

Project Gutenberg Etext The Experiences of a Bandmaster, by Sousa
#1 in our serices by John Philip Sousa

Copyright laws are changing all over the world, be sure to check
the copyright laws for your country before posting these files!!

Please take a look at the important information in this header.
We encourage you to keep this file on your own disk, keeping an
electronic path open for the next readers. Do not remove this.

Welcome To The World of Free Plain Vanilla Electronic Texts

Etexts Readable By Both Humans and By Computers, Since 1971

These Etexts Prepared By Hundreds of Volunteers and Donations

Information on contacting Project Gutenberg to get Etexts, and
further information is included below. We need your donations.

Title: The Experiences of a Bandmaster

Author: John Philip Sousa

April, 2001 [Etext #2589]

Project Gutenberg Etext The Experiences of a Bandmaster, by Sousa
*****This file should be named sousa10.txt or sousa10.zip*****

Corrected EDITIONS of our etexts get a new NUMBER, sousa10.txt
VERSIONS based on separate sources get new LETTER, sousa10a.txt

Etext typed by Faith Matievich <DogPerson@aol.com>

Project Gutenberg Etexts are usually created from multiple editions,
all of which are in the Public Domain in the United States, unless a
copyright notice is included. Therefore, we usually do NOT keep any
of these books in compliance with any particular paper edition.

We are now trying to release all our books one month in advance
of the official release dates, leaving time for better editing.

Please note: neither this list nor its contents are final till
midnight of the last day of the month of any such announcement.
The official release date of all Project Gutenberg Etexts is at
Midnight, Central Time, of the last day of the stated month. A
preliminary version may often be posted for suggestion, comment
and editing by those who wish to do so. To be sure you have an

up to date first edition [xxxxx10x.xxx] please check file sizes in the first week of the next month. Since our ftp program has a bug in it that scrambles the date [tried to fix and failed] a look at the file size will have to do, but we will try to see a new copy has at least one byte more or less.

Information about Project Gutenberg (one page)

We produce about two million dollars for each hour we work. The time it takes us, a rather conservative estimate, is fifty hours to get any etext selected, entered, proofread, edited, copyright searched and analyzed, the copyright letters written, etc. This projected audience is one hundred million readers. If our value per text is nominally estimated at one dollar then we produce \$2 million dollars per hour this year as we release thirty-six text files per month, or 432 more Etexts in 1999 for a total of 2000+. If these reach just 10% of the computerized population, then the total should reach over 200 billion Etexts given away this year.

The Goal of Project Gutenberg is to Give Away One Trillion Etext Files by December 31, 2001. [10,000 x 100,000,000 = 1 Trillion] This is ten thousand titles each to one hundred million readers, which is only ~5% of the present number of computer users.

At our revised rates of production, we will reach only one-third of that goal by the end of 2001, or about 3,333 Etexts unless we manage to get some real funding; currently our funding is mostly from Michael Hart's salary at Carnegie-Mellon University, and an assortment of sporadic gifts; this salary is only good for a few more years, so we are looking for something to replace it, as we don't want Project Gutenberg to be so dependent on one person.

We need your donations more than ever!

All donations should be made to "Project Gutenberg/CMU": and are tax deductible to the extent allowable by law. (CMU = Carnegie-Mellon University).

For these and other matters, please mail to:

Project Gutenberg
P. O. Box 2782
Champaign, IL 61825

When all other email fails. . .try our Executive Director:
Michael S. Hart <hart@pobox.com>
hart@pobox.com forwards to hart@prairienet.org and archive.org
if your mail bounces from archive.org, I will still see it, if
it bounces from prairienet.org, better resend later on. . . .

We would prefer to send you this information by email.

To access Project Gutenberg etexts, use any Web browser to view <http://promo.net/pg>. This site lists Etexts by author and by title, and includes information about how to get involved with Project Gutenberg. You could also download our past Newsletters, or subscribe here. This is one of our major sites, please email hart@pobox.com, for a more complete list of our various sites.

