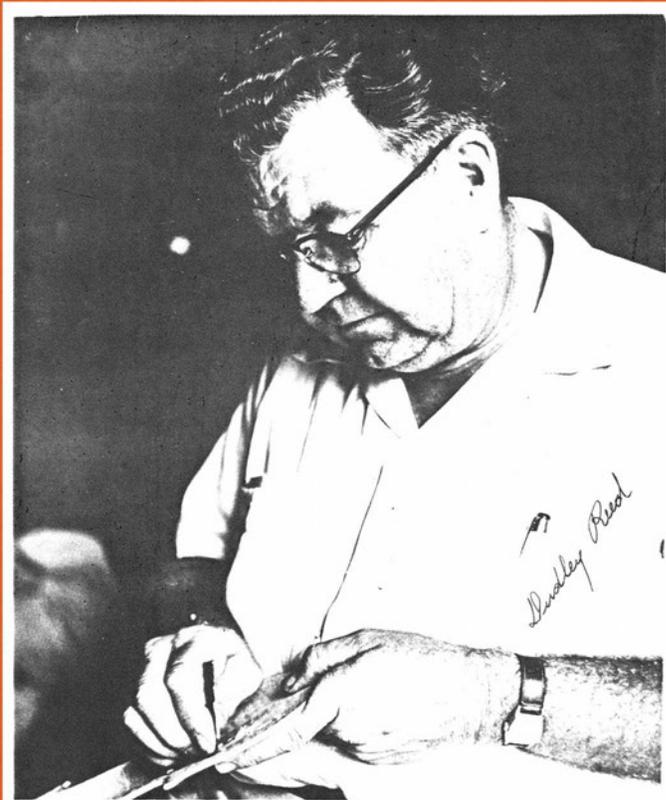


DUDLEY REED

Fiddle Maker



CLARENCE WILLIAM REAVES  
1930 N.W. 8TH AVENUE  
GAINESVILLE, FLORIDA 32603

TELEPHONE (904) 377-0739

RE: Memorial to Dudley and Martha Reed by the Reaves Family

As a memorial to Dudley Reed for his great contribution to string players everywhere with the fine string instruments he made and to his wife, Martha, the Reaves Family of Gainesville, Florida (Clarence and the Reaves Family String Quartet, Dorothy, Carolyn, Martha and Florence) are presenting copies of the book, DUDLEY REED, FIDDLE MAKER by his brother, Howard Reed (1974), to the Music Library at the Music Department of the University of Florida, to the Florida Room in the University of Florida Library on campus and to the Library at the Brevard Music Center, Brevard, N. C.

This presentation is made with honor, love and esteem for our dear friends, Dudley and Martha Reed.

*C.W. Reaves*  
*Dorothy Reaves*

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\* D U D L E Y R E E D \*  
\* Fiddle Maker \*  
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A MEMORIAL

by his brother, Howard Reed  
July 1974

\* \* \* \*

Dedicated to Martha

\* \* \* \*

Undoubtedly, the violin was Dudley's dominant interest. But it was entwined with all other facets of his life. Since his knowledge and skill developed gradually, violin-making was an avocation until about 1950; his livelihood required other interests.

My brother, James, my sister and many staunch friends have shown a devoted interest in his life and in his accomplishments. So I am writing his story as I know it. My knowledge is necessarily limited; long miles separated us most of our lives. His good wife, Martha, has been of much help.

Lovingly, I write to his memory for I am very proud of him. If I appear to extol him - so be it!

D U D L E Y   R E E D

Fiddle Maker

"a better fiddle"

"What first prompted you to make a violin, Dudley?" Idly watching my brother as he worked intently, patiently and with evident loving care on a new violin, I was expressing a long-held curiosity. Most of his other activities seemed natural enough. He learned to fly only a few years after World War "I" when airplanes were the "new" thing. Mechanical skills were almost inborn with both of us. The automobile had essentially established itself, though a horse still had its place in the country. And wanderlust is a part of everyone. But why the violin?

In answer, he recalled that when he entered high school, he wished to take lessons on the violin -- he already had some piano. So he bought an instrument recommended by his teacher, and as good as he could afford at that time. But as he progressed, he became dissatisfied. Somehow, he made contact with a violin maker -- maybe his needed repair, I don't know -- and he saw something of the violin's construction. Whatever it was, he said to himself, "I can make a better fiddle than the one I have."

