

# From the Dickinson Collection: Reminiscences by Clarence Dickinson, Part 2: 1898–1909

Compiled by Lorenz Maycher

## Introduction

Clarence Dickinson (1873–1969) had one of the longest and most influential careers in the history of American church music. The first installment in this series of Dickinson's own writings, *Reminiscences*, appeared in the July issue of THE DIAPASON and covered his early childhood and musical awakenings in Lafayette, Indiana, his formal study, and his first recitals and church appointments in Evanston and Chicago, where musical friends urged him to study abroad.

*Reminiscences, Part Two*, begins with Dickinson's arrival in Berlin in 1898 and traces his musical studies in Europe with Reimann, Guilmant, Moszkowski, and Vierne, his meeting and falling in love with Helen Adell Snyder, and his return to Chicago, where he became an overnight success as organist-choirmaster at St. James Church and founding conductor of the area's most prominent choral societies. All material used in this series is taken from the Dickinson Collection, Dr. Dickinson's own personal library, which is housed at William Carey University in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. We are very grateful to Patricia Furr and Dr. Gene Winters of William Carey University for granting access to this special collection, and for permission to use these items in this series intended to preserve the life and legacy of Clarence and Helen A. Dickinson.

—Lorenz Maycher  
Laurel, Mississippi

Dr. Heinrich Reimann, the organist of the Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtnis-Kirche in Berlin, took only one pupil a year. I was fortunate enough to arrive in 1898 just as the last year's pupil, Karl Straube, had left to become organist of Bach's old church in Leipzig. I had gone to Reimann because of his reputation as the greatest organist in Germany, but did not know of him as musicologist, composer, and scholar. Reimann was up-to-date with all the French technique of the day, but had an exalted interpretation of the masterpieces of all organ repertoire. He wrote the program notes for the Philharmonic, and was librarian of the Royal Music Library, which contains such a large collection of manuscripts of the great early composers. He collected many folk songs for a series of historical recitals by Amelie Joachim, one of the great singers of the day, many of which Mrs. Dickinson and I later edited for church use. Reimann gave an organ recital while I was in Berlin, which Kaiser Wilhelm and his old court attended. It was the only organ recital I have known where it took a cordon of police to keep the overflow crowd out.

In the middle of the winter, Reimann said to me, "I have broken my rule and have taken one more student, a young girl from America whom I heard playing a very good piano transcription of one of Bach's chorale preludes. I was so struck with it that I told her she should study some organ," which she did. I never met her while abroad, so when I returned to America I kept looking for news of this brilliant organist whom I had never met. At an A.G.O. dinner I sat next to a charming young lady and we discovered we had been studying in Berlin at the same time. I told her of my experience with Dr. Reimann and that he had taken on a young lady student whom I had never met, and she replied, "I was that young lady." It was Olga Samaroff, the brilliant pianist, who of course became too busy with her tours as a concert pianist to continue with organ study, but felt that it had helped her piano playing greatly.

I also studied theory and composition that year with Otto Singer, most widely known as the arranger of Wagner opera accompaniments for the piano as published by Schott. Singer was a friend of



Clarence Dickinson



Clarence Dickinson in Berlin, 1898

Strauss, taking the first rehearsals of his new tone poems, as he did for the first performance of *Ein Heldenleben*. I heard the Berlin premiere, and the critics made fun of Strauss for making himself the "Helden" by using the themes of his own works. I remember Singer defending him by asking, "Whose themes *could* he use?" Singer said Strauss worked the entire composition out in his head before he put a note on paper, and then had made only slight changes in the arrangement of voices in the brass parts.

Singer put me through Rischbieter's Harmony book, which puts each given theme to be harmonized in each of the four parts, the alto and tenor being much harder to harmonize effectively than I had heretofore done. Singer sat at the side of the piano smoking his pipe, criticizing me very severely. He seemed to be an old grouch to me, but it was wonderful training and invaluable assistance when I later came to improvising fugal bits with Vierne in Paris. And, when I returned to Chicago to teach theory in first the Columbia Conservatory, and then my own Cosmopolitan School, I used the Rischbieter themes in the same manner in my class, using the soprano, alto, and tenor clefs, which helped when it came to score reading.

