

Blame It on John Philip Sousa, "Trap Drummer" in Band Now Plays 76 Instruments

Must Make Sound Like a Ship Riveting Machine to Give Real Thrill to the Latest Sousa March—The Drummer's Life Is One Slam Bang After Another.

By Bide Dudley

PITY the poor trap drummer! For his life is just one new rattley-bang contraption after another. He is the victim of the whims of the composer, the stage director and the actor. He is looked on by them as a creature of extreme versatility—a man who can successfully cope with any situation calling for noise, whether it be in a musical composition, a monologue, a pantomimic act or what not. His is a position of great responsibility, for much of the comedian's fun, the descriptive musical piece's effectiveness and, in fact, the success of an entire stage production may rest with him and his noise machines.

Though he be surrounded literally by dozens of traps, he must add to the collection if a new effect is needed. One might think John Philip Sousa, knowing so well the trials and tribulations of the trap drummer, would hesitate to make that individual's duties more arduous. But not the March King believes so thoroughly in originality in composition that he does not hesitate to use the versatility of the noise-making gentleman in new fields if he needs. "Effects" are of vital necessity to a Sousa composition; therefore, "effects" the noted bandmaster must have.

A few weeks ago Sousa wrote a new march, which he called "The Volunteers." His idea was to depict in music to those who listened the work of the shipbuilders who have rushed to the aid of Uncle Sam in these war times. Necessarily, the building of ships calls for riveting, and if you have ever lived near the location of a steel building in course of construction, you know what riveting means so far as noise is concerned. The march finished, all Sousa needed to complete its effectiveness was some sort of a contrivance that would make a noise like a riveter. Naturally, the man to operate such a machine would be the trap drummer.

Sousa took his new march to the Hippodrome to have it played by a big band at a benefit for a war fund. The band was eager to play it, but the leader admitted he was stumped by the demand for the riveting "effect."

"Our drummers are not trap drummers," he said. "They play drums only." "That's all right," replied the March King. "I'll see Jimmy." Sousa asked that James I. Lent, the tall, thin, sorrowful looking man who makes the noise for the Hippodrome orchestra, be summoned. Jimmy came and Jimmy listened.

"That's easy," he said. "I'll fix up an effect."

Jimmy did, and thus the trap drummer's riveter came into being. "It just took a little thought," said Jimmy. "I got an electric motor, put a little wheel on it and attached a piece of iron to the wheel. Then I got a piece of sheet iron for the other piece to hit. After that I just turned on the juice and the riveting began in great shape. That riveter I call Trap No. 76, because I was using just seventy-five before Mr. Sousa called for it. It will have to be used wherever 'The Volunteers' is played or the punch of the march will be lost."

Jimmy says he doesn't intend to patent his riveter, because he doesn't believe one musical composition can create a big enough demand for it. And then, any trap drummer with the requisite amount of common sense can make one out of his motor boat "effect."

"I'm going to keep the riveter with me in the orchestra pit all the time," he said. "I may be able to find some other place to use that hammering effect; if I do, the contrivance will be worth a lot more as a convenience."

"How many of your seventy-six traps do you use during a performance of 'Cheer Up?'" was asked.

"Pretty much all of 'em," he replied. "During the two and a half hours that the show is on I guess I'm the busiest man in the building. Now and then I use as many as three or four 'effects' at the same time, but usually I don't have to bunch 'em like that. After a show I go home and rest. Two performances a day give me all the exercise I need."

Jimmy's job is one that cannot be slighted for a moment. He must be alert of eye and quick of movement all the time or some scene may miss attaining the utmost in effectiveness. Bluch, the clown, appears on the stage. He attempts to walk a "tight rope" laid out on the floor. He trips; he falls and "boom!" goes the bass drum. The audience

laughs, believing the clown alone is responsible for the fun. The clown has done his share, all right, but Jimmy has put the frosting on the cake.

An engine appears and moves across the stage. Immediately Jimmy becomes exceedingly active. A bell rings, sandpapers grind and a whistle blows. The scene is effective and the audience is thrilled. "Isn't that natural?" whispers the lady in the second row to her escort. And there is applause, but not for Jimmy. He is entirely overlooked, but he doesn't mind. The applause is his reward, even though it is directed over his head at the stage.

The acrobatic bicyclist sits on his wheel on a raised platform. He is balancing himself, preparing to leap, wheel and all, to a teeter-totter affair that will toss another rider a somersault in the air. His slight nod gives Jimmy the signal and the snare drum begins to "roll." Gradually the volume of the sound increases, and when it is loudest the leap is made. A "boom" from the big drum follows and the performers rush down stage to receive the plaudits of the audience. Jimmy looks at the small boy in the fourth row and marvels at the interest the youngster shows. Already the trap drummer has forgotten the stunt and is waiting to send forth a ripping sound when the bulldog grabs the trousers of one of the clowns. It is all mechanical with him.

