



The Voice of Orpheus

Volume 10, Issue 2 - Spring 2009



A Newsletter of Sons of Orpheus - The Male Choir of Tucson

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Grayson Hirst, Founder/Artistic Director

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Extra, Extra! Orpheus Breaks Fundraising Record for Community Food Bank!

As reported in the autumn issue of our newsletter, Jim Hogan, chairman of the Orpheus Executive Committee, encouraged the choir to surpass last year's fundraising effort for the Community Food Bank. He also wanted a large audience at the Berger Auditorium for our annual Christmas Food Bank concert with students of the Arizona School for the Deaf and the Blind.

He set out a list of strategies to achieve these goals, and then he challenged the choir to raise more money than he could raise all by himself. If we could top him, he'd throw us a pizza party. If he won we'd owe him a party.

It may be axiomatic that men will do almost anything for pizza and beer. The result of Jim's campaign was spectacular! The audience at the Berger Auditorium filled all but about 25 seats, and according to the tally Jim received from Jack Parris and Linda Hamilton of the Community Food Bank, the \$9,150 we raised for them was more than four times our take in 2007! And into the bargain, the men brought in well over half a ton of food.

No doubt this success was partially due to the generosity hard times have stimulated in the public, but

Jim gets most of the credit. As to the pizza challenge, here are the final paragraphs of the e-mail Jim sent the choir:

"Thanks to all of you for your personal generosity and your hard work to raise money from friends, neighbors, and family. Thanks also for making the concert a success. It was great fun to sing to a full house.

"Because of your efforts, it looks like I'm buying pizza. We'll determine a time and place and figure out how 40 guys can split one pepperoni pie."

Jim was just kidding about that lone pie. We can figure on leaving the party with our belts a notch looser. But we owe something to Jim too: a big thank-you for getting us so fired up. We'll buy the beer.

Our Concert Schedule for Spring 2009

**Sun., March 29th
at 3:00 p.m.
Sons of Orpheus
18th Annual
Spring Concert.**

Green Valley
Community Church,
300 W Esperanza Blvd.,
Green Valley, AZ.

Free will offering

**Sun., April 5th
at 3:00 p.m.
Sons of Orpheus
18th Annual
Spring Concert.**

Center for the Arts, Proscenium Theatre Pima Community College-West Campus, 2202 W. Anklam Rd., Tucson. For ticket info call: Center for the Arts Box Office at 520-206-6986

**Sat., April 25th
at 2:00 p.m.
Sons of Orpheus
18th Annual
Spring Concert.**

Rancho Sahuarita Clubhouse, 15455 S Camino Lago Azul, Sahuarita, AZ. Contact Michelle Moreno, Activities Director at: 520-207-7730.

Free Admission.

**Sat., May 2nd
at 7:00 p.m.
Sons of Orpheus
18th Annual
Spring Concert.**

DesertView Performing Arts Center, SaddleBrooke, AZ
For ticket info call Patricia Beeks, Events Manager at: 520-825-5318.

For directions and maps go to sonsoforpheus.org

The Magic Envelope

Wait! before you throw the enclosed envelope away or use it for the grocery list, take a moment to learn what it can do. It's a multi-tasker: (1) You can order tickets to the Sunday, April 5 Spring Gala Concert at Pima College; (2) you can purchase chances for a \$100 gift certificate at Fleming's Prime Steakhouse and Wine Bar; (3) you can make a donation to our general operating fund, or to our scholarship fund for our U of A singers, or to our Magee Family Endowment Fund, managed by the Community Foundation of Southern Arizona. Just write on

the memo line the direction you want your donation to take. We remind you that we are a 501 (c) (3) organization and that donations are tax deductible. You will receive a formal letter acknowledging your gift. The best thing about the magic envelope is that it's capable of holding more than one check!

Concert tickets are \$15, \$10 for students. (Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your order.) Of course you can order tickets from the box office at 206-6986 and pick them up at the will-call window, or buy them at the ticket window. But why bother about a last minute rush when you can wave your tickets at the folks waiting in line as you walk in the door?

For the opportunity to dine at Fleming's, each \$10 gets you a chance that goes into our director's ten-gallon hat. Each additional \$10 gets you another chance, on up as high as you want to go. Because we'll have your address,

you won't need to be at the concert to win, but it's a lot more fun if you're there to yell "Yippee" when your name is called.