In Berlin, I lived on Wilhelm St., and was awakened practically every morning at six as the Kaiser rode by at the head of his troops, out for their daily drill. I did not have the financial struggle so many musicians have. Only once did I not have enough to eat for a period. I roomed in the home of Fräulein Schumann, a distant relative of the composer. The roomers were all men: a Dane, a Norwegian, two Germans, and two Americans. The other American was a student at the university who had run out of money and could not get back to St. Louis, where he said a position was awaiting him. He said he would receive money as soon as he arrived, but could not get any sent to him in Berlin in advance. If I loaned it to him, he would send it back immediately. So I drew my balance in the bank that was to take care of me for the next few months, keeping just enough for the next few weeks. The money never came, and I was afraid to write home for more, for fear they would think I had squandered it "in riotous living," as so many of the students were doing. So I got down to one roll and a cup of coffee at the automat. At that time, I was taking part in a play to be given for the benefit of the American Club, and we were invited to



Clarence Dickinson in Berlin, 1898



Clarence Dickinson in 1899

the apartment of Andrew White, the American Ambassador to Germany, for an evening rehearsal. Afterwards, we were given a most sumptuous supper of all kinds of rich foods. But I was in such a condition that I could not touch a bit of the food that I needed so much. Fortunately, the next day I received a large check from my father, with a letter saying, "I'm quite sure you have plenty of money for the winter, but I want to make sure." This kind fatherly letter was the last I had from him, as he died very suddenly soon after.

Berlin, at this time (1898–1899), was the great music center of the world, and for a mark and a half (37 cents), we heard the leading conductors of the day: Felix Weingartner, Arthur Nikisch, Karl Muck, Richard Strauss, and Siegfried Ochs. I felt they taught me the control of a proper *accelerando* and *ritard* in the building of a climax. When I came home, my former teacher said, "Well, what is that?—just a little faster, and a little slower." Siegfried Ochs, with his chorus of 1,000 and the Berlin Philharmonic, brought out every detail perfectly, but also the great majesty of such numbers as the "Sanctus" and "Cum Sancto Spiritu" given as Bach undoubtedly heard them in his conception. I do get very impatient with these critics who say you cannot have this music properly done with more than thirty singers, which is but a pencil sketch, like the preliminary drawing for a great Rembrandt, with its glorious light and color.

In Berlin, not only did we have great orchestral concerts and operas, but we had the debuts of many young players. Rebling, the assistant conductor of the Philharmonic, was sadly overworked. We not infrequently feel that a conductor has gone to sleep, but poor Rebling actually did go to sleep at the switch. During a very long cadenza in a piano concerto, he laid down his baton and leaned heavily on the stand, dropping lower and lower. As the cadenza's end drew near, the orchestra began raising their instruments, with the concertmaster finally raising his bow to bring them in on time with



Helen Adell Snyder Dickinson

the crash of full orchestra. Poor Rebling, leaping into the air, rubbing his eyes and grabbing his baton frantically, tried to find out where they were, to the great delight of the audience.

Of course, many of these concerts were wonderful treats. Busoni, the great pianist of the day, gave a series of four historic concerts with the Philharmonic, playing fourteen concertos (°) on four successive Saturday nights. The house was full of the greatest musicians in Berlin. At the end of the last concert, Busoni came out and played an encore—his own arrangement of the Bach D Major Prelude and Fugue—in tremendous style, turning to look at the audience, and ended on a C-natural, after a month of perfect playing when you could criticize nothing. I heard Widor do the same thing while in the loft with him one time. Among his visitors that day was a very beautiful young lady standing at his right. As he finished a big number in F Major, ending with a run in the pedal, he turned to her saying, "My dear countess," and landed on an E-natural that rang out from the pedal Bombarde. I have used this as a warning to my students—do not relax until the last note is played.

After my winter with Reimann in Berlin, in the summer of 1899, I took a trip with a friend, Arthur Burton, who was later to become a well-known baritone and vocal teacher in Chicago. He had been studying with William Shakespeare, the great conductor and vocal coach in London. At this time there arrived a very lovely old lady from Hamilton, Ontario, who was going to meet a young lady, Helen Adell Snyder, in Heidelberg and travel with her. As Arthur and this older lady had become very good friends, and discovered they were to be in Switzerland at the same time, they decided to leave a note at Cooke's Travel Agency in Lucerne so that they might see each other. Arthur and I found such a note in Lucerne. We called on them at their hotel and had lunch together, but they were just leaving for Geneva. Unfortunately, Arthur and I had just sent out our laundry and had to wait for "the wash," or we would have joined them on the same train. We caught the first train possible and had three very delightful days with them. I said to Arthur, "You can have your old lady. I'm going to take the girl," and at the end of the third day Adell and I were engaged. We each had two more years of study—she to get her Doctorate at Heidelberg (from which she graduated *summa cum laude* in 1901, the first woman to do so in the Philosophy Department), and I to study in Paris. When I met Adell, I knew that here was inspiration in a young and beautiful

Le 20 mai 1900.

