



INTERNATIONAL

TROMBONE

THE QUARTERLY
PUBLICATION OF THE ITA

ASSOCIATION
JOURNAL

FREE

Radegundis
CD Inside

**Edward
Kleinhammer**
A Life and Legacy
Remembered

—Page 24



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On the cover – Edward Kleinhammer, courtesy of the Rosenthal Archives, Chicago Symphony Orchestra

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Editor's Note: The Orchestral Sectional column is on hiatus for this issue. It will return in the July issue.



Remembering Radegundis – Page 18



Ed Kleinhammer

A LIFE AND LEGACY REMEMBERED

by Douglas Yeo

They called him “Moose.” He stood over six feet tall, fit and trim, with the rugged look of the outdoorsman he was. His voice was high pitched when he got agitated, talking in short, breathless phrases about a musical idea or something he loved. And when he got quiet for a moment and started a sentence with, “Hey, look . . .” you learned to pay attention because you knew something important was coming. Something that might just change your life.

He was a private, quiet man who carried a very big stick—a bass trombone by Conn, Holton, Bach or, later, Schilke. Yet he didn’t give recitals; he never recorded a solo album. He was never on the faculty of a famous music school yet he gave thousands of lessons to players from around the world. There was nothing flashy or ostentatious about the man; his favorite sport was the one that requires stillness and quiet in order to succeed: golf. He knew both the bite of searing personal pain and the inexpressible joy of what he referred to as “a keyhole peek into heaven” when a note, a phrase, a piece, or a concert came together just as he thought it should. Every Sunday he went to church; every day he got on his knees and prayed to God. What he achieved with a trombone in his hands was a product of discipline and hard work.

He once said, “World-class trombone players do not just happen. Their talents are forged in the dual furnaces of determination and diligence.” Like Siegfried remaking the blade of his sword, he deliberately honed his craft in his furnace—a small room in the Fine Arts Building on Chicago’s Michigan Avenue that had two chairs, a music stand, a small table, a pile of music, a sink, and a photo of his dog on the wall. And every day, Edward Kleinhammer vowed he would get better than the day before.

To those of us who knew him for some of the 94 years he took breath here on earth, it is unsettling to think that the man who quietly but firmly shaped us is no longer just a phone call away. All of us who had a lesson with Ed Kleinhammer, who played in the Chicago Symphony with him, or who broke bread with him around a table—and even those who never met him in person but who were inspired by his consummate musicianship as a “team player” in one of the greatest orchestral brass sections in the world—feel the loss of his presence. Yet, ironically, this article would unsettle *him*, for the last thing in the world Edward Kleinhammer ever wanted was to be praised as an individual. He did his work in community, in the back row of a symphony orchestra, the last chair trombonist who once told a student who was wowed

by his playing in Richard Strauss' *Eine Alpensinfonie*, "Hey, look . . . if you heard me, I was a failure. You shouldn't have heard a trombone player. You should have heard a great orchestra."

But Edward Kleinhammer's death on Saturday, November 30, 2013—his passing from this world to the next came quietly while taking a nap in his favorite chair—means he can no longer protest when we gratefully talk of his importance as an artist, teacher, mentor, and friend. While his memory will be kept alive by the hundreds of trombonists who, when they are teaching, begin a sentence by saying, "As Mr. Kleinhammer used to say . . ." it is fitting to pause for a moment and recall what it was about this man that meant so much to so many of us.

The essential facts about Edward Kleinhammer's early years are well known: he was born in Chicago on August 31, 1919, and took to the violin before switching to trombone in junior high school. He attended Carter Harrison Technical High School on the south side of Chicago where he began playing bass trombone and played in the band program led by John Barabash. In 1938 he joined the Chicago Civic Orchestra and in 1940, was selected to play in the All-American Youth Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski. He joined the Chicago Symphony in fall 1940, a career that lasted until his retirement in 1985.

Yet we need to look more deeply to understand the story behind this story. Throughout the nearly 40 years since my first lesson with Edward Kleinhammer we maintained a close relationship. We shared many special times together, both in Chicago and Hayward, Wisconsin, we spoke on the phone regularly, and I saved the hundreds of letters and emails he wrote to me. As I have been reflecting on all of this in recent weeks, I have been impressed by several dominant themes in Edward Kleinhammer's time among us that informed his person and his playing. Anyone whose life intersected with his will recognize them instantly. Here is a snapshot of Edward Kleinhammer as I remember him, and in his own words.

