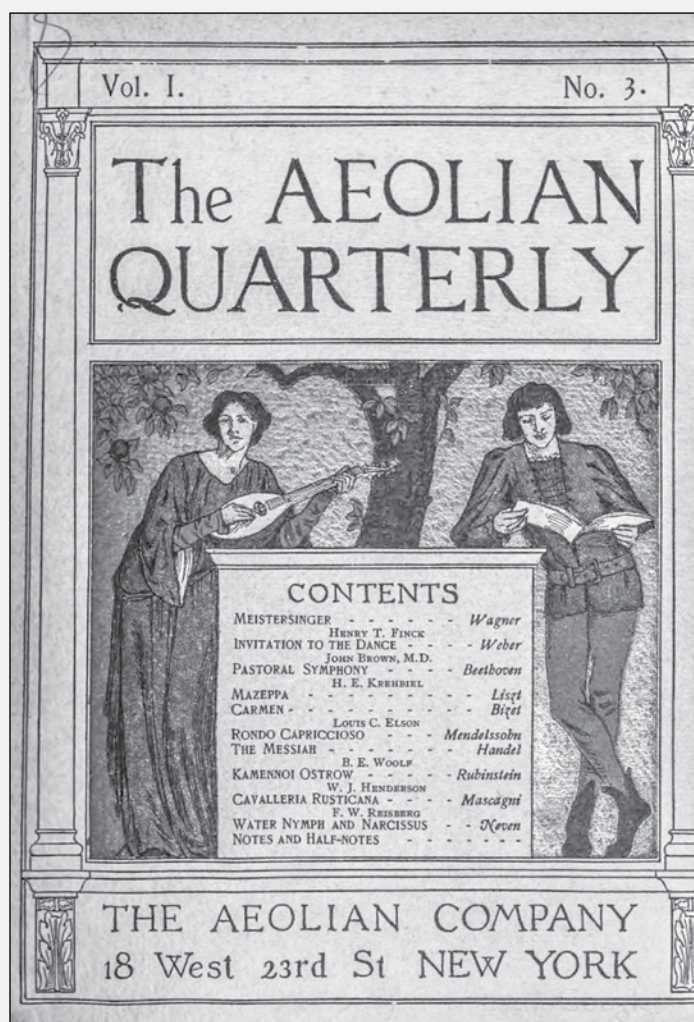
is very attractive. A principal part of it will be organ numbers played by Mrs. Martindale on the Eolian pipe organ which has been recently placed in her house. . . . Miss Nellie Hale and Mrs. Martindale will play a piano and organ duet.¹

Then, Anthony Baglivi, editor emeritus of *The American Organist*, found that three months earlier, the *Aeolian Quarterly* noted that of the company's recent instruments: "Dr. Martindale, a prominent physician of Minneapolis, Minn., for whom one has just been completed."²

1. (*Minneapolis Tribune*) (March 6, 1898): 15.
2. *The Aeolian Quarterly* 1, no. 3 (December 1897): 62.

The "Partial List of Farrand & Votey Organs" in the OHS Library and Archives lists No. 829 as belonging to J.F. Martindale residence, Los Angeles, Calif. (Farrand & Votey and Votey organs with Aeolian player mechanisms were considered to be Aeolian Organs.) The confusion arose because the Martindales moved to California in 1899 for Mrs. Martindale's health. So a researcher identified the correct family, but only after their subsequent move.

Unfortunately, neither contract, stoplist, nor photograph exists for the Martindale organ, so the first Minneapolis Aeolian of which we have any documentation is that of Dr. Jones.



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The 1891 George S. Hutchings organ in the James J. Hill House

FRAN LINHART

SITTING HIGH ON A BLUFF overlooking the Mississippi River Valley in Saint Paul, Minn., is a 36,500-square-foot, 42-room mansion constructed for James J. Hill, builder and chief executive officer of the Great Northern Railway empire. The largest residence on Summit Avenue—then the favored locale of Saint Paul’s elite—it was the primary home of James and Mary Mehegan Hill and their nine children. The mansion reflected the immense wealth of its owner, serving as both a private home and a public statement, attesting to the social status, tastes, and interests of the Hill family. The imposing house reflects “an economic, social, and cultural phenomenon of the early 1880s—families, possessing extraordinary wealth, who used their money to purchase or build houses on fine avenues in major cities and then transformed them into personal museums displaying art objects, paintings, and sculptures from around the world.”¹

Hill chose Peabody & Stearns of Boston, one of the most successful architectural firms of the day, to design and build the house. Multiple versions of floor plans were offered to Hill. And while the records contain an extant Peabody & Stearns floor plan of the gallery with a small, rough pencil drawing of an organ located between and above the gallery doors,² an organ was not included in the final plan approved by Hill. Mr. Hill was a demanding client, firing Peabody & Stearns when they countermanded his orders regarding stone cutting for the house exterior. He then hired Irving & Casson, also a Boston firm, to complete the interior work.

The Hill House took three years to build and incorporated the most advanced technologies of the day. Completed in 1891, the house had both gas and electric lighting. Thirteen bathrooms had state-of-the-art plumbing with hot and cold running water. Windows and doors were wired with an alarm system that notified the houseman if they were opened unexpectedly.

The front doors open into a 2,000 square foot entry hall with a grand staircase and elaborate wood carvings, connecting the ground floor rooms that included a music room, a drawing room, a library, a formal dining room, a breakfast room, and a large art gallery. The two-story gallery, approximately 40 feet in length, has a large fireplace framed by carved oak and stone mosaics at the east end, visible from the room’s entrance, and a conservatory-style skylight roof suspended 24 feet above the wooden floor. The George S. Hutchings pipe organ, Opus 229, occupies the west wall of the art gallery. The keydesk (console) is on the main floor and the pipe chambers are above on the second-floor level.

Somewhere along the way, Hill changed his mind about having an organ in the house. It is believed that he was influenced by peers who had installed pipe organs in their homes, combined with a recommendation from Irving & Casson. Once the decision was made to install an organ, Hill researched local manufacturers. He corresponded with Cass Gilbert, a Minneapolis architect, asking him to recommend a local pipe organbuilder.³ Hill could not find a Minnesota builder that met his requirements, and it is likely that Irving & Casson recommended Hutchings, as the firm had

1. Arnold Lewis, James Turner, and Steven McQuillin, *The Opulent Interiors of the Gilded Age* (New York: Dover Publications Inc., 1987), 20.

2. James J. Hill Papers, Voucher No. 1500, Oct. 6, 1893, Minnesota Historical Society.

3. James J. Hill Papers, collections.mnhs.org/hill_index-cards/jj_hill/ny-various-views/jjhn05143, Minnesota Historical Society.



experience working with Hutchings on other home and church installations.⁴

PURCHASE AND INSTALLATION

The original sales receipt for the organ, dated April 7, 1891, was issued through Irving & Casson with a base price of \$3,400. Modifications to the instrument included “block tin front pipes,” a blower and gate, and the addition of a Quintadena to the Swell. The final cost for the organ was \$4,175.⁵ There was an additional invoice from D&D Electric Motor Company in the amount of \$370 for “supplying, setting in place, and connecting to organ bellows a 3 H.P. [water] motor and stout foundation with switch.”⁶

The case and pipes were shipped from the Hutchings factory in April 1891. The 2,800 pound organ was shipped from Boston to Chicago and then, for \$18.80, to St Paul. Representatives from W.J. Dyer, a local music store, and a “sundry” worker who Hill hired, helped to “put up the organ,” which, as Mr. Hill described, involved installing the bellows in a basement room, the console on the main floor of the art

gallery, and the pipes and shutters above the console in a compact, 9½ by 11-foot chamber on the second floor level.

The fact that the organ was a late addition to the art gallery meant the pipe chamber was “ingeniously” designed to fit in the available space and to look like a free-standing case. As a result, it is cramped, crowded, and difficult to access for service without major disassembly of the chamber. Charles Hendrickson, a Minnesota organbuilder who worked on the instrument, commented that “It is the worst organ to tune that I’ve ever seen. When you open the chamber [from the second floor hallway at the back of the organ], the Swell pipes are what you first see, then the shutters. The Great pipes are located in front of the shutters. It is likely that, long ago, the Great was tuned from the front—through the facade.”⁷ While the design may not have been an issue during Hill’s lifetime when labor was relatively inexpensive, the inaccessible design makes servicing the organ challenging today.

The Hutchings organ was likely put up and installed before the woodwork and cabinetry were built around it. Bavarian-born woodcarver, John Kirchmayer, was responsible for the magnificent woodwork found throughout the house and Kirchmayer personally carved the ornate organ case, bench, and surround.⁸

4. The Centennial of Saint Barnabas Memorial Church 1888–1988. George Hutchings Opus 205 at <http://woodsholemuseum.org/oldpages/sprtsl/v3n1-Parish.pdf>.

5. James J. Hill Papers, Geo Hutchings, Church and Chapel Organs Invoice, April 7, 1891, Minnesota Historical Society.

6. James J. Hill Papers, Voucher No. 644, May 2, 1891, Minnesota Historical Society.

7. March 26, 2017, interview with Charles Hendrickson, Hendrickson Organ Company, St. Peter, Minn.

8. Craig Johnson, *James J. Hill House*, Minnesota Historic Site Series, Minnesota Historical Society Press.



Keydesk and combination pedal nameplates

The installation complete, Irving & Casson sent a telegram to Hill on April 10, 1891, confirming that “organist tested organ this morning and pronounced it very fine.”⁹ Unfortunately, it soon became apparent that there were issues. Multiple diary entries by Mary Hill commented on the “feeble” sound of the instrument. In 1892, one year later, Mary wrote that “Organ man has been working a week on the Organ and finds water motor of too feeble power.”¹⁰

Hill tried to find someone to service the instrument. He reached out to Frank Roosevelt, builder of Chicago’s Auditorium organ; Frederic Archer, organist of St. James Cathedral in Chicago; J. Warren Andrews, who played a Hutchings organ (Opus 230) at the Plymouth Congregational Church in Minneapolis; and George Hutchings, who wrote back that there were no service resources in the Twin Cities.¹¹ Hill finally engaged W.W. Ricker, a “practical church organbuilder,” in Alton, Ill. Dr. Ricker took great care in servicing the organ, even going so far as to provide written instructions regarding “turning water power on to the organ.” Users were told to “let on the water, turn the handle Eight (8) times very slowly to the left. Then wait one minute at least, then turn to left as far as it will go without straining the handle any. To shut off, turn to the right as far as it will go, or until it comes to its bearing.”¹²

Hill expressed his displeasure and frustration by not paying for the organ. The Summit Avenue Property Cash Disbursement report of March 1892, issued almost one year after

the instrument had been installed, showed only a partial payment; final payment was made on October 3, 1892.¹³ An electric motor was finally installed to replace the water motor by the early 1900s and performance issues appear to have been resolved at that time.

Written records and diary entries show that the family used and enjoyed the organ. As no one in the family played the instrument, the Hill family hired a professional organist to play as needed.

James J. Hill passed away in 1916 and his favorite hymns were played on the organ for his funeral service. Mary Hill stayed in the house until her death on November 21, 1921.¹⁴ In 1925, their daughters presented the house as a gift to the Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Saint Paul and Minneapolis, who used the property as an office, residence, and school. Fortunately, the archdiocese did not make any significant alterations to either the house or the organ. The organ remained silent for the next 50 years.

THE GEORGE S. HUTCHINGS ORGAN

Opus 229 is a two-manual, mechanical-action instrument with 17 ranks and 1,006 pipes. The playing mechanism, pipes, and action are original. Little has been replaced, changed, or modified and the organ remains essentially as it was when installed.

The facade contains a unique set of once-polished full length tin pipes—the Great 8’ Open Diapason, visible at the upper front of the case. The original shiny surface has tarnished over the years and there are no plans going forward to polish the pipes.

A residence organ, it was not intended to accompany choirs or play massive works; it is modestly-voiced, and has a rare set of double Swell shutters.

The organ was originally pumped by hand from a small room just off the boiler room in the basement of the house. (Records show that the houseman who shoveled coal into the furnace was also responsible for working the bellows.) Shortly after installation of the organ, a water motor was added that used pressure from the city water mains. To operate the organ, a water valve was opened and the motor began pumping. A small black panel above the Swell keyboard was originally attached to the air system to indicate the wind pressure in the reservoir. The water motor was eventually replaced by the present electric blower. The original hand pump and a few parts of the water motor remain in the blower room, though none of them function.

The instrument has an attached console with a keyboard cover that lifts to form a music rack. The mechanical

9. James J. Hill Papers, Great Northern Papers, April 10, 1891, Minnesota Historical Society.

10. Mary T. Hill Papers, Minnesota Historical Society.

11. James J. Hill Papers, Personal Correspondence, 22.D.5.8, Minnesota Historical Society.

12. James J. Hill Papers, 20.B.3.9, Minnesota Historical Society.

13. James J. Hill Papers, Personal Correspondence; 22.B.6.8, Minnesota Historical Society.

14. Johnson, *James J. Hill House*.



Left stop jamb

stopknobs are arranged in horizontal rows on terraced jambs on either side of the keydesk and include manual and pedal couplers. The organ has seven combination pedals located just above the flat pedalboard. A metal swell pedal is located to the far right of the lower panel. To its right are two hitchdown levers for a Swell to Great at 8vs (octaves) coupler and Swell Tremulo [*sic*]. Engraved ivory nameplates for the combination pedals are located above the Swell manual.

FIRST REPAIRS AND RESTORATION

In 1978, the Hill House was acquired by the Minnesota Historical Society (MHS). When ownership and management were transferred from the archdiocese to the MHS, plans were put in place to refurbish both the house and the organ.

- ▶ 1975–79: The organ was made playable for museum guests.
- ▶ 1979: A survey of the organ's condition was undertaken and a treatment proposal was submitted. The society decided that environmental controls and security systems should be implemented prior to restoration of the organ.



Right stop jamb

- ▶ 1980–1984: The house underwent major renovation including replacement of the 1891 wiring and heating plant and restoration of the art gallery with installation of a special climate control zone.¹⁵ Conservation of the organ could now be supported in a controlled environment.
- ▶ 1984: The decision was made to restore the organ to its original condition, including the “hand-pumping mechanism.” The water motor was to be restored as a non-functioning artifact. For historical integrity, the society requested that the organ be restored using the materials and methods used by Hutchings. The only modern methods allowed would be the occasional use of power tools.
- ▶ 1986: The MHS received a matching grant from the Institute of Museum Services in Washington, D.C., for restoration of the organ.
- ▶ 1988: Work on the organ was completed. The reservoir and accordion-trunk were releathered. New feeder bellows were made. Metal pipework was cleaned and re-

15. Johnson, *James J. Hill House*.

paired. Wooden pipe stoppers were releathered. New trackers were made where needed. Neither the water pump nor the hand pump was restored.

- ▶ Earl L. Miller, a member of the Organ Historical Society, made a recording of the Hill House Hutchings organ.

THE ORGAN'S CURRENT STATUS

Today, the James J. Hill House is a popular tourist destination, attracting 40,000 annually. Visitors to the site can view the art gallery or take a 75-minute guided tour of the house. Organists are at the house every Saturday to demonstrate the organ for tour groups. Visitors are told the organ is one of the earliest residence organs in the country, and the first residence organ in Minnesota. The uniqueness and importance of the organ is emphasized—it is believed to be the only 19th-century American Gilded Age residence organ, unaltered, in its original location.

Several years ago, the staff noticed a degradation in the instrument's performance. They observed that leather in the organ on the main floor of the art gallery was rapidly deteriorating, while the leather on the static reservoir next to the blower in the basement was showing minimal deterioration. No one could explain why the first floor deterioration was so severe, while the basement level was appropriate for the age of the instrument. The MHS became concerned that an environmental condition in the house or the surrounding area was causing the wear. Research was conducted and it was determined that contamination from outside influences (such as car exhaust) were not strong enough to inflict the type of damage observed.

However, a Halon fire suppression system had been installed in the art gallery. Unlike a sprinkler system that douses a room with water, Halon systems contain gaseous agents that inhibit the chemical reaction of a fire. Hill House staff remembered the fire suppression system had been discharged when the house was struck by lightning in 1997 and again in 2001. Craig Johnson, Hill House site manager at the time, reported that after each discharge, the organ was coated inside and out with a residue. Chemical data sheets for the fire suppression system were submitted to a chemist at the University of Oklahoma in Norman who confirmed it was likely that discharge from the fire suppression system was responsible for the accelerated deterioration of the organ's leather.

Today, the organ is playable but unreliable, a result of the deteriorated leather as well as other issues commensurate with the age of the instrument. After consultation with reputable organbuilders and restorers, the decision was made to repair the instrument, and the Minnesota Historical Society was able to find a benefactor who agreed to fund a full restoration. The organ will be removed from the house sometime in late 2017–early 2018 for a careful and historically respectful restoration.

