

Rachmaninoff Spurns Dollars for Friendship

By Dolores Waldorf

He was a giant of a man with red whiskers and he meant more to Rachmaninoff than a fortune in American dollars. For him, for his good friend of school days in Russia, Sergei Vassilievitch Rachmaninoff snapped his supple fingers at many thousands of dollars last Monday and went riding in the park.

Frank W. Healy, who had charge of the first Rachmaninoff concert, Sunday afternoon, had planned a second for Monday on the strength of the discovery that 300 people a day had asked in vain for Rachmaninoff tickets after the house had sold out. The pianist was to leave for Portland late Monday night. There was ample time for a performance. But would Rachmaninoff play that concert after he had made arrangements to reminisce with his excellent friend, the engineer of mines? Great vodka, no!

What did he care for the applause? Had he not written to his friend and said, "Meet me at the Hotel St. Francis Monday afternoon," or Russian words to that effect? Had he not made the arrangement for the car that he would drive himself by hand? Had he not planned it all just as it should be? Had he not looked forward many years to seeing his beloved pal, who know a great deal about mining projects, but not so much about music? Then why, why should he forget his good friend for two, three, four thousand people he has never known and never expect to know? Ah-ah-h-h, Petrograd!

The big man with the red whiskers walked into Frank Healy's office in the Kohler & Chase Building early Sunday. According to Healy he looked like the hero of a Russian fairy tale. His tawny hair was clipped close in the true

Russian style and his talk was full of oskies and vitches.

The big man, who had been a power in imperial Russia, would speak with his friend, the professor, yes the professor Sergei Vassilievitch Rachmaninoff. But, ah, the professor was soon to give the concert. Of all that Whiskers had heard. He had there in his hand a letter in the handwriting of the good professor. Russian handwriting of the good professor. Russian handwriting full of affection and expletives of endearment.

According to the engineer, the professor had planned it all. He must do naught but follow orders. When Healy suggested that he meet Rachmaninoff after the concert instead of waiting until Monday, Whiskers made a Russian gesture of horror, and exclaimed: "Nevaire, no, no! The professor, he is a MOST serious man. He has planned. He likes it so. I do as he say. We are very good friends. I obey. He is happy; I disobey, horr-r-rible. He would be angr-ry."

So Whiskers met Rachmaninoff in the lobby of the St. Francis Hotel Monday afternoon. To no avail did Healy pace the floor and tear his hair. The concert was OFF. Rachmaninoff, according to his plans, hired a touring car which he drove with his magical hands, while Russian recollections were wafted on the San Francisco breezes.

Of the concert and the thousands of dollars, did he not have one thought. WHAT were they beside his friend? Frozen steppes, he could not be bothered. No.

WHIST DANCE.

A social dance and whist party will be given tonight by the Federal Employees' Union in the Native Sons' Auditorium, under the direc-