DISCIPLINE

Those who knew Ed Kleinhammer attest to the fact that he was always on stage at least an hour before every concert, warming up. From the audience one could hardly hear him, but this regular ritual—getting to the Hall early, getting dressed, being on stage before the audience arrived—was a disciplined extension of the practicing he had done earlier in the day. In a letter dated December 15, 1988, he wrote, "Have been playing (and studying) a bit more. As I look back I feel that I spent too much time teaching because now I know more about the tongue and breath control." Too much time teaching? By this he was saying he wished he had spent even more time working and thinking about playing, and understanding better the concepts he would bring to his artistry each day. To Edward Kleinhammer there was never enough time spent learning the nuances of playing. After a concert, he often headed not straight home, but back to his practice studio.

It was within a disciplined life that Ed Kleinhammer approached everything he did. He often told this story, as when he closed a letter of December 9, 1986, "One time, after a recital played by Fritz Kreisler, a well wisher said to him, 'I would give

my life to play as you do.' Kreisler said quietly to the person, 'I have.'" The story was told by one who knew the cost of aspiring to excellence.

Ed Kleinhammer provided a window into his self-critical and disciplined approach to playing in a letter on February 14, 1994, "Most of the time when I put my axe in the case after a concert or recording, I had in mind what tomorrow's practice session will include. I can think of only a few times when things went well and as I wanted them to sound. And I was very fortunate—I sat next to Mr. [Arnold] Jacobs, three seats from Bud Herseth and behind Phil Farkas or [Dale] Clevenger—and surrounded by a host of fine players—laziness was not in the dictionary."

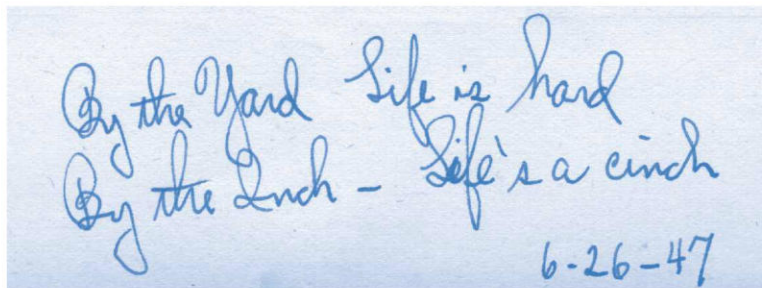
Edward Kleinhammer's first trombone method book was the *Hampe Method*, written by Carl Hampe, principal trombonist of the Boston Symphony in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Kleinhammer's annotations in his copy of Hampe's *Method* are instructive as we seek to understand the disciplined

work ethic that made him tick. On page three, he wrote this aphorism and dated it June 26, 1947, "By the Yard—Life is hard. By the Inch—Life's a cinch." Consider the context. Ed Kleinhammer had, by that time, been in the Chicago Symphony for seven years. Yet he

wrote this note to himself in a place where only he would see it, a reminder that slow and steady wins the race and one should not attempt too much too quickly. This philosophy was a guiding principle through his long career.

After his last concert with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra on June 15, 1985, Edward Kleinhammer tossed his tailcoat, white tie, and cummerbund in a trash can at Orchestra Hall and put the trombone down. For 500 days. Not 499 or 501. For 500 days a mouthpiece did not touch his lips. But after 500 days of enjoying many other things that life had to offer, he picked up the trombone again. It was time to get back to work, back to doing something he loved. On December 9, 1986, he wrote, "Last week I got my axe out and played for about an hour for three days in row. Now, I do not plan to make this a habit, but, after only 20 minutes of playing in 500 days, it came back amazingly. I was so surprised and it felt like the horn had been in my hands each day since June 15, 1985. Good sound, good range—not much technique!" He continued to play the trombone for several years, mostly for his own enjoyment and in public only to play a solo in church.

On March 20, 1989, he wrote, "Played *The Holy City* at two church services yesterday. This is really quite a haul after a four bar rest after the first statement. The first performance was quite controlled and I expected the second one to be even better. But I felt the chops giving out nearing the climactic ending and then a bit of 'performance anxiety' set in as I played the best I could and even took the last 'F' fermata an octave lower. By this time I was playing the way one should not. No big deal, except for me. And in the end—a spontaneous applause! Big surprise." And then, this, to close the letter, "So my best to you and your family and your colleagues to whom I would appreciate your giving my regards. And now I have to get the embouchure to operate freely from its evil counterparts, and send up only the amount of air for the pitch and volume—so that I will not develop a hernia in my old age!! I should be practicing what I preach!"