Everyone at the Hill House, members of the MHS and OHS, and museum visitors are looking forward to the time when the organ will be revived and returned to play its role in the fabric of the historic Hill House mansion.

Fran Linhart is currently retired and enjoys playing the organ at the Hill House, accompanying the Edina Senior Choir, and serving as substitute organist for churches in the Twin Cities. A performer, teacher, and arranger for four decades, she performed at roller rinks in Chicago, traveled as an artist for Wurlitzer and Yamaha, and spent several years as an arranger and editor for Hal Leonard Publishing.

JAMES J. HILL HOUSE SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA GEORGE S. HUTCHINGS, OP. 229, 1891

Compass: Manuals, 61 notes, C–c⁴
Pedal, 30 notes, C–f¹

GREAT

8 Open Diapason
8 Viola di Gamba
8 Dulciana
8 Melodia
4 Octave
4 Flute d'Amore
2 Fifteenth

SWELL (enclosed, double shutters)

16 Bourdon Bass
16 Bourdon Treble
8 Stopped Diapason
8 Geigen Principal
8 Æoline
8 Quintadena
4 Violina
4 Flute Harmonique
2 Flautino
8 Oboe

PEDAL

16 Bourdon

COUPLERS

Swell to Great
Swell to Pedal
Great to Pedal

COMBINATION PEDALS

Piano Swell, Mezzo Swell, Forte Swell
Piano Great, Forte Great
Full Organ
Great to Pedal Reversible
Swell to Great at 8^{vs} (super coupler, hitch-down)
Tremulo [*sic*] Swell (hitch-down)

MECHANICAL REGISTER

Bellows signal



Legendary Recordings of Marcel Dupré

- CD 1.** César Franck, *Pièce héroïque; Trois Chorals*. Saint Thomas' Church, New York, recorded October 14–15, 1957.
- CD 2.** Charles-Marie Widor, *Allegro* from Symphony VI; *Salve Regina* from Symphony II; Marcel Dupré, *Prelude and Fugue in G Minor*, Op. 7 No. 3, and *Triptyque*, Op. 51. St. Thomas' Church, New York, recorded October 15–16, 1957.
- CD 3.** J.S. Bach, *Prelude and Fugue in D Major*, BWV 532; *Prelude and Fugue in A Minor*, BWV 543; *Prelude and Fugue in E Minor*, BWV 548, Saint-Sulpice, Paris, recorded July 4–8, 1959.
- CD 4.** Dupré, *Cortège et litanie*, Op. 19; *Variations sur un Noël*, Op. 20; *Carillon* and *Final* from *Sept Pièces*, Op. 27; *Lamento*, Op. 24. Saint-Sulpice, Paris, recorded July 7–9, 1959.
- CD 5.** César Franck, *Grande Pièce symphonique; Pastorale; Fantaisie in A*. Saint-Sulpice, Paris, recorded July 5–7, 1959.
- CD 6.** J.S. Bach, Six “Schübler” Chorales; *Fantasia in C Minor*, BWV 562; *Fantasia in G Major*, BWV 572. Saint-Sulpice, Paris, recorded 1959.
- CD 7.** Dupré, 3 *Preludes and Fugues*, Op. 36; Olivier Messiaen, *Le Banquet céleste*; “Les Bergers” from *La Nativité du Seigneur*. Saint-Sulpice, Paris, recorded July 4–9, 12, 1959.
- CD 8.** J.S. Bach, *Kyrie*, Gott heiliger Geist, BWV 671; *Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr*, BWV 662; *Wir glauben all an einen Gott*, BWV 680; *Christ, unser Herr, zum Jordan kam*, BWV 684; *In dir ist Freude*, BWV 615; *O Mensch, beweine dein' Sünde gross*, BWV 622; *Vom Himmel kam der Engel Schar*, BWV 607; *Durch Adams Fall ist ganz verderbt*, BWV 637; *Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme*, BWV 645; *Vor deinen Thron tret ich hiermit*, BWV 668. Saint-Ouen, Rouen, recorded October 1965.
- CD 9.** Dupré *Symphonie-Passion*, Op. 23; *Choral et Fugue*, Op. 57; *Hymne “Iste confessor,”* Op. 38, No. 2; *In dulci jubilo*, Op. 28; *Toccata sur “Ave maris stella,”* from 15 *Versets*, Op. 18. Saint-Ouen, Rouen, recorded October 1965.
- CD 10.** Camille Saint-Saëns, *Symphony No. 3 in C Minor*, Op. 78 (“Organ” Symphony). Detroit Symphony Orchestra, Paul Paray, cond. Ford Auditorium, Detroit, recorded October 12, 1957.

Newly-remastered from the original tapes by Mercury Living Presence specialists and available for the first time in one ten-CD set, these are the Complete “Mercury Living Presence” recordings of Marcel Dupré, as well as two albums originally released in France on the Philips label. The comprehensive

booklet in French and English includes the complete stoplists of the organs heard, an explanation of the remastering process by supervisor Tom Fine, and excerpts from Madame Dupré’s diary from her 1957 visit with her husband to the United States. The set includes the original album artwork, plus all the original LP jacket notes (in English). The ten CDs in this set represent Dupré playing his own works, playing works of the major late-19th-century organ composers, and playing the works of Bach.

The earliest recording was that done at Detroit’s Ford Auditorium. The \$5.7 million auditorium opened on October 14, 1956, with a live telecast of the Ed Sullivan Show, but the organ was not installed for another eight months. Aeolian-Skinner was faced with the organbuilder’s perennial problem: not having been left sufficient space for the organ chambers. The only possible locations for the pipes were two areas originally intended as “acoustic chambers” above the proscenium. Company President Joseph Whiteford devised a plan for a 48-rank organ in the proscenium and an all-exposed two-manual, 23-rank, “Baroque” organ on the stage, both playable from a three-manual movable console.

Paul Paray, then in his fifth year as music director of the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, prevailed on his old friend and fellow Rouennaise, Marcel Dupré, to come to Detroit to inaugurate the new organ.¹ Paray had been a classmate of Dupré at the Paris Conservatory, indeed they both had won

1. Also on Dupré’s agenda were two other recordings for Mercury of music by Franck, Widor, and Dupré.



Paul Paray, Joseph Whiteford, and Marcel Dupré before the portable stage division of the Aeolian-Skinner in Detroit’s Ford Auditorium

the Premiere Grand Prix de Rome (Paray in 1911 and Dupré three years later).

On Sunday afternoon, October 6, 1957, Dupré played a solo recital on the new organ in Ford Auditorium and the following Thursday and Friday, he was soloist in a pair of concerts with the Detroit Symphony that featured Saint-Saëns's Third Symphony. Until that concert, reviewers were, for the most part, silent about the new hall's acoustical shortcomings. There was no resonance in the building, making the reeds sound hard and brassy and the organ's upper work frequently blatant. *The New York Times* music critic, Harold Schonberg, wrote that "Mr. Dupré had nearly all stops out at the end of the two works he played [the other being the Sinfonia from Bach's Cantata No. 146], but it was as if an acoustic blotter had been placed over the organ, and over the orchestra, too, for that matter."² He later remembered that "bass notes could not be heard and there was no warmth to the sound."³

Nevertheless, on the recording the clean playing of the orchestra belies the overly-dry acoustics, and strategic microphone placement gave the impression that the organ was much more powerful. The recording remains one of the few that is faithful to the composer's intentions for the magnificent fortissimo chords at the beginning of the last movement.

The Saint-Saëns Symphony was released in March 1958 and was immediately compared to the performance by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra with E. Power Biggs recorded by Columbia and released the previous November. Paul Affelder, of *High Fidelity*, wrote:

Paray . . . builds the symphony from beginning to end, with the result that the climaxes of the finale are truly stirring. Mercury's sound is even brighter and more definitive than Columbia's. Strings have more incisive presence and the deep pedal tones of the organ, discerningly played by Dupré, come through more easily. Choice between the two discs depends upon whether you prefer your French wine dry (Paray) or sweet (Ormandy). Both, however, are superb.⁴

All of the works on the first two CDs were to have been recorded on the new organ at Ford Auditorium, but when Dupré first played it and the Mercury engineers heard it, they immediately realized it would be unsuitable as a vehicle for these classics of the French repertoire. Dupré was to play a recital at St. Thomas' Church in New York on October 17, just before returning to France, and arrangements were quickly made to



St. Thomas' Church, the nave

arrange for the two LPs to be recorded there. Aeolian-Skinner had installed a new organ in 1956, G. Donald Harrison's last—he suffered a fatal heart attack during tonal finishing and it had been introduced at the 1956 AGO New York convention by Dupré's student, the then-new organist of Notre Dame Cathedral, Pierre Cochereau. With 173 ranks (not counting the twelve prepared for) and the stoplist overseen by William Self, Opus 205-A was the first "French" organ built in America, not just on paper, but, as you can hear, in the room.

William Self, organist of St. Thomas' Church, turned pages for Dupré's first session and noted his nervousness at recording, not to mention his hands deformed by *ankylosis*, a stiffening of the joints as the bones become fused. Self wrote, "I could not believe what I was seeing and hearing. Stop and start, mistake after mistake. It seemed impossible that this could really be Marcel Dupré. . . . I could only wonder with some trepidation what would happen at the recital on Thursday evening."⁵ His concern proved unnecessary: "Dupré walked to the console as if he had never had a care nor a worry, sat down, and started to play—a magnificent recital, fully justifying the expectations of his audience."

Dupré was the first to record Franck's *Trois Chorals* complete—in September 1947 on the 1930 III/62 Rushworth & Dreaper, at St. Mark's Church, North Audley Street, London. It was rather incongruous that this second set, just ten years later, followed closely the release of Albert Schweitzer's Columbia recordings of the *Three Chorals* (on the organ of the Gunsbach Parish Church).

2. Harold C. Schonberg, "Music Workshop Opens in Detroit. Critics Meeting, New Season Begin—Dupré Performs on the Kanzler Organ," *New York Times* (October 12, 1957): 24.

3. Harold C. Schonberg, "Music: Detroit Symphony: Sixten Ehrling Leads—Acoustics Assessed," *New York Times* (February 15, 1964): 15.

4. Paul Affelder, "Records in Review—Classical," *High Fidelity* (July 1958): 50.

5. William Self, *For Mine Eyes Have Seen* (Worcester: The Worcester Chapter of the American Guild of Organists, 1990), 175.

Dupré's edition of the complete organ works of César Franck was published in 1955 and soon took its place beside his Bach edition as an exemplary teaching tool, elucidating with indications of fingering and pedaling the technical secrets of a major performing artist. Dupré's recorded performance of Franck's works, like his edition, exhibits a cavalier attitude with regard to the composer's precise intentions, particularly registration, and we miss not only the sound of the Hautbois, which Franck always drew into the foundation ensemble, but the building-up of the tonal forces by the coupling of divisions and the addition of reeds and mixtures. Dupré's tuttis are reached with the Crescendo Pedal or with a single piston. There is, too, the substitution of the Voix céleste for the Voix humaine every time the latter is indicated in the score. The organ had one: it is heard in the *Tryptich*, and one wonders why it was not used as Franck prescribed.

There has never been a more magisterial performance of the Allegro from Widor's Sixth Symphony than Dupré's and, with no recorded performance at the time of the late addition of the Second Symphony's *Salve Regina*, it is understandable why Dupré chose to play it. Dupré was the exception to the rule that composers are seldom good advocates of their own music. He recorded the *Prelude and Fugue in G Minor* on player organ rolls for three companies and then for the phonograph at Queen's Hall, London, in 1926. It was his most famous composition and his playing of the *Prelude* is scintillating, with the *Fugue* more relaxed than would have been expected. This is his final recorded performance of it—his last word on one of the icons of 20th-century organ music. The *Triptyque*, his latest composition that he had just premiered in Detroit, receives a lively performance, his virtuosity belying his 71 years.

Two years later, Mercury spent several warm July nights with Dupré at his church in Paris, committing to vinyl an impressive selection of repertoire: Bach, Franck, Dupré, and two pieces by his illustrious student, Olivier Messiaen. Dupré was a brilliant technician and his playing was distinguished by strong rhythm and a clarity in which every note and phrase was impeccably rendered.

Recording in July and registering with reeds can be tempting fate and those at Saint-Sulpice are sometimes a bit out-of-tune—or “very French,” depending on the depth of your Francophilia. We forget what a charming and balanced suite the six “Schübler” chorale preludes are and Dupré registers them with that in mind: the cantus firmus on a reed for nos. 1, 3, and 5, a 4' Principal in the Pedal for nos. 2 and 6, and a Viole for no. 4.

The Fantasia in G begins with a perky 8' and 2', the Grave is registered from foundation stops up to complete full organ, including the Trompette en chamade and the 32' Bombarde, while the Lento is again played on the 8' fonds. Dupré's Bach playing is straightforward, not to say imperious. There are

almost no stop changes during a movement, as opposed to those recommended in the Widor-Schweitzer edition. And the playing is so sure and firm, we are reminded that for much of the 20th century Dupré was as famed for his performances of the complete Bach works from memory, as for his improvised symphonies. Here, in the latter days of his meteoric career is consummate legato, the characteristic repeated notes, precision, and fast tempi. When they were first released, the Philadelphia critic for *The New Records*, Enos Shupp, wrote: “Dupré's performances of these masterpieces are bold, granitic, solid in rhythm and noble in concept. The strength and conviction of his playing and the effect of this magnificent organ are inspiring.”⁶ As for the recording, Nathan Broder of *High Fidelity* wrote: “The engineers have captured the power of the instrument and the spaciousness of the sound, yet not even in the most agile passages are Bach's lines blurred.”⁷

As with the Saint Thomas' discs, the fourth and seventh CDs are the most valuable of the set because we hear the composer interpret his own works, in this case, two of his most celebrated and enduring works: *Cortège et litanie* and the *Variations on a Noel*; two of the *Seven Pieces* of 1930, *Lamento*, and the *Three Preludes and Fugues*, Op. 36, the last set that never engendered much interest among players. It was a great tribute to Messiaen that his maître included two of his organ works in this series.

Three works of Franck rounded out the four Mercury discs of 1959. Appropriate not only because of Dupré's sincere devotion to the composer, but also because Franck was one of the organists who inaugurated the organ of Saint-Sulpice in 1862.

The final two CDs are Dupré's last recordings, made at the age of 79 on the great late Cavaillé-Coll organ in Dupré's hometown of Rouen. Ten Bach chorale preludes from the *Clavierübung*, the *Great Eighteen*, the *Orgelbüchlein*, and the first of the Schübblers are contrasted with Dupré's own music, including his only recording of the *Passion Symphony*.

The quality of the sound on these CDs is all that one could wish for. Having had original material with which to work, and that material being so well preserved, these are an ideal representation of the four organs documented.

Marcel Dupré was one of music's true immortals. These recordings are not only the testament of a great virtuoso, composer, and teacher, but, in the words of Albert Schweitzer, the last “representative of an epoch during which those two great organists, Guilmant and Widor, opened up a glorious future for the organ.”

The ten CD set is available from the OHS store at www.ohscatalog.org.

6. Enos E. Shupp, *The New Records* 28–29: 29.

7. Nathan Broder, *High Fidelity* (June 1960): 58.

The Silver Anniversary of the St. John's Organ Society and the Maine Historic Organ Institute

STEPHEN L. PINEL

THE STATE OF MAINE—often dubbed “America’s Vacation Land”—calls to mind intimate and heart-warming imagery: the craggy coast of the chilly North Atlantic, old and venerable lighthouses, L.L. Bean, whale watching, and indisputably the tastiest seafood anywhere. Of special interest to members of the Organ Historical Society, Maine also has a bumper-crop of vintage American organs. A generation has passed since the OHS last visited the state for one of its annual conventions.

Twenty-five years ago, Kevin Birch, the indefatigable music director of St. John’s R.C. Church in Bangor, established the St. John’s Organ Society. Besides advocacy, the organization’s purpose was to call attention to one of the larger and more significant pre-Civil War Hook organs extant. Opus 288, built and opened on Christmas Day 1860, has been in continuous use since. On this silver anniversary of the organization, a fall Institute is planned that offers OHS members a unique opportunity to experience, hear, and play this notable organ—as well as a number of similar instruments in the surrounding communities. The Institute is intended to raise funds, and its ultimate goal is the long-term preservation of Opus 288.

Between October 24 and 28, 2017, just as the foliage season in Maine reaches its peak, St. John’s Organ Society is hosting the Maine Historic Organ Institute. This mid-week event, beginning Tuesday afternoon and ending Saturday morning, offers devotees of old American organs a virtual smorgasbord of events: concerts, field study, lectures, sight-seeing, tours, and the singular privilege of studying with some of the country’s more-respected organ teachers. Home base will be the historic Charles Inn (www.TheCharlesInn.com) in downtown Bangor, known for its old-world charm, and many of the events will be within walking distance of the hotel.

