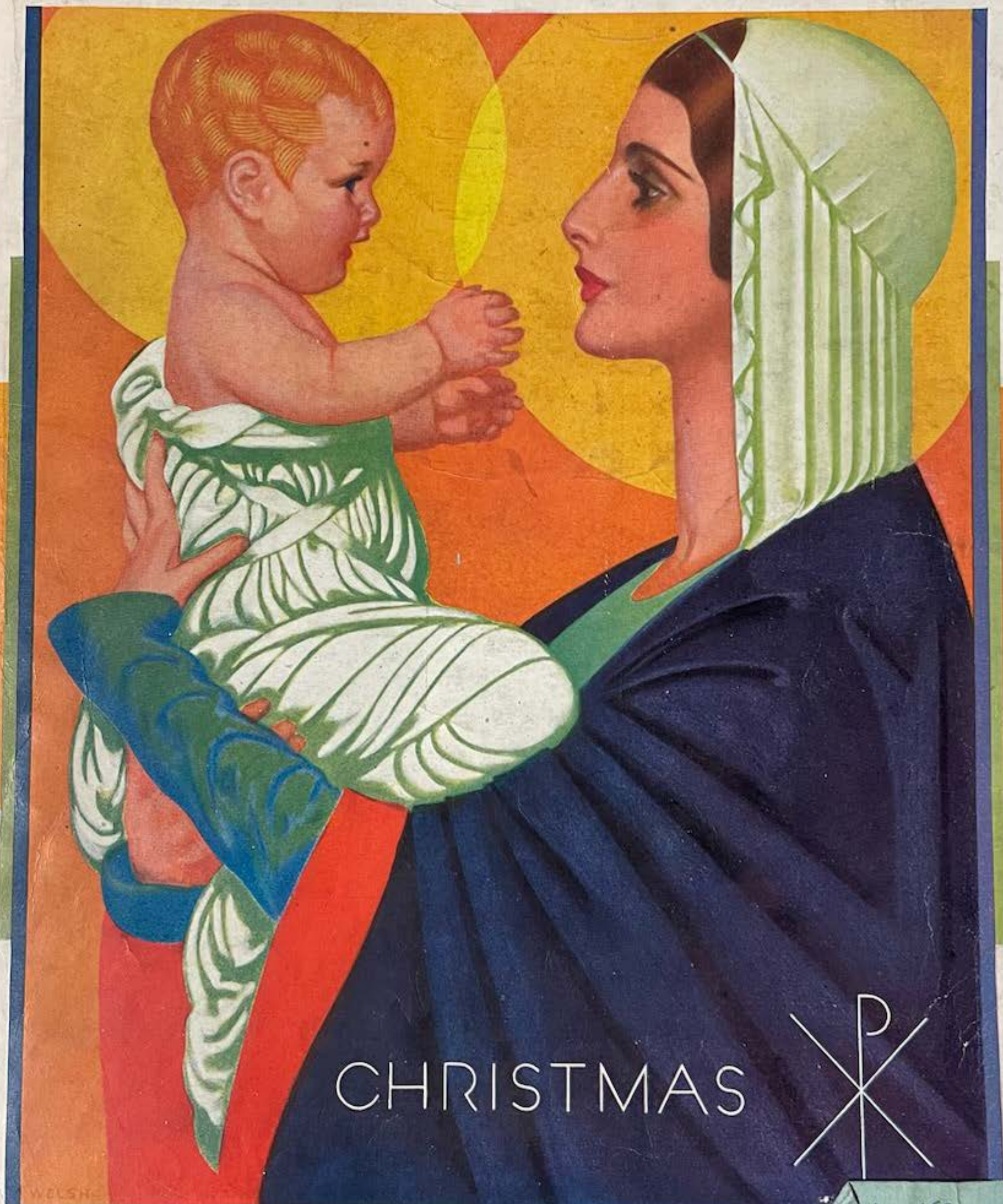


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Companion

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For a copy, \$1.00 per year in United States and possessions, also Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Central America, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Spain, Spanish Possessions and Uruguay; other foreign countries \$2.00 per year, postage prepaid. When a subscription blank is attached to this page your subscription is starting. If you receive a blank after you have sent changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next day of issue. Be sure to give the new address, also the one to which the magazine was formerly sent.