Cher Monsieur Dickinson,

Je vous remercie de votre  
 mercredi prochain à 2<sup>h</sup> 1/2  
 au lieu de 6 heures habituelles,  
 si vous n'avez pas de  
 comme d'habitude -  
 Croyez, cher Monsieur, à mes  
 affectueux sentiments

Alexandre Guilmant

Handwritten note from Guilmant to Dickinson regarding his organ lesson time, May 20, 1900

Cher Monsieur

Je vous remercie de votre  
 mercredi prochain à 2<sup>h</sup> 1/2  
 au lieu de 6 heures habituelles,  
 si vous n'avez pas de  
 comme d'habitude -  
 Croyez, cher Monsieur, à mes  
 affectueux sentiments

Alexandre Guilmant

Letter from Louis Vierne: "Dear Sir, Can you come tomorrow Tuesday at 2 instead of tonight? I have a committee meeting which is holding me this afternoon. I will prepare for you the letters for London and Sheffield. Very cordially yours."

Paris le 17 mai 1901.

Cher Monsieur

Vous savez maintenant ce  
 que j'ai écrit et si  
 vous n'avez pas de  
 et la fugue que  
 vous avez faite vous  
 même d'une façon  
 très réussie et très  
 intéressante -  
 Je suis très satisfait  
 vous

Alexandre Guilmant

Letter from Louis Vierne: "Dear Sir, You are now able to write and to teach counterpoint and fugue which you have done yourself in a very successful and interesting manner. Very cordially yours."

Le 24 mai 1901.

J'ai donc pendant plusieurs  
 années de beaux organes -  
 Monsieur Clarence Dickinson,  
 et je lui laisse de dire  
 que j'ai été extrêmement  
 satisfait de son travail.  
 Maintenant, je le considère  
 comme un très bon organiste  
 possédant une belle expérience  
 et un répertoire complet et varié

Alexandre Guilmant

Letter of recommendation for Dickinson by Guilmant, May 24, 1901

## CLARENCE DICKINSON WINS RICH ENCOMIUMS IN PARIS.

Clarence Dickinson, formerly organist at St. James' Church and the Kehilath Anshe Mayrigo Synagogue of this city, gave an organ recital at the Church of the Holy Trinity in Paris, recently, and was very enthusiastically received. Mr. Dickinson played Liszt's famous "Praeludium und Fugue ueber Bach" as the second number on his programme, and a nephew of Liszt's who was present remarked afterward that it was the finest rendering of the composition he had ever heard, far surpassing the interpretations of the many German organists to which he had listened.

Mr. Dickinson has pursued his musical studies in Berlin and Paris during the past two years, having such teachers as Guilmant, Dr. Reimann, Singer and Moszkowski. Although a young man, he was a well-known organist in Chicago before going abroad, being organist for the Chicago Mendelssohn Club, the Evanston Musical Club and other similar organizations. His Chicago friends hope an opening may be found for him here when he is ready to return, as otherwise he will probably go to New York City. The programme of Mr. Dickinson's recital in Paris was as follows:

Allegro Appassionato, from 18th Sonata.....	Guilmant
Andante Cantabile.....	Widor
Praeludium and Fugue ueber Bach.....	Liszt
Priere et Berceuse.....	Guilmant
Toccata.....	Les Froid des Merveux
Romance.....	Lamare

CLARENCE DICKINSON.

Prelude and Fugue in E minor.....Bach  
 "Cradle Song".....Dickinson  
 "Fiat Lux".....Dubois

Mr. Dickinson will return to Chicago in the fall and will then decide whether to remain in the West or to move to New York.

An undated Chicago newspaper clipping

*Mr. Clarence Dickinson*  
 has returned to Chicago, and will receive  
 pupils in the  
*Art of Organ Playing*  
 and in the  
*History and Theory of Music.*

*Mr. Dickinson has been spending the past three  
 years abroad, in concert playing and in advanced musical  
 study, under such masters as M. Alexandre Guilmant,  
 M. Louis Vierne, and M. Moritz Moszkowski, of Paris,  
 and Dr. Heinrich Reimann, and Herr Otto Singer, of Berlin.*

*Reception Hour, Half after One o'clock  
 Studio, 618 Fine Arts Building, Chicago.*

Postcard announcing Clarence Dickinson's return to Chicago

woman who also possessed great knowledge. However, that was not the reason I had the courage to ask her to wait for a poor organist who would probably never make more than \$2,000 a year; it was just intense love at first sight. I believe the real thing comes that way, though, of course, it can come slowly, I suppose, as has been described in many stories, without the individual being aware of it for a long time.

