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HOW TO BE SAFE:
Aerosol Studies and Trombone Performance

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Robin Eubanks

Lifelong Inspiration and Creativity

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ON THE COVER

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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The Story of a TROMBONE

by Mrs. Frank M'Carthy

Commentary by Douglas Yeo

The Story of a Trombone

In 1996, my friend Kauko Kahila (1920–2013, and bass trombonist of the Boston Symphony, 1952–1972)[1] sent me a grainy photocopy of a short story about a trombone. The margin contained a handwritten date, July 1975. I read it quickly, chuckled, and filed it away. In those days before the explosion of the internet, I didn't think to share it with anyone else, and I soon forgot about it. That is, until a few weeks ago when, looking for something else, I found it in my hand. This time I paid more attention. Through my many decades of research about the trombone, I've learned a lot about the trombone's literature. But as I looked more carefully at "The Story of a Trombone" by Mrs. Frank M'Carthy,[2] I realized that it had been written nearly 150 years ago in *1875*, not *1975*, and that got me thinking about the trombone *in* literature.[3]

Like many trombonists, I've been aware of brief mentions of the trombone in fictional literature—plays, short stories, novels, operettas—in the late nineteenth century. For instance, we remember that Nanki-Poo wandered around China, "assuming the disguise of a second trombone," in Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Mikado* (1885),[4] but his trombone was not a central part of the operetta. As the twentieth century dawned, the trombone found its way into more and more literature, mostly as a tangential character. In George Bernard Shaw's play, *Major Barbara* (1905), Barbara, a Salvation Army officer, utters the memorable line, "Many a sinner has played his way into heaven on the trombone, thanks to the Army," and Adolphus Cusins says, of Lady Britomart's husband, "The Prince of Darkness played his trombone like a madman; its brazen roarings were like the laughter of the damned."[5]

Much later the trombone emerged as a central subject of a story or book. Nowhere is this more evident than in children's literature, where by the late twentieth century, the trombone was the frequent subject of both historical and fictional stories. These include *The Great Turkey Creek Monster* (James Flora, 1976), *Tomahawks and Trombones* (Barbara Mitchell, 1982), *This is the Bear and the Scary Night* (Sarah Hayes, 1991), *Miss Violet's Shining Day* (Jane Breskin Zalben, 1995), *Zin! Zin! Zin: a Violin* (Lloyd Moss, 1995), *The Case of the Puzzling Possum* (Cynthia Rylant, 2001), *Woof: A Love Story* (Sarah Weeks, 2009), *T.O.A.D.–Trombone Ollie and Dyslexia* (John R. Rossbacher, 2011), *Little Melba and Her Big Trombone* (Katheryn Russell-Brown, 2014), and *Mr. Fitch Joins the Band* (Emmy Rozanski, 2016).[6] For adults, books that centrally feature the trombone have also been on the rise in recent years, including *Trombone: A Novel* (Craig Nova, 1996), *Audition and Other Stories* (Roger Hecht, 2013), and *Tears and Trombones* (Nancy Lee Woody, 2014).

While further research may yield a different conclusion that what I learned in my brief exploration of the subject, it seems that Mrs. Frank M'Carthy's "The Story of a Trombone," published in *Harper's New Monthly Magazine* in July 1875, may be the prototypical trombone short story. Of the author little is known, including her first name. She wrote nine stories for *Harper's* between 1871 and 1879, but they represent her complete known literary output.[7] In 1915, Elliot O'Donnell praised Mrs. M'Carthy as a famous Irishwoman who lived in the United States and, he said, "was one of the best-known magazine writers of the latter part of the last century."[8] But apart from this? Crickets. We seem to be left only with her stories, including her charming if implausible tale—*The* Story, not *A* Story—of a trombone, full of conflict, romance, drama, rescues, and a happy ending, as well as illustrations by the noted artist Charles Stanley Reinhart. For readers who might find some of the Victorian-era vocabulary and references to be unfamiliar, I have provided a glossary at the end of the article. Enjoy.