A Lovely Christmas Gift

.....and twelve encores!



YOU may search the stores from roof to bargain basement but you'll find no Christmas gift that costs so little yet brings so much pleasure as a year's subscription to the WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

That's the gift to send many of your friends this Christmas. It's a charming, thoughtful, lasting gift. And it costs you only \$1.00.

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Singing Towers for All the People

By GRACE TABOR

WITH FURTHER ILLUSTRATIONS
IN THE PICTURE SECTION

TO HEAR for the first time a carillon played by a master of this, the world's rarest and finest musical instrument, is an experience still awaiting many of us in America—notwithstanding that we now have here over thirty of these matchless groups of attuned bells and so need not journey to far lands in order to enjoy them. But journey I beseech you as far as you must to reach the nearest, when a master is to play on it. For to come under the spell of a thing so exalting lifts the spirit altogether free of earth—for a little interval at least.

It is not a first hearing only that accomplishes this exaltation, however. The song of the tower-voices continually lifts and sustains the level of everyday. Wherefore it is no fanciful exaggeration to say that there can be nothing comparable to the influence of a carillon in the life of a community. But though we have so many of them—thirty as I have just said—we have not thirty true masters, or carillonneurs, capable of quickening these instruments to their supreme beauty. Thus it follows that there are persons who think the carillon just a new form of nuisance. "Oh those bells—they're going half the time!" said such a one to me not long ago. Which proved one thing conclusively at least: never had one of the great carillonneurs, a true master, sat before that clavier—at least not when the speaker was within earshot.

SO, "COME! Let us go up among the bells—to speak better about the bells." It is a long way upward, by elevator first, in this modern tower. But afterward aloft through narrow doorway and along stone passage and by narrow stairway, more and more slowly, the way growing dimmer little by little as it ascends, until suddenly it is deeply shadowed. And there, right above, is the first bell—a bronze monster whose flowing contours drift into the vague dusk around until it seems real and unreal all at the same time.

As the last steps are mounted the carillonneur strikes the bell-rim with his knuckle in a quick light movement. Instantly the whole world is a-tremble with sound—glorious throbbing velvet sound that rolls out and back and forth again—again and again it seems, like the widening circles on a still pool when a stone has fallen in, these meeting the returning ripples which they have set up in their rebound from the pool's rim. Waiting there, the master listens until at last there is no more sound at all. Then he bends down and lays his hand on the metal—a caress so profound, so combined of understanding and comradeship and adoration that it is sacramental. And this caress reveals the whole difference in the story of carillon music from the hands of a master and from the hands of—well, let us just say others.

It is doubtful if any other one person or force has been as potent in restoring what was an almost lost art and in developing and furthering this art after its restoration as the great Denyn—Jef Denyn, head of the Free School of Carillon Instruction at Malines, established by the Belgian Government, and carillonneur of the Cathedral at Malines, which everyone knows well because it was the throne church of Belgium's gentle war prelate, the late Cardinal Mercier. It was therefore eminently fitting that Mr. Denyn was invited to be guest carillonneur at the dedication, in September, 1927, of the Peace Tower, Houses of Parliament, Ottawa. (See Picture Section.)

Assistant to Denyn (taking many of his recitals for him in late years on the famous old bells of Malines



Testing the largest bell of the Rockefeller carillon after hoisting to the tower—with the smallest bell standing by!

Cathedral) and professor of technique in the Malines Carillon School, Kamiel Lefevre is one of two great Belgian masters who may be heard here in America. Anton Brees of Antwerp is the other. Mr. Lefevre is now carillonneur of the Laura Spelman Rockefeller memorial carillon in New York City; while Mr. Brees is carillonneur of the magnificent Mountain Lake Sanctuary carillon at Lake Wales, Florida. (See Picture Section.)

Yet it is to a native-born—a young Canadian musician—that credit must go for the very first carillon music to be rendered in America. This is Percival Price, now and since 1927 national carillonneur of the Dominion of Canada—the first to be appointed to this post which was created when the memorial carillon was installed in the Peace Tower mentioned above. Not this instrument, however, but an earlier—the first installed on this continent, which is in the Metropolitan United Church at Toronto—was the carillon of this very first music, the date being April second, 1922.