In the fall of 1899 I moved on to Paris, intending to study with Widor, who could play in tremendous style, but, if he were not particularly interested, could be very dull. Meanwhile, I discovered Guilmant, who was at the height of his career. One of the first concerts I heard in Paris was the dedication of a new organ shared by four organists: the organist of the church; Gigout, one of the most brilliant players of the day; Widor, third; and Guilmant, last, showing his greatness in every way. I studied with him for the next two years, and never regretted it. That first year I also studied composition with Moritz Moszkowski.

The second year, I went to Vierne (who had just been appointed organist of Notre Dame, and possessed a lovely organ in his home) for composition, improvisation, and plainsong accompaniment. How he ever got the notes of his compositions on paper I do not understand, as the head of a quarter note was as large as the end of a little finger because of the little sight left in him. I had a pedal piano in my room in the Latin Quarter, and the use of an organ in the Cavallé-Coll organ factory and that of the American Episcopal Cathedral, where I was organist and an Englishman was director of the

boy choir. I wrote my first organ piece, "Berceuse," during the year I studied with Vierne, and dedicated it to Helen Adell Snyder. Professor Peter Lutkin, of Northwestern, sent it to H. W. Gray for recommendation for publication. It was refused. I then sent it to Schirmer and Ditson, who likewise returned it. (After returning from Europe, I later played it in a recital on the Ocean Grove Auditorium organ, and had the fun of having the same three publishers come up and say they would like to publish it!)

When my generous supply of money had run out in Paris, I felt I should begin to try and give out something, instead of always comfortably receiving, so returned home in 1901 with 125 pieces in my memory. So began the next portion of my life, first as director of the choir at McVickers Theatre, where Frank Crane, a popular minister in Chicago, was preaching on Sunday mornings, and the following year as director of music at First Methodist Church in Evanston. After only six months there, I became organist-choirmaster at St. James Episcopal Church in Chicago, with a boy choir of sixty. I enjoyed this choir very much for six years, although the strain of replacing eight or ten boys a year, along with the many rehearsals and discipline, was rather wearing. I rehearsed the boys alone twice a week at 4:30. They were out of school by 3:00, so I usually had to interrupt a game of baseball at an exciting moment, and it was difficult to get them in on time. After such an experience one day, I walked past Notre Dame Catholic Church and found the priest having the same trouble. He finally lost his temper and called out, "Any little boy who is not

inside this door in two minutes I am going to send straight to Hell." You should have seen them run! He had an unfair advantage over me. All I could threaten my boys with was the loss of a two-week encampment during the summer. This was the real pay for their year's work.

Part of the job of running the boy choir in Chicago was putting on a light opera to raise funds for summer camp at one of the Wisconsin lakes. One year we chose the far end of Lake Mendota, north of Madison. It was near an insane asylum, and some of the harmless patients often walked through the camp and saw the boys. One of them always came swinging an alarm clock. When we asked her why she carried the clock, she replied, "Oh, they say time flies, but he's not going to get away from me!" Another one was a very coquettish old maid who sort-of flirted with the boys, and they had fun drawing her on, nicknaming her "311," but never telling her what it meant; "311" was the hymn "Ancient of Days." Another hymn they delighted in, which our rector, Dr. Stone, often selected as a processional, had a line that always occurred just as the boys came in sight of the congregation. I could not stop them from always turning their heads towards the congregation, and roaring out, "My God, what do I see and hear." There was another they delighted in: St. James was in the aristocratic north side of Chicago, and our principal rival was Grace Church, on the south side. The boys always emphasized in singing this line, "On the north side are the palaces."

At this same time, I was offered the conductorship of the Aurora, Illinois, Musical Club without ever having held a baton or directed a chorus or orchestra. I went to Frederick Stock, the conductor of the Chicago Orchestra, who gave me a few suggestions. Of course, I always braced up my orchestra with a goodly number of players from the Chicago Symphony, which is really what put us over. This gave me very good experience, as we presented a different oratorio at every concert, never repeating anything in five years, giving the Chicago premiere of Davies' *Everyman* and other such novelties, and ending with Wagner's *Tannhäuser* in concert form. Aurora was a railroad center, down below the hills, so the train station was just filled with smoke. For one of the rehearsals I took the boy soprano soloist from St. James. "You don't need to worry about my manners, Dr. Dickinson. My mother told me what to do and say." When we alighted from the train in the midst of a great cloud of smoke, so that you could not see a thing, he said, "Aurora is a lovely city, isn't it!"

