

HISTORICAL NOTES CONCERNING  
THE GREATER FALMOUTH MOSTLY ALL MALE MEN'S CHOIR  
(GFMAMMC)

as researched by  
David K. Wemerlink, DSAP, MSG, PhM

The recent reincarnation of the Greater Falmouth Mostly All Male Men's Choir has been enthusiastically enjoined by joyful singers from all walks and persuasions of our sandy Atlantic outthrusting.

It has been two hundred and ninety years since 1750, when Charles Cornwallis (the First Marquis Cornwallis and the Earl of Cornwall; later General Cornwallis of Yorktown) first recruited forty of the Welsh and Cornish miners that he had brought as cranberry workers to the settlement of Succonesset on Cape Cod, to join together in ebullient song and raise the spirits of our hearty forefathers.

Cornish and Welsh mining had suffered greatly because of the discovery in 1732 of easy to obtain saltwater peat on the Irish Coast. By 1750, the Irish "Salt Peaters" and their inexpensive fuel had managed to appropriate much of the British fuel market, closing nearly half of the Welsh and Cornish coal pits. This situation persisted until the War of 1812 when it was learned that Potassium Nitrate, needed for the manufacture of gun powder and easily refined from the salt peat, could be sold more lucratively than to sell the peat as fuel. Subsequently, Salt Peater or salt peat Potassium Nitrate, supplied by the Irish for the War effort, consumed most of the Irish output of salt peat, and as rapidly as the coal mines had been closed the renewed need for coal in Briton spurred their reopening. In the mean-time, the enterprising Cornwallis, having strong sentimental connections with Cornwall and Wales, was employing the destitute miners by bringing them to his new lands on Cape Cod, using their strong arms and redoubtable spirits to produce recently discovered new world medical marvel, the cranberry, to ameliorate the insatiable European fashion for cranberry purgatives, and to extend his personal fortunes.

Cornwallis' early training as a musician and his subsequent assignments as a subaltern musicorae militare and prosolistor principal musicorae to the court of King George III in Hanover engraced him with a great love of the sound of the military choir.

Cornwallis' British miner-cranberry workers, having had extensive male choral experience in their native Wales and Cornwall, and they and their families being much in need of some cheer, in respite from the inclemency of their first winters in the Cape's cranberry bogs, comprised the perfect elements for Corny's (his nickname-endearament; given by the miners to their choragus) soaring musical undertaking.

The Cornish and Welsh Succonessetians first came to Corny's choir in the late winter of 1750. Their voices, once great, well oiled and practiced, were not immediately responsive to the

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intense demands of Corny's musical vision. Although undaunted, hardworking, and hale, the miners quickly and cynically dubbed themselves the Fallow-mouth Men's Great-Choir as they struggled to master their now fallow, but once well trained, voices.

By the winter of 1750 the miners and the then Colonel Cornwallis had honed their skills and joys into a choir that was well known in the entire New English territory. By the time Old Corny was called to command the British regulars at the Fort Morse Reservoir and Pond Works between Trenton and Philadelphia in 1760, the name of the choir had been lovingly conjuncted to Falmouth Men's Great Choir. So well known, and so loved was the choir, that by 1765 the townsfolk of Succonesset were mostly referred to as "those Falmouth Choir folk" or "Falmouth folk." Eventually, the town, no longer known as Succonesset, adopted Falmouth as its name, dropping its former somewhat hard to explain and difficult to pronounce Native-American geographical designation.

As muttony and shipbuilding replaced the harvesting of cranberries (no longer used as dye in New England and medicine in Europe), the miners and their descendants migrated to the early iron and coal fields of Pennsylvania.

Lord Cornwallis, by then a general defeated at Yorktown, returned to Falmouth where he established a school of music, teaching choral natural horn and pianoforte techniques to those musicians from Boston who were intrepid enough to travel the long sandy roads to Cape Cod. His school stood until the middle of the nineteenth century on a beautiful glacial kettle pond near Falmouth center which he had named Morse Pond, after the reservoir which he had happily commanded for the middle years of his life.

Today Morse Pond, on a still summer night, is said to echo the sounds of Old Corny's natural horn. The expression "as mournful as old Corny's horn" is still used among the long-time Falmouthians.

For a brief few years in the eighteen-fiftys, the Choir enjoyed a brief revival under the spirited leadership of Reverend Landers Hatch of what was then known as Boxberry (Boxberry's location was near that of the present Smalltown). At the time, there was a world-wide revival of reverence for the simple life (as in Tolstoy), and an emulation, by the rich of the poor. In keeping with this style, and his own religious tradition of humility, Hatch modified the Choir's name so that it became "The Falmouth Motley Men's Great Choir." He also swelled his ranks of men singers and added to the purity of the Choir's higher registers by including his four daughters Halcyon, Hubris, Humility, and Harmony, among his tenors. It was generally unacceptable at that time in New England for women to participate in male events, so as a matter of necessity, in performance, to hide their gender, the daughters dressed in the simple men's Sicilian peasant garb that the Choir wore. Their beautiful much

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envied hair was bunched and hidden under peasant hats. The Choir's spectacular but brief stylistic revival under Hatch was cut short by the advent of the American Civil War.

Again today, the Choir long silent, has risen like a Phoenix in a new guise of twentieth century diversity, to cheer the town through joyful songs of the heart, as the Greater Falmouth Mostly All Male Men's Choir.

Semantic Footnotes:

1. As a matter of pure coincidence, the first letters of each word in the Choir's name form the acronym GRMAMMC which is the the modern Welsh version of the Belgaic Celt word Gryammcd, pronounced "soo-leem-und," meaning harmonious.

2. Succonesset, like Sippewisset is a bowdlerization of an Algonquin place description. In the case of both Succonesset and Sippewisset, the Native-Americans had taken English words describing activities at these locations, mixed them with their own language produced charmingly evocative patois logisims, later used by the Europeans. Succonesset and Sippewisset were both places where the Mashpee spent the summer days; thus from the English "succor" came - place of succor: Succonesset; and from the English "to sip" came - place to slowly drink cool water: Sippewisset.

3. A futher explanation is in order concerning the proper choice of title when describing groups of persons joined in song; in particular The Greater Falmouth Mostly All Male Men's Choir. Three descriptors are commonly used: Chorale, Chorus, and Choir (there are others). Choir is the only proper title for such a group. The correct use of the word Chorale describes a sub-section of a longer liturgical musical composition which provides specific emphasis on a large and emotionally intense choral sound. A Chorus, on the other hand, is the repeated "common" verse of a song or choral work, sung after each variation in the unfolding "story" verses. The Greater Falmouth Mostly All Male Men's Choir has chosen to remain true to historical and semantic accuracy, pure usage, and its rapsodomantic traditions by using Choir, albeit producing a somewhat spiritual connotation, eschewing possible inherent criticisms for the usage, and forswearing the temporal temptation to use Chorus.

4. The name Boxberry, given to a well know Cape Cod Shrub (Buxus Acer Nugundo), and to the location of a small, thriving fisherman's settlement, formerly near the present Smalltown, has an interesting entomology. The hill at the heart of the small settlement, which was covered with the attractive indigenous shrub, had been used as a wood curing site by early settlers. The soil conditions in the hill (sand laced with high-density, swamp-cedar tannin deposits) caused their Birchwood fish-boxes to

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become waterproof and impervious to fish oil, after having been buried in the hill's soil for several summer months. The hill became known as "Box Bury Hill", and the settlement as Boxbury. Eventually the hillside plant, with its decorative berries, became the Boxberry. The confusion became complete as the settlement's name gradually became that of the shrub.