It doesn't make any difference what sort of an "effect" is desired, Jimmy has it. Does the prima donna want the gentle breeze to sigh in the branches of the peach trees while she renders her love ditty? Very good! The breeze will sigh, Jimmy has several kinds of sighs for it to use. The little lady merely has to indicate her favorite brand of sigh and the wind acts accordingly.

Frequently Jimmy is a "life saver" for some certain stunt. The comedian, for instance, may show up at the theatre with a heavy cold. He is supposed to laugh loudly at some certain point in his act, but his vocal cords are on a strike. Does he worry? Not at all. He explains the situation to Jimmy before the performance begins, and at the proper moment Jimmy furnishes the laugh with an instrument that gives forth such merriment. The comedian merely opens his mouth and holds his sides. Five minutes later Jimmy may be assisting a pantomimist in a chicken-catching imitation. His part is to furnish the chick's "cheep-cheep." And so it goes.

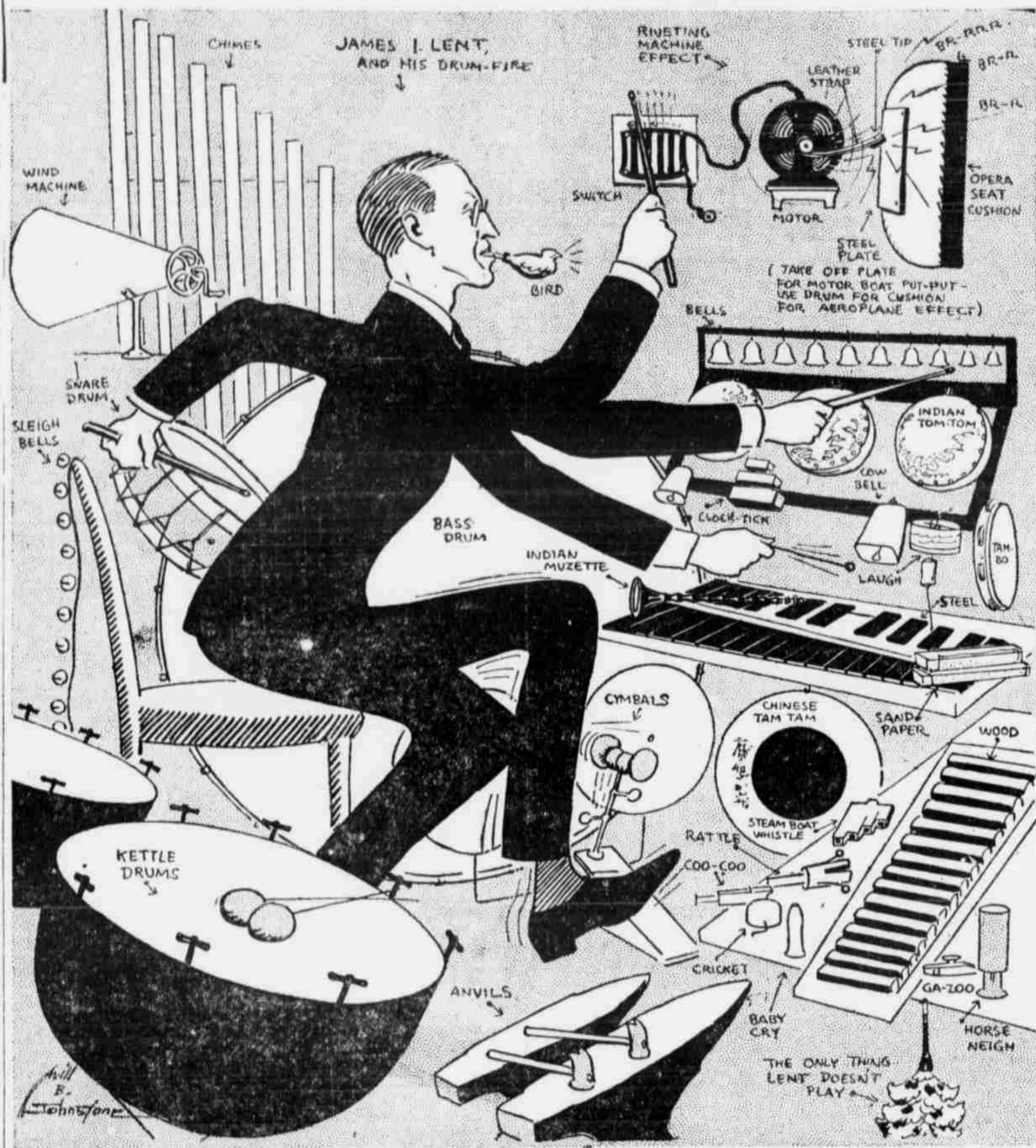
I visited Jimmy during a rehearsal recently and took a look at his collection of instruments. Among them I found a bass drum, a snare drum, cymbals, a xylophone, sleigh bells, a dog-bark, a rooster-crow, a hen-cackle, three tambourines, a baby-cry, a cloth-ripper, a clatter, an engine bell, an engine whistle, a steamboat whistle, an auto horn, a man-laugh, several bird calls, sandpapers, tom-toms, a motor-boat exhaust, an aeroplane exhaust, a lion-roar, a cow-moo, two revolvers, a triangle and numerous other noise-making devices. The riveter he had at his home for further experimentation.