This is just a little earlier than the first recital given on the first carillon of the United States—those exquisitely musical bells in the little church of Our Lady of Good Voyage in the old seaport of Gloucester. This was played for the first time on the afternoon of Sunday, July twenty-third, 1922. And the people of Gloucester relate with pride that Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., returning from a visit there, ordered as a memorial to his mother the largest carillon ever built, so entranced was he with what he had heard.

NOW during every summer there are weekly recitals by Lefevre on this Gloucester instrument. Though it is by no means a large carillon I doubt another, however great, can surpass in emotional appeal the music which he showers upon the silent listeners gathered in the crooked little streets around. For here is the tang of the sea and the consciousness of the sea's inexorable toll; and whether he will or no its poignance pierces the artist's heart and enters the bells through him. The true carillonneur cannot hide his heart from the bells!

Strict surveillance and patrol of all the streets leading to the church and passing around it restricts traffic and discourages even light chatter and laughter as twilight



A typical carillon clavier, Mr. Anton Brees playing. Hands and feet both are used

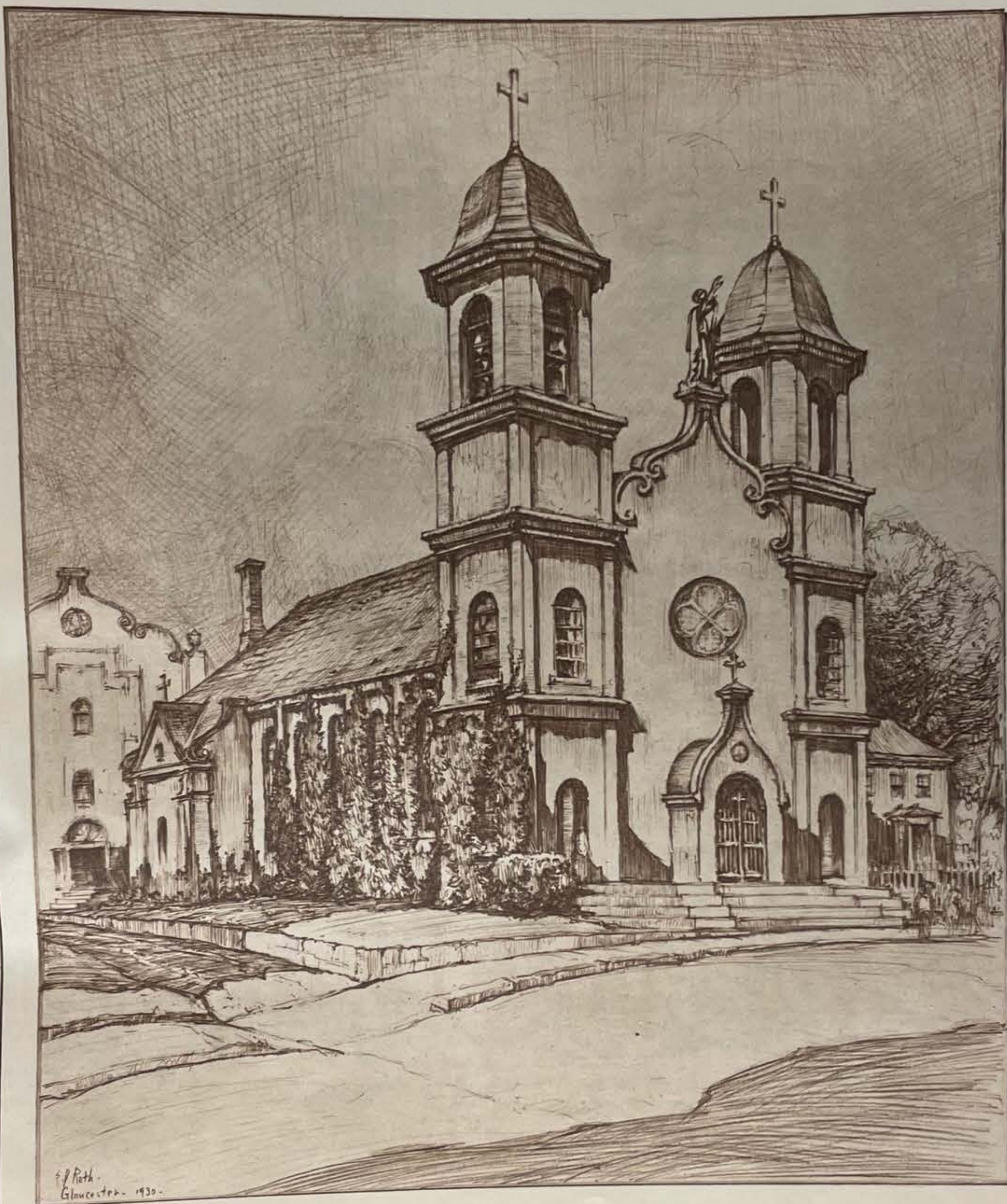
deepens and the hour of recital approaches. Automobiles creep hurriedly up hills and down, seeking desirable places. Groups of people—all kinds of people—hurry forward on foot. Expectancy broods everywhere and something of breathlessness. Gradually movement grows less and gradually even the little sounds die away. Everyone is listening, seeking to catch the first note from the tower.