For concert tickets or Fleming's chances, please get your magic envelope to us by March 25th. PO Box 31552, Tucson, AZ 85751.

Large-group amateur singing is an expensive proposition. We do sing for our supper and we get grants from the Arizona Commission on the Arts and the Tucson Pima Arts Council, but those grants are very likely to diminish in this economy.

We need you!

— Our Spring Concert Repertoire —

I Chor der Pilger (Pilgrims' Chorus) from Act III, scene 2 of Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser*; and a chorus from Act I of Donizetti's *La Fille du Régiment*.

II Two musical settings of poems by William Butler Yeats: "An Irish Airman Foresees His Death" (see newsletter vol. 9, #1 at sonsoforpheus.org) and "A Dream of a Blessed Spirit."

III "Ashokan Farewell," "To Mrs. Bixby" (see page 3), and "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

— Intermission —

IV Four Russian songs with the Arizona Balalaika Ensemble (see page 3).

V Three sea chanteys (see page 4).

VI "O mio babbino caro" from Puccini's *Gianni Schicchi*, with soprano Josefina Gallegos and The Lost Chords, an Orpheus ensemble.

VII "Chime Bells" and "I Want to Be a Cowboy's Sweetheart" with yodelers Sue Akers and Tammy Jo Allen, "Rawhide," and "Whatever Happened to Randolph Scott?"



HONORING ABRAHAM LINCOLN

by
Thomas Wentzel

Late one evening almost a year ago as I was driving home from a Sons of Orpheus concert at SaddleBrooke, I suddenly felt inspired to compose a new choral work for the choir. I had enjoyed creating several arrangements for Orpheus over the course of my seven years with the choir, but an arrangement, even a complex one, is only a veneer on a puzzle some prior composer had already solved. I wanted to create and solve my own puzzle.

A few days later I mentioned this desire to Grayson Hirst, our artistic director. After a moment he replied that he would love to have a setting of Abraham Lincoln's "Bixby Letter" to commemorate the 200th anniversary of Lincoln's birth for our Spring 2009 concerts. I was unfamiliar with this letter, and set about to research it and the stories around it, of which there are many. As part of my preparation, I searched for existing choral settings. I found nothing that seemed suitable for Orpheus or that expressed adequately the emotions contained in the simple but eloquent words:

*Executive Mansion,
Washington, Nov. 21, 1864.*

Dear Madam,

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save.

I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours, to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of Freedom.

Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,

A. Lincoln

The more I studied the words, the more they spoke to me. I recalled how I had learned about the Civil War as a child, the era's music that I had grown up with, the elderly relatives I had once met who had been young children at

the time Lincoln wrote to Mrs. Bixby—this tenuous connection making me a sort of time machine. I considered Lincoln's balance of humanity with the terrible power and responsibility of his office. I heard the beat of drums and tramp of marching feet, and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," imagining how it would have stricken the hearts of those whose Johnnies would never return.

In Lincoln's prose I found melody and natural cadence. The four sentences fell cleanly into three verses of similar structure, and from the spaces between the verses, where Lincoln held his pen over the paper, pondering what to say next (dear God, what to say?), came an upward spiraling of harmony, at first uncertain, then resolute. The "Dear Madam" greeting and "A. Lincoln" signature share the same motif and serve as bookends to the composition.

Ironically, Mrs. Bixby, a Confederate sympathizer who destroyed the original letter, lives on in history through an uninvited bond to the president she repudiated.

As a prelude to Tom's "To Mrs. Bixby," the audience will hear "Ashokan Farewell," a composition by Jay Unger. The piece will be played by Rebekah Butler, violin; Jim Gates, mandolin; and Jim Hogan, guitar. Then, accompanied by a PowerPoint presentation, Grayson Hirst will perform a recitation about the life of Lincoln as the instrumentalists play and choir hums a reprise behind him. The final image will be the letter to Mrs. Bixby.

Our Balalaika Buddies

Our annual February concerts with the Arizona Balalaika Orchestra were, as always, great fun. Our Russian pronunciation gets better as the years go by, although newer members may



suffer minor injuries with such phonetic perils as "yasnim son-tsem fslyed."