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It is needless to say that the program selected for the choir's 1991 presentation has singular historical significance in Falmouth. For the concert, its musical director, Mr. Goux, has chosen sections from Beethoven's Ninth, "Choral" Symphony. The selections have been crafted to highlight the dramatic dynamic virtuosity of the choir in the original setting of the of the great work, which was inspired by the natural beauty of person and place in Falmouth and by products of the creative ingenuity of the town's vineyard workers.

Few have cared that Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller, the German poet who wrote the "Ode to Joy," upon which Beethoven based his Ninth Symphony, had an inspirational acquaintanceship with the same Reverend Landers Hatch who had revived the Fallow-mouth Men's Great Choir as the Falmouth Motley Men's Great Choir in the eighteen-fifties. Schiller, in the years before his death in 1807, was much enamored of the growing, young United States. He had broadly traveled the nation before settling upon the Boxberry Hill vineyards and salmon spawneries, fostered by Melvin Hatch, the young Reverend Landers Hatch's father, as his selected "Elysian fields," and "place of glorious rest." Much taken by the tranquil beauty of the fields and ponds, in his last years Schiller often summered in a small cabin which possessed a full view the elder Hatch's grand vineyards from its vine-covered front porch. There, in the evenings Schiller would joyously converse with the Reverend Hatch and young daughters, Halcyon, Hubris, Humility, and Harmony, as well as the somewhat older and less comely, but more industrious, Prunella. Schiller found great gladness in these evenings, and the glorious ponded vineyards which enhanced the enchantment he found with Lander's delightful children. This joy of place and enchantment with person he majestically translated into his greatest work, "Ode to Joy." In Schiller's poem, the old poet's Elysian fields are inspired by Hatch's vineyards, and Hatch's daughters are almost literally Schiller's daughters of Elysium.

Sober historians have failed to record that upon his return to Holgenstein in Allsauce Lorain each fall, Schiller would regale his younger friend Ludwig von Beethoven, with tales of the joys of the Hatch ponded vineyards and that he would earnestly extol his enchantment with Lander's daughters. The overwhelming exuberance of the old man so moved Beethoven that when Schiller finished the "Ode to Joy," Beethoven immediately set to work to capture the joyous spirit of Schiller's recollections in a choral symphony.

Perhaps the notably least curious aspect of this recondite chapter in the annals of musical history is the unmerited relationship between the original orchestral scoring of the Ninth Symphony and the transition that was occurring in the nineteenth century wine industry during the

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Schiller visits to Hatch's "Elysian fields:"

Before that time, the best wines of New England and most of the new world's wineries were thought best if stored in bog-iron casks. The same great bog-iron furnaces at Basto, New Jersey which had played such a significant part in providing the artillery and munitions that defeated Cornwallis at Yorktown, had supplied the thousands of bog-iron casks for the eastern wine establishment. It is of passing interest to note at this juncture, that the bog-iron that was so widely used for this purpose became known as cask-iron. This term, of course, was quickly bowdlerized into the term we still use for this type of foundry iron today, that is, cast-iron.

By the time Schiller arrived to the enjoy the Hatch's and their fields, oak, maple, and weeping beech wood had supplanted cask-iron as the material of choice for making wine barrels. It had been learned that the combination of the iron inherent in the wine itself (from the grapes) and that which leached into the wine from the cask-iron barrels had created an excessive incidence of digestive torpor among the wine connoisseurs of the New World. The advent of this knowledge caused a sudden rush to the use of the now familiar wooden materials for wine storage. This abrupt change in technology produced piles of thousands of surplus bog-iron wine casks in the lands around the vineyards. In new England, and most particularly on Cape Cod, these casks had inspired a new musical instrument and musical form. The tops were decorously sawn from the casks to produce drum-like musical instruments whose pitch and tambour varied from cask top to cask top depending on size and the stresses which had been induced in the top in its production at the Basto foundry. Schiller heard these marvelous, clarion instruments which the locals played and communicated with over the fields of evening, and was much taken by them. He took a large and varied set of these cask drums back with him one Autumn to Holgenstein and presented them to his musical friend, Beethoven. Schiller and Beethoven spent many happy Allsauce Lorain evenings playing the drums, which they called Ferenschnockers, exploring the musical possibilities of these marvelous instruments. It was only natural, therefore, that Beethoven should score his Ninth Symphony which extolled his friends poem and joys, with the Ferenschnockers.

Not consequently, the natural relationship that had developed by the wine trade between Caribbean, New England, New Jersey Pine Bog (Basto Furnace), and Holgenstien interests (this trade known subsequently as the "Quadrasause Trade"), provided the means whereby many Ferenschnockers made their way to the Islands of Trinidad and Tobago, where they became an indigenous musical form. Typical Trinidadian Ferenschnockers are different from the original cask-iron instruments in that because they are fabricated from the tops of rolled-steel container drums, they can be shaped with many individual indentations in the top of a single drum. These Trinidadian "Steel Drums" can therefore each play many tones, whereas each original Ferenschnocker could only play a single note. Necessarily, Ferenschnocker orchestras in New England and in Allsauce Lorain required a great deal of space. Each Ferenschnocker player had to move rapidly from drum to drum in a

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wide arc, to be able to play a wide range of tones within the time-frame of the music being played. Beethoven, knowing this, scored his Ninth Symphony such that the large chorus required played the Ferenschnockers as well as singing. In this fashion, each Ferenschnocker player had the responsibility for fewer notes, less movement and consequently the music played gained a new dynamic quality heretofore not experienced by Ferenschnocker aficionados. It could be appreciated by the most unmedicated students of this musical era, that at the first performance of the Ninth, in Blugensward at the Meinshallen in the Autumn of 1820, the site of the chorus moving back and forth, coaxing glorious sounds from the Ferenschnockers while, at the splendid-last, raising their voices in the glorious and triumphal ode of Schiller's, fomented a huge emotional outpouring from the Bluegensward townsfolk; so great that the hearty, yet habitually emotionally low-key folk were immobilized for a week, and the town's beet harvest went fallow for lack of harvesters. It is poorly understood why this singular event lead to the generalized beet shortage in the entire Blugensward valley for the entire following decade, but it is interesting to note that it was during this time that the focus of the Borscht culture and the workers of an entire beet generation moved to the mid-Caucus and trans-Ural areas of Russia, and has been in that region since. Blugensward, for its part has become unimportant as an agricultural or cultural center except for its pandering to the unseeming interests of the more conservative elements of devotees of Beethoven's Ferenschnocker period.

Future generations will be indifferent to the lesson that Melvin Hatch's fortunes, during the same period, afford as an object lesson in non-entrepreneurial erudition. His son Lander's theological and musical proclivities had left the old man with a mixed ardor for the course of his son's future and an apprehension concerning that of his Boxberry wineries. Melvin's uni-crop arbor horticultural, methodology had gradually depleted the richness of his Boxberry soil. His grape harvests became increasingly meager making his reliance on his Salmon spawneries ever greater. As the summers passed, the Elysian fields of Schiller's delight faded, the great rows of arbors withered and ultimately altogether vanished. In their place appeared acres of salmon spawning ponds. The chief concentration of the spawning ponds were in the location of the present Falmouth town disposal area where their fading indentations may still be seen today at the edges of the dumping grounds. Melvin Hatch's spawning business, or as it was then known, the "Hatch Fisheries" flourished until the appearance, in Falmouth, of the young Jonathan Fish's ambitious new business which employed new salmon spawning technologies. Because Jonathan Fish had learned his new technologies in Scotland, he referred to his hatcheries salmon by their Scottish name, Barvil Wang. What are now called "fish ladders" in the spawning industry, he called Barvil Wang Rung Runs. Ultimately, Fishes's Hatchery swallowed all of the Hatch Fisheries's clientele and Melvin moved his business to the lakes region of New Hampshire. There today the Melvin river which carries his name still darts with salmon (Barvil Wang) and the delightful shore town where the Melvin river runs into a lake in called Melvin village (The village was called Barvil Wang for many years but the name was hard for the

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residents to explain and they changed it to the less obscure, albeit peculiar, Melvin Village that we know today.)