THE STORY OF A TROMBONE.

"IT is not to be endured," I said to the proprietor of that great gloomy lodging-house over town. "My rest is disturbed, my waking hours tortured, by this rasping fiend of a horn! The blast of this trumpet over my head is worse to me than that of the angel Gabriel to a condemned soul. You may, if you please, charge me for their empty room, but either this man and his wife leave the house or I do."

"Make yourself easy, Mr. Van Tassel," said the proprietor. "They shall leave when their month is up."

I went back to my room, counting the days of the fortnight left them, as the woman in the fairy tale told over the fatal beans.

On looking from my window at the bit of blue sky visible between the high walls of the factory and the tenements close by, I found a swarm of sparrows rapidly descending upon the window-sill above mine, voraciously intent upon a liberal supply of bread-crumbs, dealt out to them by the delicate and shapely hand of a woman. A little boy from the opposite tenement waved his crutch to the birds, and smiled his little, wan, sickly smile. I suppose in the whole of his lifetime, which was not more than the seven years I had lived there, he had not, like myself, seen such a sight.

That night the man, contrary to his custom, remained at home, and, despite the closed windows and the high wind outside, there came to me note by note a quaint old hymn of Heber's, and a little French song, of which the chorus, "Jamais, jamais," sung in the clear, sweet, sonorous voice of the woman, seemed freighted with the lost hopes of the wretched creatures within reach of her melody.

Not until the hour of midnight did the wind cease to bring me the prolonged toot of this monster of brass!

"They enjoy it, then," I said, as I went to bed: "so much the worse for them."

A week after, we had one of those sudden changes of weather for which our climate is alike famous and detestable. The sun came out bright and warm, light fleecy clouds floating over a blue sky. The dingy squalor of the city shone miserably in the brilliancy of a summer solstice. My mouldy room became suffocating with fetid vapors, and as I leaned out of the window to breathe the air, a subtle perfume fell upon my nostrils. So faint, so sweet, it seemed almost dead, and, with the only warm heart I had ever known, buried out of sight. Straight down from heaven, whither that pure soul had fled, came the almost forgotten fragrance, and looking up, I was suddenly blinded by a smart shower from a watering-pot held by that same lavish hand over a box of mignonette that rested upon the broken old stones of the window-sill.

I uttered an involuntary exclamation; over popped a braided head.

"Pardon!" said the lips, smiling the free, frank, ardent smile of a woman.

I drew back and held my breath in sudden bewilderment.

For ten long years I had been dead to curiosity or care concerning my fellow-creatures. The world might have been decimated by famine and pestilence, and I would have been as impervious to pity or terror as a fossil imbedded in antediluvian strata. But this word and this smile, seeming to come straight from the motive power that fed starving birds and watered fainting flowers, caused me to wonder as to the limit of this perennial fount of generosity at the top of this dingy building in the heart of the seething city.

"How happy," thought I, "is this wretched enthusiast of a man above me! With this woman for his wife and this crooked piece of brass for his foible, he can defy the wrath of the world! It is not necessary," I added, with a twinge of remembrance for the waning days of their fortnight, "that they should remain here and distract to the verge of insanity one so much more desolate than they." So the days went by. There were but three left, when, as I sat writing at my table one morning, there came a faint rap at the door. I heard again that one word, "Pardon," and had suddenly before me the braided hair, the shining eyes, the sweet full lips, of that woman from the room above.

The pen dropped from my hand. I got upon my feet.

"I must speak to you," she said, "because

the man below tells me it is your complaint that drives us from here. I care not for myself; but my poor father, it will break his heart."

"Your father!" I stammered; "why, that is different!"

"What is different?" she repeated, with a slight stamp of her little foot upon the floor. "We have made the room so pretty with new paper, and the red curtains make a pleasant glow. The windows are so scoured that the sun comes bravely in upon my box of mignonette; it is a marvel to see. Alas, Sir, I am at my wits' end. Why is it that people can not enjoy so sweet a thing as music? We have been driven from one place to another because of our dear trombone."