"How did you happen to take up this line of work?" Jimmy was asked. "I wanted to be a musician," he replied. "I tried the trombone, but I couldn't see where it was necessary,

The Evening World Daily Magazine

Jimmy Lent, Busiest Trap Drummer, In Action

ON THE JOB HE'S A WHOLE SHOW IN HIMSELF AT THE HIPPODROME, WHERE HE PLAYS SEVENTY-SIX PARTS, FROM A DOOR BELL TO A RIVETING MACHINE.



Why You Should Buy Another Bond

When Columbus Realized That He Had Discovered America, He Also Realized That 3,000 Miles of Water Is Some Stretch—But You Can Stretch It Further—Each Liberty Bond You Buy Adds Another Yard to the Width of the Atlantic, Keeps Iron Hats Out of the Subway and Hinges Out of Your Neck—Read On—

By Arthur ("Bugs") Baer

AFTER Christopher Columbus had assured Isabella that he wouldn't lose the pawtucket on her alarm clock, beer bottle opener, cork-screw and other articles of queenly jewelry, he took his foot in his hand and aimed his ears for America. In between games of pinocchia, Christopher would take a look at the ocean, and he certainly got an eyeful. His old waterwheels flatwheeled on and on, but they never seemed to get any further than a one-eyed Republican armadillo galloping in a revolving door during a Democratic Administration. After touring for about two months, Christopher realized that he was sure sailing around in some big spoonful. All that he discovered in the first few months were that three aces beat two pair and that the Atlantic Ocean is some leak.

Just when Christopher had about decided that the other guys were right and that the world was flatter than a stale beer, one of his sailors took his face out of his dish of goulash long enough to lamp a queer object floating in the water. Old Christopher ankles up and risks one eye on the curiosity. He saw that it was a sea-going ukulele which had escaped from a Bronx jazz band and was seeking some quiet boiler factory to rest up in. So he figured that he must be near Asia and his

happy sailors sang a lot of happy sailor songs, but it was a stag affair, so it didn't make any difference. While Chris was practicing his best Mongolian expression his boat stubbed its nose on some other object, and when Christopher investigated he discovered that it was a ballot box stuffed with votes for a Mayorality candidate opposed to Tammany. So he cancelled the Asia theory and realized that at last he had discovered America.

He had sailed so far and so long that his boats got round-shouldered. It was 3,000 miles as the Old Crow flies.

Right then, Columbus put himself on record as saying that those 3,000 miles of water rendered America practically invulnerable to invasion from European vandals. And he wasn't talking up any rain-spout either.

That 3,000 miles of water is some stretch. But you can stretch it further. Each Liberty Bond you buy adds another yard to the width of the Atlantic. Make the Atlantic wider. Buy another bond.

Isn't the subway crowded enough with our elbows and ears and things?

Do you want the subway more overcrowded with iron hats and funny looking mustaches like hat racks? Nope. You said it. Buy another bond.

Do you want to get bunions on your nose from scraping it on the turf every time one of the Kaiser's sons flatfoots by? If you don't want to, buy another bond.

Do you want to get hinges in your neck from bow-towing to high imperial officers? If you don't want hinges in your neck—Buy another bond.

If Air Raiders Came to N. Y. How Paris and London Are Warned; What They Do

Telegraph and Whistles Tell of Raiders' Approach in London—Fire Apparatus, With Sirens Shrieking, Warns Paris—All Lights Go Out and Shelters Are Sought Until "All Clear" Signal Sounds.

By Robert Welles Ritchie

AGAIN comes the threat from Berlin that the Germans intend carrying the war to New York by dropping tons of explosives upon the city from aeroplanes. The Vossische Zeitung is quoted from The Hague to the effect that special submarines are being constructed to carry aeroplanes to some point in the Atlantic off New York, whence the assembled machines can be launched on an air raid over this port.