To show you how busy I became: my weekly schedule soon meant catching a 5:30 train for the hour ride to Aurora, and getting dinner on the train. The train was a deluxe express—first stop Aurora—and the thru passengers were allowed to come into the diner, while those in the day coaches were kept locked up. Fortunately, I found a key that would fit the door, and so, when the headwaiter was at the other end of the dining room, I'd unlock the door and come in. He and the waiters were always startled to see me come in, but always served me, thinking me to be a member of the board. So, I always had my dinner and arrived at the hall in time to rehearse the orchestra for an hour, and the chorus for an hour and a half. Catching a ten o'clock train back to Chicago, I then crossed to another station and caught the sleeper to Dubuque, Iowa, where I taught for four hours the next day, then had rehearsals for the Bach Society of Dubuque, following the same routine of rehearsing the orchestra first and the chorus last. I then caught the sleeper back to Chicago, where I taught at the Cosmopolitan School, of which I was the director, until the middle of the afternoon, and then rehearsed the boys at St. James. I took the evening off! On Thursday, I was back at school for classes in the morning, rehearsal for the Musical Art Society at 2:30, a rehearsal of the English Opera company at 4:00, and, at 6:30, the chorus of the Sunday Evening Club rehearsal. Friday morning was given up to organ lessons at the church,

and, in the afternoon I attended the concerts of the Chicago Orchestra. Friday evening was given over to rehearsing the men and boys of St. James for the Sunday service. Saturday morning was the service at Temple Kehilath Anshe Mayriv. In the afternoon, I practiced for various services. Sunday morning and afternoon was spent at St. James Episcopal Church. Once a month, in the afternoon, there was a large important festival service with a short organ recital following. Then came the Sunday Evening Club, a service held at Orchestra Hall, for which we had distinguished preachers from all over the country, a large chorus, and a fine quartet of soloists. I played a half-hour program of organ music, and then, putting another organist on the bench, conducted the chorus. Mondays I taught at the Cosmopolitan School until four o'clock, when I went to rehearse the boys at St. James. In the evening, I caught the train to Aurora, and the week began all over again!

Many interesting things happened along the way: One time, on the way to Dubuque, a deep cut between two hills was filled with snow. Our engine tried to ram it, getting stuck so tight it could not go back or forth. We were held there all night and most of the next day, with nothing to eat but a few chocolate bars. This spot had belonged to one man, but two little towns had grown up around it, so he named them after his daughters. We men on board decided we would send telegrams explaining our absence by saying, "Snow storm delay: spent the night between Elizabeth and Anne."

Another amusing incident took place during the forming of the chorus for the Sunday Evening Club in Orchestra Hall, which was made up of the best soloists who sang morning and afternoon services in their churches. The men for the chorus proved easy, as practically all my men at St. James came. I had to advertise for women, and when I arrived for the auditions at my Cosmopolitan School of Music in the Auditorium building, I found the place full, much to the distress of my teachers. The first I took into my office

was a mother and daughter. The old lady immediately said, "I am sure you want Jenny. She can sing higher and lower, and softer and louder than anyone you have ever heard. Jenny, show the gentleman your high C," whereupon Jenny let out the loudest, wildest shriek you ever heard, like the sound of a wounded hyena. I could hear doors open and feet come running, and the manager opened the door to ask if he could be of any assistance. Of course, I told Jenny that nothing more was necessary. That settled it, but, as a matter of form, I told her I was compelled to hear the others who had come, and I would let her know. We did secure a beautiful chorus in the end.

In 1904, after being engaged for five years, Helen Adell Snyder and I were married. Following our studies abroad, she had become Dean of Women at the State College of Pennsylvania, and I had returned to Chicago \$3,000 in debt—a good deal of money in those days. The first year I saved nothing; the second year I saved \$1,500, and the third year, \$1,500. I went to the wealthy young lady who had loaned me the money and said "Here's the balance. However, I have been engaged for five years and would very much like to get married and go to Europe on our honeymoon. Instead of paying you back now, I am sure I can do it next year." She very kindly consented, and Mrs. Dickinson and I sailed on the Romanic, although we preferred calling it the "Romantic."