Yet to catch the first note from the tower is not possible! For there is tossed shimmering a gossamer spray of soundless sound that can only be felt—sensed by some extra faculty of perception of which we have no suspicion. This is not a note, nor yet notes, nor music, nor sound. It is a mist of ineffable glory! Such a mist as, gradually condensing, becomes at last sound—becomes at last music, attuned in this moment, but not until this moment, to our ears. The music was not; and then it was! This is the most that can be told of the opening of one of Lefevre's recitals on the carillon of the little church at Gloucester.

THAT there are here in America such a surprising number of these instruments, "the most sensitive, the most responsive, the nearest to man's soul" of any musical instrument in the world by Lefevre's own estimate, and that there are here the finest the world has ever known is something to take very seriously, I think. Percival Price argues that the New World can contribute something new to carillon music, something peculiarly our own—and proceeds to make his contribution accordingly. Since he is a graduate of the Malines School of Carillon Art (he is the only non-European to hold its diploma, I understand) his word may be trusted. And one must endorse his view that there is no reason why carillon music "must flourish only in Flemish purity on our shores" when it is realized that the art from its remote beginnings has expressed in singularly free and democratic manner the onward movement of humanity.

Young men—and women too—are hard at work already studying to take their places at the clavier in the carillonneur's cabin among the bells and as these develop under masters here and abroad, time will be when no community need be denied the refreshment and veritable re-creation which the singing tower bestows.

GENEROUS help from Mr. William Gorham Rice, author, American patron of the Carillon School at Malines and one of the founders of the Carillon League of America, is here gratefully acknowledged. For those wishing more information a list of carillons in the United States and Canada, together with a paragraph history of each, will be sent upon request. Kindly send a stamped self-addressed envelope and ask for FL-446. Address Woman's Home Companion, Service Department, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



