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## LETTER FROM TWO OREGON GIRLS

Editor Salem Journal:—When invited to write an occasional account of our experiences, as those typical of what two American girls traveling, unchaperoned, to a strange land might expect to encounter, we did not know that our lucky star would be shining so brightly. Our experiences so far have been only pleasant, delightful ones and by comparison with those of the other girls whom we have met, have learned it is quite unusual that they should be. Consequently hoping the uncommon may prove as interesting as the ordinary we shall endeavor to give a brief description of our trip thus far. We left Portland on the 18th of February going by the Union Pacific to Chicago and Michigan Central from there to New York. This latter part by far the most interesting as the scenery from Detroit into Canada and thence down the Hudson, with its marvelous beauty enhanced by elaborate and costly homes, was entirely new to us. We reached New York Saturday afternoon about 4 o'clock, just 24 hours late. Went directly to the Martha Washington hotel, where we had very pleasant apartments. The weather up to this time had been delightful, clear and bright, and Saturday we planned a deal of sight seeing for Sunday, but Sunday the ground was covered with snow and horses were falling on the slippery pavement, so, owing to the fact that I was suffering from a severe cold, we remained indoors until afternoon, and then went for a car ride up Broadway. Monday we went to complete arrangements for our steamer tickets and purchase American express checks.

After four we made a hasty visit to the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts, going directly to the gallery of oil paintings to see the "Horse Fair." It is a beautiful picture, but the "Old Monarch," also by Rosa Bonheur, made a deeper impression. It was such a delightful surprise. We knew the "Horse Fair" was a masterpiece, but had never cared for "The Old Monarch" in the print we have of it, and often wondered why it was considered a great picture. In the copy, the expression on the old lion's face is missing and that is the wonderful part. The technical execution is flawless, each hair stands out separately and those about the mouth retain their individuality, at the same time giving the impression of a velvety cold nose. The eyes look at one with docile drowsiness, while behind that expression in some subtle way one sees unlimited strength and pitiless vengeance if once provoked to anger.

Two Millet's were in the Vanderbilt collection, "The Water Bearer," and the "The Sower." Then we saw "Lost," by Schenk; "A Holy Family," by Rembrandt, with exquisite light; "The Lady in Black," by Chase; a portrait of Chase by Sargeant; several landscapes by Ruysdael, "Three Dutch Gentlemen," by Holbein; "Mother and Child," by Brush; "Animals," by Landseer, and other paintings by Millet, Potter, Halo, Leighton, etc. From the paintings we hastened to the collection of rare lace and thence to "Musical Instruments of all Nations." This was very interesting. The evolution of instruments were represented. On our return trip we hope to make a very thorough study of this collection. Among the many interesting things was a set of stones of various lengths each relatively longer than the preceding which when struck by a peculiarly shaped hammer gave the twelve semitones. It had belonged to a primitive race.

## How They Go to Europe Alone and Pursue Their Professional Studies.

On returning to the hotel we found a friend, Mr. N. C. Zan, formerly of Portland, awaiting us. The first familiar face since leaving home, and I assure you we enjoyed our visit with him. He is singing in the chorus of Rigelletto in which Mme. Melba is soprano. He has already been selected for principal part by the director, but was refused by the manager (Hammerstein), who will permit no Americans to do solo work this year.

We went aboard the Kronprinz Wilhelm of the North German Lloyd S. S. Co. Monday evening. We might say here that we attended to all our own checking, etc. We had letters to the R. R. Co. to assist us but preferred not to use them unless necessary. We still have the letters some useful knowledge and incidentally the baggage. The German language greeted us at the wharf and we have heard little else since. The steamer left port at 6 o'clock Tuesday morning so that when after breakfast we went on deck we were far out at sea. I was awakened Wednesday morning by the following soliloquy coming in a tiny drawing voice from the upper berth which Evelene occupied:

"Roll on, Thou dark and deep blue Ocean roll,  
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in pain.  
Man marks the earth with ruin, his control stops with the shore;  
Upon thy watery depths his food is all they own  
Nor doth remain a single feature as at home  
Then in a moment like a drunken swain he crawls into his berth with sighing groan,  
Without his lunch, unnerved, not caring, and alone."