Beside Opus 288, a number of other historic organs by E. & G.G. Hook and George Stevens will be featured. Optional

side trips will take attendees to Belfast, to examine George Bozeman’s landmark restoration of the 1848 Stevens organ at the First Church; to Bucksport, to see Andover Organ Company’s fine restoration of the 1863 Hook at the Elm Street Congregational Church; and to Stockton Springs to see an 1847 Hook. Of particular interest, is a “new” two-manual organ, E. & G.G. Hook, Opus 304 (1861), restored and recently installed by A. David Moore in the Hammond Street Congregational Church in Bangor. The Institute will be a hands-on experience, so bring your music and shoes, as many of the organs will be open-keydesk for those who want to play.

The faculty of the Institute reads like a veritable *Who’s Who of the American Organ World*: master teachers Kevin Birch, Margaret Harper, Christian Lane, Jonathan Moyer, and Dana Robinson will work one-on-one or in small groups with attendees. Several organbuilders will be in residence, including George Bozeman, A. David Moore, David and Nick Wallace, and the cherished grand-daddy of them all—Robert C. Newton! Moore and Wallace will bring continuo organs, and along with a small organ by Darron Wissinger already at St. John’s, you’ll also have an opportunity to play on those. Other noted names in the old organ community will participate, including Barbara Owen, Carlton and Lorna Russell, Stephen Pinel, and James Woodman. They will present lectures and prepare handouts to document further and preserve the unique organ culture of Maine.

The St. John’s Organ Society sponsored the successful Hook Holiday back in 2010. The Maine Historic Organ Institute will offer even more opportunities to experience these remarkable instruments. The registration fee is an affordable \$150. The schedule with further information and a downloadable registration form is available at www.hookopus288.org, or you can call Kevin Birch directly at 207-217-6740 if you have questions.



The Organ in Chicago's Great Northern Hotel

JAMES LEWIS

Chicago's Great Northern Hotel with the 1895 addition at the right

In anticipation of the release of the updated and expanded edition of Rollin Smith's book, The Aeolian Pipe Organ and its Music, to be issued by the OHS Press, this article brings to light an early and now-unknown Aeolian pipe organ that, in its day, was a great sensation.

AMONG CHICAGO'S FINE, late-19th-century hotels was the Great Northern at Dearborn and Jackson Boulevards. Architect Daniel Burnham designed the original 14-story building that was completed in 1891. In 1895, he drew up plans for a 16-story addition that offered a 2,000-seat theater, 300 offices, and 300 additional hotel rooms. A new galleried, double-height hotel lobby was added, featuring a colorful stained glass ceiling and, situated above the reception desk, the elaborate casework for an Æolian automatic pipe organ, installed in 1896. Although the instrument was advertised as an Æolian Pipe Orchestra, it was built by the Farrand & Votey Organ Company, Detroit, and could be played by either an Aeolian roll player mechanism or by hand.

The main section of the electropneumatic instrument had 27 ranks distributed across Great, Swell, and Pedal divisions that were played from a two-manual console located on the lobby gallery. Also playable from the lobby console, or from its own roll console, was a seven-stop division in the Palm Garden café located on the 19th floor of the hotel and heard by the organist in the lobby by means of a primitive telephone system—the organist listening through a set

of headphones. The Palm Garden division was in a decorative cabinet placed on the wall above the entrance to the café. Across the top of cabinet, gold-leaf lettering proclaimed, “Æolian Orchestra.”

The daily concerts given on the hotel organ were very popular and every afternoon the staff endured hundreds of people crowding into the lobby to listen to the organ. Light music and popular pieces were favored; the works of the “great masters” being rarely, if ever, heard. In fact, a popular piece was being played on the organ one day in 1897 when the concert turned into a *son et lumière* show:

As the great pipe organ in the Great Northern Hotel was pealing forth “There’s a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight,” the opening number in the daily concert, a sheet of flame shot forth from the instrument followed by volumes of smoke, which grew more dense every minute, and in a few minutes the instrument, valued at \$15,000, was a charred wreck, while the surrounding decorations were damaged to the extent of several thousand dollars.

For fifteen or twenty minutes, great volumes of smoke rolled through the corridors and rooms, an unpleasant reminder of the Tosetti Café fire.¹ There was a commotion among the 450 guests, and bell-boys went flying from room to room notifying the guests that there was a fire and it would be well to be prepared to move out quickly, but they ended up their warning with the assurance that there

1. The fire at Chicago’s Tosetti Café occurred only six days before and the combined explosion and fire injured 23 people.

would be little likelihood that the fire would escape from the organ loft. . . .

All this loss and excitement was caused by three workmen who were adjusting the organ earlier in the afternoon and carelessly left a lighted candle inside. The candle burned down to the wood where it had been placed and set fire to the valuable instrument.

Just before the fire was discovered, attention was called to the organ by a series of discordant noises wholly different from the accepted version of "Hot Time," and several persons standing in the lobby were glancing in amazement at the instrument when the flames leaped forth. . . .

Colonel [William S.] Eden, [manager of the hotel] having become convinced he could not control the fire with the hotel force, after experimenting twenty minutes, had an alarm turned in and soon firemen were ripping the delicate mass of pipe and wood work to pieces with axes and flooding it with water. It was an obstinate fire to fight because of the inflammable nature of the organ, the difficulty of reaching the flames, and the good start it had. Its location, however, made it easy to keep it from spreading. There was nothing above it excepting the glass roof over the office, and there was a brick wall behind it. Still, over an hour of lively work was required to tear the organ to pieces and quell the flames.

The organ, which is a total wreck, was placed in position a year-and-a-half ago, having been hurried along to do service during the Democratic National Convention. It was built by the Farrand & Votey Company at a cost of \$15,000 and was the first Aeolian [operated] pipe instrument placed in a quasi-public building in the world. It was the largest and finest of its kind ever built. . . .

The Aeolian was kept in proper condition and tune by the company that made it. The company, represented in Chicago by George Heerwagen, has an office in the Great Northern Hotel building. The same company, or its predecessors [Roosevelt], built the organs in the Auditorium, McVicker's Theatre, Steinway Hall, and several churches, and Mr. Heerwagen employs a force of men keeping these instruments in order. It was a gang of these men who did the mischief which resulted in the fire. Three of them were at work inside of the organ yesterday afternoon. Instead of following the directions given them and using only incandescent electric light attached to long wires which could be carried anywhere inside the organ, they used the candle which they set on the walk board. Then they went away and forgot the candle which burned down to the walk board and, helped by the melted grease, set fire to the dry woodwork.²



Main organ case in the lobby of the Great Northern Hotel, Chicago

This much was ascertained by Mr. Heerwagen from the boy who attended the gang, but he declined to give the name of the man responsible for starting the fire, stating to a reporter for the *Inter Ocean* that "It is our fault."³

Work was begun immediately on an exact replacement of the damaged instrument. Since the main console and the Palm Garden were undamaged, the only section of the organ that had to be replaced was located above the reception desk. The daily organ concerts continued to be popular with the hotel guests, but in the years following World War I, interest in the organ waned as tastes in music changed and it eventually fell silent. In 1924, when it finally came time to remove the instrument from the hotel, an article announcing "Famous Hotel Organ to be Scrapped" told of the organ's demise:

The fine old organ, which for thirty years has delighted guests at the Great Northern Hotel, Chicago, is to be wrecked and will be heard no more. The instrument has helped largely to bring popularity to the hotel. For years, concerts were given by means of the automatic action. It was made and installed by the old Farrand & Votey Company and contained one of the first great player actions which later gained world-wide fame for the Aeolian Companies.

Lee [*sic*] Herrwagen, at the time conspicuous as the representative of the Farrand & Votey Co., then located in Detroit, supervised the erection of the organ and he was very proud of his part in it. A Chicago newspaper, announcing the determination of the hotel to destroy the big organ, told the fairy tale about the instrument having been brought from Berlin to the Columbia Exposition in Jackson Park in 1893, where it "won first prize at our World's Fair." As is here stated, the famous Great Northern organ is of American manufacture and the great organ will be missed from the popular hotel lobby.⁴

2. "'Hot Time' for Eden: Great Northern Organ Plays the tune as It Burns," (Chicago) *Inter Ocean* (December 29, 1897): 1

3. Ibid.

4. *Presto* (September 6, 1924).



The Palm Garden division of the Great Northern Hotel organ. Note the roll player console at lower right side.

GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
FARRAND & VOTEY ORGAN CO. NO. 807, 1896

ROTUNDA GREAT

8 Viol di Gamba
8 Dolce Violin
8 Doppel Floete
4 Violin
2 $\frac{2}{3}$ Nazard
2 Piccolo Harmonique
8 Trumpet
8 Clarinet
8 Saxophone

ROTUNDA SWELL

8 Contra Gamba
8 Violin Diapason
8 Flute Harmonique
8 Violoncello
8 Salicional
8 Aeoline
8 Vox Celestis
4 Flauto Traverso
Cornet, 4 ranks
8 Cornocean
8 Oboe
Tremulant

ROTUNDA PEDAL

16 Violone
16 Dolcimo
8 Violoncello
16 Euphone

PALM GARDEN ORCHESTRA

8 Dolce Violin
8 Viol di Gamba
8 Gemshorn
8 Sweet Flute
4 Flute Harmonique
8 Corno d'Amour
16 Euphone
Tremulant

COUPLERS

Great Octaves
Swell to Great
Swell to Great Octaves
Swell to Great Sub octaves
Swell Octaves
Palm Garden to Lobby Swell
Great to Pedal
Swell to Pedal

COMBINATION PISTONS

Great: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5
Swell: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6
Pedal: 1, 2, 3
Palm Garden Orchestra: 1, 2, 3
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Piano, Mezzo, Forte

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The New Organ for the First Presbyterian Church *Monterey, California*

JACK M. BETHARDS

THE WORK OF MURRAY M. HARRIS, legendary Los Angeles organbuilder whose firm built what is now the nucleus of Philadelphia's Wanamaker organ, is much admired, especially here in the West where a few of his brilliant creations survive untouched. Organist, organ technician, and historian Thomas L. DeLay, serving as the consultant for First Presbyterian Church of Monterey, California, contacted Schoenstein & Co. about a new organ. Tom told me that he had invited the committee to a church where he played a 1910 Murray M. Harris organ. This was an educational session just to show the committee the parts of an instrument and how they worked; it was not to talk about tone. In fact, he was a bit concerned that they might be put off by an "old-fashioned" instrument. Much to his surprise and delight, when he demonstrated the instrument, the committee was absolutely captivated and said "that's the kind of sound we want!" Tom asked if we could make something with a bit of the Murray M. Harris character. We could, but wouldn't it be better to have the real thing or something close to it? One of our long-term clients had an organ in storage with us that was about 90 percent from Murray M. Harris Opus 91 of 1912. We also had in stock several stops from Opus 83 of 1911. I suggested that we make a brand new reproduction Murray M. Harris organ with mostly original pipework. The two churches got together and made an arrangement favorable to both and we set out on one of our most interesting projects.

Every part of this two-manual, 26-voice, 28-rank organ is new except the original pipework. Our windchests happened to be appropriate for Murray M. Harris pipes, having a similar expansion chamber that elongates the wind path between valve and pipe toe. The entire organ is under expression speaking down the long axis of the church with Great and Pedal in one chamber and Swell in the other. The church went to great lengths to improve the organ chambers with effective insulation and temperature control. The previous

organ had suffered badly from swings in temperature. (Yes, It Happens in Monterey!)

The console is a reproduction of the Murray M. Harris style of the period. An original console was thoroughly measured and photographed. Every detail of the cabinetry is an exact match, as are drawknobs and other accessories. To give the instrument added flexibility, the console is equipped with modern playing aids of the Peterson ICS system and has a third manual that draws mainly solo stops from the Great and Swell.

Fortunately, the pipework had been well preserved over the years and not altered, and it was carefully cleaned and prepared in our voicing rooms. The stoplist is very much of the period with 69 percent of its stops at 8' pitch or below, but they are brimming with color and character. Typical of Harris organs, the upperwork adds a completely satisfying and perfectly balanced glow to the sound. The Dolce Cornet is new but based strictly on Murray M. Harris models of Salicional scale. It has found multiple uses. Of special interest, is the Harris tradition of celestes that work with either medium or soft unisons. In this organ, they are found on both Swell and Great. The tonal result is a versatile church organ fully suitable to modern demands.

Many modern instruments have been made on 18th- and 19th-century models, but this reproduction in the early 20th-century style may find a new audience for just plain beautiful tone.

The instrument was completed in February 2017 and presented in a recital on May 6, featuring five performers associated over the years with the church: Tiffany Truett Bedner, Aaron Nee, Kitty Du Vernois, organ consultant Thomas Delay, and current organist Margaret Bellisomi.

The organ project manager for the church is Walt Prowell; the music director is John Koza; the pastor is the Rev. Mark Peake.

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MONTEREY, CALIF.
SCHOENSTEIN & CO.

*Incorporating pipes from
 1911 and 1912 Murray M. Harris organs*

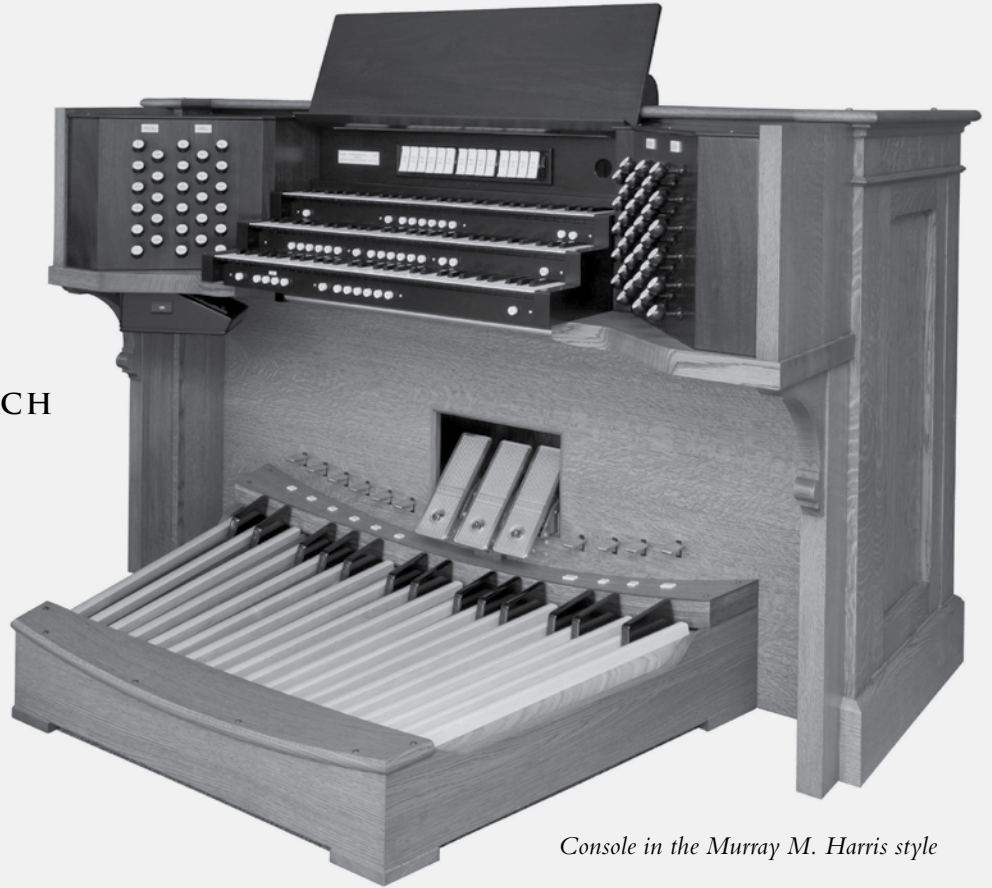
All manual ranks are 61 pipes unless noted.

Pedal ranks are 32 pipes.