To go directly to the etext collections, use FTP or any Web browser to visit a Project Gutenberg mirror (mirror sites are available on 7 continents; mirrors are listed at <http://promo.net/pg>).

Mac users, do NOT point and click, typing works better.

Example FTP session:

```
ftp sunsite.unc.edu
login: anonymous
password: your@login
cd pub/docs/books/gutenberg
cd etext90 through etext99
dir [to see files]
get or mget [to get files. . .set bin for zip files]
GET GUTINDEX.?? [to get a year's listing of books, e.g., GUTINDEX.99]
GET GUTINDEX.ALL [to get a listing of ALL books]
```

Information prepared by the Project Gutenberg legal advisor

(Three Pages)

START**THE SMALL PRINT!**FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN ETEXTS**START

Why is this "Small Print!" statement here? You know: lawyers. They tell us you might sue us if there is something wrong with your copy of this etext, even if you got it for free from someone other than us, and even if what's wrong is not our fault. So, among other things, this "Small Print!" statement disclaims most of our liability to you. It also tells you how you can distribute copies of this etext if you want to.

BEFORE! YOU USE OR READ THIS ETEXT

By using or reading any part of this PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext, you indicate that you understand, agree to and accept this "Small Print!" statement. If you do not, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for this etext by sending a request within 30 days of receiving it to the person you got it from. If you received this etext on a physical

medium (such as a disk), you must return it with your request.

ABOUT PROJECT GUTENBERG-TM ETEXTS

This PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext, like most PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etexts, is a "public domain" work distributed by Professor Michael S. Hart through the Project Gutenberg Association at Carnegie-Mellon University (the "Project"). Among other things, this means that no one owns a United States copyright on or for this work, so the Project (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth below, apply if you wish to copy and distribute this etext under the Project's "PROJECT GUTENBERG" trademark.

To create these etexts, the Project expends considerable efforts to identify, transcribe and proofread public domain works. Despite these efforts, the Project's etexts and any medium they may be on may contain "Defects". Among other things, Defects may take the form of incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other etext medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

LIMITED WARRANTY; DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES

But for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described below, [1] the Project (and any other party you may receive this etext from as a PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm etext) disclaims all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees, and [2] YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE OR UNDER STRICT LIABILITY, OR FOR BREACH OF WARRANTY OR CONTRACT, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES, EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGES.

If you discover a Defect in this etext within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending an explanatory note within that time to the person you received it from. If you received it on a physical medium, you must return it with your note, and such person may choose to alternatively give you a replacement copy. If you received it electronically, such person may choose to alternatively give you a second opportunity to receive it electronically.

THIS ETEXT IS OTHERWISE PROVIDED TO YOU "AS-IS". NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, ARE MADE TO YOU AS TO THE ETEXT OR ANY MEDIUM IT MAY BE ON, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR A PARTICULAR PURPOSE.

Some states do not allow disclaimers of implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of consequential damages, so the

above disclaimers and exclusions may not apply to you, and you may have other legal rights.

INDEMNITY

You will indemnify and hold the Project, its directors, officers, members and agents harmless from all liability, cost and expense, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following that you do or cause:

[1] distribution of this etext, [2] alteration, modification, or addition to the etext, or [3] any Defect.

DISTRIBUTION UNDER "PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm"

You may distribute copies of this etext electronically, or by disk, book or any other medium if you either delete this "Small Print!" and all other references to Project Gutenberg, or:

[1] Only give exact copies of it. Among other things, this requires that you do not remove, alter or modify the etext or this "small print!" statement. You may however, if you wish, distribute this etext in machine readable binary, compressed, mark-up, or proprietary form, including any form resulting from conversion by word processing or hypertext software, but only so long as *EITHER*:

[*] The etext, when displayed, is clearly readable, and does *not* contain characters other than those intended by the author of the work, although tilde (~), asterisk (*) and underline (_) characters may be used to convey punctuation intended by the author, and additional characters may be used to indicate hypertext links; OR

[*] The etext may be readily converted by the reader at no expense into plain ASCII, EBCDIC or equivalent form by the program that displays the etext (as is the case, for instance, with most word processors); OR

[*] You provide, or agree to also provide on request at no additional cost, fee or expense, a copy of the etext in its original plain ASCII form (or in EBCDIC or other equivalent proprietary form).