In 1850, the Reverend Landers Hatch and his Falmouth Motley Men's Great Choir (FMGC) presented the first and only American performance of the original Beethoven Ninth Symphony, complete with the original Ferenschnockers, played by chorus members on the sloping lakeshore, near the Melvin River, in honor of his father, and the part his early industries had played in the conception of the great work.

In the view of the author, it is most particularly unseemly that the Greater Falmouth Mostly All Male Men's Chorus, as forebearant predecessors of the (FMGC), on this the one-hundred and thirty-eighth anniversary of the Melvin Village performance should recreate the unique sounds of the original work.....Mr. Goux and the Chorus .... Trinidadion Ferenschnockers cannot recreate....



# A Discussion of an Historical Confusion Between a Military Song and a Popular Men's Choir Song

by David K. Wemerlink, DSap, MSG, PhM, (GFMAMMC hon)

## A Reflection

It is not markedly uncommon for the casual historian to propound hypotheses contemplating seemingly regularly disconnected factual events with an enthusiastic embrace befitting the initial cognizance-blush of the research novitiate. It is however left for the more experienced, albeit discernably detailed historians to illuminate the past, responsibly bringing to its sweeping human drama the exhilarating burnish of truth! The bearing of such responsibility ("In Tacitus Veritum est Oxum Excretet Profundus") is however not always altogether an easy burden in the realm of scholarly experience, yet it may be expected to contain, at a minimum, ordinarily profound rewards. Appropriately applied here is the wisdom of the late thirteenth century Cathar monk from Carcassone, Guillaume Belibaste, as translated from the medieval Occitan; "To seek the truth and stand by it, elucidating it for the masses, is almost always the penultimate reward in the many quests of much of humankind's great personage!" It is in this singularly remarkable spirit that we offer our discussion.

## Songs of War and Cattle

In the impassioned early days of World War II, as it is whenever nationalistic fervor and Chauvinism flourish, good sense, justice and kindness were sporadically hard to find in the war-threatened, biceps-flexing United States. In 1941, in this situation, the young Ira Berlin, younger brother of Irving, was roused out of his early morning Staten Island bed and transported to a Potential Collaborator's Temporary Detention (PCTD) Camp at Hatchville on Cape Cod, there to be held until the suspicious nature of his last name could be wholly investigated.

The circumstances or means by which Ira's brother Irving escaped the same predicament are not, to this day, clearly understood. It is widely held that Irving's close relationship with his powerful grandparents, the Plush Barons of Berlin, Massachusetts and the powerful and lumbering Pine Barons of Batso, New Jersey, whom Ira assiduously avoided, commanded political influence that provided protection to the young musician. (For a detailed and compassionate understanding of the plush industry, its alliance with railroad seating and lumber interests, and its baronial composition in 19th century America, consult "Plush and Posh from Pittsburgh to Paducha" by D.K. Wemerlink, et. al., Backhouse and Brace, N.Y., 1978 IBN: 21950-D)

Fortuitously for the young Ira the PCTD Camp was an enchanting place having been established in the bucolic countryside of Hatchville among the hauntingly beautiful ruins of what had been the ponded vineyards of the 19th century Hatch Cape Cod winery. The fabled sylph-like ghosts

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of Hatch's lovely Elysian daughters could be imagined roaming the decrepit arbors like the vapors of a light spring fog. Young Ira, basically an urban lad, was transfixed and bespirited by the captivating Sylvan setting. (For a detailed and passionate understanding of Cape Cod's 19th century wineries, Beethoven's Hatchville Connection, the Quadrasauce Trade and its transmogrification to the Pan Prusso-Arabic Wine-Cooler prejudice on world trade, consult "A Fantasm of Fabled Ferenshnockers, Occitan to Anglo-Trinidadian: their leverage on Wagnerian Breastplates and affiliation with California Wine" by D. K. Wemerlink, Hormuz to Baden Gooden Press, Jedda, 1985, IBN SAUD: A17947)

Not insignificantly, the Cape Cod location (presently Camp Edwards) of the Hatch Fisheries Corporation's former fish hatcheries had been chosen in the same year by the Army Air Corps to established its Eastern States Airborne Field-Spotters Training Division, a select, high-spirited and eagle-eyed squadron of lofty young men, many of whom were from western Texas. The chosen spot, which as well was assuaged with halcyon visions of yestern scenes, was within eye and ear shot of young Ira's PCTD Camp. He could see the young airmen as they pampered their Stearman PT 13B biplanes on the ground and performed incredible feats with them high in the Cape Cod sky. The dauntless Stearmans swooped low over the camped political internees both day and night with friendly wing-waggles directed especially at the young Ira, whom the fliers had befriended through the barbed-wire borders. As the internment wore on, over at the Spotters Division, the Lycoming 225 horsepower engines in some of the slow and quiet PT13Bs were replaced by roaring Lycoming 280s changing these craft's designation to PT 17 for single and PT 18 for the double-placed versions. To Ira, the roar of the new Lycomings sounded over at the Camp like clangor at the Erebian gates. He imagined that the Stearman's keen spotters were agents of Satan himself, wreaking emotional havoc on the very goose-stepping minions with whom he had been so unjustly associated. ;|The Spotters Division was divided into companies which, as intended in typical military fashion, created competition for excellence which was delineated by company names, mottos and songs. The "Janus" picket Company for instance, which used the double placed PT 18s, and prided itself in looking two directions simultaneously, was named after the two-headed, gate-guarding Roman God. A daytime bad-weather company that specialized in revving its engines to terrorize the enemy, dubbed itself the "Phanes" (fa^nays) after the Orphic being whom the Delphic Greeks had characterized as "an ineffable, hidden, brilliant scion, whose motion is whirring, scattering the dark mist before men's eyes while flapping wings and whirling." A group of the young west Texans were formed into a company who called themselves the "Steer Men," a clever and subtle pun mixing the meaning of their aircraft manufacturer and their former profession. The "Steer Men" were western, lanky-tempered, and a particularly magnanimous and gregarious group who fascinated and befriended the happy young Staten Island camper. The "Steer Men's" spotting specialty was airborne foraging for military intelligence at night in the old, slower and quieter B 13Bs, midst bogs, swamps, inlets and estuaries. They took great pride, being newly

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trained in handwriting, in clear and circumspect descriptions of what they assimilated in their noiseless, gliding and brumal hauntings of watery domains.

Ira was inspired to write the "Steer Men" a company song, yielding to his latent genetic talents, so stirred by the young Texans:

-----  
A STEER-MAN'S NIGHT  
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(Ghost Writers in the Sky)  
by Ira Berlin

An old slough poke went flying out one dark and windy night,  
Low o'er the ridge it flew as clouds obscured what it might sight,  
When all at once was heard at last a mighty German "Wow!"  
Steer-men ploughin' through the ragged skies  
Though red-eyed won't withdraw.

Yippee I fly\_\_  
Yippee I flew\_\_  
Ghost writers in the Sky  
etc.