Just when this idea originated, I do not know. But, I do know that it led to the drive, the motivation, that was to dominate his life; to bring to him the joy of accomplishment, and of fulfillment. "I can make a better fiddle" -- can't you sense the discontent, as well as the determination and self-confidence in those words? How characteristic of his entire life! He was a true individualist and perfectionist. And if a thing was within his ability, he persevered, confident of success. So this thread, this pursuit of the better violin, was woven without a break through each episode in the tapestry of his life: thin at times, this thread broadened into the color and brilliance marking a dream achieved, only to be snipped near life's end by the disaster of eyesight that failed.

\* \* \* \* \*

## I -- THE EARLY YEARS

Dudley Breckenridge Reed was born April 16, 1900 at Palmer, Washington County, Ohio, son of J. Fletcher Reed and Lucy Bell (Breckenridge), and given the name of our mother's favorite brother, Dudley S. Breckenridge. Good-natured and friendly, he grew up in the country, doing the errands any farm boy usually does, attending country school, roaming the rolling hills and woodlands, mingling with kind and friendly neighbors, developing a fine mind and body and those qualities of character that would serve him well.

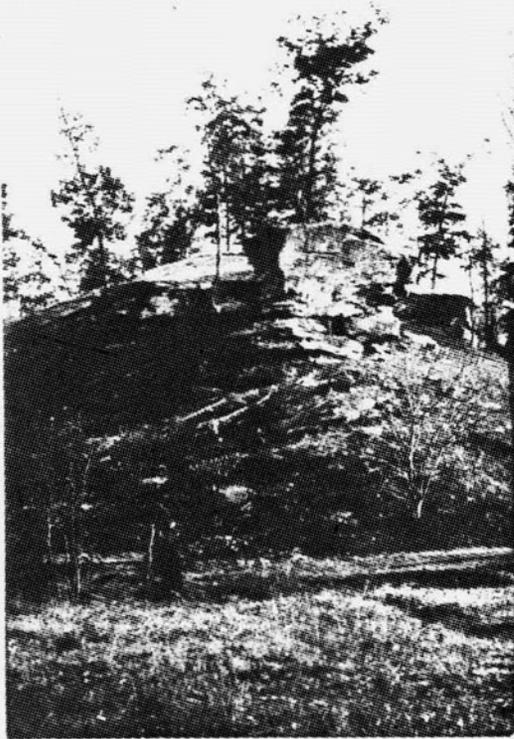
But in September 1912, our gentle, kind and good mother passed away in the prime of life -- a shattering blow to the three of us, Dudley, our father, and myself. It was a crisis indeed for my twelve year old brother. Dad did his best but he also had his own difficulties. And I returned to a disrupted, unhappy second college year. So Dudley was much alone to carry his grief inwardly, and with nobody in whom to confide. The sorrow struck deep into his sensitive soul. Fortunately, a cousin who came to look after their needs, helped much to provide a bit of the needed affection.

Several months later, Father married a fine person, Lucy A. Palmer, who earnestly tried to make a pleasant home. But again it was a difficult time for Dudley -- she was not Mother. Minds and hearts did not quite meet. But happily, with maturity and the passing of years, there came respect and affection. Always, she had our welfare at heart, worried about us as her own, and welcomed us when we returned. Both of us mourned her demise a few years ago. Our sister, Margaret, and brother, James, her children, as well as Dudley and myself, were one family, united and with mutual affection.