"Trombone!" I repeated. "Ah, that is different!"

"Different!" she echoed; "and always different! What is it that you mean? My father must practice, or he will not keep up to the leader's exactions. I thought, indeed, that this back chamber, so high and so aloof from the rest of the world, we might call our own. How is it, Sir, that you are so cruel because of the divine language of our dear trombone?"

"You see it is different—" I began. A heat gradually gathered under my shaggy whiskers and mounted to my forehead. My eyes fell before the full, frank gaze of this young woman. Her simple plaint touched my heart.

"Sir," she said, "three times you have said different, and only different. In the name of Heaven what does that one word mean?"

"It means," I said, gaining courage to enjoy her presence, "that when I complained of your—your father's instrument, I thought it was a French horn: now I detest a French horn."

"That is wrong, Sir."

"Yes, perhaps so; but, you know, some people have strange idiosyncrasies, and mine is a hatred of the French horn. All other music I adore; and as for the trombone, there is nothing in the world so delicious to me. The other night, and all the days that your good father was kind enough to play, I have listened with my soul in my ears; and that sweet refrain of yours of 'Jamais,' it brings the tears to my eyes."

"Then we need not go?" she said.

"No, no," I said, shuddering at the thought of such a thing. "I will see to it at once, Miss—Miss—"

"Thérèse: my name is Thérèse, and my father's name is Rigaud."

Her foot was already upon the threshold.

"Perhaps," I said, with a sort of desperation, "your father would allow me to come to you sometimes and listen to the trombone?"

"Some people like it so much better at a distance," she replied. "I myself think the room is too small."

"That is perhaps because, Miss Thérèse, you do not love the trombone as I do!"

"No doubt," she said; a little half smile dawned upon her lips, and she fled away through the corridor.

The room suddenly grew cold and chill. She had taken all the warmth and sunshine away with her.

I went immediately down to the proprietor and withdrew my complaint.

"You see," I said, "I thought it was a French horn, and my hatred for that instrument is of so intense a character that I can not live under the same roof with it. Now a trombone is another thing."

"Is it?" said the proprietor, with his finger upon the page of his account-book, and his pen dripping with ink. "I can't tell 'em apart; but there's one thing I know when I see it, and that's a handsome face. That wheezy old Frenchman owns a blamed good-looking daughter; she's as proud and touchy as Lucifer, but that don't hurt her any. I like to see a woman's chin well up. Old Parleyvou is fat as a porpoise, but he's game as a Spanish fighting cock. I like it; it suits my style." And he plunged his knuckle into the ink again.

When I went back to my room it seemed haunted with the ghost of a vanished happiness. I could not write because of the face of Thérèse upon the paper before me. Her serious but fine features had caught the imprint of a sad, sequestered life. The marble whiteness of her skin, her long eyelashes blacker than her hair, the curves upon her well-cut lips, made her expression one between tenderness and severity.

Fancy me, if you can, in a pea-jacket patched upon the right arm by my own fingers, a pair of high boots capable of carrying me through the mire and ice of the streets, my rough and shaggy beard and long yellow hair like the mane of a sick lion, my sour and cynical face, my thirty-three wasted years—fancy me thus lavish with time and money, for these are synonymous with a copying clerk, in struggling to divine how the hours are spent by a young woman in the room above me.

At length I gained entrance there, and partook of the hospitality offered me by the father of Thérèse.