WHEATON COLLEGE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC
Repertory Record

NAME Douglas Yeo
ADDRESS _____
CLASS 2 INSTRUMENT Trombone
QUARTER BEGINNING Jan 1975
TEACHER Mr. Edward Kleinhammer

Teacher will list here the progress made in the following:

a. Scales and technique **EXCELLENT**

b. Studies **EXCELLENT**

1. This record is a memorandum of the student's progress during the period indicated.
2. It must be presented at the examination at the end of each quarter in order to check progress with his work without conditions.
3. If lost, a duplicate copy may be obtained for twenty-five cents.

DEGREE: BM MAJOR Trombone CONC. _____
PRACTICE HOURS DAILY _____ NO. OF LESSONS PER WEEK _____ CREDIT HOURS 6

COMPOSER	TITLE	Memorized	Played in Recital	Jury
J.S. BACH	CELLO SUITES			
TYRELL	STUDIES			
FINK	STUDIES			
WILLIAMS	CONCERTO			
FUNDAMENTALS				

REPORT OF JURY: Passed to next quarter's work.
Conditions: _____

HIGH STANDARDS

There are many words and catch phrases that, when heard, instantly remind those who studied with him of Edward Kleinhammer. Yawn. Don't cough. No football shaped notes. Warm air. Make notes like bricks. Uniform attacks. Use 'NO' tongue. It's time to turn on the tape recorder. But none of them was so emblematic of him as the phrase, "a keyhole peek into heaven." This was his way of saying he had experienced something that was just right, just the way he hoped, planned and prayed it could be. Such a moment was the culmination of and reward for implementation of his high standards. He experienced this on numerous occasions—usually only with a phrase or a short moment in a concert, or while listening to a radio broadcast. But one time it came together for an entire concert. On October 14, 1958, the Chicago Symphony played a concert in Boston's Symphony Hall led by Fritz Reiner; the program consisted of *Corsair Overture* of Hector Berlioz, *Symphony No. 3* of Johannes Brahms and *Ein Heldenleben* of Richard Strauss. Ed often told the story of how everything just seemed to go right that night, as he related in an email on January 13, 2003, "I went to the hall early in the morning and went into a storage room in the basement and put in a very serious session, and in the evening was the best concert of my life. Everything clicked, the orchestra was in the Hands of the Lord, everything was close to perfect and as the concert ended, Reiner came off stage between me and Mr. Jacobs and said 'I have waited my whole life for this night.' I told him, 'Yes, we all just had a keyhole peek into heaven!'"

Many years after that concert—June 29, 1985—he spoke of this again, having been retired from the Chicago Symphony for only a few days, "After two weeks of retirement the verdict is that it is great. Golf, vacation planning, and I am building a cedar closet at home. Of course I still love music and get 'keyhole peeks' into heaven as I listen. This is what it is all about as you know." Over and over he returned to this theme, as on March 30, 1990, when he wrote, "Last night just before bedtime I had a 'keyhole peek' into what heaven must be like. I heard the Boston Symphony concert—the Mendelssohn Symphony, 'Reformation.' Today dawned grey and rainy but last night's experience is still with me."

FUNDAMENTALS

On my Wheaton College jury sheet from March 1975, Edward Kleinhammer filled in the things we had been working on in lessons during the previous quarter. The list would look familiar to any bass trombonist who had studied with him regularly; it included the Bach Cello Suites, Etudes by Tyrell and Fink and the Vaughan Williams Tuba Concerto. But after this list of standard works, printed firmly in half-inch high capital letters was a single word: FUNDAMENTALS.

The study of the fundamental aspects of playing—tone production, dynamic range, intonation, rhythmic pulse, articulation, legato, breath control—was at the heart of Ed Kleinhammer's pedagogy. He considered them to be the building blocks of artistry and musicianship. Many students have noted that his ear was tuned to hear the smallest deviation in steady tone production and even a minuscule lapse of intonation. His whole musical approach was referenced by his role in the low brass section. He did not think like a soloist. He was a section player, and his teaching and playing reflected that single-minded purpose.