*Murray M. Harris pipework

Solo: ^{GT} = Great stops; ^{SW} = Swell stops

Electric-pneumatic action



Console in the Murray M. Harris style

II. GREAT (expressive)

- 8 First Open Diapason*
- 8 Second Open Diapason
- 8 Melodia*
- 8 Unda-Maris* (t.c., 49 pipes)
- 8 Dulciana*
- 4 Octave
- 4 Flute d'Amour*
- 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ Octave Quint
- 2 Super Octave
- 16 Trombone (ext. 12 pipes)
- 8 Tuba
- 8 Clarinet
- Tremulant
- Great 16, Unison Off, 4

III. SWELL (expressive)

- 16 Bourdon*
- 8 Violin Diapason*
- 8 Stopped Diapason*
- 8 Salicional*
- 8 Vox Celeste (t.c., 49 pipes)
- 8 Aeoline*
- 4 Fugara
- 4 Harmonic Flute*
- 2 Piccolo
- Dolce Cornet III (171 pipes)
- 8 Trumpet
- 8 Oboe*
- 8 Vox Humana (with separate Trem.)
- Tremulant
- Swell 16, Unison Off, 4

I. SOLO

- 8 First Open Diapason^{GT}
- 8 Second Open Diapason^{GT}
- 8 Violin Diapason^{SW}
- 8 Stopped Diapason^{SW}
- 8 Harmonic Flute^{SW†}
- 8 Vox Celeste II^{SW}
- 8 Unda Maris II^{GT}
- 4 Flute d'Amour^{GT}
- 8 Tuba^{GT}
- 8 Trumpet^{SW}
- 8 Oboe^{SW}
- 8 Clarinet^{GT}
- 8 Vox Humana^{SW} (with Tremulant)
- Chimes (from existing organ)
- Solo 16, Unison Off, 4
- †4' Harmonic Flute, 8' Stopped Diapason,
 and Aeoline common bass

PEDAL

- 32 Resultant (16' Diapason and Bourdon)
- 16 Open Diapason* (wood)
- 16 Bourdon* (former Tibia)
- 16 Lieblich Gedeckt (Sw.)
- 8 Open Diapason (Gt. 2nd OD)
- 8 Violin Diapason (Sw.)
- 8 Lieblich Gedeckt (Sw.)
- 4 Octave (Gt. 1st OD)
- 16 Trombone (Gt.)
- 8 Trumpet (Sw.)
- 4 Oboe (Sw.)

COUPLERS

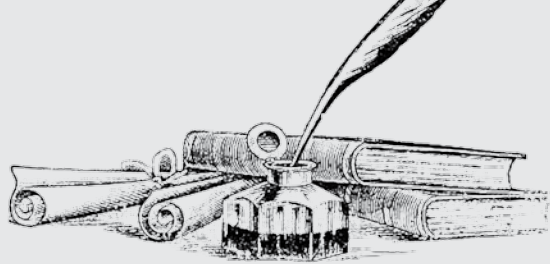
- Great to Pedal 8, 4
- Swell to Pedal 8, 4
- Solo to Pedal 8, 4
- Swell to Great 16, 8, 4
- Solo to Great
- Great to Solo 8, 4
- Swell to Solo 8, 4

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Thumbs and Fugues

JENNETTE LEE

Inspired by our Chair Christopher Marks's remarks in his message and following the lead of Kimberly Marshall, the Chair of the Publications Advisory Committee, to appeal to those who love the organ not only as a historical instrument, but also for its music, its composers, and its players, we begin a series of Belles lettres, literary works that feature all facets of the organ. We begin with Johann Sebastian Bach, the greatest of all composers, organists, and organ experts.

Jennette Barbour Perry (1861–1951) was born in Bristol, Conn., and upon graduation from Smith College with a bachelor of arts, married Gerald Stanley Lee, a Congregational minister, author, magazine editor, and lecturer. Jennette Lee taught English at Vassar (1890–93), was head of the English department of Western Reserve University's College for Women (1893–96), and, when the Lees moved to Northampton, Mass., in 1901, instructor, and from 1904 to 1913, professor of English literature at Smith College. Jennette Lee was the author of many books, sketches, and stories.

Her 1916 *Unfinished Portraits: Stories of Musicians and Artists*,¹ dedicated to her husband, is a fine example of Lee's historical fiction and features stories of five painters and Bach, Schubert, and Chopin. Her knowledge of each of her subjects was encyclopaedic as the following story demonstrates.

1. Jennette Lee, *Unfinished Portraits: Stories of Musicians and Artists* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1916), 29–77.

I

"READY, father—ready!" shouted the small boy. He was standing on the top step of a flight of stairs leading to the organ-loft of the Hofchapel, peering in. His round, stolid face and short, square legs gave no hint of the excitement that piped in his shrill voice.

The man at the organ looked leisurely around, nodding his big head and smiling. "Ja, ja, S'bastian—ja," he said placidly. His fingers played slowly on.

The boy mounted the steps to the organ and rubbed his cheek softly against the coat sleeve that reached out to the keys. The man smiled again a big, floating smile, and his hands came to rest.

The boy looked up wistfully. "They'll all get there before we do," he said quickly. "Come!"

The man looked down absently and kindly. "Nein, S'bastian." He patted the round head beside him. "There is no need that we should hurry."

They passed out of the chapel, across the courtyard and into the open road. For half an hour they trudged on in silence, their broad backs swinging from side to side in the morning light. Across the man's back was slung a large violin, in its bag; and across the back of the boy hung a violin like that of the father, only shorter and fatter and squarer, and on his head was a huge woolen cap. He took it off and wiped the perspiration from his white forehead.

The man looked down at him once more and halted. "Now, but we will rest here," he said gently. He removed the violin-bag carefully from his back and threw himself on the ground and took from his pocket a great pipe.

With a little sigh the boy sat down beside him.

The man nodded good-naturedly. "Ja, that is right." He blew a puff of smoke toward the morning clouds; "the Bachs do not hurry, my child—no more does the sun."

The boy smiled proudly. He looked up toward the ball of fire sailing above them and a change came over his face. "We might miss the chorale," he said wistfully. "They won't wait, will they?"

The big man shook his head. "We shall not be late. There is my clock." He nodded toward the golden sun. "And I have yet another here," he added, placing a comfortable hand on his big stomach.

The boy laughed softly and lay quiet.

The man opened his lips and blew a wreath of smoke.

"There will be more than a hundred Bachs," he said slowly, "and you must play what I have taught you—not too slow and not too fast." He looked down at the boy's fat fingers. "Play like a true Bach and no other," he added.

The boy nodded. "Will Uncle Christoph be there?" he asked after a pause.

"Ja."

"And Uncle Heinrich?"

"Ja, ja!"

The boy gave a quick sigh of contentment.

His father was looking at him shrewdly. "But it is not Uncle Heinrich that will be making a player of you, and it is not Uncle Christoph. It is only Johann Sebastian Bach that can make himself a player," he said sternly.

"Yes, father," replied the boy absently. His eyes were following the clouds.

The man blew great puffs of smoke toward them. "It is more than a hundred and twenty years ago that we came from Hungary," he said proudly.

The boy nestled toward him. "Tell me about it." He had heard the story many times.

"Ja, ja," said the man musingly. . . .

"He was my great-grandfather, that man—Veit Bach—and your great-great grandfather."

The boy nodded.

"And he was a miller—"

He dropped into silence, and a little brook that ran over the stones near by babbled as it went.

The boy raised his eyes. "And he had a lute," he prompted softly.

"Ja, he had a lute—and while the mill-wheel turned, he played the lute—sweet, true notes and tunes he played—in that old mill."

The boy smiled contentedly.

"And now we be a hundred Bachs. We make music for all Germany. Come!"

He sprang to his feet. "We will go to the festival, the great Bach festival.

You, my little son, shall play like a true Bach."

As they walked along the road he hummed contentedly to himself, speaking now and then a word to the boy.

"What makes one Bach great, makes all. Remember, my child, Reincken is great—but he is only one; and Böhm and Buxtehude, Pachelbel. But we are many—all Bachs—all great." He hummed gaily a few bars of the chorale and stopped, listening.

The boy turned his face back over the road. "They are coming," he said softly.

"Ja, they are coming."

The next moment a heavy cart came in sight. It was laden to the brim with Bachs and music; some laughing and some singing and some playing—on fiddles or flutes or horns—beaming with broad faces.

The man caught up Sebastian by the arm and jumped on to the tail-board of the cart. And thus—enveloped in a cloud of dust, surrounded by the laughter of fun-loving men and youths—the boy came into Erfurt, to the great festival of all the Bachs.

II

SH-H! It is Heinrich! Listen to him—to Heinrich!" There were nods and smiles and soft thudding of mugs, and turning of broad faces toward the other end of the enclosure, as a small figure mounted the platform.

He was a tiny man, unlike the others; but he carried himself with a gentle pomposity, and he faced the gathering with a proud gesture, holding up his hand to enjoin silence. After a few muttering rumbles they subsided.

Sebastian, sitting between his father and a fat Bach, gulped with joy. It was the great Heinrich—who composed chorales and fugues and gavottes and—hush! Could it be that he was rebuking the Bachs—the great Bachs! . . . Sebastian's ears cracked with the strain. He looked helplessly at his father, who sat smiling into his empty beer-mug, and at the fat Bach on the other side, who was gaping with open mouth at the great Heinrich.

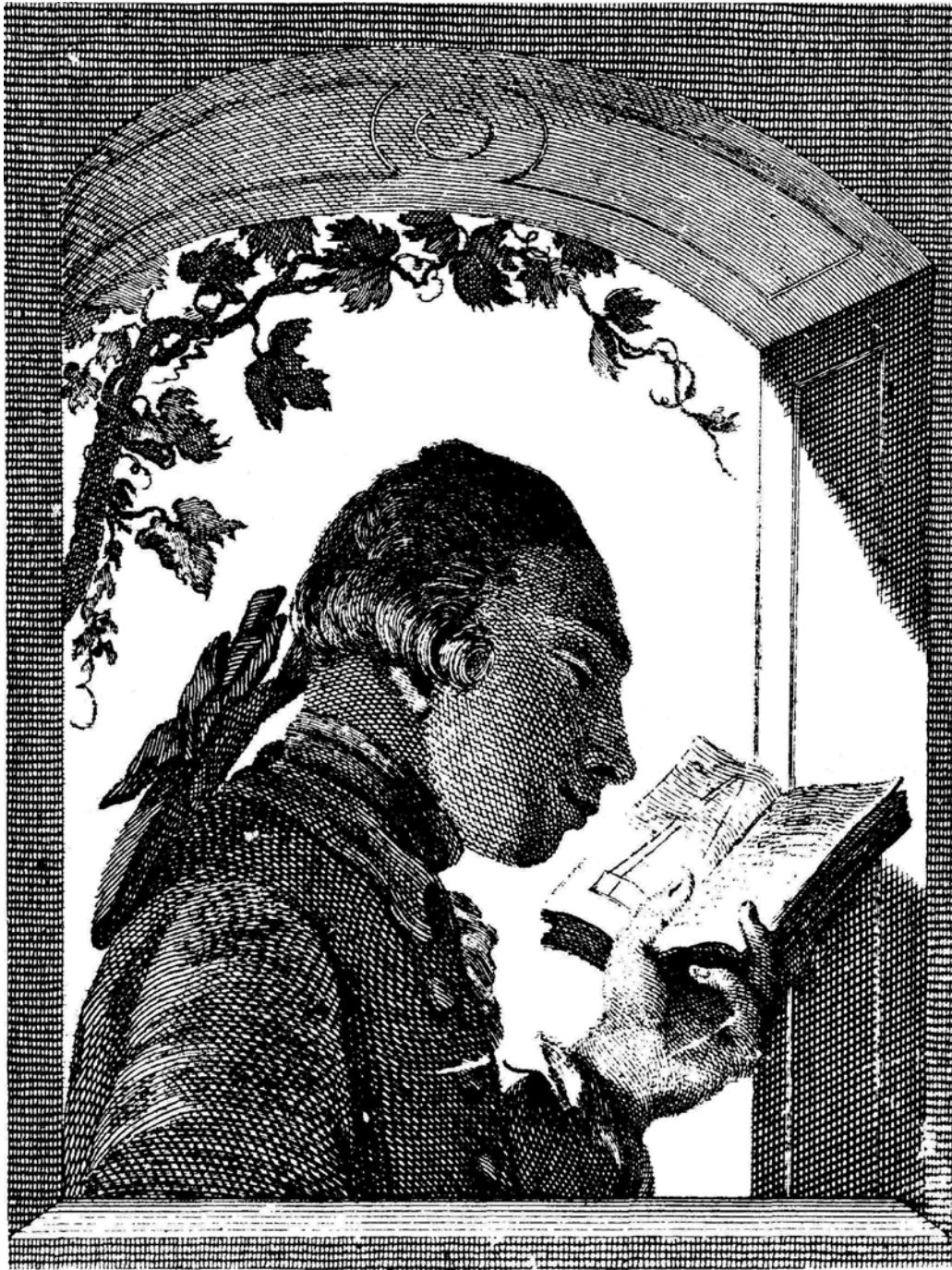
Sebastian looked back to the platform.

Heinrich's finger was uplifted at them sternly. . . . "It was Reincken who said it. He of the Katherinenkirche has said it, in open festival, that there is not a Bach in Germany that can play as he can play. Do you hear that!" The little man stamped impatiently with his foot on the platform. "He has called us flutists and lutists and 'cellists—." He stopped and held up a small instrument that he carried in his hand—"Do you know what this is?"

A response of grunts and cheers came from the crowd.

Sebastian stretched his neck to see. It was a kind of viol, small and battered and torn. Worn ribbons fluttered from the handle.

The small man on the platform lifted it reverently to his chin. He ran his fingers lightly along the broken strings. "You



know the man who played it," he said significantly, "old Veit Bach—" Cheers broke from the crowd. He stopped them sternly. "Do you think if he were alive—if Veit Bach were alive, would Reincken of Hamburg, dare challenge him in open festival?"

Cries of "Nein, nein!" and "Ja, ja!" came back from the benches.

Above: The Adolescent Bach at Ohrdruf, reading music by the light of the moon. Paris Conservatory Library.

"Ja, ja! Nein, nein!" snarled back the little man. "You know that he would not. He had only this—" He held up the lute again. "Only this and his mill. But he made the greatest music of his time. While you—thirty of you this day at the best organs in Germany. . . . And Reincken defies you. . . . Reincken!" His lighted eye ran along the crowd. "Before the next festival, shall there be one who will meet him?" There was no response. The Bachs looked into their beer-mugs. The great Heinrich swept them with his eagle glance. "Is there not one," he went on slowly, "who dares promise, in the presence of the Bachs that before Reincken dies he will meet him and outplay him?"

The Bachs were silent. They knew Reincken.

Sebastian, wedged between his father and the fat Bach, gulped mightily. He struggled to get to his feet. But a hand at his coat-tails held him fast. He looked up imploringly into his father's face—but the hand at his coat-tails restrained him. "I will promise," he whispered, "I want to promise."

"Ja, ja, little son," whispered the father; and he and the fat Bach exchanged smiles across the round head.

Heinrich's glance swept the crowd once more. . . . "You will

not promise? Then let me tell you—" He raised his small hand impressively.

"There shall come of the Bachs one so great that all others shall fade. He only shall be known as Bach—he and his sons; and before him the name of Reincken shall be as dust!" With a hiss upon the last word, he threw open his arms. "Come!" he said, "take your instrument and play."

Then fell upon the assembly a series of squeaks and gruntings and tunings and twinges and groans and wails such as was never heard outside a Bach festival. And little Sebastian, tugging at his violin, tuned and squeaked and Thumbs and

Fugues grunted with the rest, oblivious to the taps that fell on his small head from surrounding bows. And when at last the tuning was done and there burst forth the wonderful new melody of the chorale, Sebastian's heart went dizzy with the joy of it. And Uncle Heinrich on the platform, strutting proudly back and forth, conducting the chorale—his own chorale—forgot his anger and forgot Reincken, and forgot everything except the Bachs playing there before him—playing as only the Bachs, the united Bachs, could play—in all Germany or in all the world.

III

THE TWO boys had come to a turn in the road, and stood looking back over the way they had come. The younger of the two looked up wistfully to the cherry-blossomed trees overhead. "It is hot, Sebastian!—Let us rest."

With a smile the other boy threw himself on the grass. The large, flat book that he carried under his arm fell to the ground beside him, and his hand stole out and touched it. He had a wide, quiet face, with blue eyes and a short nose, and lips that smiled dreamily to themselves. As he lay looking up into the white blossoms that swayed and waited against the clear blue of the sky, the lips curved in gentle content.

His companion, who had thrown himself on the cool grass beside him, watched him admiringly. His glance shifted and rested on the book that lay on the grass. "What is it?—What is it, Sebastian?" he asked timidly. He put out an inquisitive finger toward the book.

Sebastian turned it quietly aside. "Let be," he said.

The boy flushed. "I was not going to touch it."

The other smiled, with his slow, generous eyes fixed on the boy's face. "Thou art a good boy, Erdman!" . . . "It is only thy fingers that itch to know things." He patted them gently, where they lay on the grass beside him.

Erdman was still looking at the book. "Was it your brother's?" he asked in a half whisper.

