

knows for sure what became of old John, but the last word that the residents of the little town of Tailholt had of him was that

he had inherited the family estate in Philadelphia and had gone to receive his heritage.

## First Impressions

ELSIE RUTH YOUNG

Many times something that happened years ago will stand out clearer in our minds than those things which happened last month or even last week. Thus it is with my first symphony concert. I was in the third grade when my teacher voted to take us to the matinee concert of the Cincinnati Orchestra each time it came to our city. At least a month beforehand she, being an able musician herself, endeavored to explain the program to us and thus gave us adequate preparation for listening.

We were all very excited on the day of the event. We were dismissed around noon so that we could run home and don our best clothes. The prospects of riding with our school-mates on the streetcar to the auditorium heightened our interests, even though the streets were slushy and our hands and feet were frostbitten by the cold January weather.

The Memorial Auditorium has never since looked quite so massive and important to me as on that day! Its marble pillars, high balconies, and carpeted floors had been inconceivable to my childish imagination.

At last the orchestra assembled on the stage! How grand they looked in their

white shirts and "tails!" As the first chords were struck, our whole class listened intently. But here I have to admit something very embarrassing to me which I have kept secret all my life. In my imagination I pictured actors and dancers along with the musicians who should act out the music. I was terrible agitated when no beautiful women with long tresses waltzed out in long, flowing gowns to the rhythm of the Blue Danube. I soon learned, however, that these characters must appear in our minds rather than on the huge platform in front of us. When a little elfin dance was played, I closed my eyes just a little and saw funny little elves running mischievously about in tiny pointed hats and shoes.

I was enthralled by the huge kettle drums and clanging cymbals, and I was amazed that all those strings could work so well together, their bows moving back and forth at the same time. It surprised me that all grown men did not work in offices or factories, but that some devoted all their time to the beautiful art of music.

That day will always live in my memory, perhaps because those first impressions have been lasting ones.