My older sister met us at Boston to say goodbye and said, "This is very nice. Our friend Miss Blanchard is sailing on the same boat with ten young ladies, who I am sure will want to meet you." Naturally, we were not so sure and we engaged four steamer chairs—the two on the North side had our names on them; the two on the South side, where we always sat—nothing. So we dodged them until the last day.

We landed in Gibraltar, where there were men selling Maltese lace. Mrs. Dickinson was buying some for her mother. The man started the price at \$10.00 and Mrs. Dickinson, having lived



Cover of an early publicity brochure

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PEOPLE'S CHURCH  
 Tuesday Evening, May 16th, 1905

Program for the Aurora Musical Club's performance of Davies' *Everyman*, under the direction of Clarence Dickinson—the first production of the work in America, May 16, 1905

Canadian Honored in Spain.  
 Clarence Dickinson, the distinguished Canadian organist at St. James church, Chicago, who is now on his wedding tour in Europe, is attracting considerable attention in Spain. On July 5 he played in the cathedral of Seville, and the audience was so much pleased that he was asked to repeat



Western British America newspaper erroneously identifies Dickinson as a Canadian, and reports on his organ recitals in Spain during his wedding tour of Europe

his efforts the following morning. The instrument is the largest cathedral organ in Spain, and an organist who is invited to play considers himself honored. Mr. Dickinson also played at the Mosque at Cordova. This is a sixteenth century instrument and the visiting musician created a favorable impression.

in Europe, countered with \$5.00. Each gave in until they were only \$1.00 apart, whereupon the man turned to me and said, "Father will pay the \$1.00. What's a dollar to Father?"

We took a boat to Tangier, and after a few days' stay, another boat around to Cádiz, a very beautiful way to enter Spain, as it projects out into the ocean and the houses are painted pink, blue, and white—nice gay colors. At luncheon I asked for a glass of milk—not realizing that the only milk available would be goat's milk, which one notices as soon as it enters the room. The waiter, of course, could not understand this request for milk, as this was my first day to use my Spanish, and he brought me several different articles until I took the menu

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MR. JOHN W. NORTON, Assistant Director

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 MISS ELLA STUBER, Alto  
 MR. EDWARD WALKER, Tenor  
 DR. WM. CARVER WILLIAMS, Bass  
 MRS. EDWARD M. HEALEY, Pianist  
 MISS FLORENCE LALLY, Organist

MR. EDWARD SCHROEDER, Concert Master

Tuesday Evening, May 5, 1908  
 FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Bach Society of Dubuque program, Clarence Dickinson, director, May 5, 1908

and drew a picture of a cow, whereupon he immediately cried, "Si, Si, Señor," dashed off, and came back with two tickets for the bull fight.

I played several recitals on the organs in Spain. The most surprising request I received was in Cordova, where the Gothic chapel is set down in the midst

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8' Harmonic Flute	8' Viola	8' Flute Celeste	16' Gemshorn
8' Bourdon (sw)	8' Voix Celeste	8' Koppelflute	16' Gedackt (sw)
8' Gemshorn	8' Principal	8 3/4' Nazard	8' Principal
8' Octave	8' Rohrflöte	8' Octave	8' Gemshorn (gt)
8' Spitzflöte	8' Blockflöte	1 1/4' Quint	8' Gedackt (sw)
8' Super Octave	Plain Jeu, III	Mrd Cornet, III	8' Choral Bass
Flourishes, III	Cornet, III (sk)	8' Cromorne	Mixture, IV
8' Tuba Major (sw)	16' Trompette	8' Tuba Major (sw)	24' Bombarda (digital)
Chimes	16' Bassoon	Zimbelstern	16' Trompette (sw)
	8' Trompette		16' Bassoon (sw)
	8' Hautbois		8' Trompette
	8' Hautbois		8' Hautbois
	8' Tuba Major		8' Hautbois