"Christoph's?" Sebastian shook his head. "No, it is mine—my own."

The soft wind was among the blossoms overhead—they fell in petals, one by one, upon the quiet figures.

"Want to know 'bout it?" asked Sebastian, half turning to meet his companion's eye.

The boy nodded. "It's mine. I copied it, every note—six months it took me—from Christoph's book."

"Did he let you?"

Sebastian shook his head, a grim, sweet smile curving the big mouth. "Let me?—Christoph!"

The boy crept nearer to him. "How did you do it?"

"I stole it—carried it up to my room while the others were asleep—and did it by the moon."

"The moon?"

The boy nodded, laughing. "Didst never hear of the moon, brave boy!"

Erdman smiled pettishly. "There isn't a moon—always," he said, after a moment.

"And that also is true," quoth the boy gravely. "But some time, late or early, one gets a glimpse of her—if one lies awake to see," he added softly.

The other glanced again at the book. "Let me look at it," he pleaded.

Sebastian smiled and reached over a hand to the book. "Don't touch. I'll show it thee." He untied the strings and spread it on the ground, throwing himself in front of it and resting his chin in his hands. "Come," he said, "I'll show it thee."

Erdman threw off his heavy cap and bent toward the book, with a little gesture of wonder. "I heard about Christoph's book—a good many times," he said softly. . . . "I didn't ever think I'd see it." He reached out his hand and touched the open page.

"Nobody ever saw it," said Sebastian absently. He was humming to himself. "Listen to this!" he said eagerly. He hummed a few bars. "That's Buxtehude's—isn't it great!" His face went tummy-tummy with the notes, and the blue eyes shone. "But this is the one I like best—listen!"

He turned over the pages rapidly. "Here it is. This is Reincken's. 'By the waters of Babylon, by the waters, by the waters of Babylon.'" He hummed the tune below his breath—and then louder and fuller. . . . The clear, sweet soprano of the notes died away softly. "Some day I shall play it," said Sebastian lingeringly. "Some day. See—here is the place for the harps! And here are the great horns. Listen!" His voice droned away at the bass and ran into the swift high notes of the treble. "Some day I shall play it," he repeated wistfully.

Erdman's slow gaze was following the page. "I can't read so fast," he said enviously.

Sebastian smiled back. "I know it by heart—almost. When the moon was behind the clouds I waited. I sang them over and over."

"Very softly," said Erdman, as if seeing the picture of the boy and the darkened room.

"Very softly," assented Sebastian, "so that no one should hear. And now I have them all!" He spoke exultingly. "And next month I shall see Reincken. . . . I shall hear him play!"

The other stared at him. "But Reincken is at Hamburg," he said at last.

"And that, too, is so," said Sebastian smiling.

"And we go to Lüneburg—"

"And we go to Lüneburg!" repeated the boy, with a mocking lilt in his voice. "And Lüneburg is twenty miles from Hamburg. Hadst thought of that!" He laughed exultingly.

The other shook his head. "I don't know what you mean," he said.

Sebastian was fastening the big violin in place on his back. He looked up under smiling brows, as he bent to draw the last strap. Then he touched his sturdy legs with his hand and laughed. "I mean that these are the horses to carry me to Hamburg and back many times. I shall hear the great Reincken play!—And I, too, shall play!" he added proudly.

"Do you never doubt, Sebastian?" asked the other thoughtfully, as they moved on.

"Doubt?"

"Whether you will be a great musician? . . . Sometimes I see myself going back—" He paused as if ashamed to have said so much.

Sebastian shook his head. His blue eyes were following the clouds in the spring day. "Sometimes I doubt whether I am among the elect," he said slowly. "But never that I am to be a musician." His full lips puckered dreamily, and his golden head nodded, keeping slow time. "By the waters—" he broke out into singing. "Is it not wunderschön! "The blue eyes turned with a smile. "It is wunderschön! Ach—wunderschön! Is it not, Erdman?" He seemed to awake and laid his hand affectionately on the boy's shoulder.

The other nodded. "Yes, it is schön," he said wistfully.

"Come, I will teach it to thee!"

And the notes of Reincken's chorale, "An den Wasserflüssen Babylon," floated with a clear, fresh sound on the spring morning air, two hundred years ago, and more, as two charity pupils walked along the road to Lüneburg.

IV

A TALL man with keen eyes and a round stomach stood in the shadow of the Johanneskirche, lost in thought and humming to himself. Now and then he took off his glasses and rubbed them vigorously, and put them on again to peer absently down the street.

A heavy figure, clad in the faded blue uniform of the Michaelsschule, rounded the corner, puffing heavily.

"Ach, Kerlman!" The tall man started forward with a stride. "You are late."

The other nodded imperturbably.

"Ja, I am late. Those boys—I can not make to hurry." He spoke as if assigning sufficient reason and wiped his brow.

A twinkle came into the keen eyes. "And one of them you have lost to-day," he said dryly. He cocked his eye a trifle toward the heavy church that rose behind them.

The other looked quickly around.

"That S'bastian—was he here?" he demanded.

"In there," replied the tall man, smiling. "No, no!" he laid his hand on his companion's arm as he started forward. "Let be—let be! . . . We must help him—that boy. You have not heard him play my organ. Wait!" He held up his hand. . . . Music was stealing from the gloomy shadows of the church.

"Come in," said the master. He pushed open a low door and they entered the great church. Far up in the loft, struck by a shaft of light from a gable in the roof, the boy was sitting, absorbed in sound. His face was bent to the keys as his hands hovered and paused over them and drew forth the strangely sweet sounds that filled the great building.

The two musicians below stood looking up, their big heads nodding time. . . . Suddenly they paused and looked at each other with questioning glance. The music was quickening and broadening with a clear, glad reach of sound, and underneath it ran a swiftly echoing touch that bound the notes together and vibrated through them.

"How was he doing that?" whispered the small man excitedly. "You have taught him that?"

The other shook his head.

"Come, we will see."

Together they tiptoed through the dark church, softly—up to the organ-loft and peered in. The boy, oblivious to sight and sound, played on.

Kerlman leaned far forward, craning his neck. He drew back, a look of stupefaction in his face. He held up his large thumb and looked at it soberly.

"What is it?" whispered the other.

"You see, Georg Böhm?" He shook the fat thumb in his companion's face. "He does it with that!"

The master peered forward, incredulous. Slowly he crept up behind the boy, his eyes fastened on the moving hands. His shadow fell on the keys and the boy looked up. His face lighted with a smile.

"Go on," said the master sternly. His eyes still watched the hands. Slowly his big fingers reached over and grasped the thumb as it pressed lightly on a key. "Who told you that?" he demanded.

The boy looked down at it, puzzled. Then his face grew a little ashamed and doubtful. "It is wrong, I know," he admitted. "Yes, it is wrong."

"Who taught you?"

"Nay, no one would teach it. I just happened—one day. It makes it so easy."

"Yes, I see." The master's voice was curt.

"I will never do it again," said the boy humbly.

"No—you might play it for me once—just once, for me," said the master.

The boy's hands ran lovingly to the keys. They crept along the maze of sound and rose and fell in the changing rhythm.

Shyly the small thumb darted out and found its key, and filled the great church with the tremulous, haunting call of note answering note.

The master bending over the keys wiped his brow and looked at the boy proudly, with a little wonder in his face. "Good. . . . Ach—but good, good!" he murmured softly.

The boy looked up quickly. His clear skin flushed. "May I use it—some times?" he asked, doubting.

Böhm gave a sharp, generous laugh. "You may use it." He laughed again. "All the world will use it!" he said, patting him on the back. "It is a great discovery. Play more."

The boy turned obediently to the keys, and while he played, the master slipped away. "Come down," he whispered to Kerlman, whose fat bulk filled the doorway. "Let us come down and get some beer. I am very dry this day."

Over their mugs, in the garden across the way, they looked at each other solemnly. Then they threw back their big heads and laughed till their sides shook and their wigs stood askew. Kerlman laid his fat thumb on the table and regarded it respectfully. "Gott im Himmel!" he said.

Böhm nodded, his eyes twinkling.

The fat man raised his thumb from the table and twiddled it in the air. It fell with a stiff thud. "Ja, ja," he said, half impatient, half laughing. "How is one to do it—such fool tricks! Ja, ja!"

The keen eyes watching him had a proud look. "You know what he will be—that boy," he said exultingly. "He will be a great musician!"

"He will be a great bother," grumbled Kerlman. "First," he checked off the vices on his fingers—"first, he comes to us three weeks late—three weeks late—because his brother promises, and takes it back and waits to die—Bah!" He took a sip of beer and laid out another fat finger. "Second, he sings two octaves at the same time—two octaves! Did one ever hear such nonsense! Third, he loses his voice, his beautiful voice, and sings no more at all." He shook his head heavily. "Fourth, he is running away to Hamburg to listen—always to Hamburg, to listen to Reincken, and coming back to be forgiven. Ja, ja! Seven times I have forgiven him. I think he is making ready now to go once more!" He glared at his companion.

Böhm nodded slowly. "I was to ask you for that today," he said, smiling.

"Ja! ja—I have thought so." He looked sadly at the four short fingers resting on the table. "And fifth—fifth—now what is that fifth? Ach, it is that! That thumb!" He scowled at



it. "That crawling, sniveling, stiff-necked one!" He brought it down with a thump on the table. "To make me all my days ashamed!" He held up the thumb and shook it scornfully.

High up in the Johanneskirche, in front of the big organ, the boy was playing—with head and hands and heart and feet and thumb—swaying to the music, lifting it from the great organ till it pealed forth, a mighty sound, and, breaking from the gloomy church, floated on the still air. . . . In the garden across the way, above their mugs, two old, white-wigged heads nodded and chuckled in the sun.

V

THE KATHERINENKIRCHE was dark, and very still—except for a faint noise that came from a far corner of the upper left hand gallery. The old verger, moving about in felt slippers below,

Above: Johann Adam Reincken (1623–1772)

paused now and then, and looked up as the sound grew louder or died away. It was like a mouse nibbling—and yet it was not a mouse.

The verger lighted a taper and prepared to ascend the stairs.

He heaved a sigh as he climbed the steep step, throwing the candle rays ahead of him into the gloom of the gallery. Not a sound. The silence of death was in the big church. . . . Muttering to himself, he traversed the long aisle at the top of the gallery, peering down into the vacant seats that edged the blackness below.

Suddenly he stopped. His eye had caught a gleam of something to the left of the last pillar. He snuffed the wavering taper with his fingers and leaned forward. A face grew out of the darkness and stood up.

“What are you doing?” demanded the old man, falling back a step.

“Eating my supper,” said the youth. He held up a handkerchief. In the dim light two pieces of crisp, dry bread shaped themselves, and a generous odor of cheese floated out.

“In the church!” said the verger, with an accent of horror.

The youth’s face regarded him pleadingly.

“Come away!” said the old man sternly.

He led the way down the steep stair, into a high, small room, lighted by a narrow window over which cobwebs ran. “Here you may eat,” he said laconically.

With a grateful glance the youth seated himself on the edge of a chair and opening his handkerchief took out a piece of the dry bread. His teeth broke it crisply, and crunched sharply upon it as he ate.

The old man nodded with satisfaction. “That is the mouse,” he said.

The youth smiled faintly.

“Where do you come from?” asked the verger.

“From Lüneburg.”

“You walked?”

The youth nodded.

“I have seen you before, here.”

“Yes.”

The old man watched him a minute. “You ought to have some beer with that bread and cheese,” he said. “Have you no coppers?”

The youth shook his head. “Reincken is my beer,” he said, after a little. His face was lighted with a sweet smile.

The old man chuckled. “Ja, ja!” He limped from the room. Presently he returned with a pewter mug. It was foaming at the top. “Drink that,” he commanded.

The youth drank it with hearty quaffs and laughed when it was done. “Ja, that is good!” he said simply.

The old man eyed him shrewdly. “In half an hour Reincken comes to play,” he suggested craftily.

The youth started and flushed. “Tonight?”

“Ja”

“I did not think he came at night,” he said softly.

“Not often, but tonight. He wants to practice something for the festival—with no one to hear,” he added significantly.

The boy looked at him pleadingly. His hand strayed to his pockets. They brought back two coppers, the only wealth he possessed.

The old man looked at him kindly and shook his head. “Nein,” he said. “It is not for the money I shall do it. It is because I have seen you before—when he played. You shall hear him and see him. Come.” He put aside the youth’s impulsive hand, and led the way up a winding, dark stairway, through a little door in the organ-loft. Groping along the wall he slipped back a panel.

The boy peered out. Below him, a little to the left, lay the great organ, and far below in the darkness stretched the church. When he turned, the old man was gone. Down below in the loft he watched his twinkling path as the taper flashed from candle to candle.

The great Reincken was a little late. He came in hurriedly, pushing back the sleeves of his scholar’s gown as they fell forward on his hands. The hands were wrinkled, the boy noted, and old. He had forgotten that the master was old. Sixty years—seventy—ah, more than seventy. Nine years ago he was that—at the Bach festival. The boy’s heart gave a leap. Seventy-nine—an old man! . . . He should never meet him in open festival and challenge him. There would not be time. . . . The music stole about him and quieted his pulse. He stood watching the face as it bent above the keys. It was a noble face. There was a touch of petulance in it, perhaps of pride and impatience in the quick glance that lifted now and then. But it was a grand face, with goodness in it, and strength and power. The boy’s heart went from him. . . . If he might but touch a fold of the faded gown—seek a blessing from the wrinkled hands on the keys. Spring was about him—white clouds and blossoms and the smell of fresh earth. “By the waters, the waters of Babylon; by the waters.” The slender, delicate hands called out the notes one by one. Tears ran down the boy’s face. Gropingly he felt for the door—only to seek a blessing of the hands. . . .

The old verger waited at the foot of the stairs, nodding in the dim light. He sprang up, startled and rubbing his eyes.

“I want to speak to him,” said the youth humbly. “Only a word!”

The old man hesitated. The music had ceased and a slow step was coming down the church—an old man’s step.

“Ja. Stand there,” he whispered. “It shall be as you wish. Stand there!” He pushed the youth behind a pillar and stepped forward, his taper held aloft.

“Mein Herr,” he said softly.

The organist paused and looked at him inquiringly. His face was very tired. “What wouldst thou, Wilhelm?” he said gently.

"It is a young man—" he stammered and paused.

"A young man?"

"He would speak with you, Mein Herr—but a word."

The old man's voice waited.

"Speak with me? Does he bring credentials?"

"Nay, your honor."

The great organist drew his gown about him. "I have not time, Wilhelm. Many seek me and life runs fast. I have not time." He bowed courteously and moved on. As he passed the pillar a fold of his robe floated out and touched the hand of the youth, kneeling there, hidden in the dim light.

VI

THE CHOIRMASTER smiled deprecatingly. He had small, obsequious eyes and narrow shoulders. "If the gracious Herr would be so good," he said, shrugging them a little. "The people have assembled." He glanced back over the fast-filling church and raised his eyebrows a trifle to indicate the honor.

Bach smiled gravely. A humorous look came into his eyes. "Let the service go on as usual," he said quietly. "When it is done, I will play—if time allows."

The choirmaster squeezed his moist palms and wiped an anxious brow. "And that, too—will be well," he murmured gratefully. "It will please the old organist," he added apologetically.

Bach nodded his head. "I had thought of that."

The other stared. "You know Reincken?" he asked.

The great organist shook his head. "I have seen him." The humorous smile played about his lips. "I have never spoken with him."

"He has been a great player—in his day," said the choirmaster. The note of apology in his voice had deepened.

"That I know," said Bach shortly.

"And now it is the people—they will not let him go," murmured the choirmaster despairingly. "Each Sunday he must play—every motet and aria and chorale—and he is ninety-nine. Mein Gott!" The choirmaster wiped his brow.

"It is a long life," said Bach musingly. A sweet look had come into his face, like the sunlight on an autumn field. He raised his hand with a courteous gesture. "Let me be summoned later—at the right time."

The choirmaster bowed himself away.

Already the notes of the great organ filled the church. It was Reincken's touch upon the keys—feeble and tremulous here and there—but still the touch of the master.

With bent head Bach moved to a place a little apart and sat down. Curious glances followed him and whispers ran through the church, coming back to gaze at the severe, quiet face, with its look of sweetness and power.

He was unconscious of the crowd. His thoughts were with the old man playing aloft—the thin, serene face—the wrinkled hands upon the keys—twenty years. . . . The time

had come—at last. . . . The music stole through his musings and touched him. He lifted his face as the sound swept through the church. The fire and strength of youth had gone from the touch, but something remained—something inevitable and gentle that soothed the spirit and lifted the heart—like the ghost of a soul calling to itself from the past.

Bach started. A hand had fallen on his shoulder. It was the choirmaster, small-eyed and eager. Bach followed him blindly.