No matter how or when it began, I felt as one in a dream the subtle power of a fragrance that exhaled from a flower box in the window. I saw in bewilderment the battered walls covered with a gay paper; the spiders' festoons ruthlessly swept away; a clear bright sunlight, streaming through windows polished like gems, falling upon the hair of Thérèse, making the ends of her long black braids take a tawny hue like

mine, lighting up the peacocks' tails in the chintz-covered furniture, and mingling itself with the red blaze of the fire, but, above all, glowing and flaunting upon the crooked brass loins of the big trombone, which, belching out note after note upon the palpitating air of the room, made the very walls to tremble, the rats to flee from their old quarters, their hair upon end, their tails standing straight out with terror as they fled away through the wainscoting. I became in time, on these occasions, part and parcel of the brazen monster. Its hollow tube connected itself with the semicircular canals of my inner ears, and wave after wave of thundering melody drowned all other sense but that of sound. The beautiful face of Thérèse swam before my sight; the cheeks of Monsieur Rigaud became like huge balloons; the peacocks' tails seemed to expand upon the backs of the chairs; hot streams of blood mounted to my brain; my head dropped upon my hands. "Enough, enough, monsieur!" I cried, my hands trembling, my knees shaking, tears streaming from my burning eyeballs.

"THE CHEEKS OF MONSIEUR RIGAUD BECAME LIKE HUGE BALLOONS."

He dropped the accursed instrument and held out his hands to me.

"Thou art after my own heart," he said; "thou lovest the music, as I do, to adoration."

"Yes," I faltered, "but I can not stand too much of it. The ecstasy is too divine; it overpowers me."

Then he fell to talking of Thérèse, telling me for the hundredth time that his beloved child had promised him never to marry; that while he lived she would be happy with him, of course, and at his death he had made arrangements for her entrance into a religious house, there to spend the rest of her days with the good Sisters.

"We have put by the necessary money, Mr. Van Tassel; with it we have nothing to do; it is as if we knew not of its existence. I can not tell you what joy it makes me to think of it; it is a weight off my heart."

And placing his pudgy hands upon his breast, he raised his eyes to heaven, while my own heart beat to desperation.

Was, then, this present dull seclusion of hers only to be changed for the gray desolation of a convent?

When I dared to cast my eyes upon the drooping form of Thérèse, it seemed to me that her lips quivered, and her long eyelashes shone with tears.

This was the price I paid for breathing the same air with Thérèse. We seldom spoke to each other, for when even the great head of Monsieur Rigaud nodded in slumber, it seemed to her and to me that the shining maw of the monster at his side yawned vindictively for every word that might fall from our lips.

One wild March night I had lain awake thinking of all these things, wondering if indeed it could be that Monsieur Rigaud could always have his way; that the days should creep into months, and the months into years; that I should live for the torture of the trombone and the simple joy of sleeping under the same roof with Thérèse; and that at last it should all come to an end, that Thérèse should go to the good Sisters, and I—"I should go to the devil," I repeated to myself, savagely, because the thought pained me so.

It was then I first felt a sense of suffocation, and raising myself in bed, found the room suddenly filling with smoke from the little window that led into the hall.

I sprang to my feet, hurried on my clothes, and rushed to the door, to find the hall filled with a dense hot vapor, to hear a peculiar crackling sound, mingled with the rush of hurried feet and stifled voices below.

All at once the house, the street, that quarter of the city, became a pandemonium of noise, of terror, of madness, and confusion. Even as I flew to the door of Thérèse, and burst in with the strength of despair, a terrible tongue of flame shot before my sight through the corridor below. My breath came in stinted stabs, cut as it was with fear for Thérèse, and the suffocating smoke.

I caught Thérèse from her little couch in the closet, which I had so often fancied but

never seen, and tied her well up in shawls, despite her cries and remonstrances. The poor child's one thought was for her father, who, naked and trembling, paralyzed with terror, stood in the middle of the floor with one hand in the leg of his wide pantaloons, the other waving wildly in the air.

"Mother of God!" cried poor Monsieur Rigaud, "we are lost!"

"My father! save my father!" cried Thérèse, struggling to reach him.

How could she think, with my soul in as big a blaze of love for her as the one burning in the building below—how could she think I would risk one hair of her beautiful head for the craven body of her father?

I fled with her to the front-room, from whence alone we could escape to the street. A ladder was already at the window.

"My father! oh, my father!" still cried the foolish child; and putting my face close to hers, I said,

"My sweet Thérèse, I will save him if it costs me my life."