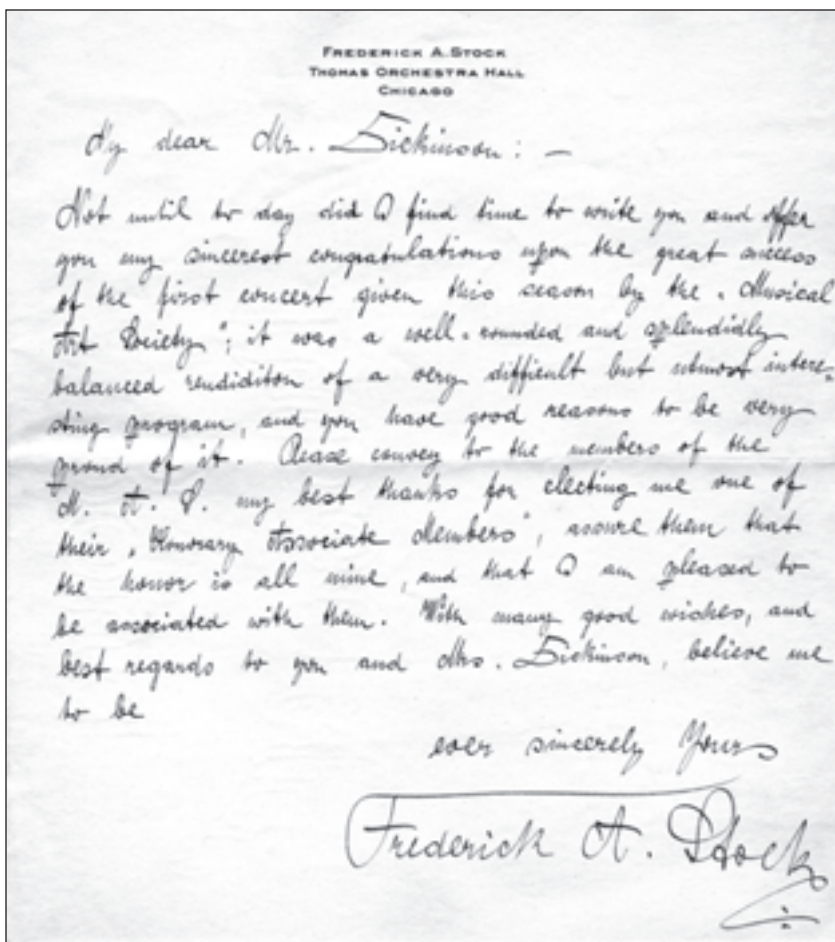
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An undated letter from Frederick Stock congratulating Clarence Dickinson on the success of the Musical Art Society



Clarence Dickinson, center left, with the choir of men and boys at St. James Episcopal Church, Chicago

its first hearing of works by Palestrina and Gabrieli, and the "Sanctus" and "Cum Sancto Spiritu" from the great *B-Minor Mass* in concert with the Chicago Orchestra. This was still in the day of the quartet, and this kind of music was new to them. They were very conscientious singers, and would study those runs at home. Three of the best altos in Chicago were sisters, one of whom was Mrs. Clayton Summy, and they would get together in her home and rehearse these difficult numbers. At their third rehearsal, they entered the room, and were greeted by Mrs. Summy's parrot singing "Cum Sancto Spiritu," the only parrot I ever knew that sang Bach.

I recall that for one performance of *Messiah* there, I had the bass and tenor of the First Presbyterian Church of New York, who had come out to sing at another event. It was very successful, and the visiting singers returned to New York and reported that it was the best performance they had ever heard. Word of this must have got around, for in 1909 I was invited to the Brick Presbyterian Church to succeed Archer Gibson. Because the

salary was less than what I was making in Chicago, I was also asked to conduct the Mendelssohn Glee Club, succeeding Frank Damrosch, and was also organist at Temple Beth-El, located at Fifth Avenue and 76th Street (now merged with Temple Emanu-El). Even then I came to New York at a financial sacrifice, but for greater opportunity.

- ° Busoni piano concerto series
- October 29, 1898: Bach D minor, Mozart A major, Beethoven G major, Hummel B minor
- November 5: Beethoven E-flat, Weber Konzertstück, op. 79, Schubert Fantaisie in C major, op. 15, Chopin E minor
- November 12: Mendelssohn G minor, Schumann A minor, Henselt F minor
- November 19: Rubinstein no. 5 in E-flat, op. 94, Brahms D minor, Liszt A major

**To be continued**

*Lorenz Maycher is organist-choirmaster at First-Trinity Presbyterian Church in Laurel, Mississippi. His interviews with William Teague, Thomas Richner, Nora Williams, Albert Russell, and Robert Town have appeared in THE DIAPASON.*

**ILLINOIS THEATRE**  
 TUESDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 9, AT 2 P. M.  
 THURSDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 11, AT 2 P. M.