Of all of Edward Kleinhammer's "pet peeves" about music making, it was the concept of rhythmic pulse that got him wound up the most. He attributed this to his high school band director, John Barabash. On February 27, 2002, he wrote in an email, "John Barabash was not only a fine musician, but also a person of discipline. He demanded and got respect from the players. And he taught, among other things, rhythmic interpretation. His performances always sounded youthful, and alive through this factor. To him I attribute, along with a fine sound, the successes of my career. With him, there was no such thing as a 'parade of notes' and everything was in fine taste without being overdone."

Edward Kleinhammer often turned to the misapplication of rhythmic pulse in the *Symphony No. 2* of Tchaikovsky. He had recorded this piece with Claudio Abbado and the Chicago Symphony and there was something about it that he did not like at all. Seeing his own handwriting helps tell the story, from a letter of June 9, 1996:

Also next time you listen to his Tchaikovsky #2, dig the Allegro after the introduction of the 1st movement. It sounds $\frac{3}{4}$ | ♩ ♩ ♩ | instead of ♩ ♩ ♩ the unwritten law of rhythmic interpretation, and it bothers me throughout the whole movement—don't know where the ball is.

Kleinhammer also felt that rhythmic pulse was an important but often missing element in players who were taking auditions. On March 30, 1990, he wrote, "In all my listening and participating in CSO auditions, the presence of subtle rhythmic treatments in playing is the difference. Had lunch between sessions with colleagues also on the audition committee and they felt that there were terrific players emerging, but that some were too careful in their auditions and consequently sacrificed the buildups, the reaching toward a certain note or notes, and that left them out of the 'excitement' aspect. Sometimes the listener does not know what it is, but it is stimulated by the interpretation. Makes interest and fun for the performer as well as the listener."

When a player *did* play with this kind of intangible musical expression, Ed Kleinhammer had nothing but the highest praise. He spoke of the audition of Philip Smith, who played trumpet in the Chicago Symphony before leaving to become principal trumpet with the New York Philharmonic, in an email of April 17, 2002, "I remember so well the audition of Phil Smith. I was on stage with him—he was cool, so was I, and he played for the Lord. He had youth built into everything he played. And he had rhythmic pulse in everything. Many others played too carefully and were out of tune, sounding half asleep, but they were fairly good players, with good jobs."

PERSEVERANCE

It would be a mistake for anyone to think that Ed Kleinhammer's life was one of all sunshine and roses. He had to push through significant challenges in life and had many opportunities to give up as the weight of the world pressed in on him. But he persevered. Born in 1919, he grew up through "The Great Depression." His first wife, Dorothy died in 1973; his second wife, Norma, died in February 1996. Dick Stroebe was studying with Ed when Dorothy died. Dick related that at a lesson shortly after Dorothy's death, "... we played the Mozart *Requiem* back and forth. Again and again. I don't think we talked ten words the whole time." On June 6, 1996, Ed wrote, "I am going to try to get my head screwed on as to my future plans. Am doing O.K.—there was a great deal of arranging to do after Norma left—it is all pretty well settled now—it was a terrible three months for me."

But before the death of two wives whom he dearly loved came the great strain of the years when Fritz Reiner was music director of the Chicago Symphony (1953–1963). Reiner was from a generation of conductors that achieved its musical results through intimidation and generating fear in his players. Many of Ed's colleagues in the Chicago Symphony brass section during those years were fired or demoted by Reiner. Ed told me that after Reiner's death, some members of the CSO went to the cemetery in Connecticut where Reiner was buried and danced on his grave. The human cost of Fritz Reiner's tenure was incalculable. It was during that time that Ed took to going away by himself for a week during the summer break from the orchestra, what colleagues humorously referred to as, "Ed's week with the squaw." Alone in the mountains of Colorado or the woods and lakes of the north country of Wisconsin and Minnesota, he took solace in the peace and quiet that nature afforded him. His love of the outdoors was manna for his soul, as he got ready to push through another season of drama in the orchestra.

ENCOURAGEMENT

Edward Kleinhammer recognized the importance of encouraging others. He was, without question, the most famous and respected bass trombonist of the 20th century. Yet he never wore that on his sleeve. Rather, he used his position to encourage others, whether they were students, colleagues, friends or strangers. He genuinely felt concern and compassion toward others and often managed to find just the right word at just the right time to both lift and challenge one's spirits.