We sang "Poliushka Polyeh" (Meadowlands), a tune you will have heard if

you have seen *The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming* or *Cast Away*. "Styep Da Styep Krugom" gave our brilliant young tenor,

Chris Hutchinson, a chance to shine. It also gave the rest of us a chance to recover because we only sang vowel sounds under Chris's solo.

Our third number was the rousing "Va Kuznitse" (At the Blacksmith's), and we finished with the beautiful "Lara's Theme" from *Dr. Zhivago*. The encore was "Katyusha," the clap-along, perfect way to leave 'em cheering.

The Balalaikas will join us to repeat this program in our spring concerts. Please refer to our schedule on page one.



Sea chanteys (or shanties, the word comes from the French *chanter*, to sing) are work songs sung by sailors in the days of the great sailing ships before steam and diesel killed the music. Every men's choir has a repertoire of such songs, or every men's choir worth its salt. Typically, a chantey man led the singing and the crew responded, making the work more efficient because the song had a rhythm appropriate to the task. We love this stuff. If we rolled up our sleeves you might see anchors tattooed on our biceps.

"What Shall We Do with the Drunken Sailor" is a lively hauling chantey, one that moves quickly and provides a rhythm for three sharp pulls on the halyard to raise a sail. "Way-hay and UP she rises, way-hay and UP she rises, way-hay and UP she rises early in the morning." The men pull on the halyard and stomp the deck at each "UP," then the chantey man sings a short verse to give the men a rest, and it's on to the next chorus. Each verse proposes a punishment for the drunken sailor: "Put him in the long boat until he's sober," is the gentlest one. "Put him in the scuppers with a hose pipe on him," is a bit harsher, and others harsher still.

Our tricky version of the "Drunken Sailor" features sudden rhythmic changes, and the baritones and basses must sing several measures as though inebriated. It's easier for the basses.

"Lowlands" is a capstan chantey, one sung slowly as the sailors strain in a circular line to wind the anchor chain onto the drum. The chantey man sings a sad song about a young sailor whose mother has written for him to come home, and whose true love appears to him in a dream to say that she is dying. The chorus interweaves a mournful "Lowlands, lowlands away, my John,"

and "my dollar-and-a half a day" in thrilling, shifting harmonies.

"Swansea Town" is another capstan chantey, popular in the Welsh ships involved in the copper ore trade out of the Bristol Channel in the 1870's and 80's. It's a sprightly one, so it must have been sung when there was a lighter load on the windlass. Or perhaps it expressed the exuberance of the homeward bound chantey man who just couldn't wait to see his fine girl, Nancy, once again.

*Now we're off to Swansea Town we are;
I can see the lights quite plain,
And I know that Nancy's down by the beach
With her apron all aspray.
So take my ropes and make me fast;
I'm in Swansea Town once more,
And all I've lived in hopes to see
is old Swansea Town once more.*

"Lowlands" and "Swansea Town" were arranged for men's voices by the famed duo of Alice Parker and Robert Shaw. Our chantey man is baritone David Harrington. Although David's a landlubber from Beaumont, Texas, he knows how to make the tall ships arise in your imagination.

Another Dose

The title of Sebastian Junger's wonderful book *A Perfect Storm* has given us a term that has perhaps become overused, although it seems especially apropos in this economic crisis. I recommend the book and offer herewith a little storm story of my own, complete with a gloss for readers who lack my considerable experience in matters nautical. Here's how it goes:

Our party was anchored for the night off a noisy, smelly island in the Sea of Cortez. I was nearly comatose from having consumed too much grog (watered rum) when our captain/host

shook me awake to say a storm was coming in and we would have to move to another anchorage (place to park) on the leeward (even smellier) side of the island. My job was to go to the bow (the pointy end of the boat) and pull up the anchor (the hook that sticks into the seabed and keeps you from drifting to China while you are playing poker in the little house on the deck). The captain drove the boat slowly toward the anchor so I could pull it aboard (into the boat).