**AMBROISE THOMAS' GRAND OPERA**  
**MIGNON**  
 BY THE CHICAGO ENGLISH OPERA SOCIETY

**CAST**

Mignon	Elaine de Bellon
Filipe	Lucille Chilton-Gorman
Frederick	Miss. Regna Linnell
Wilhelm	John Miller
Leontine	Wm. Beard
Lazarus	David Gracich
Grames	George N. Holt
Antoine	L. A. Denney

HERMAN SEVERAL, Stage Director

**AN ORCHESTRA OF 30 MEN**  
 CLARENCE DICKINSON, Musical Director.

Tickets, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c. • Boxes, \$12.00, \$15.00.  
 On Sale Thursday, February 22, at Music Theatre Box Office.

The following extracts from reviews of the two performances presented last December will be sufficient to satisfy lovers of grand opera that the reputation to be given will merit their highest expectations and approval:

"The performance of *Mignon* proved a valuable achievement."  
 —W. J. WYBARD, Chicago Tribune.

"*Mignon* is not an early opera in style of play and its direction are the greatest to be seen in Chicago. For a first attempt the performance of *Mignon* is a masterpiece of artistic execution."  
 —FRANK DAMROSCH, Chicago Post.

"It is pleasant to recall that the performance of '*Mignon*' was a successful performance."  
 —MAURICE WOODWORTH, Chicago Examiner.

Flyer announcing the Chicago English Opera Society's performance of *Mignon* under the direction of Clarence Dickinson

**Announcement**

¶ The Cosmopolitan School announces with regret the retirement of its Musical Director, Mr. Clarence Dickinson. In making this announcement the Board of Directors desires to express its high appreciation of Mr. Dickinson as a man and as a musician and of the value of the service he has rendered to the school.

¶ The Board, while thus expressing regret at the loss of Mr. Dickinson as our associate, desires to extend to him hearty and sincere good wishes, which will follow him in his new field of activity in New York City, where he goes as Conductor of the Mendelssohn Club, and Organist and Musical Director of the Brick Presbyterian Church. May good fortune attend him!

By order of the Board of Directors.

The Cosmopolitan School announces Clarence Dickinson's move to New York City, 1909

**INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART**  
 100 N. WABASH ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

Sept. 3, 1909

Mr. Clarence Dickinson,  
 Carlton Place,  
 Detroit, Mich.

My dear Mr. Dickinson:

I was very glad to receive your letter and take pleasure in expressing to you my satisfaction at the excellent choice made by the Mendelssohn Glee Club in selecting you as its director.

I trust you will enjoy the work with the Club, and I trust you will find it liberty to call on me in case I can be of any assistance to you. I trust you will give me an early opportunity after reaching New York to meet you, and meanwhile I remain,

Very truly yours,  
 Frank Damrosch

Letter dated September 3, 1909, from Frank Damrosch to Clarence Dickinson, his successor as director of the Mendelssohn Glee Club

of the old mosque, with its 900 pillars of different colored marbles, creating a very mystical atmosphere. After I had tried the organ a bit, the priest organist said to me, "There is one American tune I have always wanted to hear. Will you play it for me?" I said, "Surely, if I know it." He replied, "It is Yankee Doodle Dandy." So, Mrs. Dickinson, who was not allowed to come up into the organ loft where there were priests and monks (so strict are the rules!), was rather aghast when she heard the strains of "Yankee Doodle" echo through and around the 900 columns! It was in Spain that we first began to collect folk songs. One of the earliest was "In Joseph's Lovely Garden."

The greatest choral group I ever had was the Musical Art Society of Chicago, which I organized in 1906. This society was made up of 50 leading singers of the city, and we performed the great choral music of the church, which had never been heard in Chicago. While I was in Paris, I was much fascinated by the beautiful singing of the 15th and 16th century music by the famous choir of Saint-Germain-des-Prés, and longed for an opportunity to present these works, as well as modern music of the day. All this would require a chorus made up of very good musicians. Thus was born the idea of a society composed of the best soloists in

Chicago. Mrs. Dickinson said one day, "Is this really your heart's desire?" "This is the thing I want most." She immediately turned to the telephone and called singers one by one, starting with personal friends who were among the top singers of the city, until fifty had agreed, most hesitatingly, to come to a meeting. This meant singing for pleasure, no money in it for anyone.

The devotion of the singers was marvelous. Individual members would go to New York to sing with the Philharmonic Orchestra, and then, if compelled to miss a rehearsal, hurry back for private rehearsals in order to prepare for the coming concert. Any one of them could sing over a big orchestra, and when you put them together, it was stunning. We could perform unknown music, old and very modern, in any language, and we gave Chicago

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