Then the frightened girl put her lips to mine, and clung sobbing there, accepting the sacrifice of my life, and even her own, for the poor fat Frenchman in the back chamber.

But a pang rent my heart when I put her into the arms of the man upon the ladder yonder, with the iron cap and the eager eyes.

How should I save Monsieur Rigaud, when the corridor below was like the yawning pit of hell itself, and the immense body of the musician like a millstone about my neck?

But life was sweeter to me since I had felt upon my lips the warm rapture of the first kiss of Thérèse, and I shoved Monsieur Rigaud before me with lusty velocity. We reached the room, the window; the ladder was still there, another iron cap, two more eager eyes.

"Shove him over," cried the brave fireman. I thought we were saved, when suddenly Monsieur Rigaud refused to go without his trombone. His two hundred pounds were immovable. "Throw him out!" cried the man from the ladder.

But I could not murder Monsieur Rigaud. He planted his feet firmly upon the floor.

"'I WILL NOT LEAVE IT TO PERISH,' HE CRIED; 'MY DEAR TROMBONE!'"

"I will not leave it to perish," he cried; "my dear trombone!"

"To perdition with him and his bone!" shouted the fireman, using even a stronger word. "Leave him to roast, and save yourself."

"Go! go!" I said at last, driven to frenzy, "and I pledge you my honor you shall have your trombone."

He kissed his hands to me, his fat legs already descending the ladder, while I plunged again into that fiery crater for the demon that shone calm and serene in the midst of this holocaust of death and dismay. "Come, then," I said, catching the brass monster by the throat, "let us do the best we can." When I got back, the ladder was gone! Tongues of fire were bursting from the second story.

"The roof! the roof!" shouted a man through his trumpet.

I scrambled up by teeth and legs and hands, dragging with me my enemy, leaped six feet across a neighboring alley, only to find the tin roof melting beneath me, and all around a sea of flame.

I had, then, to die because of this shining fiend, already warm with the reflection of the heat about us. If to save Thérèse my life had been given, or even to rescue her father—if my last sigh had been exhaled upon her pure young heart filled with a love born of gratitude, I could have yielded it up without a murmur; but to preserve this cruel piece of mechanism—it was too much!

I ran to the back of the building to escape the lurid light and heat, and saw the roof of an extension full thirty feet below, as yet untouched by fire. A thought came to me like a revelation.

"Thou brazen monster," I said to the trombone, "for the first time in thy life thou shalt do a generous action!"

And as I took it in my strong hands and bent the end so that it formed a curve, I felt just one little pang for the soul of poor Monsieur Rigaud, that must have bent with the brass body so dear to him.

Then I sprang over the yawning chasm, hooking the curved end of my companion to the window-sill below; from thence another story, and the extension was gained. Soon we reached the back-yard together, the trombone and I, and made our way into the main street to find our old abode a mass of smoking ruins. The late tenants had taken refuge in the station-house near by.

Thither I went, upon my shoulder the bent, bruised creature that had saved my life. As I thought of all—how that I was walking, strong of limb, untouched by fire or fall, to see my beautiful Thérèse, and the trombone, alas! to reach its master so lifeless and forlorn—my soul was melted within me.

"Trombone," I said, holding it close to

"THEN I SPRANG OVER THE YAWNING CHASM."

my neck with a caressing movement, "I am sorry for thee, my poor comrade; but one of us had to go, and thou dost not know what it is to love Thérèse!"

I began then to feel a terror lest Monsieur Rigaud should so mourn the death of his trombone that the project would be hastened for placing Thérèse with the good Sisters. So, taking it in my hands, I examined it closely, and found no rent in it; its sturdy sides clung firmly together, and there was only one severe curve the more. A faint hope entered my heart as I reached Monsieur Rigaud.

