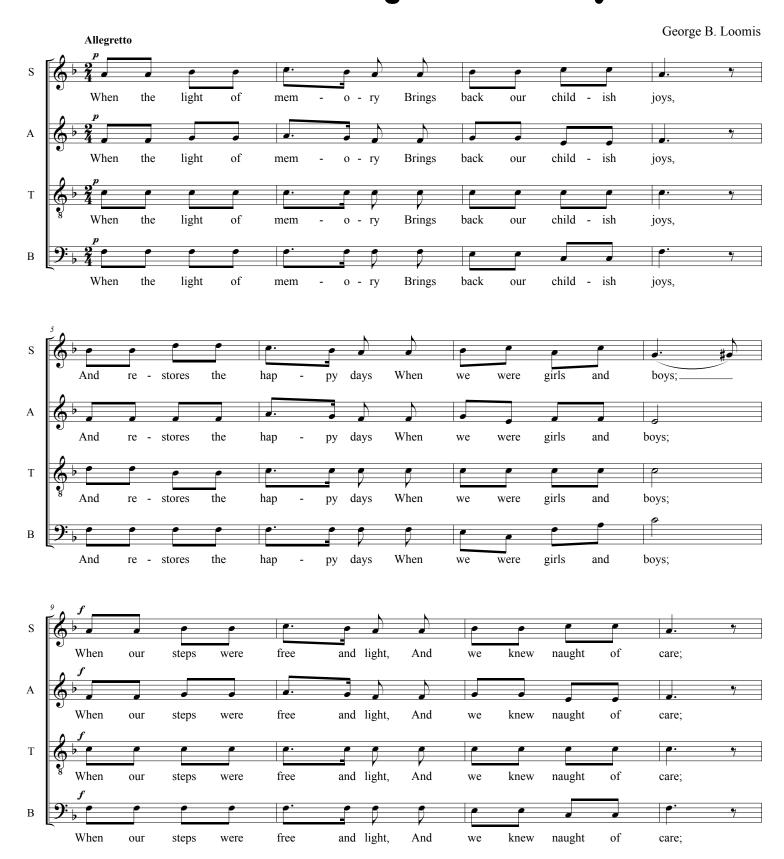
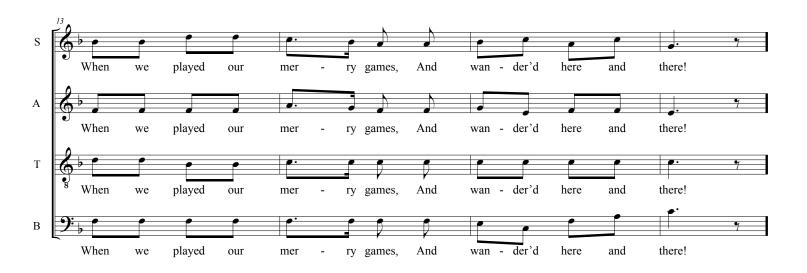


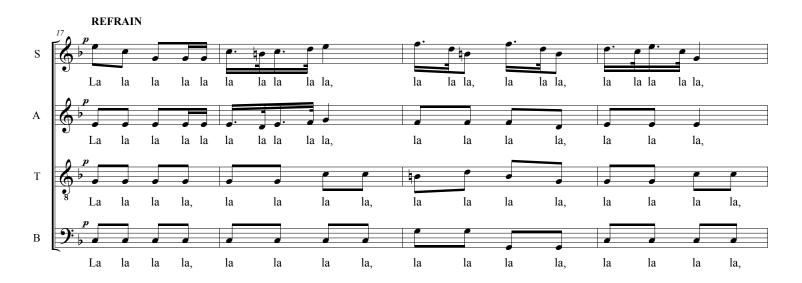
Geo. B. Loomis (1833-1887)