In the spring of 1981, the Chicago Symphony Orchestra was in New York City, giving concerts in Carnegie Hall. At that time I was a high school band director in New Jersey and I went to New York to meet up with Ed along with Eric Carlson and John Engelkes, both of who were also former students of Ed's and both in their first season with the Baltimore Symphony. The three of us



Edward Kleinhammer and Arnold Jacobs, circa 1960.
Photo courtesy Edward Kleinhammer

I had an ideal mate with Ed Kleinhammer. We never had a crossed word in all those years we played together. We didn't even have to talk about a part. It was as if each of us knew what the other would do without saying a word. I could not ask for a nicer partner for all those years, believe me . . . He was there, always early, practiced and prepared his parts, and enjoyed himself.

—**Arnold Jacobs**, Tubist, Chicago Symphony Orchestra (quoted in *Song and Wind* by Brian Frederickson)



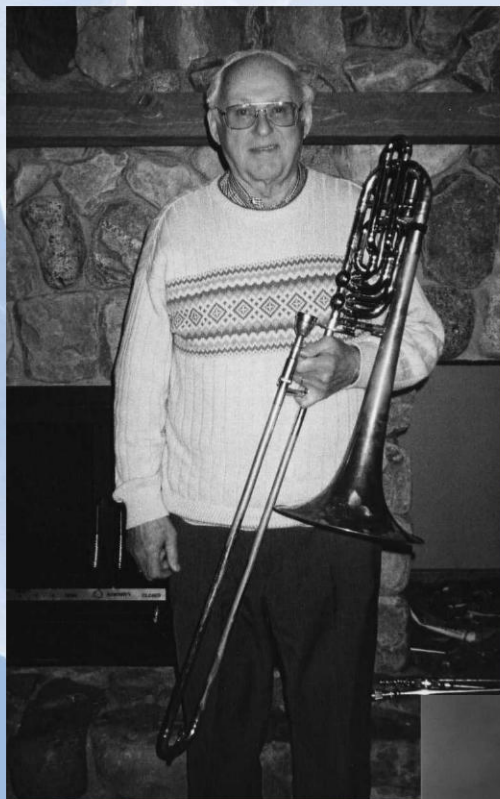
Glenn Dodson, Edward Kleinhammer, Jay Friedman, circa 1966.
Photo courtesy Edward Kleinhammer

I just have this to say about Ed; he was one of the very best people I have ever met in my life.

—**Jay Friedman**, Principal Trombonist, Chicago Symphony Orchestra

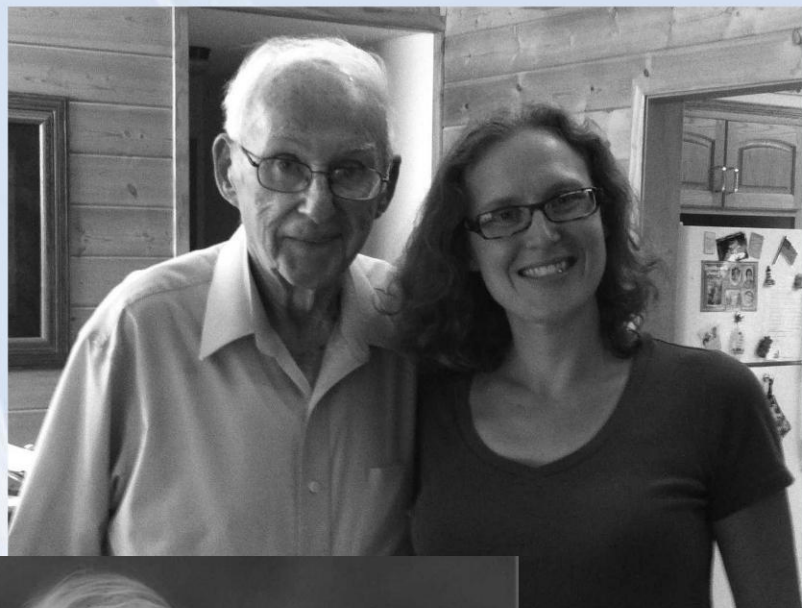
had tickets to hear the Chicago Symphony play Bartok's Concerto for Orchestra and Bruckner's Symphony No. 4. Our meeting was a little bittersweet for me, as Ed reminded me in a letter he wrote on May 21, 1981, in which he congratulated me on winning the Baltimore Symphony bass trombone position after John Engelkes left for the San Francisco Symphony, "When we all met under the marquee at Carnegie Hall you made mention that you were the only one there without an orchestra job. I know how you felt and I felt empathy—now I rejoice in that you too are only just starting what shall be a great career."