At the top of the stairs the choirmaster turned and waited for him. "At last we have the honor. Welcome to the greatest master in Germany!" he said smoothly, throwing open the door.

Without a word Bach brushed past him. His eye sought the great organ. The master had left the bench and sat a few steps below, leaning forward, his hands clasped on his cane, his white head nodding tremblingly above it. Far below the words of the preacher droned to a close, and the crowd stirred and craned discreet necks.

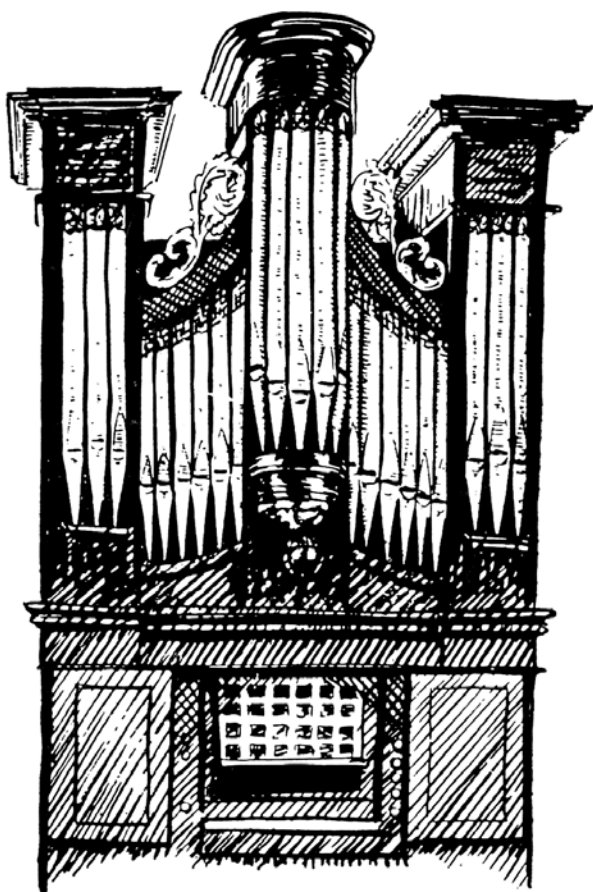
Quietly the organist slipped into the vacant place. The Bach festival danced before him. . . . Uncle Heinrich on the platform—"The great Reincken—will no one of you promise?" His father's face smiling, his father's hand on his head. . . . Slowly his hands dropped to the keys.

The audience settled back with a sigh. At last they should hear him—the great Bach.

The silence waited, deep and patient and unerring, as it had waited a decade—the touch of this man. A sound crossed it and the audience turned bewildered faces. Question and dissent and wonder were in them. . . . Not some mighty fugue, as they had hoped—not even an aria, but a simple air from a quaint, old fashioned chorale,—“By the waters, the waters of Babylon.” They looked at one another with lifted brows. Reincken's chorale!—and played with Reincken's very touch—a gentle, hurrying rhythm . . . as Reincken used to play it—when he was young. . . . In a moment they understood. Tears stood in bewildered eyes and a look of sweet good-will swept the church. He had given back to them their own. Their thought ran tenderly to the old man above, hearkening to his own soul coming to him, strong and swift and eternal, out of the years. Underneath the chorale and above it and around, went the soul of Bach, steadfast and true, wishing only to serve, and through service making beautiful. He filled with wonder and majesty and tenderness the simple old chorale.

A murmur ran through the church, a sound of love and admiration. And above, with streaming eyes, an old man groped his way to the organ, his hands held out to touch the younger ones that reached to him. "I thought my work had died," he said slowly, "Now that it lives, I can die in peace."





In THE TRACKER 50 Years Ago

SCOT L. HUNTINGTON

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THE UNCREDITED FEATURE ARTICLE reviewed the 1967 convention in Saratoga Springs, New York (presumably editor Albert F. Robinson was the author). The accompanying group photo was displayed at the 2006 Gala 50th anniversary, asking for people to identify the participants (many of our current friends being surprisingly youthful), and only three remained unidentified. This was the first convention to utilize an air-conditioned lavatory coach instead of the ubiquitous yellow buses, which returned to regular service the following year and for many thereafter. There were 60 registrants in total. Five of the 24 instruments were visited in 2006, but ten are no longer in their original homes or in original condition, and sadly, two have been destroyed. First place in the second annual composition contest was won by the previous year's winner, Norberto Guinaldo, and second prize was awarded to James Boeringer. The pieces were to be premiered by Phillip Beaudry on the 1927 Robert Rowland tracker at Sand Lake Baptist, but attendees were disappointed when the recitalist announced the organ was unsuitable and they were omitted from the program, presumably never getting a proper premier.

The famed 19th-century concert hall above the Troy Savings Bank was the site of a gala closing concert, as it was at the 2006 50th-anniversary convention. The organ, long in poor condition, had been allowed to lapse into unplayability

three years prior, and was brought into playable condition by convention members for this event. It was again allowed to lapse into silence, only to be resuscitated by a group of 30 volunteers in 2006. We can only hope that ten years later, the process will not be allowed to be repeated. James Bratton, a gifted and favorite OHS presenter at the time was organist, assisted by coloratura soprano Linda Paterson (wife of past OHS president and Cornell University organist Donald R.M. Paterson), and for the concluding Merkel Sonata for two organists, assisted by Phillip Beaudry. The event opened with the National Anthem and unfolded with 19th-century musical bravura from there. The concluding ovation was thunderous, requiring three encores before the crowd was willing to disperse, and the reviewer called it the finest OHS concert he had ever heard, "the likes will probably never be heard in the Troy Music Hall again." It was recorded that the organ's set of Bells was given a thorough showcase, as was the eight-bell Meneely carillon at the now-closed Woodside Presbyterian in Troy in an impromptu 30-minute demo while the biscuits finished baking for the chicken-and-biscuits dinner.

A "choir" of 25 convention attendees had been assembled to assist in the concert at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Watervliet, singing Vivaldi's *Gloria*. A built-to-scale replica of the famous church in Lourdes, France, its 1890 three-manual George Jardine & Son rebuild of an 1860s organ mesmerized attendees at

the 2006 convention in what turned out to be the noble and colorful organ's last public concert. The church was uncereimoniously sold by the diocese amidst tremendous local opposition a few years later and turned into a pile of brick dust to become a parking lot for a new Price Chopper grocery store. During a visit to the brand new Saratoga Performing Arts Center, still a major arts venue in the state, it was announced that future plans included the installation of a \$100,000 pipe organ, which, perhaps not surprisingly, has yet to materialize. Robert Reich gave a lecture on the seven most incorrectly used "R"-words in the organ lexicon, reprinted in full at the end of this column (rebuild, restoration, renovation, revision, revoicing, regulation, re-regulation). It still rings as true today as it did 50 years ago, and these words are still banned about just as incorrectly.

Part two of an article by Donald Paterson was a transcript of two "Intermission Talks" broadcast by the Ithaca NPR station during the Boston Symphony concerts. I still remember as a young high-school organ nerd hearing one of these broadcasts by chance, as the family was travelling back roads on the way to my grandmother's home near Cooperstown. The topics were concisely covered and interspersed with musical examples, covering a different aspect of American organbuilding history each week (the one I heard explained the difference between modern mechanical-action instruments versus older pneumatic instruments, at the height of the neo-Baroque tracker revival). In each broadcast, the good works of the OHS were plugged heavily. The first broadcast covered the earliest history of American organbuilding from the 18th to the early 19th century, and the second focused specifically on the OHS. One broadcast ended with a concise description of the OHS that bears repeating in full today: "The Organ Historical Society welcomes to its membership all who are interested in the history of the organ in America. It has been influential in preserving and restoring many old, artistic instruments, and has contributed significantly to original research. These accomplishments reflect the essence of its purpose: to encourage and promote an increased appreciation of the fine old organs that remain in our country today, and to advance the knowledge of the historic tradition in which they were created."

OHS members Joseph Grillo and Robert James described an 1881 Odell replaced in 1891 after a fire by their No. 294 at St. Bernard's R.C. Church in Manhattan, where Grillo had just assumed the post of organist. The instrument's tonal attributes were described in accurate detail, although not unexpectedly for the time, its cigars and brandy tone was found wanting and in need of a major tonal updating. In 2003, a merger of congregations renamed the parish Our Lady of Guadalupe at St. Bernard's, and the organ is still in original condition (with its 1891 facade-pipe stenciling intact) and in regular use.

Homer Blanchard documented Johnson & Son Opus 458, 1875, a II/12 installed in the Elyria, Ohio, First Baptist Church. In poor condition when he became organist there in his youth, he recounted his unsuccessful experiences in 1927 trying to make the organ viable with no money or church support. A professional analysis of the organ's voicing indicated it was an instrument with well thought-out tonal design and sophisticated execution. Richard Whitelegg, then tonal director at Möller, was said to be a great admirer of the organ's principals, the Swell Open being the finest Diapason Blanchard had ever heard. The organ was replaced by a rather bizarre Whitelegg Möller in which the author confessed having a part in the strange stoplist, and the pipework of the Johnson was dispersed, some ranks recycled in a unit organ built by the author in Oberlin, Ohio, and described in detail by him in a previous TRACKER article.

The Council minutes were recorded for a fourth meeting in a row by a scribe substituting for an MIA Secretary (there was a bit of scandal yet to come over the issue). It was noted the recent balloting had produced no clear winner for Councillor, and a run-off between the two with the most votes would take place at the annual meeting. President Simmons announced a tentative agreement had been reached between Ohio Wesleyan University for the keeping of the OHS archives, thence to be transferred thither from the present headquarters in York, Pa.

At the Annual Meeting in Saratoga, it was announced the annual budget was \$2,000 with a membership of 376. It was noted the financial position was tight (since when hasn't it been?), and 400 members paying the \$5 dues was needed to meet the budget. For the first time since convention recordings had been instituted four years earlier, no money had been budgeted for this enterprise for the Saratoga convention—especially disappointing because there is no permanent record of the apparently stupendous gala concert at Troy Savings Bank. It was noted, apparently without undo alarm, that as of that date, there was yet no location or committee in place for the next convention only twelve months away.

SEVEN IMPORTANT WORDS

An Editorial by Albert F. Robinson

WHEN WE VISITED the historic "Bridge organ" at Schuylerville during the 1967 OHS Annual Convention, a number of members were impressed by the introductory remarks of Robert J. Reich who carefully defined the meaning of seven important words that are used in connection with the preservation of an organ. Those who did not hear his comments should, we feel, have them pointed out as an example of correct usage—particularly in developments in the history of any given instrument. His terms and definitions include:



OHS Members during the 1967 Annual Convention

Rebuild: A dictionary definition says “to repair, or dismantle and reassemble with new parts, to revise, reshape or build afresh.” As applied to an organ, Mr. Reich states that it means major work is undertaken, usually involving changes from the original including electrification of action and probable major tonal changes.

Restoration: The dictionary says “the act of renewal, revival, reestablishment, return to a former, original or unimpaired condition, restitution of something taken away.” Mr. Reich states that a restored organ is one that has been returned to its original condition with no changes of any kind being made.

Renovation: Our dictionary states “to make new or as if new again, to repair or refresh.” Mr. Reich says that a renovated organ is one that has been put back into good, working condition by the replacement of worn parts so that the instrument is “as good as new.”

Revision: The dictionary definition is “the act or work of revising, to amend or alter.” Mr. Reich states that this term applies to organs whenever there are tonal changes made; that it may affect only one rank, but that such a change is a revision from the original.

Revoicing: Our dictionary does not include this term, but under *voice* we find “the audible result of phonation and resonance; the finer regulation, as of intensity and color, in tuning a piano or organ.” One therefore deduces that a re-voicing implies the alteration of the original tone. Mr. Reich declares that this term means the change of the sound of a stop (other than just the volume of same), a change from the original intention of the builder.

Regulation: The dictionary states “to control or direct by a rule, principle or method, to adjust to some standard or requirement, to adjust so as to insure accuracy of operation.” Mr. Reich says that this term applies to the adjustment of pipe sounds, the making uniform of a rank of pipes both as to volume and tone throughout its compass.

Re-regulation: Again our dictionary is remiss in omitting this term, but one surmises that it would define the term as a re-adjustment or change from the original principle. Mr. Reich states that the term implies a change from the original regulation of the pipes; that often the top pipes of certain ranks tapered off, and that a re-regulation would make these uniform in tone and volume.

A study of these terms readily shows that they often are misused. A so-called “restoration” is not a restored organ at all, but one of the other terms would apply. Likewise, a “re-build” is often the correct description of an organ that is said to have been “renovated.”

These seven words are important to every member of the OHS, and to all who are concerned with the history of organbuilding. Let us try to use them carefully and correctly, in particular when reporting on any instrument, whether it be an article tracing its history or just a news item regarding current work that is being done. If everyone will study these definitions, we will have fewer errors in print and our whole system of communication will have advanced to higher levels of understanding.

We are deeply grateful to Mr. Reich for his pointing up this important subject so succinctly.

Articles of Interest

“In Vlaanderen zal men dat veel beter maken dan elders’: Twee eeuwen Vlaamse orgelbouw in Spanje (1527–1714)” (Andrés Cea Galán), *Orgelkunst* 40, no. 1 (March 2017): 33–36.

“Tot appajissement van de parochianen toehoorders’: Accessoria op Zuit-Nederlandse orgels tot omstreeks 1700” (Johan Zoutendijk), *Orgelkunst* 40, no. 1 (March 2017): 44–53.

“Les Deux Frères organists Bossi et la musique mécanique, Part 1” (Gior- gio Farabegoli), *La Tribune de l’Orgue* 69, no. 1 (March 2017): 10–19.

“Engelse Orgelbouw van nu Naartoen” (Leonard Sanderman), *Het Orgel* 113, no. 1 (2017): 12–22.

“Engelse Orgelcultuur in de Negent- iende Eeuw” (Tjeerd van der Ploeg), *Het Orgel* 113, no. 1 (2017): 24–35.

“Iconografie van het portatief in de Ned- erlanden van de 13de tot 16de eeuw” (Wilfried Preaet), *Orgelkunst* 40, no. 1 (March 2017): 4–22.

“An Introduction to the American Reed Organ History, Advertising, and How it Works” (Brooke Martin), *Reed Organ Society Quarterly* 35, no. 4 (2016): 26–30.

“Het kabinetorgel ‘Langheudul’ in het museum van Evreux” (Jean Reg- nery), *Orgelkunst* 40, no. 1 (March 2017): 38–43.

“Matthias Weckmann zum 400. Geburt- stag” (Siegbert Rampe), *Musik & Gottesdienst* 71, no. 1 (January 2017): 11–21.

“Mystiek orgel: Het LAM GODS als bron van kennis over de laatmiddeleeu- wse orgelbouwkunst” (Andrzej Perz), *Orgelkunst* 40, no. 1 (March 2017): 23–32.

“Die Orgel in der Oper, Teil 1” (Eman- uele Jannibelle), *Musik & Gottesdienst* 71, no. 1 (January 2017): 22–30.

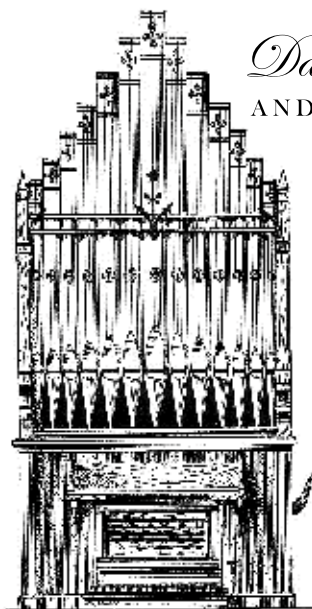
“Wine wiedergewonnene ‘Bach-Organ’ im Elsass? Die Restaurierung und Teilrekonstruktion der Andreas- Silbermann-Organ (1718) in der St. Aurelia-Kirche zu Strassburg durch Quentin Blumenroeder” (Wolfram Adolph), *Organ: Journal für die Orgel*, no. 4 (2016): 38–47.

Scattered leaves ... from our Sketchbook



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EIGHTY-SEVEN YEARS AGO, French organist André Marchal made his first trans-Atlantic trip to America, where he played his first United States recital at the New York City Wanamaker Store on March 17, 1930. Over the next 45 years, he made 17 trips to the U.S. and Canada. His repertoire included 166 works by 57 composers, among which were 66 compositions by J.S. Bach.

Twenty years ago, Jacqueline Englert-Marchal organized her father's American recital programs, promotional material, and photos and donated them to the OHS. From this collection of ephemera, we can assemble a narrative of his travels, his students, and his legacy as a teacher and champion of the organ reform movement.

