



Listen to the exhortation of the dawn:

Look to this day:

For it is life, the very life of life.

In its brief course lie the verities

And realities of your existence;

The bliss of growth,

The glory of action,

The splendor of beauty;

For yesterday is but a dream,

And tomorrow is only a vision;

But today well-lived makes

Every yesterday a dream of happiness

And every tomorrow a vision of hope.

Look well therefore to this day;

Such is the salutation of the dawn.

—*From the Sanskrit.*

*4,000 years ago.*

*A WORD FROM MRS. CROSBY ADAMS*

*Montreat, North Carolina*

Dear friends from far and near:

Since Mr. Adams went to his Heavenly Home February 27th the mails have brought so many loving and sympathetic notes and letters that my heart has been deeply touched. The newspapers of the land, too, have carried notices of this deep loss. It has occurred to me that these accounts in our home papers may bring the details to you more fully, so this enclosure is being mailed to you.

## YOUTH

Youth is not a time of life; it is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions. It is the freshness of the deep springs of life.

Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals.

Years wrinkle the skin; but to give up your enthusiasm wrinkles the soul.

Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

Whether sixty or sixteen, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and at star-like things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing childlike appetite for what next, and the joy of the game of living. You are as young as your faith, as old as your doubt; as young as your self-confidence, as old as your fear; as young as your hope, as old as your despair.

In the central place of your heart is an evergreen tree; its name is love. So long as it flourishes you are young. When it dies you are old. In the central place of your heart is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage and power from God and your fellow men, so long are you young.

—Author unknown.

## THE ASHEVILLE TIMES

Tuesday, February 27, 1951

### **CROSBY ADAMS, 93, FAMED MUSICIAN, DIES IN MONTREAT**

Crosby Adams, the South's grand old man of music, died at his home in Montreat early today. He was 93 years old.

Funeral services will be conducted tomorrow at 3 p. m. in Gaither Hall at Montreat with the Rev. John Williams, Dr. Rupert McGregor, Montreat College president, Dr. T. H. Spence and the Rev. W. H. Armistead officiating. Burial will be in Piney Grove Cemetery at Swannanoa. Harrison Funeral Home, Black Mountain, is in charge.

Mr. Adams, born December 1, 1857, at Niagara Falls, N. Y., was one of the South's best known men of music.

He and Mrs. Adams, the former Miss Juliette (Nettie) Aurelia Graves, came to Montreat to live 37 years ago.

For nearly three decades their residence-studio, "House in the Woods," has been a mecca for music lovers of the land. Music has been the life work of both Mr. and Mrs. Adams. Mrs. Adams will observe her 93rd birthday in March.

He was one of Montreat's oldest citizens, had endeared himself to all who lived there and was an inspiration and benediction to the entire community.

Mr. Adams observed his 93rd birthday last December 1 by reading and writing as usual.

#### *Had Studio Here*

He made definite music contributions to Asheville aside from his cooperation with Mrs. Adams in their work in the "House in the Woods" and their old Asheville studio where they taught two days each week.

As organizer and conductor of the Aeolian Choir, of Asheville, which was successor to the Mozart Society, which he also conducted in 1917, Mr. Adams did much for choral music in Western North Carolina. The musical standards maintained by both Mr. and Mrs. Adams had a definite place in establishing a real musical taste.

Mr. Adams was formerly director of a large choir at the Montreat Normal School. As a teacher of harmony and theory, he was active for many years in promoting the cause of music and its appreciation.

Mr. Adams was widely known in the musical circles of the nation, principally through his teaching of the subject and his direction of various musical groups.

He and Mrs. Adams were born in the same town, grew up together and were married young. Together they had devoted their life to music, complimenting each other in the task of attempting to assuage what Adams termed "a world hunger for music."

*From Musical Family*

Mr. Adams was the son of John Quincy and Carrie Crosby Adams of Suspension Bridge, N. Y. This town was later merged in Niagara Falls, the towns being but two miles apart. The small community of some 5,000 in his boyhood days has now become a city of more than 75,000.

Even as a lad the musical profession had a strong attraction, for as a small child he was rocked to sleep by his grandmother whose pure alto voice has always remained with him as a cherished memory of vocal beauty.

In his father's family there was a double quartet of singers, two on each of the four parts, soprano, alto, tenor and bass, to make music together.

Thus surrounded from infancy by music beautifully interpreted, the youth later began to express it himself, first as a singer and then as a conductor of choruses.

Mr. Adams began earning his livelihood as a steam-heating engineer, but burns suffered in an accident just three months after his marriage, led to his abandonment of this work and to his serious study of music.