"Helen, are you awake? Byron's poem may be more beautiful, but mine is decidedly more to the point. Oh dear! I am afraid he was on hand when he wrote it."

We were able to be up and dressed by noon. The sky was clear but it was rather cold and windy. Evelene decided to go to the salon to play in an endeavor "to forget unpleasant duties demanded by Neptune." When I went down later, a young man was watching her very attentively. Finally he asked me if she played professionally, if she read as well as she played, and if I also played. He left us and presently returned with his violin and some music. From that time on he was our constant companion, in fact the only one on the boat with whom we became well acquainted. He certainly proved himself a true and very valuable friend. The most peculiar thing about our meeting and friendship is that last spring I saw a picture and sketch of a young violinist who had just returned from Europe and was creating a sensation in the musical world of New York. Many of the couriers I was much too busy to read but that I should read this special number and then meet the subject and recognize him seems indeed a little extraordinary. Mr. Henri S. Walsky has studied in Europe 12 years, is a pupil of Soviek. This was his fifth time across. He expects to remain three years "to broaden." This week he gives two concerts in Prague. Next winter he is coming to Berlin for concert work. He plays beautifully, his technique is excellent and his tone rich and full. He is only nineteen, and has a repertoire of over a hundred and fifty pieces, memorized, among them some big things like Brahms's concerto, Beethoven's trill, Kreisler's sonata, Kreisler's concerto, etc.

It was he who assumed all responsibility and helped us through the custom house at Bremen, attended to our trunks and tickets at Bremen. Saw us safely to Hanover and gave us minute instructions how to go from Hanover to Berlin. Mind, he was born in Russia, and came to America when but a year of age, and is not yet old enough, by two years, to take out his naturalization papers, but when we attempted to thank him for all he had done he said: "What kind of an American would I be not to assist my country women in a foreign land?"

The weather was delightful the whole crossing, only one-half day of fog and rough sea. The seamen said they never before had made such a smooth trip. Sunday morning the sea was delightful, scarcely a ripple on its surface. We amused ourselves with quills, dominoes and other games. Monday we touched at Cherbourg and many of the passengers were transferred to the smallboat to be landed (among them two opera singers from the Metropolitan who

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earn \$4000 a month for singing). The soft blue of the sky blends with the sea, and Cherbourg rising in the distance against a background of hills is beautiful. The harbor is large and very strong fortified. The contrast between Cherbourg and Bremen is quite marked. There it is soft and blue while at Bremen the sky is cold and grey, tiny churches and picturesque windmills and a low flat country met one's view. "Decidedly Delph," as Evelene remarked.

We were an hour being towed into port. Hundreds of people stood on the wharf anxiously awaiting the arrival of long expected friends. Amid the clamor of shouted orders, calling friends and national music by the marine band, and with flags of all nations flying, we finally reached the wharf. (Just one week since leaving the homeland). Everything was commotion, everyone seemed seized with a mania to step on land once more, and that immediately. We waited until after the first wild rush and watched our fellow passengers hasten through the line of officers to the office of the custom house for inspection. One woman wearing a tailor suit, decidedly American in cut and fashion, and an elaborately trimmed hat, whom we had noticed to be among the first to get off, paused to kiss the trembling lips of an aged woman in headkerchief and peasant gown (who also had succeeded in getting to the front and whose quivering old face was pressed eagerly forward between two of the officers) and then hastened away to get through the inspection and back to the waiting arm of her mother.

At Bremen I was much surprised to be addressed by one of the passengers who had been speaking in German, in praise of Germany all the way across. In very broken English he said: "They are einhundert years behind us. I wouldn't lift here for nothings." We reached Berlin Wednesday morning about 7:08. Miss Sanders, to whom I wired from Bremen, came to meet us at the Lutherbahn, and we, following Mr. Walsky's directions, got off at Charlottenberg, which is nearer Schoenberg, where our rooms were engaged. We took a cab from the depot and arrived in time for breakfast. Miss Spence called, and we had a very enjoyable visit. Miss Sanders has been exceedingly kind to us, piloting us about Berlin, which is a quite confusing place at first, owing to the irregular naming of streets. Miss Sanders has made much improvement in her music. Berlin is a very pretty city quite unique in an architectural way. Evelene describes it as "the same weight fell on the town that fell on the dogs." (Dachhund). All the buildings are of a uniform height (5 stories). It is a city of flats and flat dwellers. There are 25 wohnungs under the one roof beneath which we dwell, and it is only one of the many in this block. The

lower floor is used for shops and the others for living apartments. Under den Linden is the most beautiful street here. It is the one on which the kaiser drives. We had the pleasure of seeing the kaiser shortly after our arrival.

