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Alice Miriam.

whole story, either, although the beginning of it—the first chapter—as she told it herself at a little dinner party last winter, opened most interestingly.

She was one of a family of eleven children born to a father who—can't you guess it?—was a Wesleyan minister. Her real name was Alice Pinch.

"Father never saw anything funny in the name," remarked Alice, with a quiet smile, "but half of the time we children did and the other half we hated it."

"I think Dad was rather proud of the fact that one of Dickens's most lovable characters bore his name.

"He was a splendid father, and while there were times in our roving life—for we rarely stayed more than two years in a place—when we children lacked almost everything, it was due to no fault of his. He preached on Sunday, but every other day he was willing to work at anything he could get to do. He would get a job on a farm, in a mill, mending a road, carpentering—anything!

"I remember Dad's telling us how a man by whom he had been hired to do a rough, dirty job asked him when it was done what his trade was when he was working at his own job.

"I'm a preacher," said father.

"Like hell you are!" said the man.

The child began to sing before she could talk, and when she had reached the staid age of 8 she could carry the solo part (soprano) in the village church chorus. Everybody praised her singing, but the applause of the villagers didn't turn the child's head. She knew she had to learn to sing, but she didn't know where a teacher was to be found.

"I wasn't 12 when I began to try to sing for money to help the family," said Alice. "Occasionally I earned a dollar or two singing at a funeral and once in a great while a lady of our neighborhood gave what she called a musicale and hired me. I used to sing my head off.

"Then when we moved to a little place not far from Chicago I read in

"I told him, and he shook his head and gave me \$10, with the promise to go 'right home to your mother. There is no place for a child.'

"I took the money and followed his advice, but I was heartily sorry. It seemed to me I had been deceived.

Miss Miriam's elder sister, who sang voice also, and the pair who had had this experience were engaged to sing one afternoon and evening at the guests of the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Their joint fee was \$10.

The children pleased so much that the director invited them to sing for a week as guests, singing as they pleased.

"One day I had gone to the sanitarium," said Alice, "and I was rather listlessly watching the swimmers when a voice reached me from the water which said:

"'Aren't you the little Pinch who sang the other day?'

"When I owned to it the director asked if she might come to see me after her bath. She came and gave me a letter to a man in Chicago which she made me deliver personally. I would deliver personally at home.

"'She will hear you sing,' said my new admirer, 'and who knows what may happen?'

"What happened is the story of a movie drama. The lady was the widow of a manufacturer of machinery—she had been married again—heard me sing, and a week later my mother and I were on the ocean going to France to see a singing teacher who would tell me how to sing.

"For five years this woman paid all our expenses, the bills for instruction, and with no word of doubt, without a hint of discouragement. She was my godmother in real earnest."

The singer paused at this point if she had reached the end of her early history. Urged to tell more, she complied:

"What comes next I like to tell you. I got. I went from singing teacher to singing teacher and with each