

Rachmaninoff

By O. B. Keeler

WELL, I never see (and hear) Sergei Rachminoff play that I don't recall what the Big Swede, John Goldstrom, told me about him, twenty years ago, before I'd ever heard the great Russian pianist. "He's a business-like cuss," said Mr. Goldstrom. "Doesn't put on any airs. Sticks to his keyboard, you might say. But when he gets steamed up on one of those Liszt numbers—man, he will tuck that piano under his chin and play it like a violin!" The big boy played a lot of Liszt, Thursday evening at the Fox Theater, in the presence of an absolutely capacity audience—behind him on the stage, like a Greek chorus on a sit-down-strike; in the orchestra pit; and banked up to the doors. Five thousand fans, I'd guess, of whom four thousand were females wearing four thousand different affairs on their heads, no two of them alike, and none of them hats.



THE MAESTRO put on a show; one of the swellest piano programs I ever listened to. He mixed 'em up—two Liszt groups, starting and finishing; Chopin, Bach (J.) and DeBussy. Also his own celebrated Prelude; no Rachmaninoff program is complete without it. And a couple of sprightly encore numbers, very amiably done. . . . Only thing I could have suggested (and that for my own personal and perhaps peculiar benefit) as an improvement would have been the substitution in the Chopin group of the waltz in C sharp minor for the Opus 42. He did the Scherzo in C sharp minor all right.

HUM-HO—and not a symptom of the "new music," so-called. Not a single imitation of a steel range falling down six flights of cement stairway; not a ghost of a swing or anything remotely attributable to Irving Balinski; not even something that might be applauded as adjustable to the Big Apple. And still there were five thousand fans in that Fox Theater—and the program went over big; huge, you might say, if you're unparticular as to grammar where emphasis is concerned. It was very pleasant, to an old-fashioned and doddering person like this correspondent.

MR. RACHMANINOFF'S opening number, at that, in its title, appeared to be thoroughly in keeping with the celebrated Russian philosophy of life, which has been condensed to read: "Whatever is, is bad; and if there could be a change it would be for the worse." The program began with Liszt's "Weeping, Complaints, Sorrows, Fears," which looked as if it might be a headline over the political and economic situation. But Franz Liszt could lay hands upon practically anything in the line of musical composition and cause it to break out in a brilliant pyrotechnical rash; and the concluding number

STAR ELEVEN

Four Sophomores, Two Juniors and One Freshman Also Chosen

By Leon Smith

The 1937 All-Emory football team was selected by the four coaches this week and announced in the Emory Wheel Friday.

The team is composed of:

ENDS—George Cooper, senior; Jack Boozer, sophomore.

TACKLES—Norman H. Joondeph, sophomore; J. G. Dawson, sophomore.

GUARDS—A. B. Seitz, senior; Charles Bailes, senior.

CENTER—Ray Thurman, junior.

QUARTER—C. A. May, senior.

HALFBACKS—Joe Hall, sophomore; Woodrow Hubbell, junior.

FULLBACK—Charles Barnwell, freshman.

Barnwell is the first freshman to receive a letter. Revision in the award system led to the abolition of frosh numerals and to the eligibility of freshmen for winning letters.

Tied in the number of games won, during the season, the seniors and sophomores also have the same number of men on the All-Emory eleven—four each. The juniors placed two, and the frosh one.

Blue sweaters bearing gold E's will be awarded the above eleven men. All-Emory teams will also be selected in basketball next quarter and in baseball in the spring.

Making the All-Emory for their second time are Cooper, Hubbell, May and Seitz. Others on last year's team were J. B. Dodd, Nat Klausman, Heys McMath, A. J. Singletary, and Dillard Ward.

SELECTIONS WERE made by Jeff McCord, athletic director; Professor J. B. Peeples, Cris Conyers, and R. R. Callaway, coaches, and were approved by the athletic council.

Joe Hall, sophomore star half-back, succeeded himself as "the most valuable man to his team" at Emory in an election by the coaches, referee, and sports editor of the Wheel.

For the second year Hall will keep the trophy, a bronze figure of a football player in action, which is awarded annually by the Emory Wheel to the man who is "most valuable" to his team.

As a freshman Hall led his team to the championship tilt with the seniors but lost the final game, 12-0. This season his squad again tied with the seniors, but both teams agreed not to play off the finals.

Selection was made this week by coaches McCord, Peeples, Conyers and Callaway, and the Wheel sports editor, Ernie Harwell.

of the recital, the well-named "Dance of the Gnomes," fairly jarred the vast audience loose from its composite foundation.

FRANKLY, I love the trick-stuff—Peter Walking on the Waves, Don Juan Fantasie, Perpetual Motion, that sort of thing. And the big boy was unsparing of his pyrotechnics in the program Thursday evening. Everybody seemed to like it, and a pleasant time was had by all.