EIGHT DRAWINGS

By ERNEST ROTH

Singing Towers

Our Lady of Good Voyage,
Gloucester, Massachusetts



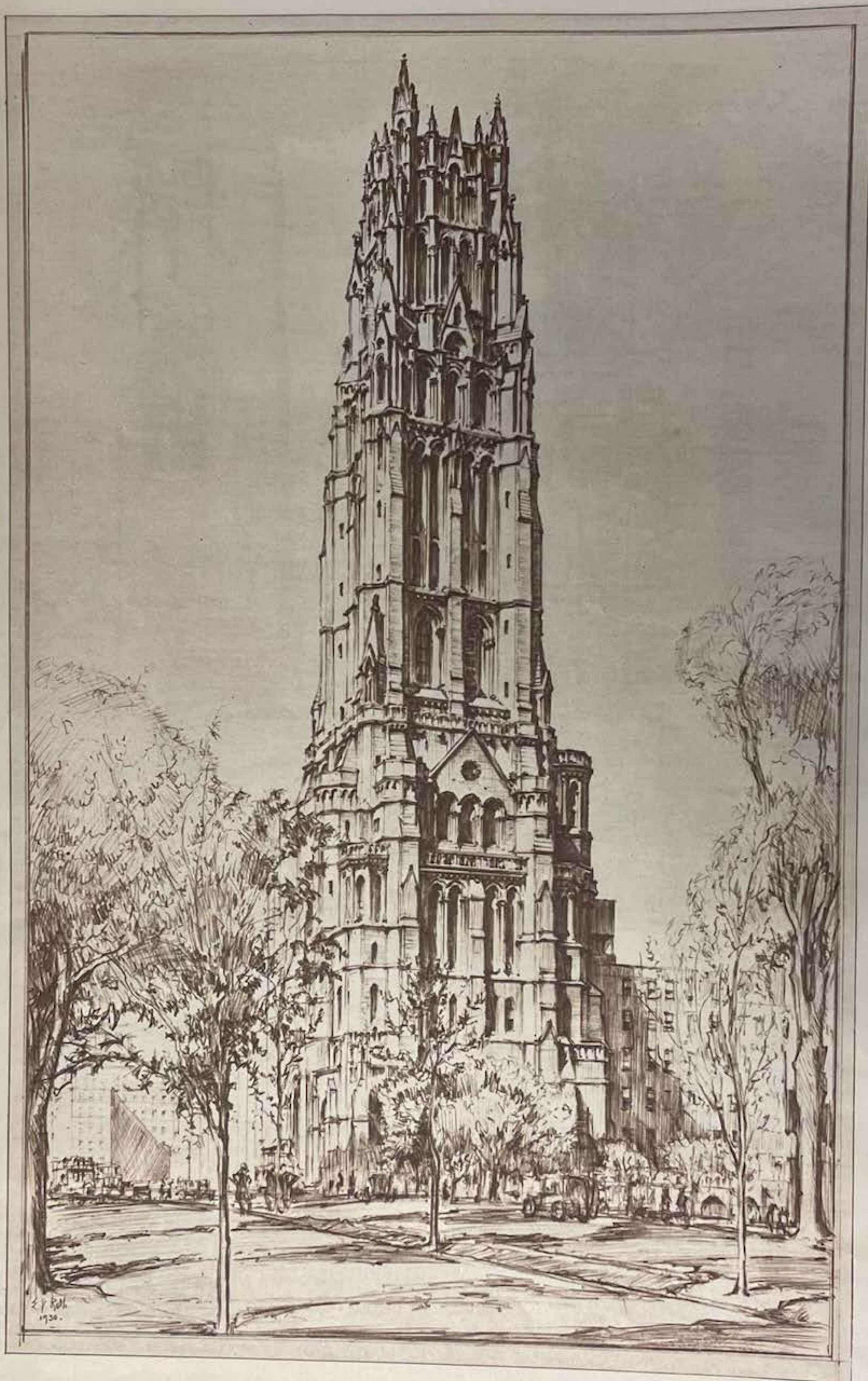
Scottish Rite Cathedral

Significant expression of ancient faith crowning modern life is the great carillon "to the Glory of the Grand Architect," gift of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur R. Baxter to the Scottish Rite of the Valley of Indianapolis. For it has been at temple bells through all the ages that the children of men have bowed their heads to that Infinite in which we live and move and have our being.