**Edward Kleinhammer at home in
Hayward, Wisconsin, circa 2000.
Photo courtesy David Wilson**



**Edward Kleinhammer
on the fairway, 1939.
Photo courtesy Edward
Kleinhammer**

**Below:
Edward Kleinhammer and
Linda Yeo Leonard, August 2013.
Photo by Chad Leonard**



**Edward and Dessie
Kleinhammer, 2007.
Photo courtesy Edward
Kleinhammer**

A few weeks later—June 29, 1985—he wrote to me again, with the perspective of one who had just retired from a long career in one of the great orchestras of the world. He knew that as a new member of the Boston Symphony, I would be experiencing so much of what he had done himself, “I am most proud of you, your professional endeavors, and your Christian life style. Keep at these with tenacity and enthusiasm and you and your family will be rewarded with joys that a millionaire is unable to purchase.”

This kind of ongoing encouragement was typical of Ed Kleinhammer. He frequently wrote or called former students, letting them know that he was listening to concerts of their orchestras, always offering a word of praise. And this came with regularity. For instance, on November 21, 1985, Ed wrote again, with more words of encouragement. But this time, ever the teacher, he also wanted to remind me of a few things, “I listen to many of your [radio] broadcasts and you sound real good, and the partnership with Chester [Schmitz, tuba] is good in sound. Keep playing aggressively and musically. Like Jack Nicklaus says about golf—‘Nobody has yet mastered the game, and perhaps nobody ever will.’ Keep studying yourself and the efficient moving of air. In my opinion everybody has some distance to go in this department. If you don’t send up more than you need for a given volume and tonal range, you will not use your cough muscle in the throat or your tongue to ration out the air. Easier! End of sermon!” The encouragement certainly felt good. But his reminder that I still had a long way to go fed my musical engine every day.

FAITH

When he was 18 years old, Edward Kleinhammer wrote a poem. It is something he would return to throughout his life, as it was a reminder of who he was, who he wanted to be, and how his life was to be ordered. It also proved to be prophetic.

*We know thou art present, O Lord, when we pray.
As we look to Thee for happiness from day to day.
The mystery of life falls much short of prayer,
For only too often the world pours us sorrow which is heavy to bear.*

*We ask for more love for the things that are good,
For inspiration and peace in the things that we should.*

*As we live in this life, wilt thou be our Guide?
We ask thee to ever be at our side.*

*Keep us ever aware of the life that is to come;
That when our earthly tasks may be done
Our souls may rest in eternal peace with thee;
And that others we will have inspired thy heavens to see.*

Ed Kleinhammer came to the Christian faith in his youth while attending a Swedish Lutheran Church in Chicago. His faith was at the center of his life, and this side of him tells us a great deal. While he had success early in life—winning his position with the Chicago Symphony when he was but 20 years old—Ed’s poem looked ahead to what he knew was coming, “sorrow which is heavy to bear.” As mentioned earlier, the death of his wives Dorothy and Norma weighed heavily on him, as did the stress of the Reiner years. There was also the strain of the daily routine of orchestra life and management of the many strong individual personalities that were in his orchestral orbit. He wrote, in an email of May 4, 2004, “I have witnessed several players crack up, with Reiner, enmity and jealousy. The Lord has provided old Ed with his hand of grace.” Ed also depended on God for guidance in the everyday things of life. After he moved to Hayward, his condominium in Barrington, Illinois, remained on the market for several months. He wrote, in a letter on June 13, 1997, “My home has not yet been sold in Barrington. Don’t quite know what to do about that, but I am about to do something. My neighbors have been very nice about keeping things in order there, but desperation is setting into my mind. God will take care of things I am sure. Last Sunday about 20 hands were laid on me in prayer at church and two pastors prayed for me.” His looking to God for “happiness from day to day” centered him on something that was not capricious and changing, and was certainly at the heart of his desire to help others, whether it was teaching lessons to students of all abilities or serving in various ministries in his churches.

It was also at church that Ed met his third wife, Dessie, after moving to Hayward in 1997. Married on March 4, 1999, theirs was a beautiful partnership. When they met, Dessie did not know of Ed’s long career in the Chicago Symphony, or the esteem in which he was held by the worldwide community of trombonists.