About this time, happenstance serindipidously stipulated, that a yet to be famous and talented musician, was inducted into the intrepid ranks of the west Texas "Steer Men." Ralph Vaughn Munroe, nephew of the same English composer, Rafe Vaughn Williams, who had only three years before burgeoned into initial musical fame by adapting and popularizing the New England Tory Privateer Song, "Down Among the Dead Men," for men's choir, had become the musical commander of the Texans. Albeit his musical proficiencies seemed correlated to those of his uncle, his distinctive leadership gifts might be conjectured to have been inherited from his four Texas grandfathers who had been back-range West-Texas medical men driving west from Dallas with the Terry Texas Rangers after the Civil War as the "Monroe Doctorin," propounding independence for Texas medical practice from the Eastern medical establishment.

Vaughn, as young Ralph was known, was affable and congenial, easily making comrades of Hatchville and Falmouth ferals. His lyrical, leadership, and vocal abilities soon became known to the Greater Falmouth citizenry. In the Spring of 1942, for the fleeting few months after Robertson Landers Hatch, Choragus of the Greater Falmouth Motley Men's Choir, as it was then yet known, had been conscripted into the military, due for service in Finland, and before Vaughn himself was sent with the "Steer-Men" to the Burmese Border, Vaughn amiably accepted the reins of the Choir; serving also as its principal soloist. Vaughn's military orders, sending him to Burma in late April goaded the Choir into giving its concert prematurely, in early April of that year. This, as is now well acknowledged, has been the Choir's ritual ever since. The Choir, not being altogether prepared for the premature concert, was cleverly supplemented under Vaughn's direction by a four man component of his own "Steer-Men," who called themselves the

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"Swiftly Soulful Swoopers, Sighters, Spotting and Singing Sergeants (SSSSSSS)." Their outstanding contribution, and show-stopper for that momentous war-stalked Falmouth milestone was the very song Ira had composed earlier, "A Steer-Man's Night."

It is inadequately appreciated that, despite the Burmese incapacity to articulate their appellation, the SSSSSSSS made a grand splash in Burma during their stint of duty there. A number of their melodies were integrated into the Gammalon repertoire of the swampy border regions in which they toiled. "Dancing with the Moon," a particularly enigmatic Spotters song, taken from the protracted, reminiscent contemplations of a hardened night-flier, transcribed by Ira, with amelioration from Vaughn, was rendered glorious by the SSSSSSSS and became a particular favorite of the territorial fishermen. To this day, Gammalon aficionados count SSSSSSSS contributions, particularly "Dancing With the Moon," as classic in this eclectic musical discipline.

At War's end, a seasoned and reflective Ira reappeared on Staten Island where he instituted a pseudo-French, Cathar stationery rental agency which he dubbed "Reims for Rent." His stationery rental agency was only modestly prosperous, keeping his family only marginally fed. To supplement the meager earnings which letting paper afforded, Ira established a debonair jardiniere at the agency's front, specializing in his own hybrid renderings of the wild American Swamp Flag. His dramatic floral mutantcies of this common flower complemented the theme of his Catharian establishment as a grand, quintessentially over-Franked version of the Dauphin's very own Fleur de Leis. Ira's floral luxuriance attracted flower clubs from all over the country to his shop which, after a few years of paper and flowers, dropped the paper. Mid-western clubs were particularly beguiled by Ira's flowers in their multi-variant forms. They vociferously promulgated them throughout the Mid-west where today they are stupendously popular and known as Iris. Ira ultimately moved to California where, unfortunately, Iris were not popular. He left this life as humbly as he began it, behind the counter of his garden supply store, Berlin's Burbank Bulbs, dreamily rhapsodizing the sound of Hatchville's birds rising in glorious chorus over the thunderous counterpoint of Lycoming 280s.

As is well known, Ralph Vaughn Monroe, on the other hand, went on to no inconsiderable prominence and fortune as the one of the mid-40s most favored crooners. At the war's end, back home under the sway of the West-Texas Crocket Bar-Stool performance circuit, Vaughn liberally adjusted the words of "A Steer-Man's Night" to fit the more popular images of the time, drawing on such notables as Gene Autry, Tom Mix, and Roy Rodgers for inspiration. Reworked in nexus with these new romantic notions, "A Steer-Man's Night" became the now ever-popular "Ghost Riders in the Sky."

In its current realization, the Greater Falmouth Mostly All Male Men's Choir (GFMAMMC) has chosen to tender the Ralph Vaughn Monroe version of this superb strain. The modern ordinary-sized town men's choir listener would be well advised, however, to always preserve a place, however small, in the back of the mellifluous portion of the mind to

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envisage, in parallel with the images of "ghost herds" and "devil's cowmen," the dauntless and doughty Stearmans with bellowing Lycomings of 1941 and 1942 Hatchville, and venerate the stolid and timorous men who created these spacious images and to whom we all, for the most part, owe a great deal!

A Discussion of the Historical Correlation Between the Refinement of  
the North American Thermometer and American Men's Songs of Outdoor Work

by  
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A Reflection

It would be less than modestly intemperate to not note the association between Mr. Goux's GFMaMMC presentations this season and the unusually unrenowned recent 400th anniversary of Galileo's invention of the thermometer. It is such presentations which moderate the propensity for more demure contributors of indicative historic peripheries to cloud the universal and timeless evidence of their pivotal temporal journey. Sylvanus Newton Hatch (discussed below in the context of Mr. Goux's choices) was such a unassertive person, yet his stupendous contributions to our knowledge of personal and especially public cognizance, are immeasurable. As for the humbly educated Sylvanus Newton Hatch, he himself was unaware of his own foundations, positioned as he was, and as we all are, upon Galileo's ample shoulders. Mr. Goux's selections represent a massive step forward in a new awareness of the recognition of the these giants that have gone before, regardless of the sometimes apparent semi-obscure of their often relatively enigmatic contributions to what might be our otherwise prosaic lives. As Sylvanus Newton Hatch was wont to often observe, "An unwound clock is exactly correct at least twice daily, whereas a wound and set clock is most likely to never be exactly correct."

Men's Songs of Outdoor Work

Sylvanus Newton (Newt) Hatch was born relatively obscurely to Halcyon Hatch in the small cabin of the vat-keeper to his grandfather, Melvin Hatch at the edge of his ponded and bucolic Hatchville vineyards. Although Newt Hatch's birth post-dates the previously discussed Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller's glorious last summer visit to Hatchville, the cabin, and his composition of "Ode to Joy," by only a few months, it is by some means only uncertain that Newt's later poetical penchant bears any relationship to Halcyon's often remarkable lusty evening exuberance. Albeit a point of speculation, Newt's later realized facility with numerical analyses and his subsequent contributions, profoundly eclipsed his ensuing lesser known flirtations with those ambiguities of syntactical juxtaposition that were possible within the 19th century North American Tongue. Such matters must remain in the imaginings and sentimentalities of the more ardent students of the resplendence and mysteries of primal Hatchville.

