

Charles Galloway.

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:

MOST people, even those who go to Morgan recitals, do not know one stop from another. The diapasons, the dulciana, cremona and vox humana are Greek to them. Whether sound issues from the pipes or whether the tall gilded cylinders are for appearance is one of the mysteries. But fortunately for the rank and file we do not need to know the console from the register to be lured from the workaday world by a pastoral or rested from cares by the quiet measures of a nocturne. A few can learn the technicalities and, hiding them behind mastery, present the charming front of skillful beauty. Charles Galloway was a leader of St. Louis' few. He was born here. Before he was 10 he was playing the organ in a neighborhood church and as a young man performed from the bench of Parisian masters. His might easily have been a career elsewhere, but he came home to do his life's work—to be the World's Fair organist, to begin his long association at St. Peter's, to direct nearly 30 years of St. Louis' choral singing. His chief work? The public will say his Sunday afternoon recitals at Washington University. For it will be a long time before musical St. Louis forgets the modest man who sat at the keyboard in Graham chapel, giving freely of the richness of the masters, while winter dusks darkened into winter nights.

MUSIC LOVER.