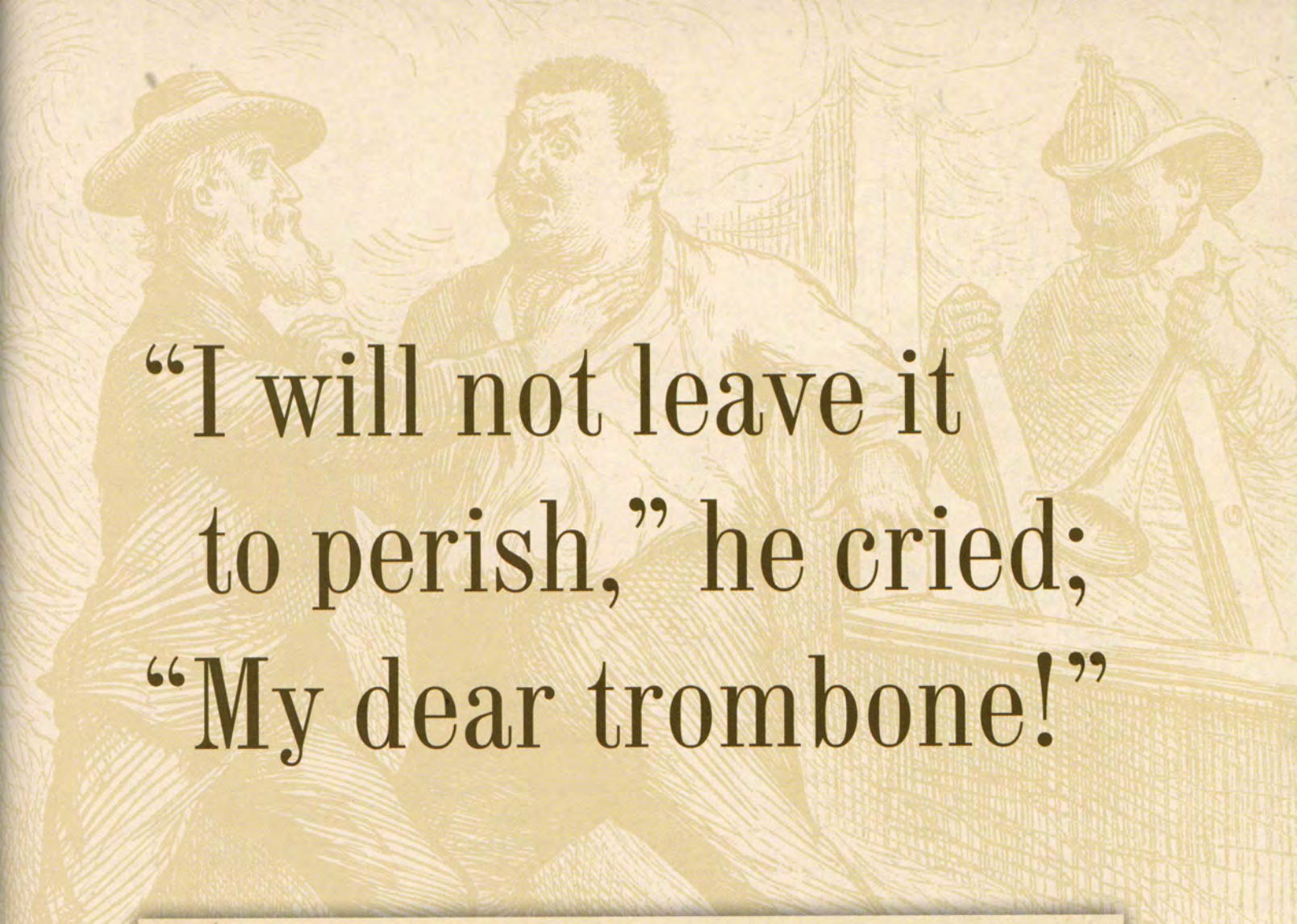
"Do I see thee again?" he cried, stretching out his hands, but not to me—to the trombone upon my shoulder.

He took it in his arms, big tears falling from his eyes upon its bruised and battered side. "Miserable that I am," he cried, "my trombone is wounded, is dead!" And his great head fell upon his breast.

