

Sergei Rachmaninoff, 'world's most famous pianist and composer, started his concert last night at Edison high school auditorium before a crowd which filled every seat and overflowed into the aisles.

He had struck a few notes when the flash bulb of a cameraman, who must have been a professional, since amateurs don't carry high priced speed guns, filled the big hall.

The master pianist played on. A second bulb flashed. Rachmaninoff arose, left the piano and walked into the wings while patrons broke into astonished whispers. A man walked onto the stage, looked all over the house for the photographer and went back.

Rachmaninoff returned, started to play. Suddenly, all over the lower floor patrons raised their arms, pointing up into the right balcony and trying to stop the cameraman they had spotted.

They did not succeed. The flash bulb went off. The pianist again rose. "I cannot play," he said to the audience, and walked off again.

Willing hands were laid on the photographer and he was given an unceremonious rush out of the auditorium.

I don't believe such a thing has happened before in all concert history. It just isn't done. And I may be wrong, but it seemed to me that Rachmaninoff didn't really play with any feeling until after the intermission.

Miami, of course, is overrun with commercial photographers, each trying to outdo his rivals and sell a few pictures. We should not object to any man working hard at his chosen profession. But such incidents as these are just a bit objectionable.

JACK: HOW IS THIS FOR