Lightning strokes lit the rolling deck repeatedly. Tattered clouds scudded across the moon. The wind tore at my scopolamine patch. The sea appeared to glow in the path of the boat's spotlight; and long, slender, phosphorescent fishes played in the green gloom beneath me. With the captain chanting, "Heave away, me hearty," and the wives watching warm and dry, I finally weighed anchor (and was it heavy!), and we headed for safety.

By the time we arrived at the sanctuary, the wind was howling right off the island in front of us, blowing dirt and pelican refuse at me as I prepared to drop the anchor overboard (out of the boat). It occurred to me that I was doing all the work, so I yelled back in seaman's argot, "Avast, Cap'n. Order the women out of the fo'c's'le to help me with this b'st'rd." The wind must have flung my words away, so I steeled myself and with a mighty effort hurled the anchor to the depths.

Although I feared being thrown in the scuppers with a hose pipe on me, I was rewarded with another tot (gallon) of grog. I stayed up by myself for an hour or so, sitting astride the bow, legs dangling, picking stuff out of my hair, watching the storm play out. It was a wonderful night. What a grand feeling to have saved everyone's life! I danced a little hornpipe (a lively British sailors' reel) on the way back to my berth. (Bunk!)



Profile
g n i l

Bob
Kurtz



Photo by Iván Berger

A member of our three-man Green Valley contingent, along for the ride with Gene Friesen and Jim Kit-chak, Bob spends four hours a week on the road getting to and from Wednesday evening and Saturday morning rehearsals. He says it's a lot quieter in the car on the way home, our director having wrung just about everything out of them.

Bob and his wife Carolyn began investigating retirement possibilities in Southern Arizona in 1996. They attended an Orpheus concert at Green Valley's Community Church, and Bob thought our combination of operatic, classical, and art music in the first part of the program and cowboy and lighter music after intermission would suit him just fine. He has been a regular with Orpheus since 1999, originally as a first tenor, and now, because he has matured, a second tenor.

Bob grew up near Flint, Michigan where he spent high school and college summers driving sand and gravel and Ready Mix trucks for the family's company, an ideal way to learn how to drive an RV, the couple's favorite pastime.

At Michigan State University Bob earned a degree in Electrical Engineering and participated in the ROTC program. Before reporting for duty, he landed a research and development job with an appliance manufacturer that promised to save his job for him. He went into the Signal Corps where he was a construction platoon leader.

When he said goodbye to the Army, he took up the R&D job that had been awaiting him. A couple of years later his father offered him a position in a new division of the company, and Bob, having found out that he was more of an outdoor kind of guy anyway, returned to the family business. After a short turn driving trucks again, Bob was told to throw out his dungarees and come to work in a tie. Suddenly, Bob says, he

went from knowing everything about sand and gravel and Ready Mix to knowing nothing. He learned well and turned a successful business over to the next generation.

Bob's musical background is extensive—piano lessons as a kid, high school choir, annual Gilbert and Sullivan productions, various church and community choirs, and a stint with the Flint Festival Choir that got him onstage at Carnegie Hall to sing Mozart's *Requiem* with the Manhattan Philharmonic.

Concert touring is one of our choir's major appeals for Bob. He especially enjoyed last summer's European trip because he took his grandson, Aaron, with him. Aaron thoroughly appreciated Europe and the music and the interaction with members of the choir, but the highlight came later. The two visited Budapest, Aaron's mother's birthplace, so that Aaron could connect with his Hungarian relatives. They also visited Sopron where Aaron's mother and grandparents fled Soviet repression after the historic Hungarian uprising in Budapest in 1956. In a nice coincidence, during our 2000 tour of Germany and Hungary, Bob had visited the very spot through which the escape had taken place.

Bob's enthusiasm for the music, his hearty laugh, and his willingness to pitch in where help is needed make him an exceptionally valuable member of the choir.

We'd bet he has his bags packed for the next tour.

Pete's Party

Pete and Mary Pat DiCurti opened their beautiful home for a choir party to welcome new members to the Orpheus family, and to give European tourers a chance to show off their pictures and slide shows. The food was great (Italian as you might expect), and Tabor Tollefson brought 7.5 gallons of homemade dark beer. It was a wonderful afternoon. Spontaneous singing erupted when the tiramisu was gone, and nobody fell into the pool.