As for me, while I stood there I felt within my hand slip another, warm, throbbing, magnetic with life and love; a faint sob of joy fell upon my ear, but I did not dare look upon Thérèse, lest, my heart being so full, I should fall to weeping over her, like Monsieur Rigaud over his trombone.

"Monsieur Rigaud," I cried, with desperation, "it is only bent, not broken. Try it; see if its heart beats yet; perhaps it may still live!"

He looked over at me with a gleam of contempt upon his fat face, begrimed with



"I will not leave it to perish," he cried; "My dear trombone!"

smoke and tears. The word "imbecile" escaped his lips, and with a mocking movement, in which, nevertheless, I could discern a forlorn hope, he put the tube to his lips.

A prayer ascended from my heart, and from the lovely girl by my side. I prayed to the trombone, Thérèse to Heaven.

"Ah, my brave trombone," I said, "wilt thou be mute now, when a blast from thy loins will give me eternal joy?"

And suddenly the firemen stopped swearing, the women wringing their hands, the children crying; each and every faculty was given over to a solemn and sublime peal that floated out from the mouth of the trombone and sought the hearts of its hearers. It spoke of hope and consolation, and, to me, of a joy unspeakable. Despite its battered side it lived, our dear trombone!

When the last peal had died away, and the firemen again commenced to swear, the women to wring their hands, and the children to cry, Monsieur Rigaud turned to me.

"Thou hast saved the life of my child and that of my dear trombone," he cried, altogether forgetting his own two hundred pounds that I had with such difficulty pushed through the corridor.

And knowing how forgetful he was, and that perhaps to-morrow he would be in a different mood, I said on the instant, bravely,

"Monsieur Rigaud, I have the honor to ask of you the hand of your daughter, Mademoiselle Thérèse."

I did well, for he spread out his fat fingers with a gesture of benediction.

"Perhaps it will be best, my children," he said, "to take the money I had reserved for the good Sisters, and build for us a house, with all the doors and windows upon the ground-floor. It is not wise to climb so high, when the demon of fire may at any moment be sapping the foundation. Have I reason, do you think, my children?"

"You have indeed reason," we replied, with enthusiasm. And only this spring the house was built, a little way out of town, where all the birds of heaven can sing and the flowers of the earth may bloom for my sweet Thérèse.

As for the trombone, Monsieur Rigaud can not be fonder of it than I.

The Story of a Trombone
GLOSSARY

Page 225, Column 1

The blast of this trumpet over my head is worse to me than that of the angel Gabriel to a condemned soul. Only two angels in the Bible are given names; Michael and Gabriel. Gabriel appears in the Old Testament in the books of Daniel and Ezekiel; his only appearance in the New Testament is in Luke's gospel, where he announces the birth of Jesus to shepherds near Bethlehem. The reference to Gabriel's role in blowing a trumpet to a condemned soul at the great judgment at the end of time comes from John Donne who, in *Paradise Lost* (1667), wrote that Gabriel, "blew His trumpet, heard in Oreb [Mt. Sinai, or Mt. Horeb] since perhaps when God descended [the giving of the Ten Commandments], and perhaps once more to sound at general doom [the last judgment]."

fortnight. Two weeks

the woman in the fairy tale told over the fatal beans. The reference to this fairy tale is obscure. The most comprehensive index of fairy tales and mythology, Stith Thompson's *Motif-Index of Folk-Literature: A Classification of Narrative Elements in Folktales, Ballads, Myths, Fables, Mediaeval Romances, Exempla, Fabilaux* (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1955–1958) does not include any tales of beans that caused death.

quaint old hymn of Heber's. English bishop Reginald Heber (1783–1826) wrote fifty-seven hymns, the most familiar of which is "Holy, Holy, Holy," which is usually sung to the tune NICEA by John B. Dykes.

a little French song, [. . .] "Jamais, jamais." *Jamais* = never. Many French songs include the refrain, "jamais, jamais," including the renaissance–era song "O couart amy, Amy à demy, Ne l'aymés jamais jamais jamais," and Fromental Halévy's "La France a l'horreur du servage," with its refrain "Guerre aux tyrans! jamais, jamais en France," from his opera *Charles VI*, 1843.