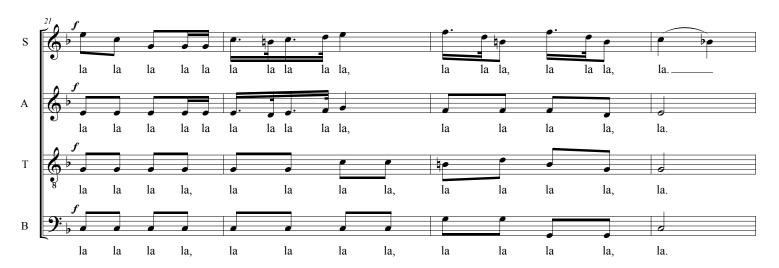


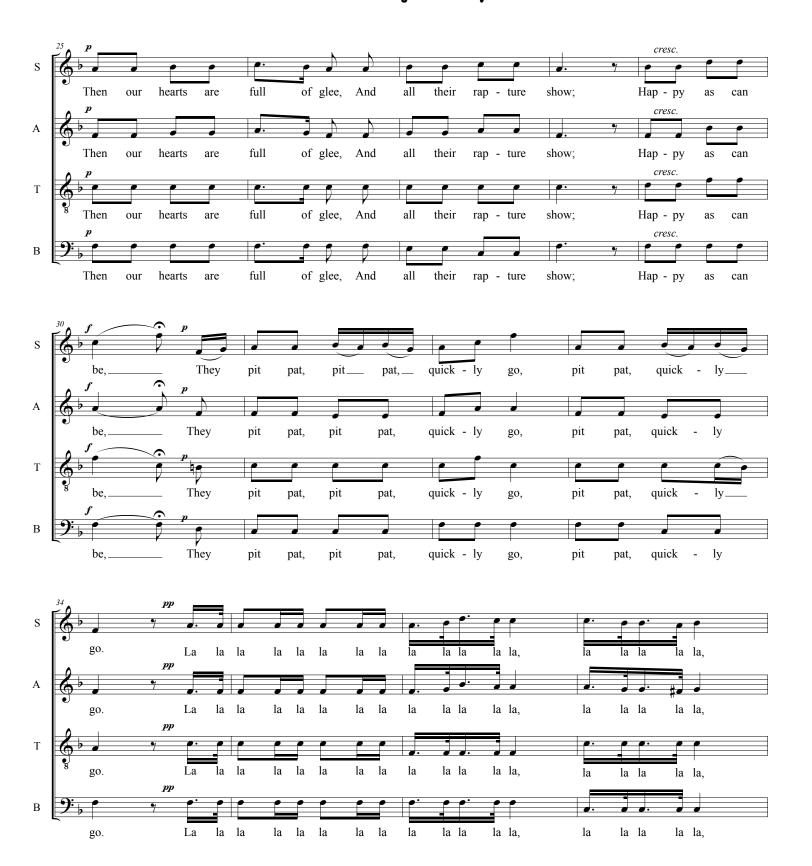


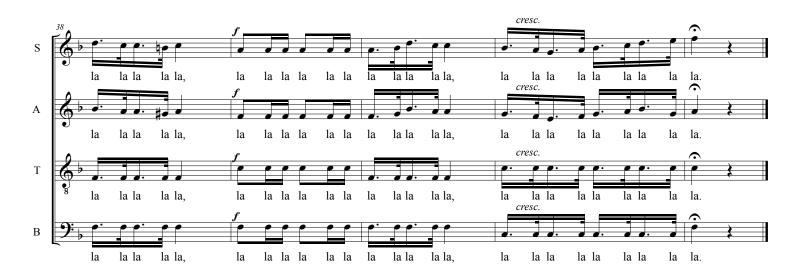
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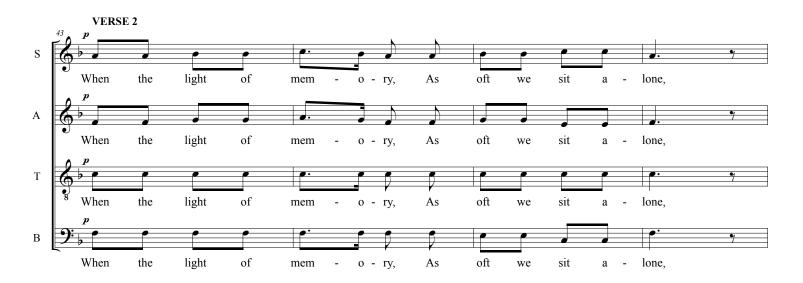