Nevertheless, Sylvanus Newton Hatch was well nurtured by Halcyon, growing tall and strong in his grandfather's vineyards, surrounded and also cared for by Halcyon's sisters, Hubris, Humility, Harmony, and Prunella, until the latter departed "Boxberry," as she called her vineyarded home, for California, and her previously discussed venture

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into the dehydrated grape industry. As he grew, Newt was befriended by his grandfather's classically educated English vat-keeper (the very same who developed cask-iron wine carboys). Newt was too shy to attend school, so this enlighten vat-keeper, mentor took it upon himself to educate Newt, at first carrying the young child from vat to vat, telling stories, imparting information, and later walking with the young boy at his side year after-year imparting what the keeper called his vatachism. The strength of this singular classical education empowered Newt for greater things. As the erudite vat-keeper aged, Newt could be spotted vigorously winding his way from vat to vat, heedless of the vicissitudes or vagaries of wind or weather, valiantly validating the constancy, consistency, and uniformity in temperature of his grandfather's pride of vats. Perhaps the greatest difficulty encountered on a daily basis by the burgeoning young vatsman was the calibration slippage and systematic error inherent in the crude English vat thermometers which he used by tradition as well as by paucity. Vatmen the world over had difficulty with these primitive instruments, but as vineyards were generally in more temperate climates than was Hatchville's, what were normally acceptable errors incurred disastrous, vinegarizing vat quandaries for the young Newt, who was operating Lander's vineyards in the wide temperature and barometric variations inherent to the meteorological vacillations of this, our sandy North Atlantic outthrusting, Cape Cod. The young Sylvanus Newton Hatch, devoted vatman though he was, steeped in the tradition of English vatmen, sensed that there was a better way, and that, as his vision instructed him, that better way lay in the refinement of the English vat thermometer. Newt was poised for opportunity, she rapped, and he snatched it.

That opportunity rapped in the guise of his friends L. F. (Leaf) Foster and N. A. (Neat) Eames should not be considered a point of ignominy. With the enthusiasm born of their early childhoodedness, Leaf, Neat, and Newt were fascinated by heights. The Hatch, Eames, and Foster families picnicked on what is now known as the Cape's Sandy Neck with a sanctity which could be perceived to be born only of unctuousness. The boys, seizing the occasion, infected by the essence of the circumstance, lead loudly by Leaf, swiftly scaled the dune heights during the days of these family sanctifications with a zeal which one might imagine could be matched only by the presumed ferocity of the Ostrogoths and Frezians at the gates of the Tiber. As the boys grew to strong young manhood, this enthusiasm transposed to Newt's vatsmanship, yet was not lost to the heights on the parts of Leaf and Neat. The White Mountains came to be the loquacious and prolix focus of the garrulous latter lads. Voluble plans were never far from Leaf and Neat's daily Hatchville working banter at Newt's family fish store on Sandra Turner Road (as it was originally named after Leaf's maternal Grandmother, Saundrenella Lawrence Turner). While Newt honed vatsmanship, Leaf and Neat mastered their climbing skills. While Newt struggled with his English Vat Thermometers, Leaf and Neat grappled with their mountain gear. The stage was thereby innocently set for grand advances in thermometry and traditional music through a web of unlikely fortuitous circumstance.

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Leaf and Neat invited the busy Newt on a climb to Sunday River Ledge in the community of Kechum, in the town of Riley Plantation, near Bethel Maine. The lovely Ledge is near to where Bull Branch feeds the Sunday River, not far from the much prized peak of Goose Eye Mountain. The comrades felt this to be an accessible enough yet beautiful point, the attainment of which would minimize the excursion's intrusion into Newt's allusion to constant personal agenda, and at the same time obtain a modicum of sensual reward. To this day, the documentation of this momentous outing is permanently inscribed at the Ledge on a mica-schist bolder as "S.N. Hatch," and the date. The Sunday River Ledge inscription is similar to another to be found on Mount Washington. According to Sunday River Sketches: A New England Chronicle, by Martha Fifield Wilkins, the initials "S.N.H." also appear elsewhere on the same ledge, non-mute testimony to other trips to the revered spot, cloaked in the fullness of nature's fecundity. There are also other sets of initials on the ledge, most of which probably belong to the Fifields, who were eastern Cattlemen, and ranched the surrounding land. Newt can be forgiven for chiseling his appellation, in that in so doing, he has fixed the germination moment of his thermometric contribution for all time and as a fixed beacon in historical perspective. Alonzo Fifield, a man thirteen years Newt's senior also, inscribed his "A.F." both at Sunday River Ledge, and at Mount Washington, providing circumstantial evidence of the continuing link between Newt the vatsman and Alonzo the cattleman, as they pursued the grail of their thermometric quest.

As illustrated here, an attention to the clarification of background can serve as the springboard for the moment of truth, the denouement of the mind and the kernel of insight, upon which one's entire structure for comprehension can become unhinged. Within this intention we now tender the coup-de-grace of our discourse:

Newt's indivertible attention to husbanding the health of his Hatchville vat suite during the fateful journey to Sunday River Ledge lead to the foreseen situation wherein he had carried with him one of his particularly perplexing arrays of new English Vat Thermometers, the demeanor of which he had resolved to observe along the compatriots' wealded alpine course Ledgeward. What Newt forthwith astutely observed, was that the Thermometers behaved in a non-linear fashion in the fresh and unaccustomed attitudinal and thermal regime of the mountains. This was a revelation to the young Vatsman. Dredging from his altitude flustered mind the classical physics taught him by his Hatchville childhood English Vatman mentor, the doughty vatsman cum climber departed the company of Leaf and Neat, downward raced for the unpretentious Riley Claim, the estate of Maine epigrapher, oceanographer, naturalist, and dilettante lawyer and baker, Prothro Torte, with whom he had spoken at the Bethel General Store while outfitting the excursion. Newt was in search of the physical tables of boiling and freezing points of water with altitude, and he suspected that Torte might possess them, because Torte had earlier spent years to the south of Newt's beloved Hatchville, in Woods Hole, as an associate of various early biological researchers and institutions, including the

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famous Swiss researcher Adners (Al) Z. Seazaz, and the celebrated fen-bog researcher Frederick (Rick) Rougeheath. Torte's status as an ardent amateur baker had compelled him to inaugurate a scanty European sweet-cake and roll shoppe in Woods Hole, which he designated, being an astronomer, "Buns in the Sky," until the shop was raised, after many claims by Torte of its illegality, to make way for a carriage-park for Queen's Steamboat Ferry Service. Torte's "Buns in the Sky" venture eventually transmogrified into the "Prothro's Bun Boy" chain which has early restaurants in Hyannis, Assinippi, and Athol and later, in light of the public realization that the chain was everything that it was cracked up to be, moved west to become plainly, the "Bun Boy" chain. The moony-eyed Prothro, with his Falmouth area background, sentimentally welcomed the fresh vatsman, on that portentous, glorious, sunrised morning, searched his musty shelves, and in short order produced the needed tables. The astute and solicitous Torte, not uncondescendingly, also furnished Newt with an accurate map of the region and a transit-theodolite which Torte had been using to fix the tacks of migratory Leach's Petrels as they met with the mountain impediments to their passages to the realms of Mt. Desert Island's Whispering Pines. The links were now complete in Newt's adroit intellect, he now had the apparatus for the procedure. The world of thermometry was about to change forever.