Born blind in Paris on February 6, 1894, Marchal studied organ with Adolphe Marty and composition with Albert Mahaut—both students of César Franck—at the Institut National des Jeunes Aveugles (National Institute for Blind Children). Two other prominent blind organists—Jean Langlais and Gaston Litaize—followed Marchal there a few years later.

After winning first prize in organ and improvisation at the Paris Conservatory where he studied with Eugène Gigout, he won the Conservatory's prize for counterpoint. While still a student, he was Gigout's assistant at both the Conservatory and Saint-Augustin; and from 1923 onward, he was a member of the examination jury of the Conservatory. In 1919, he returned to the National Institute to teach organ, with a tenure spanning forty years.

Already well known in France and Europe during the 1920s, Marchal was ready for his first trip to America. He boarded *SS Minnewaska* in Boulogne-sur-Mer on March 3, 1930, for the seven-day trans-Atlantic trip to New York City, only to be detained by customs and immigration officials who believed that as a blind person, he would be a financial burden on the nation. With just enough time to familiarize himself with the four-manual, 95-rank organ in the auditorium of the John Wanamaker store at Broadway and 9th Street, his program of works by Bach, Frescobaldi, Daquin, Franck, Schumann, and Gigout ended with a four-movement organ symphony improvised on themes submitted by Arthur Quimby, Harold Vincent Milligan, Frank Sealy, and T. Tertius Noble. With this inaugural American recital, Marchal established a model on which most of his American recitals were built: compositions by pre-Bach composers, J.S. Bach, and Romantic and Contemporary composers.

With the New York City recital successfully behind him, Marchal boarded a train for Cleveland, where he had been invited by Arthur Quimby of the Cleveland Art Museum to play a series of recitals devoted to the works of Bach on the newly rebuilt and enlarged Skinner organ, Op. 333-A. Over a four-week period, Marchal played ten recitals—never repeating himself—consisting of fifty-eight organ works by Bach. This six-week tour of nine venues in New York City, Cleveland, and Québec came to a close on May 7 with a recital at Rockefeller Chapel, University of Chicago. Eight years passed before André Marchal visited North America again.

Not only do the dozens of recital programs give us the names of the 57 composers whose works he played in America, but also insight into his preference for the 1844 Peters edition. On the right-hand margin of the Cleveland recital booklet, each work is identified by volume and page number in that edition.

Though recital programs far outnumber photos in the Marchal papers, there is much to be learned from these few images, especially the nature of his house organ in Paris. In 1921, Eugène Gigout and Jean Huré played the inaugural recital on the small two-manual tracker built by Gütschenritter for Marchal's home studio. Later that year, he met Victor Gonzalez, and the two established a friendship that would continue for thirty-five years until Gonzalez's death in 1956. Together with Gonzalez and Norbert Dufourcq, Marchal became an

The University of Chicago Chapel

ORGAN RECITAL

by

ANDRÉ MARCHAL

Organist of the Church of St. Germain-des-Près, Paris

Wednesday, May 7, at 8:15 P.M.

+

I. Prelude and Fugue in E Minor - - - - -	- J. S. Bach
II. Chorals - - - - -	- J. S. Bach
a) Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme	
b) In Dir ist Freude	
III. Improvisation on a hymn tune - - - - -	- André Marchal
IV. Pièce Héroïque - - - - -	- César Franck
V. a) Le Jardin - - - - -	- Alexander Cellier
b) Toccata - - - - -	- Augustin Barié
VI. a) Communion sur un Noël - - - - -	- Jean Huré
b) Grand Choeur Dialogué - - - - -	- Gigout

André Marchal, born in Paris in 1894, took his first musical studies at the National Institute for Blind Children. Invited by Eugène Gigout to his organ class in the Conservatory of Paris, he later became his assistant both in class work and at the great organ of Saint-Augustin. Since 1923 he has been a member of the jury of examinations and of the concours of the Conservatory.

The improvisation will illustrate a skill traditionally cultivated by the French school of organists. Mr. Marchal is given the theme for the first time when it is heard as a single melody. This melody, played by one of the Chapel organists, is repeated until Mr. Marchal has memorized it, when he proceeds with the improvisation.

The Chapel is open daily from 9:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M., and there will be a period of organ music every week day, except Saturday, at 5:00 P.M. Porter Heaps will play Thursday and Friday of this week.

A half-hour of organ music will be given each Sunday afternoon at 4:30. Mr. Heaps will play next Sunday.

Above: Marchal's Rockefeller Chapel recital program

influential voice in the French organ reform movement. Although Gonzalez was trained in the French Romantic tradition of organbuilding—first with Aristide Cavaillé-Coll and later with Joseph Güttschenritter, he had his own ideas of tonal design. In 1954, he enlarged Marchal's house organ and added a third manual (Positif). The Pedal action was converted to electric action for purposes of extensions and borrowing between divisions. From a single photo of the organ in the Marchal papers, it is certain that the organ was delicately voiced given the low cut-ups of the Montre pipes. The voicing is gentle and purely neo-Baroque.¹

Also among the photos are those of the family on holiday in Hendaye, located in southwestern France on the border with Spain, and photos of Marchal with some of his students. It is through these students that the memory of André Marchal lives today. A *hommage* to Marchal, written by Ann Labounsky, a student of Marchal, was published in the December 2010 issue of *The Diapason* and a *Tribute to André Marchal*, published by the American Guild of Organists in 1997, is still available.

André Marchal died at the age of 86 on August 27, 1980, near his summer home in Hendaye.

1. Lee Erwin, Marchal's first American student, created Zodiac Records and recorded Marchal playing the house organ in 1956. Available as Zodiac LP-334, the recording was remastered in 1998, and issued as a CD by the Arbiter Recording Co.

AMERICAN DEBUT ANDRÉ MARCHAL

Famous French Organist
Church of Saint Germain des Prés, Paris
(Prize Winner Paris Conservatory)



Monday Afternoon, March 17th, 1930
at 2.30 P. M.

The Auditorium
JOHN WANAMAKER - NEW YORK

Programme

- I. Toccata and Fugue in D minor.....Bach
- II. a. Toccata pour l'Elevation.....Frescobaldi
b. Noel with Variations.....D'Aquin
- III. Second Chorale in B minor.....Franck
- IV. Two Canons
a. A flat }Schumann
b. B minor }
- V. Toccata in B minor.....Gigout

IMPROVISATION

IN THE FORM OF A SYMPHONY
Fugue - Adagio - Scherzo - Toccata

on Themes submitted by
ARTHUR W. QUMBY, Curator
Department of Musical Arts
Cleveland Museum of Art

HAROLD VINCENT MILLIGAN, President
National Association of Organists

FRANK L. SEALY, Warden
American Guild of Organists

DR. T. TERTIUS NOBLE, Organist
St. Thomas' Church, New York

ANDRÉ MARCHAL

Was born in Paris in 1884. Blind from birth, he obtained in 1913 first prize in organ and improvisation, and the Guilmant prize of the Paris Conservatory, and became Gigout's assistant not only at the Conservatory, but also at the Great Organ of Saint Germain des Prés. In 1917 he won first prize in counterpoint. Since 1915 M. Marchal has been organist of Saint Germain des Prés, Paris, and since 1923 a member of the Examination Jury of the Conservatory Competitions.

M. Marchal has been invited to this country by the Cleveland Museum of Art for a series of 12 recitals devoted entirely to the works of Bach. Following his appearance in the Wanamaker Auditorium, M. Marchal will proceed to Cleveland for this historic series.

Above: Marchal's American debut recital program

ANDRÉ MARCHAL'S STUDIO ORGAN

22, RUE DUROC, PARIS, FRANCE

GÜTSCHENRITTER, 1921

DANION-GONZALEZ ORGAN (1954)

"PHILIPPE-EMMANUEL"

Compass: Manuals, 56 notes, CC-f³

Pédale, 32 notes, CC-g¹

Wind pressure: Grand-Orgue, Récit, and Pédale, 50 mm (2")

Positif, 45 mm (1¾"); Ranquette, 70 mm (2¾")

Grand-Orgue and Récit had mechanical action;

Positif and Pédale had electric action

I. GRAND-ORGUE

8 Montre (in facade)

8 Flûte à fuseau

4 Prestant*

2 Doublette*

Plein jeu III*

16 Ranquette (Péd.)

*enclosed

PÉDALE

32 Soubasse (resultant)

16 Soubasse

8 Bourdon (ext.)

4 Flûte (ext.)

2 Flûte (ext.)

16 Ranquette

8 Trompette (Réc.)

4 Clairon (ext. Réc.)

4 Chalumeau (ext. Ranquette)

III. RÉCIT EXPRESSIF

8 Dulciane

8 Voix céleste

8 Quintaton

4 Principal

2 Doublette

1½ Tierce

1½ Larigot

Cymbale II

8 Trompette

COUPLERS

Récit au Grand-Orgue 16, 8

Positif au Grand-Orgue 16, 8

Récit 4

Récit au Positif 8

Grand-Orgue au Pédale 8

Récit au Pédale 8, 4

Positif au Pédale 8

II. POSITIF

8 Bourdon

4 Flûte conique

2½ Nasard

2 Quarte

1½ Tierce

1 Piccolo

8 Cromorne

Six manual and pedal pistons and cancel

Six general pistons

General cancel

General tutti and on each manual



Marchal standing in front of the Positif Cromorne. Note the low cut-ups of the Montre pipes.



André Marchal seated at the Gonzalez console in his Paris studio. Between the top keyboard and the couplers is inscribed:

RESTAURE ET AGRANDI PAR VICTOR GONZALEZ
POUR ANDRE MARCHAL

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— PARIS —



Marchal & his daughter, Jacqueline Englert-Marchal, at his summer house

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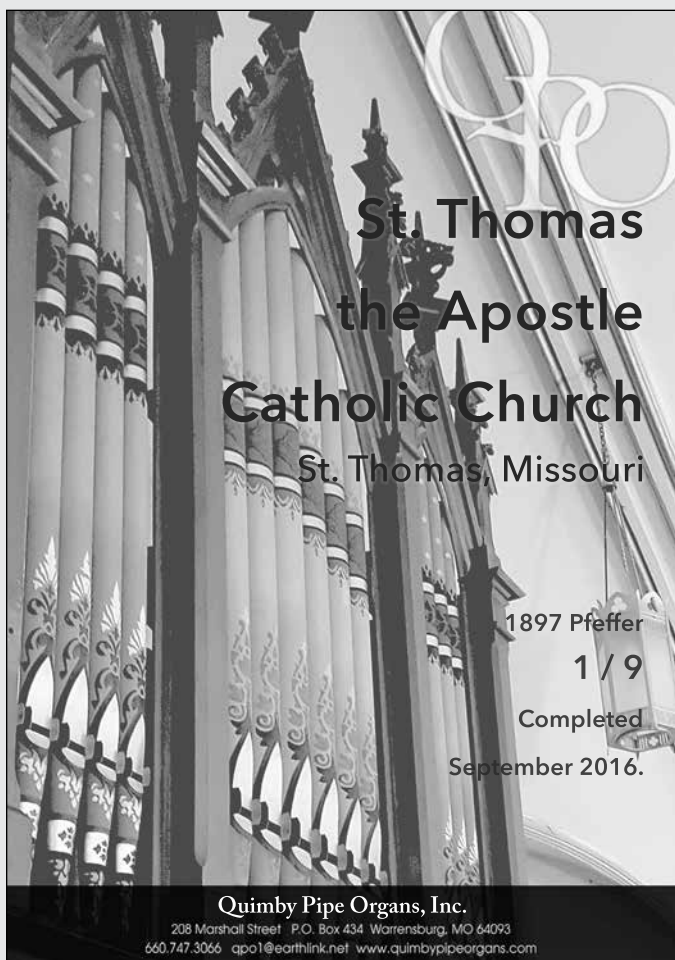
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CDS

Organ Music of René Louis Becker, Damin Spitzer, Organist, Raven OAR-925 Compact Disc; René L. Becker Organ Music, Volume I, Sonatas, edited by Damin Spitzer. Wayne Leupold Editions WL600307. This recording raises an interesting question. If a composer/organist was well educated in France on some large and fine instruments, and then settled in mid-America where he played typical instruments there, would his compositions be more idiomatically suited to the European organs of his youth or to those of his maturity in America? Damin Spitzer no doubt has her reasons for choosing the grand organ in the church of Saint-Salomon-Saint-Gregoire in Pithiviers, France, to record the music of Becker. This instrument contains many ranks from the hand of Jean-Baptiste Isnard of 1789. Cavaillé-Coll shaped it to his ideals in 1890 and it has been most recently restored by Bertrand Cattiaux in 2008. Its sound luxuriates in a fine reverberance.

René L. Becker (1882–1956) was the son of an organist in Strasbourg. During his musical training there, he studied piano with Ernst Münch, who pre-

sided over the 1726 Silbermann organ in Saint-Guillaume. In 1898, Walcker installed a new organ in the Silbermann case. Becker's organ teacher, Adolph Gessner, was organist at Saint-Maurice in Strasbourg, which received a large Weigle organ in 1899.

Becker sailed to America in 1904 where he joined his brothers in Saint Louis, Mo., at the Becker Brothers Music Conservatory. They had a large establishment that included a small Kilgen organ of ten stops. He became organist of Saint Peter's Cathedral, Belleville, Ill., in 1912, playing a two-manual Estey with 27 stops.

In 1913, he moved to Alton, Ill., where he played a 16-stop 1893 Hook & Hastings in Saints Peter and Paul Cathedral. I suspect this organ, of the several he presided over in America, came the closest in musical effect to those of his Strasbourg beginnings.

The bulk of Becker's compositions date from 1908 to 1928, so the large Casavant in the Blessed Sacrament Church of Detroit, where he was organist from 1930 to 1942, would have had no effect on his works.

Spitzer's performance of seven works of Becker is stylish and assured. I noted occasional passages slightly different from the score she edited for Leupold Editions. She uses the full resources of the Pithiviers organ with complete *élan*. The crashing grandeur and excitement of such sounds would have astonished the American purchasers of these scores, I suspect.

The Leupold Edition volume is handsomely done in this publisher's usual style. It contains the three Sonatas edited by Spitzer, a statement of editorial principles and a biography by Spitzer, and a survey of performing practices in America and England from the 1890s to the 1940s by Charles Echols. Spitzer includes the stoplists of the or-

gans that Becker knew. All fascinating stuff. Wayne Leupold tells me Volume II will be out in the summer of 2018.

The Raven CD has a fine booklet that includes the Strasboug stoplists from the various eras of the Pithiviers organ. It upholds the usual high standards of Raven productions. Both the book and the CD offer a well-deserved introduction to a sadly neglected composer of the first half of the American 20th century.

Bovet plays Bovet, Guy Bovet, organist, MDG 320 0675-2. Guy Bovet explains that this CD resulted from a request by organbuilder Gerald Woehl to make a recording on his instrument in Cuxhaven. Woehl built the organ designed for playing Bach at the Thomaskirche in Leipzig in 2000, but the organ in Cuxhaven is a fine eclectic instrument, similar to one I had the privilege of playing at the Friedenskirche of Potsdam in 2011. Both of these instruments have, in addition to the normal unison couplers, sub-octave couplers II/I and III/I. The one in Potsdam has a remarkably light touch even with these couplers engaged. Both instruments are excellent vehicles for French Romantic music.

Bovet needs no introduction for his brilliant musicianship, of course, but in his own organ works his keen sense of humor frequently appears, sometimes to a hilarious extent. This is especially so in the *Trois Préludes hambourgeois* comprising *Salamanca*, *Sarasota*, and *Hamburg*. In the latter we hear brief quotes, called "ghosts" by Bovet, of Offenbach, Beethoven, and Wagner.

A bonus of this production is the registrations employed for each piece. This allows those interested to study Bovet's clever use of the instrument. If you are a fan of Guy Bovet you'll have to have this recording. If you haven't discovered him yet, get this CD. You'll be glad you did.

GEORGE BOZEMAN



A.H. Blank Theatrical Enterprises



A.H. Blank, 1957

A.H. BLANK Theatrical Enterprises was a theater chain based in Des Moines, Iowa, in the early 1900s. It was founded by Abraham Harry Blank (1879–1971), a businessman and philanthropist who owned and operated several large, elaborate theaters in Iowa and in neighboring states: the Star Theatre in Des Moines, the Casino Theatre in Charles City, Iowa, and the second Casino Theatre in Davenport. The five-story Star Theatre had originally been a fra-

ternal hall, and Blank spent approximately \$50,000 (the equivalent of \$1.3 million today) converting it to a movie palace.¹ By 1921, Blank also owned the Brandeis Theatre in Omaha.²

Blank was born in Galatz, Romania, and immigrated with his family to Council Bluffs, Iowa. His father ran a fruit business, but A.H. had greater ambitions. He entered the amusement business in Omaha as a barker on the midway of the Trans-Mississippi Exposition in 1898.³ He came to Des Moines in 1911, bought a movie projector for a few hundred dollars, rented space in a small downtown store with room for 25 people, and set up a screen. He showed ten-minute films for a nickel to commuters as they waited for trolley cars.