For him, musical excellence laid in the pursuit of playing “with effortless effort,” a phrase he borrowed from Eugen Herrigel’s extraordinary little book *Zen in the Art of Archery*, my copy of which he gave me at our second lesson and which still has Arnold Jacobs’ phone number inside the back cover. Mr. Kleinhammer referred to this book at almost every lesson, often retrieving it from his jacket pocket to read aloud from its well-marked pages. To play with effortless effort, no small task, was Ed’s life long pursuit as a trombonist, and one he was equally committed to instilling in his students. He made it very clear that one shouldn’t expect to find this easily, perhaps ever, but that the search was its own reward, and that failing to find it in this world, it would be ours in the next. For those of us who took his teaching to heart, our lives especially are diminished by the passing of this gentle man, but we take comfort in knowing that his was a life well-lived. Bravo, Ed, and thank you.

—Dennis Bubert, Bass Trombonist, Fort Worth Symphony;
Visiting Assistant Professor of Trombone, University of Texas, Arlington

Edward Kleinhammer, circa 1965.
Photo courtesy Edward Kleinhammer

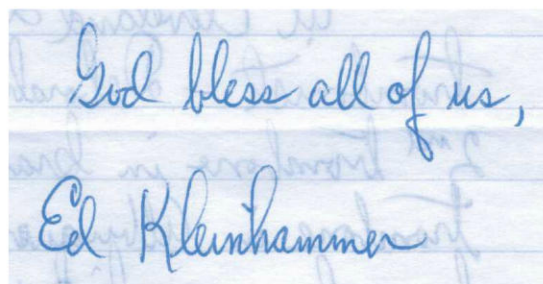
Mark Wilson, pastor of the Hayward Wesleyan Church, told of his first encounter with Ed, “Ed was wearing an apron the first time I met him. He had volunteered to do dishes at a youth group pancake breakfast. When I asked him what he did for a living, he said, ‘Oh . . . I’m a musician.’ I had to pry it out of him.” To Dessie, Ed was a gentle, kindly outdoorsman who loved God. Ed’s humble, serving spirit is what he will be remembered for in Hayward. One member of their church recently remarked, “Dessie and Ed are prime examples that angels do live on earth. We love them so much!” For those who would come to Hayward for a trombone lesson, memories of heading into the kitchen afterward where Dessie had prepared a snack for everyone are unforgettable. As they opened every day together in prayer, Ed and Dessie found ways to serve others. It was at church where, several years ago, Ed took out his trombone for one last time, to play *The Holy City*. Of that moment, Mark Wilson remarked, “The congregation was filled with a holy awe. There was not a dry eye in the place.”

After he retired from the Chicago Symphony, Ed turned to composing. On December 8, 1986, he wrote, “I wrote some music based on a hymn, *Our God Our Help in Ages Past* based on Psalm 90 for full orchestra. Am waiting to see if the Civic Orchestra will run it thru at a reading rehearsal. Then it is either into the fireplace or some changes. The hymn was written by Isaac Watts and threads of it are through most of the musical fabric—ending of course with a glorious brass rendition with flourishes in strings and woodwinds. Since I was a kid I wanted to make beautiful sounds for the Lord.”

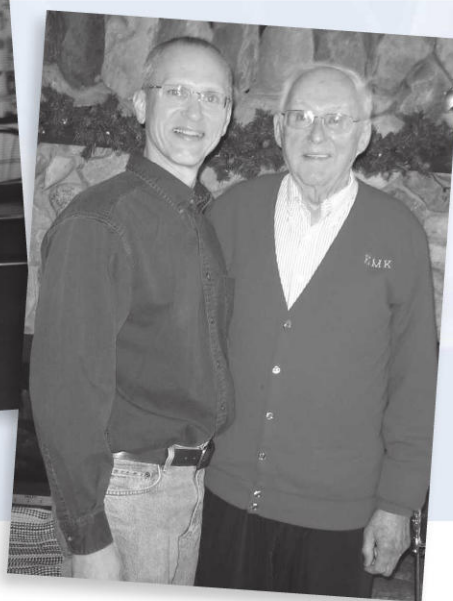
He often would start a letter by quoting his favorite verse from the Bible, Ephesians 3:20: “Now to him who by the power at work within us is able to do far more abundantly than all that we ask or think.” Likewise he would often close letters with a gentle reminder of the importance of balance in life, as he did in a letter on March 13, 1997, “Hope you are doing OK in your busy life. Take care, Doug, that you do not overdo things or burn out. Stay healthy—and happy—Jesus needs you as well as your family. Am headed toward a breakfast for the men of the church.”