Page 225, Column 2

fetid. Unpleasant smelling

antediluvian strata. The passage compares the author's indifference to the condition of his fellow members of humankind to the inability of a fossil (trapped in layers—strata—of hardened sediment) to do anything. The word *antediluvian* was coined by Thomas Browne (1605–1682) to describe the period between the fall of Adam and Eve and the Biblical flood. In this view, antediluvian strata would have been deposited during the flood.

Page 226, Column 1

mignonette. A grey/green color like the color of the reseda plant

the leader's exactions. A reference to the demands of the leader (conductor) of Rigaud's unidentified musical ensemble in which he plays trombone.

plaint. An accusation

Page 226, Column 2

Lucifer. The devil

Old Parleyvou. A deprecatory reference to the fact that Rigaud is a Frenchman.

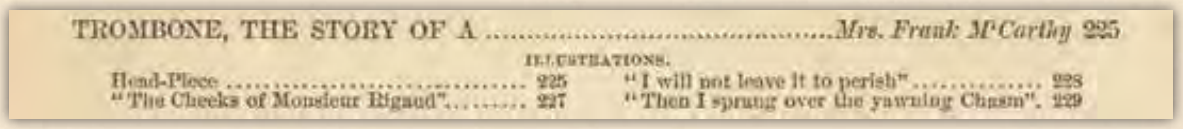
lavish. Luxurious. The reference is to Van Tassel having both time and money on his hands.

Page 227, Column 1

chintz-covered furniture. Furniture covered with a calico patterned textile. Today, chintz or chintzy has come to refer to something that is cheap or of poor quality.

wainscoting. Wood paneling, usually on walls of rooms

the good Sisters. Nuns



Page 227, Column 2
"I should go to the devil." The reference is to Van Tassel's belief that if Thérèse were to go to a convent, he would be on the road to ruin.

stinted stabs. stinted = frugal or scanty. Therefore, Van Tassel's breathing was short and shallow.

Page 228, Column 1
remonstrances. Forceful protests/forceful protesting

pantaloons. Loose fitting, baggy trousers

craven. Lacking in courage; cowardly

Page 228, Column 2
iron cap. A fireman's helmet, although most early helmets were made of leather.

lusty. Strong

murder. A use of a now archaic definition of "murder," meaning, "defeat."

Page 229, Column 1
perdition. Eternal damnation

abode. A house or residence

Page 229, Column 2
rent. A tear, opening, or gap

Notes

1. Douglas Yeo, "A Conversation with Kauko Kahila." *International Trombone Association Journal,* Vol. XV, No. 3 (Summer 1987), 18–23.
2. Mrs. Frank M'Carthy, "The Story of a Trombone." *Harper's New Monthly Magazine,* No. CCCII, Vol. LI. (July 1875), 225–230.
3. I extend my thanks to Kevin Mungons, Trevor Herbert, Byron Pillow, and Howard Weiner for sharing their insights as I prepared this article.
4. W. S. Gilbert, *The Mikado or The Town of Titipu: An Entirely New and Original Japanese Opera in Two Acts* (London: Chappell & Co., 1885), 15.
5. Bernard Shaw, *Major Barbara, With an Essay as First Aid to Critics* (New York: Brentano's, 1917), 74, 119.
6. For a discussion of books for children in which the trombone is a central character, see Emily Rozanski, "The Trombone in Children's Literature: A Survey and Contribution." DMA diss., Arizona State University, 2016. Proquest (AAT 10106329).
7. "M'Carthy, Mrs. Frank," *Catalogue of the Library of the Peabody Institute of the City of Baltimore* (Baltimore: Isaac Friedenwald, 1899), 2674.
8. Elliot O'Donnell, *The Irish Abroad: A Record of the Achievements of Wanderers from Ireland* (London: Isaac Pitman & Sons, 1915), 365.

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