[2] Honor the etext refund and replacement provisions of this "Small Print!" statement.

[3] Pay a trademark license fee to the Project of 20% of the net profits you derive calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. If you don't derive profits, no royalty is due. Royalties are payable to "Project Gutenberg Association/Carnegie-Mellon

University" within the 60 days following each date you prepare (or were legally required to prepare) your annual (or equivalent periodic) tax return.

WHAT IF YOU *WANT* TO SEND MONEY EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE TO?

The Project gratefully accepts contributions in money, time, scanning machines, OCR software, public domain etexts, royalty free copyright licenses, and every other sort of contribution you can think of. Money should be paid to "Project Gutenberg Association / Carnegie-Mellon University".

*END*THE SMALL PRINT! FOR PUBLIC DOMAIN ETEXTS*Ver.04.29.93*END*

Etext typed by Faith Matievich <DogPerson@aol.com>

THE EXPERIENCES OF A BANDMASTER

By John Philip Sousa

During eighteen years spent in playing music for the masses, twelve years in the service of the United States and six in that of the general public, many curious and interesting incidents have come under my observation.

While conductor of the Marine Band, which plays at all the state functions given by the President at the Executive Mansion, I saw much of the social life of the White House and was brought into more or less direct contact with all the executives under whom I had the honor of successively serving--Presidents Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland and Harrison.

They were all very appreciative of music, and in this respect were quite unlike General Grant, of whom it is said that he knew only two tunes, one of which was "Yankee Doodle" and the other wasn't!

The President's Embarrassing Demand.

I think I may say that more than one President, relieved from the onerous duties of a great reception, has found rest by sitting quietly in the corner of a convenient room and listening to the music.

Once, on the occasion of a state dinner, President Arthur came to the door of the main lobby of the White House, where the Marine Band was always stationed, and beckoning me to his side asked me to play the "Cachuca." When I explained that we did not have the music with us but would be glad to include it in the next programme, the President looked surprised and remarked:

"Why, Sousa, I thought you could play anything. I'm sure you can; now give us the 'Cachuca.'"

This placed me in a predicament, as I did not wish the President to believe that the band was not at all times able to respond to his wishes. Fortunately, one of the bandmen remembered the melody and played it over softly to me on his cornet in a corner. I hastily wrote out several parts for the leading instruments, and told the rest of the band to vamp in the key of E flat. Then we played the "Cachuca" to the entire satisfaction of Mr. Arthur, who came again to the door and said: "There, I knew you could play it."

The ladies of the White House were always interested in the music, and frequently suggested selections for the programmes, Mrs. Hayes being particularly fond of American ballads. During the brief Garfield administration there were no state receptions or dinners given by the President, and the band did not play at the White House, except for a few of Mrs. Garfield's receptions immediately after the inauguration. While Mrs. McElroy was mistress of the Executive Mansion for her brother, President Arthur, the lighter music was much in favor, as there were always many young people at the Mansion.

Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland was much interested in music, and evinced a partiality for Arthur Sullivan's melodies. Mrs. Harrison's favorite music was Nevin's "Good Night, Beloved" and the Sousa marches. The soundness of Mrs. Cleveland's musical taste was shown by her liking for the "Tannhauser" overture and other music of that character.

The Marine Band played all the music for President Cleveland's wedding, which took place in the Blue Room of the White House. The distance from the room up-stairs to the exact spot where the ceremony was to take place was carefully measured by Colonel Lamont and myself, in order that the music might be timed to the precise number of steps the wedding party would have to take; and the climax of the Mendelssohn "Wedding March" was played by the band just as the bride and groom reached the clergyman.

President Cleveland's Veto.

A few days before the ceremony I submitted my musical programme to Colonel Lamont for the President's approval, and among the numbers was a quartet called "The Student of Love," from one of my operas.