The DiCurti Dynasty



Photo by Iván Berger

Three Generations of DiCurtis: Pete on the left, Chris in the middle, and Leo on the right, appeared together for the Christmas concerts at Mission San Xavier del Bac. Chris got a solo with the Tucson Arizona Boys Chorus. His beaming grandfather and father standing behind him in the Orpheus baritone section made the light that shone on Chris all the brighter.



Our line-up of CDs



You can order them at sonsoforpheus.org

We performed 13 times between November 11 and December 17, including the three double headers at Mission San Xavier del Bac. With the scaffolding down on the restored the west tower, San Xavier was in beautiful shape—once again the “White Dove of the Desert,”—although one wing did look a bit as though it had been dunked in a muddy puddle.

The scaffolding on that wing, the east tower, was scheduled to go up in January. However, Vern Lamplot, Executive Director of Patronato San Xavier, the funding organization for the refurbishment of the mission, has

learned that the \$150, 000 grant expected from the state of Arizona has been withdrawn. Now it will be May at the very earliest before the work can start. In the meantime protective maintenance is all the Patronato can support.

The story of the restoration of San Xavier is a fascinating one. Their website, sanxaviermission.org, tells it well. For more information, you can contact Vern at vlamplot@earthlink.net. Anyone wishing to contribute to the preservation of this historic mission may send a tax-deductible donation to: Patronato San Xavier, P.O. Box 522, Tucson, Arizona 85702

The Board Gets Two for the Price of One



Photo by Tom Wentzel

Sons of Orpheus welcomes new Board members Harold and Jill Wieck. We could hardly have dreamed

we might land such a savvy couple. Harold, an engineer with Raytheon, has an extensive show business background going back to early experiences with such television shows as “Gilligan’s Island,” “Mr. Ed,” and “The

Ozzie and Harriet Show.” He has also produced large scale events with a serviceman’s organization in Europe and the Middle East. Of note is the fact that Harold has been a professional rodeo rider. He still keeps his hand in, and we know he’ll be roping in big audiences for us. Jill is a contralto who studied voice at Bethel College in Minnesota and Opera Repertoire at UC Long Beach. She comes from a long line of musicians, including her grandmother, lyric coloratura Florence Potter. Her father was a tenor and a trumpet player, her mother a professional organist, pianist, and marimba player. Her sister Joy is a composer and recording artist.

Harold and Jill came to town in 1992, and in 2007 they added something quite wonderful to the Tucson

arts scene by founding the Wieck Chamber Singers and Orchestra, an organization of professional musicians. The Wiecks’ lavish productions of Handel’s *Messiah*, Bach’s *St. John Passion*, and Gian Carlo Menotti’s *Amahl and the Night Visitors* received excellent reviews in Tucson newspapers. Their most recent endeavor was Handel’s oratorio, *Esther*, presented while this newsletter was at the printer.

Our founder/director Grayson Hirst sang the role of King Ahaseurus in *Esther* and the role of the Evangelist in *Amahl and the Night Visitors*. It was he who preached Orpheus to the Wiecks. Good catch, Grayson!

You can find information on future Wieck productions at their website: wieckchambersingersandorchestra.org

Our Veterans Day Salute



Orpheus had the honor to sing for the Veterans Day festivities at the VA Hospital on November 11, as we have done for the past several years. It was a windy afternoon, and we were worried that the microphones would pick up more Mother Nature than



Sons of Orpheus. We started the program with our brisk version of the National Anthem, followed with “The Battle Hymn of the Republic,” and concluded the set with “Salute to the Armed Forces,” a medley of five great tunes associated with the service branches. It was stirring to see various audience members stand when their song came up. As it turned out, we needn’t have worried about the breeze. We blew ‘em away!

Cheri Hartline, the wife of choir member Frank Hartline, volunteers at the new psychiatric wing of the hospi-



tal. Many of the people who make use of that facility are homeless vets who are in need of clothing. Cheri’s list:

sneakers (sizes 10-13), jeans (no holes or stains), jackets, back packs (adult size), white sox, underwear. In accordance with health laws, the sox and underwear must be new.

If you would like to donate, please call Gail at 629-1822, Monday through

Friday from 8:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. for further information, including an acknowledgement form for tax purposes.