Mr. Adams directed choruses in Buffalo, N. Y., Kansas City, Mo., and in Chicago where he lived for 21 years.

He was a teacher of foundational harmony. His theory classes in the National Summer school in Chicago sponsored by the house of Ginn and Company of Boston, Mass., attracted a large group of teachers in public school music who were enthusiastic students.

He also had signal success with children of pre-school age, these classes leading naturally into the serious study of any instrument.

In Oak Park, a Chicago suburb, he had charge of the Chorus Choir of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, with Mrs. Adams as organist, for several years.

Mr. Adams directed two of the large groups that merged into the massed chorus for "The World in Chicago," a missionary pageant of impressive proportions.

In the summer of 1913 he and Mrs. Adams decided to locate in the Blue Ridge Mountains and Montreat was chosen as their future home. There they built "The House-In-The-Woods" which became a mecca for lovers of music.

### *Led Montreat Choir*

Teachers and pupils alike have found their way to the door of this interesting residence-studio. For years Mr. Adams led a large group of Montreat Normal students in choral work.

He also directed a mixed chorus of 55 voices in Black Mountain and conducted a chorus in Brevard. Mr. Adams was considered an authority on literature for both secular and sacred use, having made a deep study of this subject. His programs were considered models of their kind.

Asheville was also the field for Mr. Adams' activities. In 1916-'17 he was asked to conduct the Mozart Society of 160 members, and led them through two of their most successful festivals when the Damrosch orchestra was engaged for the second year.

In 1919 Mr. Adams led the organization of a women's chorus, called the Aeolian Choir, which gave concerts for many years. He was a natural teacher, being patient and resourceful.

For 14 years he kept the Montreat weather record, recording the rainfall, temperature and wind direction.

Mr. Adams was president of the Cora A. Stone Memorial Library Association for five years and for a number of years served as a director of the association. He was vice president of the Montreat Forum.

### *Church Elder*

In 1932 he was elected an elder in the Montreat Presbyterian Church.

The home life of the Adamses at "The House In-The-Woods" was the subject of comment among friends because of its serenity and because of the youthful outlook of two musicians.

Mrs. Adams once explained their devotion to each other by saying "Crosby is courtesy itself, but particularly to me."

In recent years he had been noted as a reader. He always encouraged his audience to learn poems by saying he used notes until he was 80 years of age. Since that time he had recited poetry purely from memory.

His favorite poems were "Youth," which he has broadcast, "Exhortation of the Dawn," (from the Sanskrit), "The Inn That Missed its Chance," and "The Perfect Gift."

When asked his secret of long life, Mr. Adams would often reply that he never gave the passing years a thought but only lived from day to day.

Ever looking out for the pleasure of others, he once said, "a pleasure is not enjoyed until it is shared."

His many friends considered him a grand Christian, ever courteous, tender, true, and an inspiration to all who came in contact with him.

MARCH 1, 1951 EDITORIAL  
(The Asheville Citizen)

## The Genius of Crosby Adams

The genius of Crosby Adams was as much in his attitude toward life as in the great musical talent which helped to give it direction.

He loved his fellow man without stint. He was gentleness and humility and sweetness all in one. His very *goodness* impressed everyone with whom he came in contact. He fairly bubbled with enthusiasm. He had courage and strength, both intellectual and physically, though his slight physique seemed to belie so vast a capacity for energy in behalf of others. Not many years ago, when well up in his 80's, he risked and sustained a back injury while helping a friend to push a stalled automobile.

So living in service to others, it is not too much to say that Crosby Adams influenced many to live as he did.

In the bargain, he was a musician of much accomplishment and a teacher of very real note. His famous theory classes in foundation harmony developed countless musicians. When the people of Chicago staged a celebration at Soldier's Field a few years ago in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Adams it was the tribute not alone of former pupils and friends but in a very real sense a demonstration of national affection for a pair who did much to cultivate in America the movement known as "music appreciation."

Thus, now, we speak of the Crosby Adamses. For this genius was jointly held.

At their home in Montreat, "House-in-the-Woods," to which they moved in 1913, the idyllic life of Mr. and Mrs. Crosby Adams was an old gem in a splendid new setting. Students, friends and music lovers flocked to this retreat. As their genius had affected Chicago and the Midwest, so it rippled over the mountain area. Keen, alert and firm-handed even in his 93rd year, his last, Crosby Adams was the presiding genius of a most influential household. Not the least of the beauty of this setting was the perpetual romance of these gentle folk.

Western North Carolina will long remain in debt to Crosby Adams. He flavored the mountain region with his goodness, his selflessness, his love of beauty and his spirit of indomitable youthfulness. There is sorrow in his passing. There was never a moment of it in his living.