Newt found a hushed meadow in the soft dawn, adroitly wielded Torte's transit-theodolite and map to fix his altitude, perused his tables, boiled water on a squaw-wood fire, immersed the glistening shafts of his thermometer array one by one, and scratched a true 214 F. on the fine English Cobalt glass. The decisive first time that the Vat Thermometers had accurately exhibited a boiling point had been consummated. His keen "weather eye" sensing changing weather, Newt "seized fortune by the short-while," as his English Vatsman, mentor used to say while he pondered the spacious skies of Hatch's ponded vineyards. Intuitively aware that an unwound clock is usually correct twice a day, Newt bent to the task of scaling the Great Goose Eye, the fleet way to the Ledge and the singular avenue to the imperative meeting of transition of a Canadian weather front as it pressed the Ledge's micro-regime from above to below the freezing mark. As a measure of the enthusiasm for his feat, it can be stated that the impassioned and stressed Newt passed Neat and Leaf on their more deliberate odyssey that eventful morning, despite the fact that the two doughty, pilgrimatic, Turner Road fish salespersons had been traveling forthrightly all the while Newt had been on his quest for the all important tables of Torte's. Newt arrived in time, emptied the remaining precious contents of his canteen into a hollow rock, and the process began. While map, tables, and transit-theodolite were at the ready; slowly, seemingly taking forever to the eager, enthusiastic Newt, the temperature at Sunday River Ledge fell. The glistening shafts indicated 32; still no skim on the surface of the tremulous water; the wind of the mountains blew a long and mournful sigh. At long-last, Newt's patience and perserverance were rewarded. With a reading 30.78 on the venerable instruments, the skim formed and the threshold was attained. Newt fixed his vertical position, consulted

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the tables, and with trembling hand scratched 31.90 on each of the Vat Thermometers. Newt knew the battle was now hindmost. He was confident of the capillary linearity integral to his much nurtured, fine English instruments; he knew and trusted the homogeneity of their mercury. All that remained was the epigraphic interpolation of the Fahrenheit scale between his extremes, and a possible linear extrapolation above and below them. Newt packed the precious shafts, rolled out his sleeping pack, and slept.

In Onset, Massachusetts the world's largest collection of thermometers and thermometer memorabilia contains reference to Sylvanus Newton Hatch. Onset's oldest thermometer, an 1887 Chandelier would not have been the standard of the world through the century's turn had it not been for Newt's Sunday River realizations.

In a recent dedication of the world's tallest thermometer, at the Bun Boy Restaurant at the edge of Death Valley in Baker, California, the unveiling ceremony to the plaque at the thermometer's base, included spoken reference to Newt Hatch. Although the 134 foot , 5,000 thermostatically activated light, \$750,000 device is dedicated to Dutch scientist Gabriel Fahrenheit, its true veracity can only be fairly and honestly measured by Newt's brilliant empiricism.

Nevertheless, Newt's contributions notwithstanding, the importance of Newt's thermometry to the West is inordinately significant. The reader may recollect an initial reference to one Alonzo Fifield, graphitic fellow to Newt, Maine rancher, and cow, hog, and muttony baron. Fifield's alliance with Newt began innocently enough, the two meeting atop Sunday River Ledge during one of Newt's numerous Vat Thermometer Calibration junkets, subsequent to the archetypal Torte calibration episode of the Neat and Leaf trip. The alliance grew as the utility of Newt's thermometric calibration technique infused New England Industries with a hitherto unknown degree of product control, and Fifield could say its analog in the midwest among the newly flourishing Armor, Cudahay, Oscar Meyer, Swift, Rath, and Krey slaughter houses surrounding the great stock-yards of Chicago. Fifield, who was somewhat visionary in his pragmatism, saw an advantage for the packers in Newt's technique, which had become a unanticipated bounty of utility for the great vatsmen, sappers, sugarers, curriers, dairymen, and fromenties of the east. History was soon to demonstrate that, citing a sapper's saying, "sapping and sugaring are a drop in the bucket" compared to cattle, which may be immensely more than immediately meat the eye.

Newt's calibration became central to New England Industry. Newt could not begin to provide thermometric calibrations for all of the Region's thermometers. An elite cadre of calibrators, at first trained by Newt, spread out across the countryside, seeking squaw wood and temperature transitions through freezing. This flurry of activity occasioned the conquest of many hitherto unexplored peaks and meadows. The young engineers Bailey and Hazen planned their road to Canada, which opened northern New England, upon the exacting mapping tracks of Newt

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calibrators. As is recurrently found in instances of arduous and lonely toil, as in the circumstance of the calibrators, a sub-society milieu is induced. Unique systems of cultural colloquialisms and modal morals are produced by such activity. Included in these modal activities are lyrical exertions and ponderings of intention. Such a lyricism, later romanticized by Robert Frost, is shown in the spirit and soul of winter's work for a Newt calibrator:

Whose woods these are I've mapped and know.  
His house is in the village though;  
He will not see me stopping here  
To catch the front and howling snow.

My trusty horse must think it queer  
To stop without some squaw wood near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his load of shafts a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of new front wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,  
My calibrations will not keep,  
I've more to do before I sleep,  
And more to do before I sleep.

Frost's brilliant adaptation of a calibrator's musings, and obvious mix of joy and loneliness in his work, was subsequently put to music by the preeminent American composer, Randall Thompson.

Fifield absorbed all that he could from Newt. Newt being primarily a focused vatsman, did not see the brimming implications of his technique, either for his own fortunes, or for those of larger humanity. Fifield transposed the calibration methodology to the eastern western States, where it was elegantly employed in the wandering life of the American eastern, western Cowboy. Many a trail-hand gleaned the technique; its unique applications in the Chicago Meat Industry made lucrative for and its importance comprehensively transferrable to the otherwise prosaic, yet romanticized endeavors of many of the open-spaced herders. Some even selected calibration as a full-time occupation or combined it with diverse ventures such as bounty hunting or rustling. As the New England calibration sub-culture waned, in the eastern west it flourished. A well-stimulated Cowboy lyricism soon outshone that of its eastern progenation.

Typical of the eastern western lyricism are the words to a main-stream song of its calibrators which has now entered the popular western idiom as the more recognizable "Colorado Trail:"

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## The Calibration Trail

Shafts in the morning sun,  
mercury 'sa rose.  
Got to boiling pretty well,  
God Almighty knows.

Weep all ye little rains.  
Wail winds, wail.  
All along, along,  
Along the Calibration Trail.

Stars a grow'n in the sky,  
day's gonna end.  
It will be a freezn' soon.  
Bottom line's at stake.

Weep all ye little rains.  
Wail winds, wail.  
All along, along,  
Along the Calibration Trail.

Aficionados of the American idiom will perceptively induct from the above, the use of the provincialism, "bottom line," in the second verse of "Calibration Trail." This is the first known use of this now, much proffered finalization of understanding; of course in the song's instance being used to refer to the freezing point to be inscribed on the vat thermometer. The even more ebullient evening zephyr, "Cowboy Lullaby," a paean to "murc'," is an illustration of the solitary perspective of these wandering calibrators; these lone champions for the eastern meat establishment; these frontier profferers technology in primitive diligence to civilization's over-compelling agenda for natures abounding:

### Cowboy Lullaby

"Calibrator's Evensong"

Desert blue and silver in the cold moon-shine.  
Front is comin' lazy or the hill.  
Sleepy winks of lightnin' down the far sky-line,  
'sa calibrator's lot ta be here still.

So now, the lightnin's far away  
the storm is nothin' skeery  
its bringin' freezin' clearly.  
Hi ya, ta mal la la le day.  
Oh settle down you murc' until the morinin'

Nothin' out the hazy range that most folks need.  
But plenty we can see in stormy sky.  
Yet we got to watch or else our shafts will break,  
murc' plungin' down before our watchful eye.

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So now, the lightnin's far away  
the storm is nothin' skeery  
its bringin' freezin' clearly.  
Hi ya, ta mal la la le day.  
Oh settle down you murc' until the morinin'

The genuine wonderment of intra-cultural germination is the depth, breadth, variation, and quickness with which such processes take place. From our present perspective, here at the dawn of a virgin century, we might find such cultural roots trivial, mundane, or curious, but we must not, at peril of our own ignorance, ignore their influence upon our life and culture. It is this most profound understanding which leads our best musicians to execute such works in the contemporaneous world, despite their seeming irrelevance to the exigencies of daily rapid-paced endurance. Let us have faith that Newt's contributions to this cultural opulence are not lost, nor must we not forget the contributions of his compatriots Leaf, Neat, Professor Torte, or the influence of the avaricious meat interests of Alonzo Fifield.