The Lichtermans: Cantor Joel, Momele Maria, and Cantor Ivor

On Saturday evening January 10, Orpheus had the pleasure of being one of several groups to perform at Congregation Anshei Israel for Cantor Ivor Lichterman's 10th Cantorial Concert. Ivor sang with us on our Italian tour in 2004 and is an honorary member of our board of directors.

We sang two numbers in Hebrew: "Bashana Haba'a" and "The Exodus Song" by ourselves and stayed on the stage to hear Ivor sing "Mamma Son Tanto Felice," and then to back him and his brother Joel, a cantor in Denver, in "Momele." What made these tributes to motherhood so notable was that the brothers' mother, Maria, had flown in from Cape Town, South Africa to be in the audience. Her story is worth a book. We are sorry

we can do so little justice to it in this space.

When the Nazis stormed into Poland and established the Warsaw ghetto, Maria Teitelbaum was nineteen years old. She was interned in five concentration camps, including Auschwitz-Birkenau. Her parents and brother died in the Holocaust. Maria was 23 when she returned to Warsaw where she met the man who was to become her husband, Cantor Jakub Lichterman. Jakub, whose wife and four-year-old daughter had died in the Maidanek concentration camp, escaped from a death march in 1944 and eventually made his way back to Warsaw.

It was a strange and

wonderful meeting between Maria and Jakub, a sort of "Haven't I seen you somewhere?" fortuity. As it happened, Jakub's late wife had been Maria's high school music teacher. The two survivors struck up a friendship and eventually married in 1945. In 1946 they moved to South Africa where burgeoning Jewish communities were in need of leaders. Of course, the couple's two sons had a half sister they never knew—the little girl who died in Maidanek. Her name, Shoshana, lives on as Shaun, the middle name of Ivor and Jan Lichterman's second child, Ari.

Maria Lichterman recently retired after 40 years as the kosher department

banqueting manager of Cape Town's five-star Mount Nelson Hotel. She still volunteers in schools to tell the story of the Holocaust as only someone who had lived through it could.

The concert, entitled "Music is His Life," was a salute to Ivor from the congregation in celebration of his 18th year as their cantor. The number 18 is significant because it connotes *chai*, the word for "living" in Hebrew. Maria Lichterman's presence gave it an even more special meaning on that night.

Postscript:

Orpheus took "The Exodus Song" along to Europe last summer. You can find us singing it on YouTube at the Leipzig International Choral Festival. Ivor Lichterman had this to say about the performance: "I just listened to this. Sounds great, especially the ending. Imagine Exodus in Hebrew by a non-sectarian Tucson choir in the historic Leipzig church in Germany, amazing juxtaposition."



We Get a Story in the

Star®

Bonnie Henry, the brilliant columnist for the *Arizona Daily Star* and author of



Tucson Memories, and *Another Tucson*, attended our rehearsal on November 19th to get some background material—a first hand, or first ear idea of who we are.

Unaccustomed to women visitors, we were better behaved than usual, although the bass section, apparently fueled by a testosterone overload,

tended to overwhelm the rest of the choir. *Mezzo forte* was the closest they could get to *pianissimo*.

The subject of Bonnie's subsequent column was our Community Food Bank concert with students from the Arizona School for the Deaf and the Blind. The article appeared shortly before the December 17th concert and contributed greatly to the filling of the Berger Auditorium. We can't thank her enough, and we're sure the Food Bank folks appreciate her effort too.





The Voice of Orpheus



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First Tenors:

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Christopher Hutchinson
John Kamper
Tom McGorray
Bruce Mortensen
James Naughton
Jim Tomlinson
Jerry Villano
Dick Wroldson

Second Tenors:

Jim Gates
Jim Hogan
Van Honeman
Bob Kurtz
Richard Miller
Mike Negrete
Larry Ross
Larry Sayre
Roger Scheltens
Tabor Tollefson

Baritones:

Mike Bradley
Chuck Dickson
Pete DiCurti
John Evans
Jim Filipek
Cameron Fordyce
Michael Fraser
David Harrington
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Ned Mackey
Rick Sack
Raymond Tess

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Iván Berger
John Fountain
Jeffrey Handt
Frank Hartline
Jess Koehn
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Gary Smyth
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