On October 17, 1983, Ed wrote about how he hoped he would be remembered. Near the end of his career in the Chicago Symphony, he was already looking ahead to the future, and reflecting how he had conducted his life. He wrote, “That has always been my goal—to serve God through what I do. And I hope some day that I will hear ‘well done’ as a reward. I try to do the best with what I have.”

Indeed, as the multitude of witnesses to his life look back on the life of Edward Kleinhammer, we raise one voice in consent: Well done, friend. We miss him, but are grateful for all he gave us in the 94 years he walked among us. Ed Kleinhammer inspired generations of trombone players to do the best with what they had. May we all do the same with our students and colleagues, and thereby continue the legacy of the man they called “Moose.”



Douglas Yeo is Professor of Trombone at Arizona State University (asutrombonestudio.org). From 1985 to 2012, he was bass trombonist of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. From 1974–1976 he studied with Edward Kleinhammer weekly while a student at Wheaton College, Illinois; together they co-authored, *Mastering the Trombone* (Ensemble Publications).



**Far left: Edward Kleinhammer and Douglas Yeo, Fine Arts Building, Chicago, 1976.
Photo by Patricia Yeo**

**Douglas Yeo and Edward Kleinhammer, 2009.
Photo by Dessie Kleinhammer**

Ed Kleinhammer

A LIFE AND LEGACY REMEMBERED

In 2006, Ed was working on an article about Mahler's Symphony No. 2, "Resurrection," for the International Trombone Association Journal. He made an appointment with me. "Whenever I hear this beautiful masterpiece it feels like Easter, and a little foretaste of heaven," he said, "That's where I need your advice."

"I'm wondering, do you think it would be appropriate to call Easter "a keyhole peek into heaven?"

"That's one of the best definitions of Easter I've ever heard!" I replied, "I can't think of a better way to put it!"

*You will rise, yes, you will rise again,
My dust, after a short rest!
He who called you
Will give you eternal life!*

—Mark Wilson, Pastor, Hayward Wesleyan Church

At my first lesson with Edward Kleinhammer, I was 90 minutes late due to an airline delay and I was nervous as a result. I heard full octave slurs coming from behind the door of his north Michigan Avenue studio that were unreal in their texture and sound quality. He welcomed me in. We played duets to calm me down. At the end, he looked at me and said, "Well, I suppose you want my assessment?" I did . . . "Poor slide, not a real solid dynamic range, not a real solid tonal range. Not pleased with your tonguing. Intonation is inconsistent. You don't sight read very well. Rhythm is iffy. But you know, you demonstrate a musical heart and an expression that are wonderful. We can fix the rest. So . . . are you ready?"

—Dick Strobel, former student of Edward Kleinhammer in the 1960s and '70s

Ed Kleinhammer was never sick, took no medication, never spent the night in a hospital, didn't smoke or drink, loved camping and canoeing and chopped his own firewood. He was a model human of tremendous faith. I have never met anyone with a more inspiring or positive attitude and musical work ethic. Ed was the father of orchestra bass trombone playing and teaching. Thank God for Edward Kleinhammer!

—Charles Vernon, Bass Trombonist, Chicago Symphony Orchestra

I had an hour train ride home after every lesson. During those rides, I formed the habit of writing down everything I could remember from my lesson, so I would be sure to practice properly in the upcoming week. By the time I finished writing, I would usually have a page or two of notes about things I needed to fix. I remember thinking at one point, "With all of these criticisms, how come I always feel so confident after my lessons?" With time, I realized it came down to two things: I always knew that the severe critiques came out of Ed's desire to see me succeed. And, towards the end of every lesson, Ed would find a problem small enough to fix right then and there, so I always finished the lesson feeling like we had solved at least one problem that day.

—Eric Carlson, Second Trombonist, Philadelphia Orchestra

Selected Discography

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George Solti: The Maestro. Four DVD set, recorded 1976–1980. Chicago Symphony video performances including Rossini *La Gazza Ladra Overture* (edition with one trombone and tuba, Edward Kleinhammer and Arnold Jacobs). Also online: www.youtube.com/watch?v=whQQt9S9FzU

Richard Strauss: Suite from *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Fritz Reiner, Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA, recorded 1956.

Anton Bruckner: Symphony 4. Daniel Barenboim, Chicago Symphony Orchestra. DGG, recorded 1972.

Further Reading

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Edward Kleinhammer, *The Art of Trombone Playing*. Summy-Birchard Company, 1962.

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