# Medieval North Italian Cheese Culture's Influence upon Music and Modern Theme Parks

## An Historical Perspective

by

David K. Wemerlink, DSap, MSG, PhM, (GFMAMMC hon)

### A Reflection

That the arcanum arcanorum of history is revealed in any obsequious scholar's preoccupation with apparent triviality, is little acknowledged. That only the Grandiose imports, is a common view, and it colors our notions of the past with the burnish of trumpets and timpani, relegating history's genuinely formative panoply of mud and dung to the arcane, and to the ancillary. The sincere seeker keeps this distinction clear, not averting a steady and penetrating gaze from the monumental that abides within the mundane. To this steady gaze we dedicate our discoveries.

### The Notes

For the 1994 Spring Concert of the Greater Falmouth Mostly all Male Men's Choir, Mr. Goux, has once again amalgamated an exquisite panoply of music which not only connects the centuries, but is fundamentally interwoven with the histories of Falmouth. The historical relevance of his Spring selections are undoubtedly questionable for all but the most supine of historians. Notwithstanding such considerations, our wonderment is invariably peaked when seemingly peculiarly unrelated seasons of history are demonstrated as manifestly connected.

When in the 1850s the Rev Landers Hatch had renewed the much needed vitality of the Choir under his newly meaningful name, the Falmouth Motley Men's Great Choir, and the spiritually erotic beauties of his daughters Halcyon, Hubris, Humility and Harmony (and later Prunella) held full sway over the dreams of its members as they presented their offerings to the Town in simple Sicilian peasant garb, the economy of Hatchville, was in a down-turn. The ponded vineyards of the Hatch brothers (Landers and Branns) were in a minor state of dishevelment. The Hatch Fish Hatcheries had not yet tipped the economic scales in favor of prosperity for the northern realms of Falmouth. Over-fishing of local waters had created a local fish shortfall, (hence the need for the fish fry of the Hatch Fish Hatcheries), and provided the impetus for local economic ties with the Italian Cheese Culture, centered in Parma. Confusion in the perceptions of Hatchvillians about Cheese Culture garb had lead to the Choir's expression of simplicity in Sicilian home garb, which could have been viewed more as cottage cheese garb, rather than the more sophisticated, yet plain, Parmesan cheese garb, which had been sought to express the Choir's humble flavor of almost-Lutheran taciturnity. At this time the desperate need for high

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quality protein in the diet of the hard working Hatchvillians had spawned several cleverly creative food innovations. Inspired by romantic notions of the contemporaneous colonization of Australia, an Aboriginal recipe for the utilization of slug larva, as a protein source, was transmogrified into food for the Hatchvillians, using the plentiful local supply of earth worms from Hatch's ponded vineyards. This diet of worms bound-up with much eating of cheese lead to the windward expansion of the Bifurcated Hatcho-Ital Cheese Trade. (Although the Bifurcated Hatcho-Ital Cheese Trade was, at times, concurrent with Hatchville's Quadrasauce Trade, discussed in previous historical notes, the two trades had only minor influence upon each other, and this influence was really only later felt powerfully during a dip in the soft cheese industry).

It is not fully unreasonable to suppose that during the flowering of Hatchville's cheese period, Falmouth's Atlantic skyline was variably dotted with colorful, fully rigged, Parmesan cheese caravels and gollettas. At the cutting edge, these redoubtable cheese packets were central to the then bloated expansion of the protein quota of the denizens our sandy out-washed shores. From these kraft, principally sailing from the Parmesan harbor of Vanzetti, full burdened with frommaggio sacco, (each one marked: frommaggio sacco, Vanzetti), young, bright-spirited Parmesan gallants, hearties and roust-worthies employed Falmouth's shores and dells in search of solubriation of their extended marine solitudes. Not surprisingly, although the Parmesans grated upon the taciturn nature of Cape Coddors in the 1850s, their fecund influence laid the seeds for a subtle patina of their joviality even to present-day Falmouth.

Not singularly inescapable in this was the influence of Parma's early theme parks on North American culture, through Falmouth and Hatchville. The great Italian rancher, madrigalist, and entrepreneur, Orlando de Lasso had, in the 15th century, created Parma's first and most important theme park, "D'Grandola, Mundo d'Orlando," which loosely translated means Orlando's (Immense) World. Several principle themes of the park, which have been passed to our present culture, primarily through the Bifurcated Hatcho-Ital Cheese Trade of Hatchville, and its Parmesan gallants, included its monkey shows (Orlando's Gibbons), establishing our present penchant for monkeys in theme parks and the use of the term "monkey business," the park's special attention to mice, as the creatures much a piece of Parma's Cheese Culture, and a special Comedia del Arte' mouse creature which the park presented on a regular basis, called "Mine Chia de Rodento." Walt Disney, who summered in Hatchville, popularized "Mine Chia de Rodento" some 500 years later as the now ubiquitous Mickey Mouse. The Park's "Gummo Combata ala Hoiki Correlli," which featured clown-like cattle handlers from Orlando's ranchos, spitting chewing gum (newly discovered in the Colonial Cheese Trade extension) at each other, within a facade of a North Italian cattle enclosure, later translated into our modern Old West Gunfight at the OK Corral. Claudio Monteverdi, another early madrigalist started his career in Parma's Orlando's World as a avian trainer and presenter with his bird act, "Chromaggiori Musicali," which

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again, loosely translated means Magical Crow Music. Signori Monteverdi's most lasting gift to the artistic world is his Chromatic Music, as it is called today, yet its humble beginnings were in Parma's theme park. The Duke of Parma, "Don Duce' della Parma," was revered for his gentle and humor-full despotism in the Town. His significant proboscis occasioned yet another of the many traditions which Orlando's World created, and which the Bifurcated Hatcho-Ital Cheese Trade spread. The Park created a likeness of the beloved prince, in the manner of a duck. The caricature of il Don as a duck was used as the symbol of the taffy for which the Park was also justly famous. The Taffeta del Don Duce' inspired two of two of our modern childhood phantasmagories, both Donald and Daffy Duck. The great German reformer Martin Luther humbly began his musical pursuits at 19, during a summer job at Orlando's World in 1502, his parents having sent him from the difficulties of the 16th century Wittenburg milieu, to the more wholesome and healing atmosphere of Orlando's Parma. Being much moved by this atmosphere, he wrote a theme song for the Park, which he called "Ein Feste' Burg," a typically Wittenburgonian, understatement which, again loosely translated means, You Happy (Festive) Town. The words to this composition were later adapted by Elmer Bernstein, who also had summered in Hatchville, as the basis of his very American musical comedy "Wonderful Town."

Much later, in 1525, in a more Northern mood, Luther married Catherine von Bora, formerly a nun at Nimptsch in Saxony. Martin's marriage to Catherine proved a most happy connection. The letters of his friends abound with descriptions of the domestic felicity to which it gave rise. (Ironically, Martin and Catherine had met years before as summer employees of Orlando's World.) Luther possessed a fine deep voice, and played both the Lute and the Flute, the latter so well as to attract the attention of passers-by as he journeyed to the famous Diet at Worms; the spirit of Parma being evoked midst the dark byways of Saxony. Two of his fondest friends Senfi and Josquin des Pres, both of whom also had also worked at Orlando's World, managed to bouy Luther's spirits for many years, however Catherine's Nimptschish influence, and the bad weather in Munich in the 1530s finally won-the-day of Luther's spirit, driving out the vestiges of Cheese influence, and leaving Martin crotchety, contentious, and cantankerous. It was only then that he began his drive for reformation, very likely a sublimation of his profound psychic dismay at the disparate influences of Nimptschish sobriety grating upon Parmesan flippancy within his heuristic mind.