Berlin is certainly a wonderful musical center. Within the two weeks we have been here we have heard: First, the Philharmonia, with Nikisch as director, and Ysaye as soloist, and though Ysaye was just recovering from an "attack of cups," he played so much better than in Portland, that now I should say I had never heard the real Ysaye in Oregon. That one that played there might be likened to the ocean on a cold damp foggy day, with only the phenomenon of strength (technic) to impress one, while Ysaye here was as the ocean on a warm bright sunny day. All the strength, color and warmth united with a soul. Second, we have heard Lohengrin at the Royal opera house, which is under the patronage of the kaiser. There were 54 instruments in the orchestra and over 200 voices in the chorus. When one considers that of the thousands who are here studying "voice" only these few—200 from thousands—are successful in winning a place at the Royal Opera company, he can form some conception of what a magnificent chorus 200 such voices would make. Thirdly, Gadowsky at Mozarsaal. Gadowsky certainly has marvelous technic and then all is said. Musically he is lacking. Fourthly, Mme. Teresa Carrena in a Klavier Abend. Oh! she plays beautifully and her personality is so charming. She simply carries one with her and her technic is astounding. Fifthly, we heard Lilli Lehmann with Nikisch at the Philharmonie. She sings divinely, her execution is still exceedingly good and her high notes full and beautiful. People simply went wild over her and cheered and shouted. We also have heard some students play, among them one Monasch Itkis, from Kiew, a little child of nine, who plays violin, and is creating a sensation as a "wunderkind." I have never heard anything like his playing. People encored him six times, and then still clamored for him to return.

We have tickets for Busoni on April 5. He is one of the biggest pianists here for many of the rehearsals for big things and for recitals to be given on Sunday at 12 M.

Church is arranged so that one can attend both, and since the tickets are cheaper many (thousand) pupils take advantage of the opportunity to hear artists at very reasonable prices.

Another piece of good fortune we have met is that we both have been accepted, cheerfully, as pupils by one of the biggest technicians here. Next year one of his pupils, Zappenstein by name, a young boy of 17 has been engaged as piano soloist for some of the Philharmonic concerts. Nikisch is enthusiastic over him, and Nikisch is considered the best director in all Germany. Mr. Spontoth is much pleased with the nature or disposition of our work, and says quite emphatically that Evelene has talent. She is studying violin with Herr Issay Barmas, one of the foremost teachers here. He usually takes only advanced pupils, but after she played her own composition for him he said: "That girl has talent; when she studies with me she will be a violinist."

We have received several invitations to social affairs from people

who expect us to be lonely, but so far have declined, as we are here for earnest work. Father Domestic, of Mt. Angel, called on us yesterday. He has met excellent success, won a scholarship for composition in the Meisterschule, the most difficult school to enter in composition, and is in a class of men, all over thirty years of age, and all composers of opera, etc., whose works have been presented to the public and recognized musically. Oregon shall be very proud of him. There are many Pacific coast people here and a common bond of good fellowship exists among all English speaking people. Here one is introduced to an absolutely strange girl and without apology asks how much she pays for position, piano rent, etc. This information is given cheerfully, and besides some certain store recommended bargains. The tipping system is quite expensive. For instance if one has more than a mark charged on the street car, he must tip the conductor five pennig or 1 1/2 cents. The traeger here uses straps and one can carry six or even more grape suitcases. If one asks a question he must pay 5 pennig for it, and he gets to look upon 5 pennig like cents. There are many other strange customs of which I shall write later. Owing to length of this, and as my approaching lesson shall close with kindest regards.

Helen and Evelene Callbrech.

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