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Emmy Temianka Correspondence; (Stackpole)

Ralph Stackpole

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Description
This collection contains material pertaining to the life, career, and activities of Henri Temianka, violin virtuoso, conductor, music teacher, and author. Materials include correspondence, concert programs and flyers, music scores, photographs, and books.
Out lineages and where we live, why are we here? We don't know accident. Hake, once we came to visit Giridire water. Her girls, Giridire viewed called Giridire Ta-Ta and we Tow-Bon. We were so scattered we thought ancient would be a better place to live than Normandy.

I came again, bought a house, a rented a garden. John went in to the conservatory at eleven. I planted some rose and wood, and move them months and months went by. John gathered up a pocket full of rose's prey. Could bear, for shore and piano in music, he cleansed and a year ago last fully spent to NY. They he did all kinds of work, public small pupils, 850K exchange, chamber with national training orchestra. Berwyn will. Then this March.

Dear Emmy — Your family portrait is planned on a studio location. I will all be damned. Where a swell surprise.

R — Doct. They look well and happy.

Healy was a great occasion. And you will be.

Will you keep your plant and warn what?

Many compliments to you, Angora, and you will be.

Chauriat

Dec. 29, 1951

Dwayne
They were having auditions for a new band in Dallas, Texas. I tried out and got the job. Walter Henry, the conductor, a fellow from Texas, says he likes it and is an engineer. He told me he was an engineer. His name was Henri. He says they studied together in Europe and America. I also heard that Porgy and Bess will probably be
premiered there in February and I was thrilled. It will probably be
good play. I've been told there are no more people in music near a way of getting you to talk about them and their activities so I know what I want to talk you about. The country where I live.

A chain of black domes surrounded the region; they are extinct volcanoes. They were long ago, and red hot sandstone and lava, before the Indians were, they didn't know what year that was either. Russia, on the slopes and valleys, some of which were called 'cliffs.' They knew something about the Gauls. Who were here when the Romans came, and wanted the country. The local boys gave their boys Julius Caesar a hard time but he was away in Rome. When we finally took over the Romans, Gauls around for 300 centuries. Then the tribes from the
north, liked, and wanted the place and they got it, and things went topsy-turvy about the 9th and 10th century. With the ideas. The new religion brought and put over to all west better and by 1750 or 1800 music and painting and poetry was flourishing. An era, almost every high place, there was a castle, romantic, towering, some in ruins, some beyond repair and some owned by some one that cannot get a good help, and they are more thickly, sometimes I look at a chateau and wonder where would that be a

Triumph she comes, Gauls, Gauls, Roman, Barbarian? perhaps or all of them, any way, too many people have been here way before you were born and these emigrated practically none. Then Quinet went to the U.S., and married an American.

Good luck, Enny. I hope you enjoy your new city. Guess the dinner will be open the 4th, and hope you'll remember to your parents to. D. and
Dear Emmy—

Your family portrait is pinned on a Walnut column in our kitchen. We look into your eyes, we smile inside, we’re in the rays of your “best greetings”

Dialogue

R.-Well I’ll be damned! What a swell surprise.
G.-Don’t they look well and happy.
R.-What a fine boy, he looks pretty sweet.
G.-Danny must be 8 now or almost.
R.-Emmy as lovely as ever.
G.-Henri was a smart cookie to get a girl like Emmy.
R.-Dacord; look at him, happy, confident.
G.-That dog is no back alley dog either.
R.-Well, (both, both stop talking to look) well let the new year start, and from what Emmy writes it starts wonderfully for them

Out line of us and where we live, why we are here? We don’t know, accident, fluke, once we came to visit Ginette’s sister, her girls, Ginettes nieces called Ginette Ta-Ta and me Ton-Ton, we were so flattered we thought Auvergne would be a better place to live than Normandie. We came again, bought a house, started a garden. John went in to the national conservatory at Clermont. I started some stone & wood, and months and months and months went by. John gathered up a pocket full of 1st prix’s. Prix d’excellences, for oboe & Piano in music de chambre and a year ago last July went to N.Y. There he did all kinds of work. public school, pupils, stock exchange, rehearsed with National Training orchestra. Barzen, chief. There this October
Over

Went back to training orchestra. heard they were having auditions for 2 oboe in Dallas, Texas. tried out and got the job. Walter Hendl is conductor. a letter from John this morning says he likes it There, Peter Bornstein, violin, knows Henri, says they studied [[strikethrough]] together [[/strikethrough]] in Europe together. John also said the Paganini Quartette would play there in Feb. if so Henri will probably see John. Ive been sidetracked, as you may know these people in music have a way of getting you to talk about them and their activities, so here’s what I want to tell you about the country where we live.

A chain of black domes surround the region. they are extinct volcanoes. they were spouting ashes and red hot sinders and lava before the Alps were made, and they don’t know what year that was either. Since, on the slopes and valleys waves of people have lived & died. They know something about the Gaulois who were here when the Romans came, [[^]] 53 AD [[/^]], liked, and wanted the country. The local boys gave their boy Julius Caesar a hard time but he was smart in more ways than one and [[strikethrough]] finally [[/strikethrough]] finally took over The Romans stuck around for 3 or 4 centuries Then the tribes from the north, liked and wanted the place and they got it and things went to pots, about the 9 and 10 century with the ideas the new religion brought and put over too all went better and by 1400 & 1500 music and painting and poetry and architecture was flourishing. On every, almost every high place there is a castle, romantic, sinister, some in ruins, some beyond repair, and some owned by some one that cannot get or afford help and they are more than lonely. Sometimes I look at Ginette and wonder from what race or tribes she comes. Gaulois, Gaulois-Roman, Barbarian? perhaps or all of them, any way here people have been here way before any records, few have emigrated, practically none. then Ginette went to the U.S. and married an Americano.

Good luck Emmy. We hope that when your new baby arrives she or he will like this cock eyed world. We hope too the canal will be open. We both send love to you & Henri also remember [[^]] us [[/^]] to your parents & to Rose.

Ralph.