Rear Admirals Fiske and Peary and officials of the Aero Club of America prophesied through The Evening World in December last that such a raid would be undertaken by the Germans in certain contingencies, and outlined as the methods whereby the enemy would transport his air machines within striking distance just those which The Hague despatch conveys.

London and Paris have suffered this peculiar form of "frightfulness" for nearly four years now. These cities, through bitter experience, measured in the toll of women and children slaughtered, have learned how to protect themselves against the slinking hawks of the night—to protect themselves as best they may, for there is no absolute immunity against the air raider. By these protective measures, both military and civil, the damage and loss of life have been greatly lessened.

How do London and Paris act in an air raid? What have become the instinctive impulses of protection with their people?

First, let it be said that both cities enjoy an advantage which New York would not have—they are inland towns and approaching raiders have to fly across thickly populated districts before they actually are over the capitals. The Channel coast of England and the territory to the north, west and east of Paris are thickly sown with scouts whose trained ears are strained every night for the warning whirr of propeller blades that even German ingenuity has not been able to eradicate.

The telegraph carries instant warning of the approach of hostile aircraft to the headquarters of the aero defense forces of both Paris and London. This gives a leeway of from fifteen minutes to half an hour for the civil officers of both cities to warn inhabitants of approaching danger.

In London the instant the warning of an air raid comes over the wires the danger signal is given by the blowing of specified whistles all over the great city. This chorus of steam whistles is reinforced by the police whistles of every constable on duty. There is not an obscure suburb or mean street in the East End that does not know the night flyers are coming with their bombs.

In Paris the warning, or "Alerte," is sounded by special automobiles of the fire department possessing warning sirens. These dash from their stations, cover a specified beat and return as soon as possible. Their raucous cries fill the night. Every one is warned.

The whistles in London and the siren shriek in Paris are not only a warning but a command in both cities. They mean "Lights out!" This is absolutely imperative, and one falling to douse the lights in his home

upon hearing the warning is subject to prosecution.

New York is a veritable diadem of brilliance in comparison with the normal night condition in both cities across the water. In London every street lamp has the upper hemisphere of its globe blotted out with paint so no ray may escape upward. Paris is dark as the grave after sundown.

After putting out lights the Londoner or Parisian knows by experience, as well as official fiat, his next duty is to seek the cellar; if he is on the street, to get to the first shelter available. Many of the deaths in London have been due to failure to obey this rule; the Englishman has persisted in considering the air raid a "show" not to be missed.

In Paris the visitor sees over each entrance to the Metropolitan underground the sign, "Abri," which means shelter. Every one who is caught on the streets by the signal of approaching raiders is supposed to make for the nearest Metro entrance and remain underground until the "All clear" signal is given. Where there is no subway station available the authorities have designated certain cellars of semi-public buildings as havens of refuge.

In London and Paris all cafes and restaurants have cleared out their cellars for temporary occupancy by guests who happen to be caught dining by the German flying men. Theatre audiences have schooled themselves to sit tight rather than flood the street when falling bits of shrapnel may be spraying it. Hotel guests are instructed to leave their rooms and assemble on the ground floor, however unconventional may be their attire.

Ambulance centres in both cities are alive with the first raid warning and ready to rush special corps of physicians and nurses to every place where falling bombs have killed and maimed.

The Reason "Why" Scientific Facts Applying to Questions You Should Be Able to Answer

Why Does an Explosion Break Windows at a Distance?

AN explosion is a sudden expansion of a substance like gunpowder or some elastic fluid or other substance that has the power to explode under conditions with force, and usually a loud report. When an explosion occurs the air and everything surrounding the thing that explodes is violently disturbed. The air is thrown back in waves, which are powerful in the exact proportion in which the explosion is powerful.

The explosion acts in all directions at once with equal force. A great hole may be torn in the earth beneath the explosion. If there is anything over the explosion, that is blown away unless its power of resistance is sufficient to withstand the power of the explosion. Then, also, the air surrounding on all sides is forced back against things in its path. Very often this air which is suddenly forced back by the power of the explosion is thrown against houses at a distance. These houses may be so strongly built as to be able to withstand the effect of the explosion, but still certain parts of them, such as the windows and the bricks of the chimney, may not be able to withstand this sudden pressure of air

Why Do the Eyes in Some Pictures Seem to Follow Us?

If a person's picture is taken with the eyes of the person looking directly into the lens or opening of the camera, then the eyes in the picture will always be directly on and appear to follow whoever is looking at it. This is also true of paintings. If a subject being painted is posed so as to look directly at the painter, and the artist paints the picture with the eyes so pointed, then the eyes of the picture will follow you. When you are looking at a picture of a person and the eyes do not follow you, you will know at once that he was not looking at the camera or artist when the picture was being taken or painted.