Even in the anticipation of his happiness Mr. Cleveland was keenly alive to the opportunities for humorous remarks which this title might afford to irreverent newspaper men; and he said to his secretary: "Tell Sousa he can play that quartet, but he had better omit the name of it." Accordingly, "The Student of Love" was conspicuous by its absence.

When North Carolina celebrated its centenary, the Marine Band was ordered to Fayetteville to participate in the ceremonies. The little Southern town was much interested in the advent of the "President's Band," and the prevailing opinion was that "Dixie" would be tabooed music with us. Before the exercises a local committee waited upon me and intimated that "Dixie" was a popular melody in that vicinity.

"Of course," said the spokesman, "we don't want you to play anything you don't want to, but please remember, sir, that we are very fond of 'Dixie' here."

Bowing gravely, I thanked the committee for their interest in my programme, but left them completely in the dark as to whether I intended to play the loved song of the South or not.

"Dixie," by the President's Band.

The ceremonies opened with a patriotic address by Governor Fowle, lauding the glories of the American flag and naturally the only appropriate music to such a sentiment was "The Star-Spangled Banner," which the crowd patriotically cheered.

The tone of the succeeding oration was equally fervid, but the speaker enlarged upon the glories of the Commonwealth whose one hundredth anniversary was being celebrated. The orator sat down, there was a momentary pause, and then as I raised my baton the strains of "Dixie" fell upon the delighted ears of the thousands round the platform.

The unexpected had happened, and such a shout as went up from that throng I have never heard equaled. Hats were tossed in the air, gray-bearded men embraced, and for a few minutes a jubilant pandemonium reigned supreme. During the rest of our stay in Fayetteville the repertoire of the Marine Band was on this order: "Yankee Doodle,"--"Dixie;" "Star-Spangled Banner,"--"Dixie;" "Red, White and Blue,"--"Dixie."

In all my experience the acme of patriotic fervor was reached during a reunion of the Loyal Legion at Philadelphia some years ago. The exercises were held in the Academy of Music, and the band occupied the orchestra pit in front of the stage, which was crowded with distinguished veterans.

I had strung together for the occasion a number of war-songs,

bugle-calls and patriotic airs, and when the band played them the martial spirit began to stir the people. As we broke into "Marching Through Georgia," a distinguished-looking old soldier stepped to the foot-lights and began to sing the familiar words of the famous song in a loud, clear voice. The entire audience joined in, and as the swelling volume of melody rolled through the house, the enthusiasm waxed more intense.

Verse after verse was sung, interrupted with frantic cheers, until it seemed that the very ecstasy of enthusiasm had been reached. It was only when physically exhausted that the audience calmed down and the exercises proceeded.

A Chorus of Ten Thousand.

During the World's Fair at Chicago my present band was giving nightly concerts in the Court of Honor surrounding the lagoon. On one beautiful night in June fully ten thousand people were gathered round the bandstand while we were playing a medley of popular songs.

Director Tomlins, of the World's Fair Choral Associations, was on the stand, and exclaiming, "Keep that up, Sousa!" he turned to the crowd and motioned the people to join him in singing. With the background of the stately buildings of the White City, this mighty chorus, led by the band, sang the songs of the people—"Home, Sweet Home," "Suwanee River," "Annie Laurie," "My Old Kentucky Home," etc., and never did the familiar melodies sound so grandly beautiful.

The influence of music to quiet disorder and to allay fear is quite as potent as its power to excite and to stir enthusiasm. A case in point happened at the St. Louis Exposition, where my band was giving a series of concerts. There was an enormous audience in the music hall when, in the middle of the programme, every electric light suddenly went out, leaving the house in complete darkness.

A succession of sharp cries from women, the hasty shuffling of feet, and the nervous tension manifest in every one, gave proof that a panic was probably imminent. I called softly to the band, "Yankee Doodle!" and the men quickly responded by playing the good old tune from memory in the darkness, quickly following it with "Dixie" on my orders. The audience began to quiet down, and some scattering applause gave assurance that the excitement was abating.