Significantly unnoticed for many years, until Walt Disney perceptively noticed them in the early 1930s as he summered in Hatchville, were the love songs of the Cape's coast-wise girls. These songs were created from full yet lonely hearts as they searched the eastern horizon for the colorful sails of the Parmesan Cheese Fleet. Many of the krafty young gallants, hearties, and roustworthys were sons of the royalty of Parma, sent to sea to learn the ways of Cheese. These well-mannered yet singularly insistent, Tyrrhenian sailors were noblemen in their own lands, who captured the hearts of Hatchville's most nubile daughters. The lovely lilt, nearly lost in faded, tear-stained diaries of the

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time, were synthesized by Disney into one of his most famous songs, "Someday my Prince with Come."

A similarly unrelated, yet relevant note with respect to Walt Disney's influence upon this year's program is the selection of "Candle on the Water." As with other aspects of the program, the genesis of this offering may be traced to Disney's summering in Hatchville in the early 1930s. It was during this time that local historians and archaeologists were first unearthing evidences of early Druidic and Norse visitations to Cape Cod. Of particular interest were those unearthings made during the development of Newton Hatch's Wineries and Vat Calibration Works (See Newton Hatch and the Development of the Calibration Technique of the North American Vat Thermometer, Wemerlink, unpub. circa 1993). Mr. Goux's selection of the "Rune of the Moon," one of the earliest Celtic fishermen's songs discovered in Runic text in Hatchville, is in fact, the progenitor of Disney's "Candle on the Water." Walt, much moved by the "Rune's" reference to the constant, yet magically subtle influence of the moon upon Hebridean seafarers, related this theme to the calling of love, and the candle, i.e. moon, which true love holds as a guide to those lucky enough to know it. The Choir begins its program with this ancient theme, and reweaves it into modern idiom as the concert nears its end.

An Examination of the Nexus of the Mud, Brass Instruments, Male Singing, The Civil War, Money, and France in New Orleans

by  
David K. Wemerlink, DSap, MSG, PhM, (GFMAMMC hon)

Reflections

That the arcanum arcanorum of history is revealed in any obsequious scholar's preoccupation with apparent triviality, is little acknowledged. That only the Grandiose imports, is a common view, and it colors our notions of the past with the burnish of trumpets and timpani, relegating history's genuinely formative panoply of mud and dung to the arcane, and to the ancillary. The sincere seeker keeps this distinction clear, not averting a steady and penetrating gaze from the monumental that abides within the mundane. To this steady gaze we dedicate our analysis and welcome your analysis.

For the 1995 Spring Concert of the Greater Falmouth Mostly all Male Men's Choir, Mr. Goux, has once again amalgamated an exquisite panoply of music which not only connects the histories of our culture, but is fundamentally interwoven with the histories of our Town. The historical relevance of these Spring selections are undoubtedly questionable for all but the most supine of our incumbent historians. Notwithstanding assumed cultural a'germinal considerations, our wonderment is invariably peaked when seemingly peculiarly unrelated seasons of history are demonstrated as manifestly connected. Such is the case with the numerology of " l'dix sur la lingua franka" in Falmouth's singing history.....

The Examination

As such the case may be, however, in the Delta of long ago midst a great Mississippi Spring flood, while bare-footed Biloxis and Appalachies bid their winter's pallid crane friends adieu with spirit-scope for soaring to the hungry and cold boreal wolf's warming north, the Frenchman Seour Montbalne de Beaudricout, protege of the famous homme travaux de rive, Peirre Marquette, alighted from his navire en arbor de birch indiane onto the driest of ten flood-flats. With the modest exclamation "les grands homage a'Dieu pour les dix sousterrains-ponton a placement de mon pauvre petite peids dampement, a les meme chose pour mon l'hommes de rive," Beaudricout took possession. Thus and quite, with an elegance born of paucity, Dix Terres (Ten Lands), the earliest name for the area now known as New Orleans, was begotten.....

The settlement at Dix Terres, much strengthened by the early leadership of the Poitiers fishing abbot, Routundard Bufarndo Poncetraine, prospered as a center trading center for crayfish, tin, copper and bismuth, and was known for a now mostly lost form of early american liturgical music for a small ensemble of ten male singers (fishing

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friars) known as l'homme-dix-dieu aeolian peches francias (in present form called dah-doo -a- doo-dah skittle). It was Falmouth's own Rev. Landers Hatch who, for a brief time revived the dix-dieu fish music on Cape Cod, during the growth of the Hatch Fish Hatcheries. His Motley Men's Choir (see earlier notes) was widely know for this music, which was commonly and mistakenly thought to have been spawned by the romance of the North Atlantic Fisheries of earlier times. Despite Lander's singular dedication to the profligation of Bufarndo's unique Dix Terres art form, it did not prosper in the north, far from the crayfish, and when new French settlers from Aquitaine immigrated to Dix Terres to smelt the tin, copper, and bismuth into brass, renaming the settlement New Orleans, dix-dieu passed abysmally into the multitudinous obscure chronicles of the world's many lost joys.....

Those with a French memory still call New Orleans, Dixieland (Dix Terre) In an American way, this original name for New Orleans was shortened to Dixie, was re-enforced, and was then applied to all of the secessionist South when a ten-dollar bill with a large Dix was printed on each side was issued by a New Orleans bank prior to the Civil War.....

In New Orleans, the tin, cooper, and bismuth smelting prospered for a hundred years, engendering the development the earliest brass musical instrument manufacturing in the Western Hemisphere, and a medicinal side-product called Pepto-Bismal which captured the "peppy" spirit in which the instruments were played in New Orleans. This Dixieland style of instrumental jazz is now associated with New Orleans and is characterized by a relatively fast, strongly accented two-beat rhythm, and by a polyphonic group improvisation by, again, ten musicorae amaturea (les dix amaturea), as well as by improvised solos; the music usually divided into groupings of ten bars before reprise, or re-tournal.....etc.

....The Choir begins its program with ....this theme, and reweaves it into modern idiomastheconcertnearsitsend.....

DAVID K. WEMERLINK

Little known except: Born 1937, Alsauce-Lorraine, to Breton national electees Roland and Cestsoir Wemerlink: Immigrated to Versailles, Missouri at age three and raised there to teen-hood by itinerant pig-farmers Koon and Raywine Freedley; at age fifteen came in care of Fustian L. Wemerlink, his grand-uncle of Joplin, Missouri who was an upper mid-western author, historian and astronomer; attended College of Urbane-Champania in Pierre Marquette, Illinois to study French History; later received MSG in Bavarian-New England Political and Trade History from Mooguy American University, Pingxiang; summers in Harwichport, winters in Mountain Home, Arkansas; presently guest lecturer at Urbane-Champania and GFMaMMC Historian.

THOMAS C. ALDRICH

Born Ravenswoods Hospital, Chicago: Spiritual Advisor and Road Manager, GFMaMMC. "Soak your throttle in lemonade; for the daughters of Atlas are coming round again, the season is hard to bear with the world aflame anew; the cricket sounds sweetly from the leaves of the tree-top, and lo! the artichoke flower is blowing; now are women at their sauciest, but men are lean and weak with new stirrings, because the Pleiades move the parched soul of Spring to fresh voice."