

Herring HOTEL



AMARILLO, TEXAS

November 13, 1947

Mrs. C. V. Deakins,
Star Telegram,
Fort Worth, Texas.

Dear Mrs. Deakins:

On several occasions I have endeavored to contact you or Mr. Carter but found that both of you were quite busy, especially during the last week. I would like to congratulate you on the beautiful way and the delightful manner in the presentation of the memorials.

Relative to the Carillonic bells, I am writing you quite fully as I am in Amarillo where I shall remain until the latter part of the week.

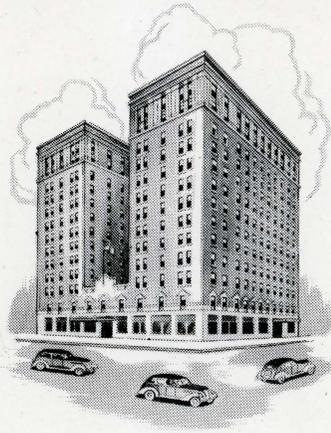
Some years ago, while I was pastor in Ohio, I had contact with cast bells used as chimes for the church. These bells cost over \$80,000 and were most unsatisfactory for the following reasons:

1. Every change of the weather varied the pitch of the bells so that they were out of tune much of the time.
2. The mechanism of the bells was of such nature as to need repair frequently and it was necessary for us to send several hundred miles to get a person who was competent enough to repair this piece of equipment.
3. Further, the quick changes in the temperatures caused one of the bells to crack.

As a result of the above factors, the cast bells were out of use more than one-half of the time; I came to the conclusion that it was too much expense for the returns.

I have also had contact with the tubular chimes. These are long metal tubes that hang out in the open and are subject to the same variance in pitch, due to the changes in temperatures. These are in no sense bells, but have a clangy, metallic sound

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that is easily different from the real bell tones. For that matter, these tubes were out of fix more than one-third of the time.

We built our new church in Cleburne in 1941, and a member offered to give us chimes for the church. I candidly talked him out of the bells and tubes, due to my past experience. Some weeks later I had occasion to be in San Angelo and there heard the most beautiful bells I have had the pleasure of hearing since living in England. I made inquiry and found that they were the Schulmerich Carillon bells. I made every possible investigation and found that they were so built and equipped that they could not get out of tune; that they had practically no apparatus to need repair and if something did go wrong with them, any local radio engineer could repair them.

After extensive investigation, we invited the representative of the above firm to call and discuss them with us. We were so happy about them that we purchased the twenty-five Carillon Bell installation. We have had these for three years with increasing appreciation and without any cost for repairs. Ours is one of the smaller sets and the cost with the accessories was something over \$5,000.

The field of electronics has opened a new day in many avenues of scientific developments. This has enabled us to enjoy the fullness of beautiful bell tones, without the bulk weight and heavy expenses that were necessary in other types, and the installation for cast bells. This development in scientific research has made obsolete both cast bells and tubular chimes.

This Schulmerich installation has been placed in over one thousand public buildings and is now accepted as the most advanced, the most satisfactory and the most beautiful bell set-up for the purpose of community coverage.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Byars of Ft. Worth have presented a small set, which has been temporarily installed in the University Baptist Church of Ft Worth. The set was given in memory of

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their fine song/ who was lost in the last war.

Mrs. Ed Lowden has given a set of these bells to the Central Methodist Church of your City. Mrs. Ray Reimers is giving a large set of sixty-one Flemish Bells and twenty-five English Bells to the new Broadway Presbyterian Church. This set will be as large as the Riverside Church chimes in New York.

Other installations in your City are contemplated and it is my hope that Ft. Worth may become known as "The City of Singing Bells".

It is my plan to return from Amarillo the last of the week and I will be in Ft. Worth Tuesday, the 18th, where I am to lecture at the Baptist Seminary from two until three o'clock. If it would be convenient and desirable, I would be most happy to meet with you or Mr. Carter, or with both of you, the morning of the 18th or anytime after three o'clock that afternoon. I want to talk to you of the beauty of these bells and I feel that it would be well worth your consideration before a purchase is made of the more obsolete type. It would be a wonderful addition to the magnificent tower that is now a part of the Will Rogers' Memorial. No alteration of the structure would be needed for Carillonic Bells. There are many other features that I would like to discuss with you. I shall await your further pleasure.

Thanking you for your favor, I remain,

Yours most sincerely,

Albert Ventney

NING, NOV. 7, 1947.

PITCHING HORSESHOES

by Billy Rose

NEW YORK.—Today I'd like to spin a very little story.

To begin with, this story concerns itself with a church, although a lot of bright people may tell you a church is no longer of any importance in this test-tube and Bunsen-burner age. To make matters worse, the church is in Brooklyn, and—well, I guess you've heard plenty of jokes about how unimportant Brooklyn is.

Some weeks back, on my way out to see a World Series game, I passed a Methodist church on St. Felix Street. As I drove by, I heard a set of chimes that did nice things to my ears. They were unusually good chimes, and I know that, as a rule, anything very good costs a lot of money. If I had heard them coming from a two-million-dollar cathedral on Fifth Ave., I wouldn't have given it a thought. But this exciting and expensive set of chimes was coming from the belfry of a modest church in a modest neighborhood.

I stopped at a newspaper stand.

"What's the church with the chimes?" I asked the newsie.

"A Methodist church," he said. "Hanson Place Central Church, I think they call it."

"Have they had those chimes long?" I asked.

The newsie thought for a minute. "No, not very long," he said.

"I think they put 'em in last spring."

The next day I did some telephoning. I kind of like what I found out.

Early this year, Rev. John Emerson Zeiter heard about a new type of electrically-controlled chimes called Carillonic bells. After hearing them demonstrated, the pastor told his congregation about them. He said it would be a nice thing for the neighborhood if people going to work in the morning and coming home at night could hear these beautiful chimes. He told his flock the bells cost a lot of money, and suggested they contribute a little something from time to time. Maybe in a year or so, the church could afford the bells.

The next day he got a phone call from a member of his congregation.

"I've been discussing the bells with my business partner," said the caller. "We think it would be a nice thing for the neighborhood, and we'd each like to donate a third of the cost. But there's a hitch."

"What's that?" asked the pastor.

"Well, my partner is Jewish," said the business man, "and we were wondering if that would make any difference."

Reverend Zeiter said he didn't think it would make any difference at all.

"We think," continued the business man, "it would be a good idea to find some Catholic who will put up the other third. After all, people of all faiths are going to enjoy these bells. Maybe we could even call them 'The Interfaith Carillonic Bells'."

The next day a Catholic in the neighborhood offered to put up his third, and the Carillonic bells were ordered. At the dedication ceremony a couple of months later, a plaque was put up on the wall of this Methodist church. Inscribed on it were the names of the Catholic, the Protestant and the Jew.

And that's all there is to this story.

Do I think this one set of electrically-controlled bells is going to eliminate religious bigotry in the neighborhood? Of course not. Do I think the people who hear the chimes are going to resolve to be better and kinder people? Again, of course not.

Why, then, am I writing about it? Well, I guess it's because I'm chump enough to think even one drop of clean water falling on a dusty street is important. It may clean up an inch of ground and give somebody else an idea. One of these days—I may not be around to see it—a lot of drops of clean water may fall and a lot of dust may be washed away.

Made-possible for Schudman's Bells