"The Star-Spangled Banner" still further restored confidence, and when we played "Oh Dear, What Can the Matter Be?" and "Wait Till The Clouds Roll By," every one was laughing and making the best of the gloom. In a short time the gas was turned on, and the concert proceeded with adequate lighting.

In the desire to do especial honor to a certain foreign representative during the World's Fair, I had a particular piece of music in which he was interested arranged for my band, and agreed to play it at a specified concert. The music was given to a member of the band with instructions to copy the parts and deliver them at the band-stand.

The foreign gentleman was present at the concert with a large party of friends, whom he had invited to hear this particular piece of music. When the librarian asked the musician for the parts, he could not find them, and a search high and low for the missing music was without avail. Much to my chagrin, it was necessary to omit the number and send explanations and regrets to the dignitary whom it was designed to honor.

At the end of the concert, when the men were packing to go home, the player found the missing band parts stuck in the bell of his instrument, where he had placed them for safe-keeping.

In a little Michigan town my band was booked for an afternoon concert, and on our arrival the local manager assured us that we should have a good house, although there was no advance sale. He explained this by saying that the townspeople did not like to buy their tickets until the last minute.

The theatre was on the second floor of the town hall, the ground floor being given over to the fire department, the especial pride of the community. Twenty minutes before the concert a large crowd had gathered round the box-office to buy tickets when the fire-alarm sounded, and the entire population promptly deserted the muse of music and escorted the engine and hose-cart to the scene of action, leaving the band absolutely without an audience.

A Tuneful Locomotive.

Once when we were playing during warm weather in a theatre situated near a railroad, the windows were left open for ventilation. The band was rendering a Wagner selection, and at the climax was playing with increasing force. The last note to be played was a unison B flat, and as I gave the sign to the musicians to play as strong as possible the volume of sound that followed fairly astonished me. I had never heard fifty men play with such force before and could not account for it, but the explanation soon became manifest. As the band ceased playing, the same note continued in the blast of a passing locomotive that had opportunely chimed in with us in unison.

The Marine Band was once doing escort duty on Pennsylvania Avenue in

Washington to a body of citizen soldiery returning from camp. It was at night and the parade was preceded by a wagon-load of fireworks which were to be discharged at appropriate intervals along the line of march.

By some accident or design the entire load of pyrotechnics was simultaneously ignited, and the street immediately filled with a perfect fusillade of rockets and Roman candles.

A stampede followed and the parade faded away. I stood my ground until my eye-glasses were knocked off, and then I groped my way to the sidewalk. When the confusion had subsided, all that could be discovered of my band was the drum-major in front and the bass-drummer in the rear rank. Their comrades had fled, but these men were good soldiers, and having received no orders to disperse had stood their ground manfully.

A Tale of the White House

One more story of the White House. At the time of the unveiling of the statue of Admiral Farragut in Washington, it was suddenly proposed to have a reception at the Executive Mansion in honor of the many distinguished visitors. The informal invitations were issued while I was participating in the parade that was part of the ceremonies.

At seven o'clock in the evening, when I was at home, tired out after the long march, word came to me to report at the Marine Barracks. I went there and was ordered to take the band to the White House at eight o'clock p.m.

The bandmen did not live in barracks, and it was practically impossible to get them together at that time of night, as they were scattered all over the city.

"Well, those are my instructions and those are your orders," said the commanding officer.

So we sent the band-messengers out to the men's lodgings, and they found just one musician at home, and he was the bass-drummer.

At eight o'clock, arrayed in all the gorgeousness of my scarlet and gold uniform, I sat in front of the band platform in the White House lobby, and the bass-drummer stationed himself back in the semi-obscurity of his corner. There was a dazzling array of music-stands and empty chairs, but no musicians! The President evidently saw the humorous side of it, and when I explained the situation he said it could not be helped. All the evening we sat there and listened to humorous remarks from the guests. We had "reported for duty," though, and the drummer and I stayed till the reception was over.

End of Project Gutenberg Etext The Experiences of a Bandmaster, by Sousa