Critics thought the enterprise was doomed from the start, but his vision brought the family substantial wealth. Abraham Blank built theaters in Davenport, Omaha, Cedar Rapids, Newton, and Waterloo, which were among the first movie houses to provide organ music for silent films. By the mid-1920s, his Central States Theater Corp. made him one of the largest private owners of movie theaters in the nation.⁴

Blank's theater chains used Wurlitzer organs exclusively. His Capitol Theatre in Cedar Rapids is now the Paramount Theatre for the Performing Arts and still contains the original eleven-rank Wurlitzer installed in 1928.⁵ As the owner of a large theater chain, Blank employed his own organ technicians to tune and keep the instruments in good repair. These technicians had to be familiar with the "toy counter"—the percussion and special sound effects section of the theater organ—a skill unlikely to be possessed by those accustomed to maintaining church organs. Moreover, for the silents, as the loss of the organ meant the film was truly silent, a piano could not fill the larger halls with adequate sound and lacked the effects needed to embellish the film. Despite the advantages of an in-house organ shop, Blank sold the organ department to Harry J. Milliman of Omaha in 1925. Perhaps the shrewd businessman foresaw that the talkies would soon make the theater organ, if not obsolete, at least no longer an indispensable requirement; or perhaps this was an early example of outsourcing. Whatever the reason, A.H. Blank Theatrical Enterprises was no longer in the organ business.

1. *Moving Picture World* 18, nos. 8–13 (Chalmers Publishing Co, 1913): 882.

2. *American Contractor* 42 (F.W. Dodge Corp., 1921): 76.

3. "Tri-States Head Blank to Retire," *Omaha World-Herald* (May 22, 1957): 15.

4. Frank Santiago, "Myron 'Mike' Blank, donor to D.M., is dead at 93" *Des Moines Register* (February 27, 2005). Myron Blank was the son of A.H. Blank.

5. David C. Kelzenberg, "Wind on the Prairie: Pipe Organs of Cedar Rapids, Iowa," *Theatre Organ: The Journal of the American Theatre Organ Society* (July/August 1998). Revised by the author and placed on-line at <http://www.albany.edu/piporg-1/FS/dk.html> (undated). Accessed on January 14, 2016.



GILBERT F. ADAMS passed away early in 2015 at the age of 83. He was born in Occum, Conn., on October 10, 1932. After serving in the US Navy, he attended the New England Conservatory, where he studied with George Faxon (and was a classmate of Yuko Hayashi). Deciding to be an organbuilder rather than an organist, he worked at Aeolian-Skinner (1958–63) as an apprentice, installer, and voicer. Adams and Anthony Bufano left Aeolian-Skinner in 1963 and started their own company in New York City, Adams-Bufano Organ Co. In 1965, the partnership was dissolved and Adams formed his own company, Gilbert F. Adams, Inc. The company's most important project was rebuilding the Aeolian-Skinner of St. Thomas' Church, New York, into the premier French Romantic organ in America. In 1969, he built the 84-rank French Classic organ in the rear gallery, a memorial to Mrs. Albert Loening. In 1976, he built his 121-rank Opus 3 for Grace Church, Utica, N.Y. Around 1986, Adams worked briefly with the Reuter Organ Co. and then relocated to Charlotte, North Carolina. He established the John Street Organ Co. in Monroe, N.C., and by 1993 was active under his own name in Monroe. Gilbert Adams and his longtime partner Robert James, were prominent members of the OHS for many years.

*The Gilbert F. Adams gallery organ,
St. Thomas' Church, New York*

PHILIP D. MINNICK passed away Monday, December 26, 2016, at the Kobacker House in Columbus, Ohio, from complications from several strokes. Minnick was born August 25, 1948 in Springfield, Ohio. He attended Springfield City Schools, graduating from Springfield South High School and Capital University (1966–69), majoring in voice and organ. During his college years he worked for the A.W. Brandt Pipe Organ Co. in Columbus. It was at this time that he met his future business partner and life partner, Robert W. Bunn Jr. One of their first organ restoration projects was at the State Theater in Springfield, Ohio, making the Wurlitzer organ sing once again. In 1969, they formed their own pipe organ business, the Bunn-Minnick Pipe Organ Company.

Minnick's vision and dream of what a pipe organ should sound like mirrored the organbuilding greats such as Ernest Skinner and G. Donald Harrison. The Bunn-Minnick philosophy believed that whatever was present in the original organ could be revoiced to be made new again, a philosophy demonstrated in instruments that they built in Florida, Indiana, Kentucky, North Carolina, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia. In addition to his work in the pipe organ business, Minnick was a founding member of the Ohio Village Singers; active member of the Columbus Mennechor, Broad Street United Methodist Church, the Theater Organ Society, the American Guild of Organists, and the American Institute of Organ Builders.

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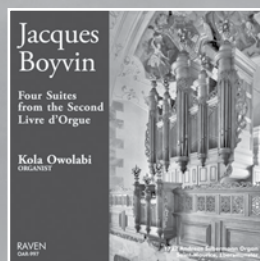
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 - 1898 Jardine/Carlton Michell at St. Peter RC, Haverstraw, New York, restored by Andover in 2012. **Raven OAR-993**

NEW! Kola Owolabi Plays Boyvin in Ebersmunster

Jacques Boyvin

Kola Owolabi, assoc. professor of organ at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, plays Four Suites from the Second Livre d'Orgue by Boyvin (ca. 1653-1706) on the beautiful 1732 Andreas Silbermann organ built at the Abbey church in Ebersmunster, France. **Raven OAR-997**

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Prelude a deux choeurs	Fugue	Duo
Duo	Dessus de cornet separé ou de petite tierce	Fugue
Fugue grave	Basse de cromhorne	Quatuor
Recit tendre	Concert de flûtes ou fond d'Orgue	Basse de Cromhorne
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		Grand Dialogue a quatre Choeurs



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An Organ Patent that Never Took Off

AFTER FIVE YEARS as an organbuilding apprentice in Edinburgh, London-born David Marr (1882–1951) immigrated to the United States, working successively for Skinner, Hope-Jones, and Wurlitzer, where he became factory superintendent. In 1915, he entered a partnership with John Colton, forming the Marr & Colton Organ Company in Warsaw, N.Y. The company ceased operation in 1932 and Marr continued in organ maintenance.



David Marr
President of Marr & Colton Organ Co.

In October 1926, Marr applied for a patent for an invention that provided an “improved stop mechanism . . . to make it easy for any organist to quickly select and render the correct tone colors for any desired musical action, mood or emotion,” thereby allowing the organist to “devote maximum attention to the technical requirements of the composition being performed with a minimum amount of interruption in operating the stop keys.” These were stopkeys that operated as adjustable blind combination pistons. Each stop was labelled with a noun or adjective that described a scene in a silent film (David Junchen mentions “anger,” “jealousy,” “excitement,” and “happiness”).¹ The premise was that an unskilled organist or a player unfamiliar with the organ could instantly depress the stopkey that matched the action on the screen and the organ would instantly produce the requisite registration. That the organist had to play appropriate music, either composed or improvised, was not a consideration of the “invention.”

David Marr’s enthusiastic prose makes interesting reading because he apparently never ran his idea by an organist familiar with the necessities or niceties of motion picture accompaniment. Here follow some excerpts.

[One object of such a stop mechanism is] that it may be easily and unerringly operated by an organist unfamiliar with the particular combination of stops connected with the stop keys. A further object is to provide an organ stop mechanism so constructed and arranged as to materially facilitate the operation of the same by an unskilled organist. Still a further object is to provide an organ construction particularly adapted and convenient for the accompaniment of motion pictures, and provided with stop keys, each having associated therewith, as by means of a descriptive word or words, the corresponding tone color, so that even an unskilled organist or one unfamiliar with the organ may quickly and correctly render the correct tone colors for each sense, emotion or action portrayed on the screen in accurately timed relation with the same.

The modern organ is commonly provided with a series of stop keys . . . for controlling the tonal colors or

1. David L. Junchen, *Encyclopedia of the American Theatre Organ* (Pasadena: Showcase Publications, 1985), 290.

combinations. Such keys, however, have been commonly unmarked or merely numbered or provided with the technical names of stops or other musical instruments, the organist having to rely upon his memory as to the meaning in terms of actual tone color of such designations, as well as the combination of stops controlled by each key, and also to distinguish between the different keys, with the result that the attention has been distracted from the performance of the composition to the operation of the stops.

This has been particularly the case in the operation of strange organs and in performances by unskilled organists, and these difficulties are present to a still greater degree in playing an accompaniment for motion pictures, where the tone colors must be quickly and abruptly changed to correspond with the changing emotions portrayed on the screen.

It has been found that these difficulties may be effectively solved by selectively grouping the organ stops to correspond with the range of musical moods and emotions and providing the keyboard with a stop key for each combination visually marked to clearly describe the tone color of the same in terms of a mood or situation, as by means of a clearly descriptive word or words or an appropriate color marking . . . so as to be conveniently and quickly read by the organist.

Of course an organist may select and combine the stops with the different keys to suit his particular taste, and such a stop key system greatly reduces the attention which must be devoted to it at the expense of proper handling of the technical difficulties of the composition being played. . . . Thus even an unskilled organist, playing a strange organ to accompany a motion picture film, upon a sudden change in the action or situation as, for example, the portrayal of a riot scene, does not have to first translate this situation into the technical terms of the usual organ stops or to recollect and select combinations of the same, but may immediately press a stop key marked "riot" or with some other word directly and, immediately expressive of the particular tone color desired, which may thus be unerringly and readily produced in an appropriate and well balanced tonal combination. The invention thus greatly facilitates the playing of an organ particularly as an accompaniment for the rapidly successive scenes of motion picture projection, especially by an unskilled organist or one playing an unfamiliar or organs.

The combinations are described as adjustable, but obviously not from the console; they would have to be rewired by an organ technician. Organs so equipped were sold as "symphonic registrator" organs though Marr & Colton did not sell many.

UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

June 10, 1930.

D. MARR
ORGAN

1,762,274

Filed Oct. 20, 1926

2 Sheets-Sheet 1

Fig. 1

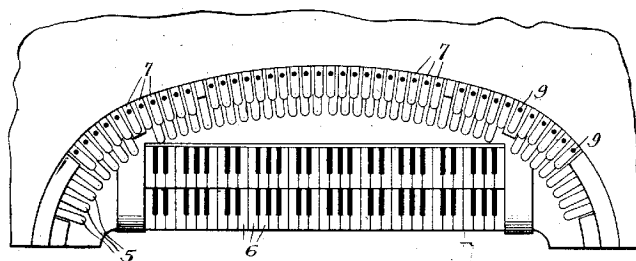
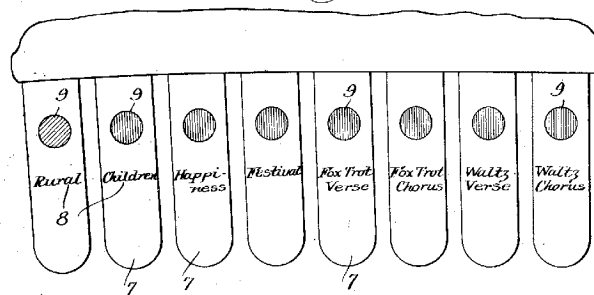


Fig. 2



INVENTOR
David Marr
BY
C. J. T. & Co.
ATTORNEYS

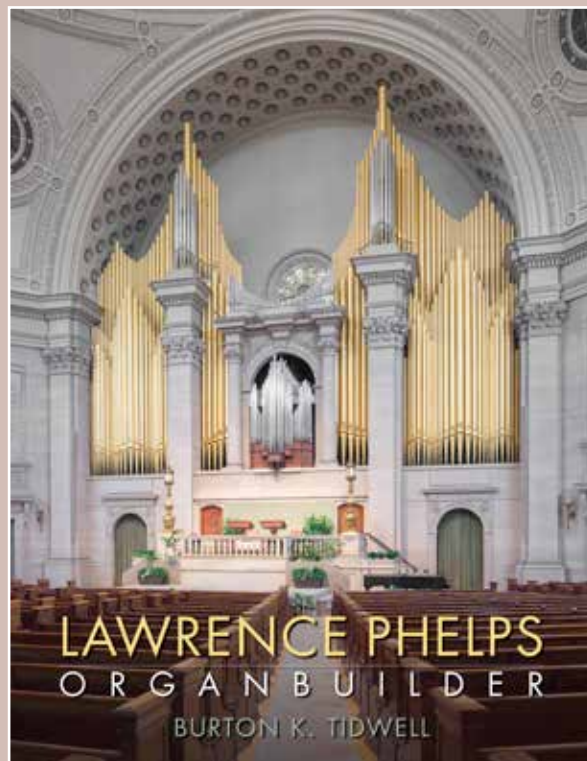
LAWRENCE PHELPS

LAWRENCE PHELPS (1923–1999) set the North American Organ Reform movement on its edge with articulate notoriety following the mid-1952 culmination of the new Aeolian-Skinner organ for the Extension of Boston's First Church of Christ, Scientist — The Mother Church. Entrusted with the monumental instrument's tonal design, Phelps specified the scales and spent months tonal finishing on-site. Subsequent articles on the design and use of compound stops, advocacy for a return to slider windchests, and more empirical scaling created no small degree of controversy. Perceived as a radical upstart, Phelps clearly embraced the task of pushing organ reform beyond the trails so daringly blazed by Walter Holtkamp and G. Donald Harrison.

BURTON TIDWELL'S study chronicles the prolific work of Lawrence Phelps from its beginnings in his native Boston, his pioneering work as tonal director of Casavant Frères—embracing full encasement and mechanical action, and the organs created under his own banner as Lawrence Phelps & Associates. Profusely illustrated, the book pays homage to the quest of one musician to realize his vision of an ideal vehicle for communicating the great body of idiomatic organ literature while inspiring other musicians and composers. The author worked closely with Phelps in the first drafts of this book and has built a compelling text incorporating the subject's own prolific writings to illuminate this significant contribution to our musical heritage.



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ARP SCHNITGER AND HIS WORK



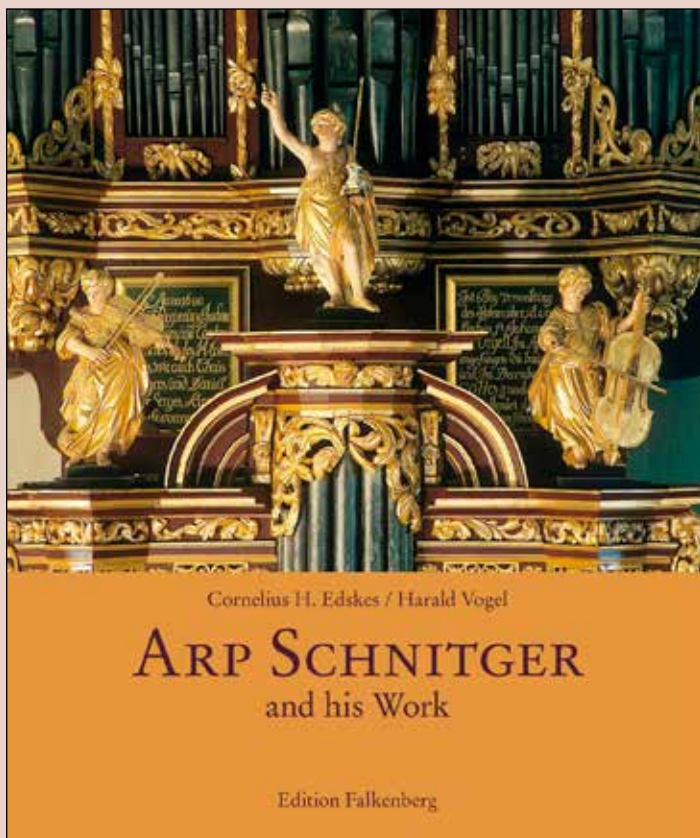
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This new book offers first-rate scholarship of Schnitger's work and the restorations of the past 40 years. The late Dutch organ historian Cornelius H. Edskes, and the German organist Harald Vogel, discuss Schnitger's life and activity. They examine his 45 remaining instruments including complete stoplists, color photographs, and information about the lost instruments of the 20th century. Produced by the Arp Schnitger Gesellschaft and Stichting Groningen Orgelland in collaboration with Falkenberg Verlag and GOArt in Sweden, the German and Dutch editions are now joined by Joel Speerstra's fine English translation.

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