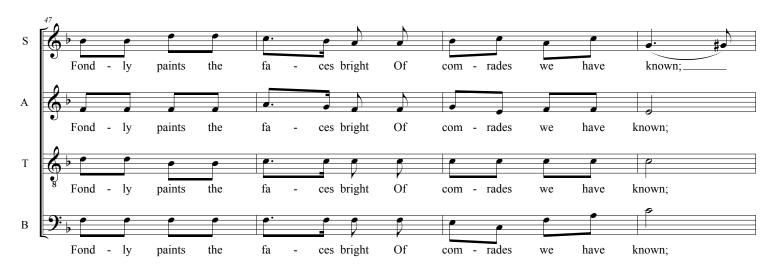


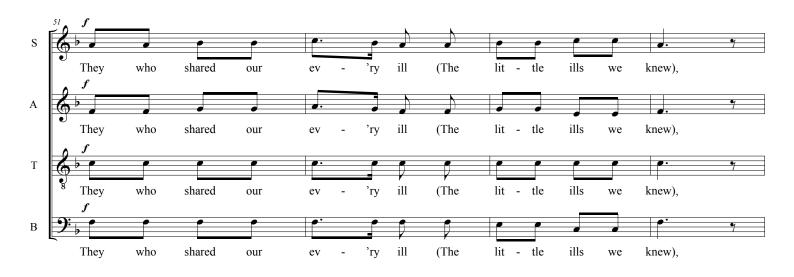


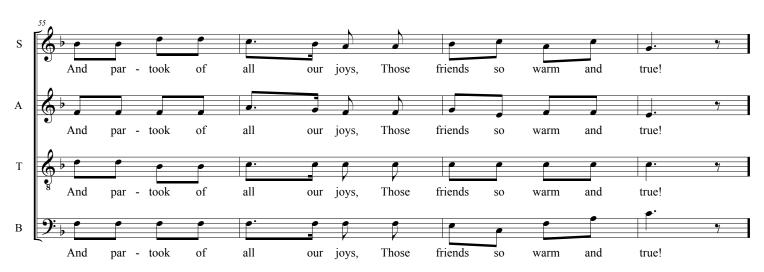


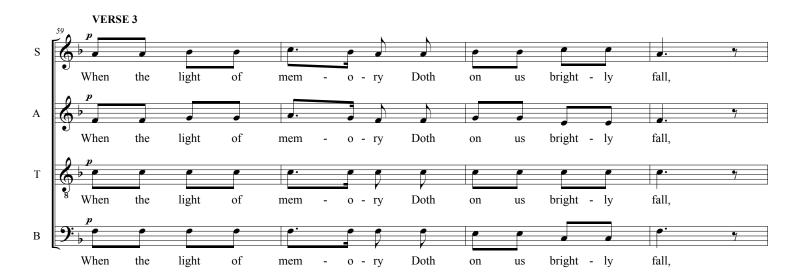


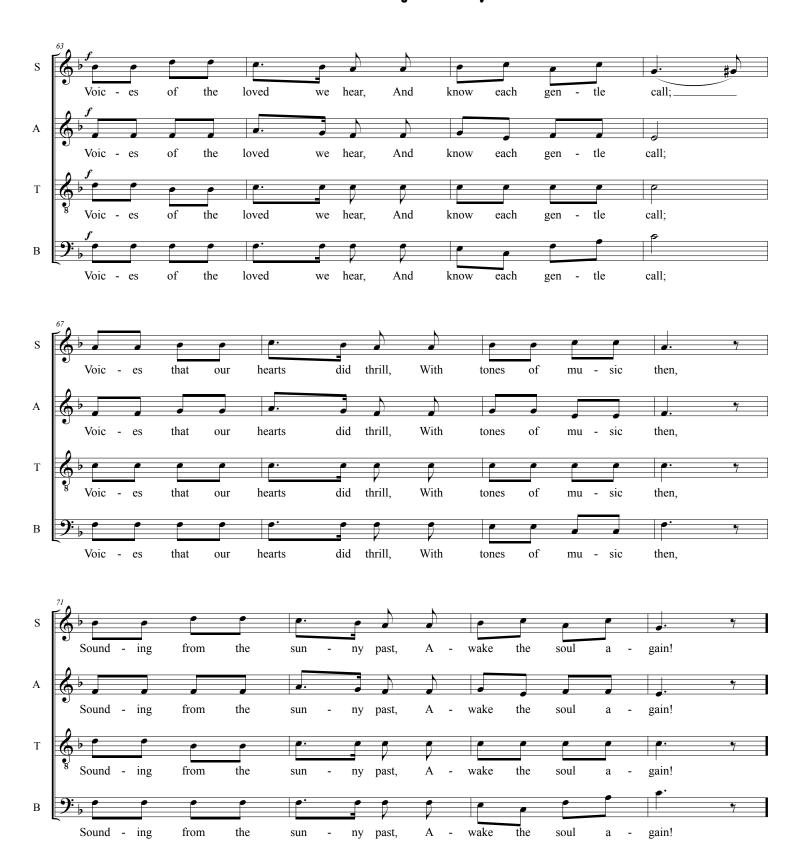












George Brace Loomis (1833-1887) was born in Bennington, New York. He was educated at the local academy and travelled to New York City to study music with Lowell Mason. He taught music in Providence, Rhode Island, then in Wooster, Ohio. With the recommendation by Lowell Mason, he was hired as the superintendent of music teaching for the public schools at Indianapolis, Indiana. He was the first president of the Indiana Music Teachers' Association and was a member of all the leading musical organizations in Indianapolis, eventually conducting the Choral Union and was musical director of the Harmonic Society. He was also an active member of the choir at the First Baptist Church. He died in Indianapolis of typhoid fever. An advocate of the East Coast concept of systematic instruction in music in the public schools, he initiated that practice in Indianapolis. He wrote and compiled a number of volumes for music education including "Progressive Music Lessons" and "The Progressive Glee and Chorus Book." His publications were widely used in Indiana and surrounding states. George B. Loomis Elementary School in Indianapolis is named after him.

When the light of memory Brings back our childish joys, And restores the happy days When we were girls and boys; When our steps were free and light, And we knew naught of care; When we played our merry games, And wandered here and there!

Then our hearts are full of glee, And all their rapture show; Happy as can be, They pit pat, quickly go.

When the light of memory, As oft we sit alone, Fondly paints the faces bright Of comrades we have known; They who shared our every ill (The little ills we knew), And partook of all our joys, Those friends so warm and true!

When the light of memory Doth on us brightly fall, Voices of the loved we hear, And know each gentle call; Voices that our hearts did thrill, With tones of music then, Sounding from the sunny past, Awake the soul again!

Eden Reeder Latta (1839-1915)

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