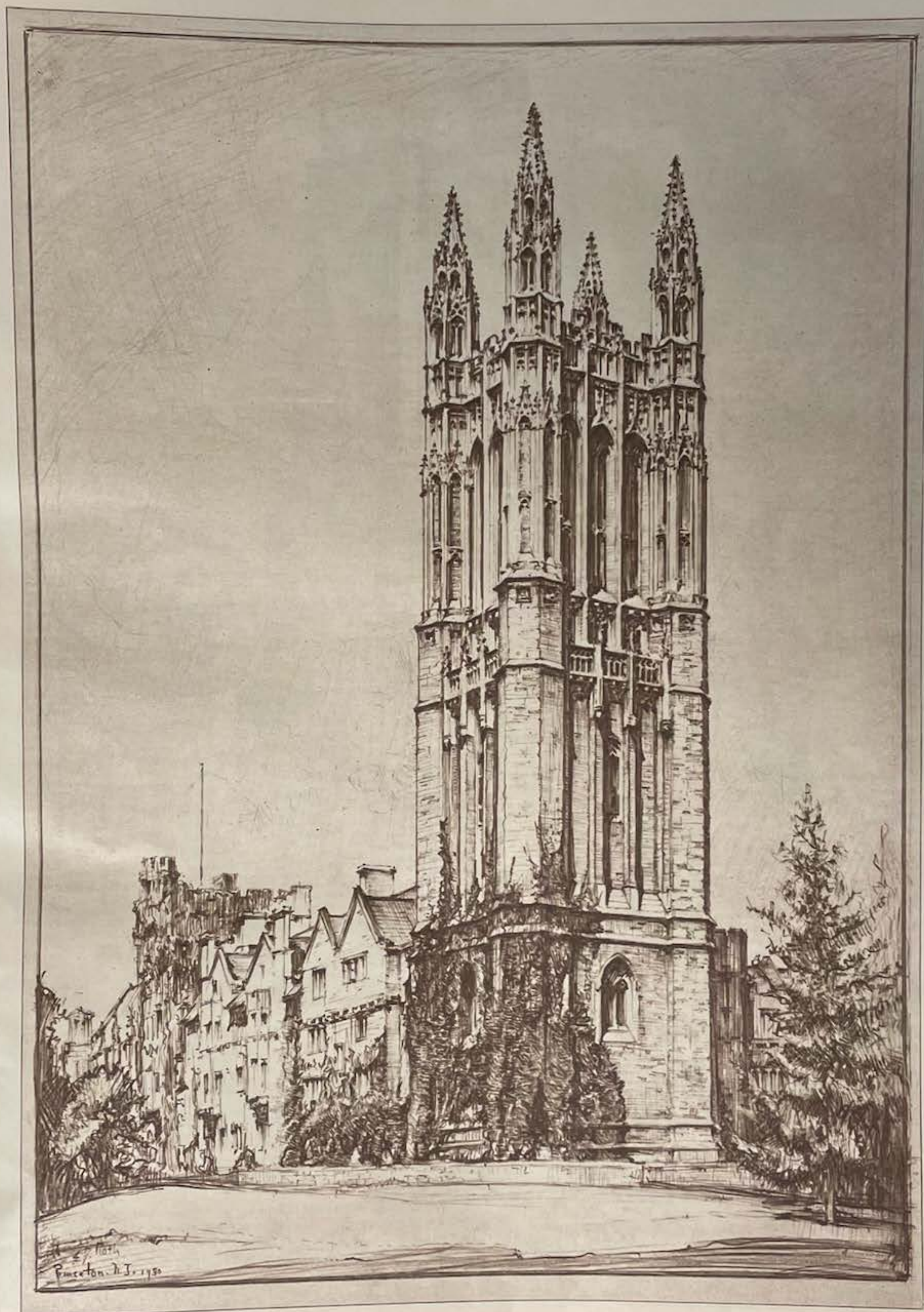
Christ Church, Cranbrook, Michigan

Given "In Praise of God" by the Harold Lindsay Wallace family, some of the bells of this carillon have individual memorial inscriptions while others carry appropriate quotations from Scripture. And over miles of countryside this great white tower diffuses folk-song, everyday familiar air and ancient godly hymn, for carillon music is preeminently everyman's music.



Riverside Church

Mounting by rhythmic gradation into the skies this tower sustains the greatest carillon in the world composed of seventy-two bells, the memorial to Laura Spelman Rockefeller erected by her son in New York City.



Princeton University

Princeton '92 is for all time eloquent in its rare memorial gift. To celebrate its thirty-fifth reunion the class presented the carillon that quickens the splendid mass of the Cleveland Tower of the Graduate College.



Church of St. Stephen

Austerely beautiful as it rises from the stern coast of Massachusetts at Cohasset this church has a carillon reminiscent of Brittany's legend of the engulfed village whose cathedral bells ring on eternally under the sea.



Ottawa Peace Tower

To sing forever the glorious memory of Canada's World War dead and "to commemorate the Peace of 1918" a national carillon was set up by popular subscription in the splendid Peace Tower at Ottawa.



Matchless harmony broods here in the architecture of the Mountain Lake Singing Tower and in the voices of the bells—harmony which dominates the great Florida Bird Sanctuary created by the late Edward Bok.