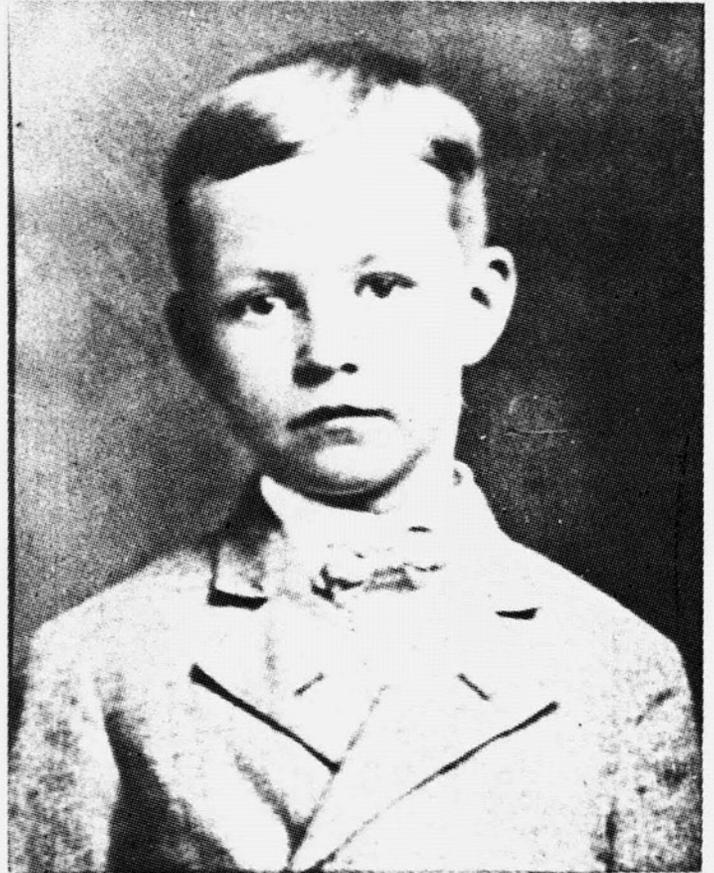
An occurrence when he was about fourteen indicates his industry and will-to-succeed. By raising a prize acre of corn, he earned a tour to Washington, D.C. with other 4-H Club winners. It was a big moment for him. He wanted that trip and he got it!

In 1915 he entered McConnelsville High School. Here the violin and his life were wedded -- not as the skilled musician, for he had his limits, but love of the violin increased, desire for that "better fiddle" was fixed and his ear trained for true tone. He told the story of one of his musical friends who listened one day and said; "Dudley, why don't you just make the violin and let another play it." Then he'd chuckle about the criticism.

He transferred to Marietta High School and graduated June 13, 1919. A year at Marietta College followed.



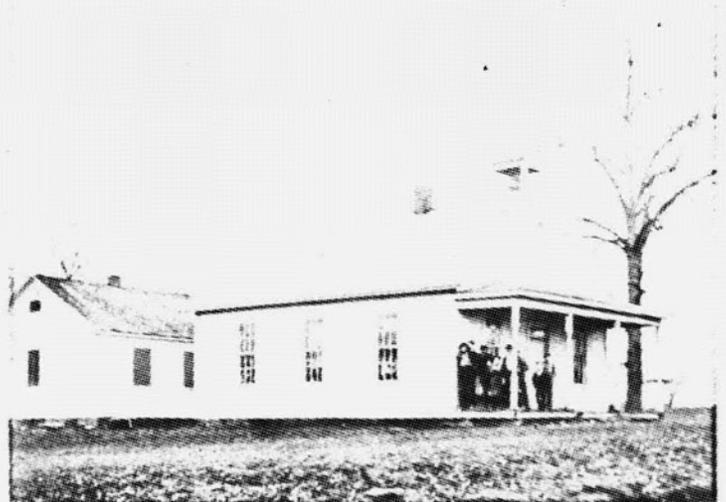
Rocky Hill on Farm



DUDLEY - 1908



Off to School - 1906



PALMER SCHOOL - 1908

## II -- THE HUNTER

Another facet of Dudley's early life could be termed -- The Hunter. Playing Indian could be considered the beginning. There were the headdress and moccasins made by him, although I suspect a bit of aid was occasionally rendered by Grandma (she lived with us). Then came the bow and arrows, his own crafting. He would be out prowling, stalking, creeping up on imaginary game. It seemed to afford him a lot of fun.

Later, when he was ten or twelve, he had a "Daisy" air rifle. When English sparrows perched on the fence (they abound around farm buildings), he would pop them off with hardly a miss, becoming an excellent shot. With rifle, or a shotgun, he hunted the game of the hills -- rabbits, squirrels, pheasants, other game. One of his prized possessions was a muzzle-loading "Kentucky" squirrel rifle. He boasted he could bring down a squirrel from the highest tree with it.

He did much serious hunting while he lived at Elkins, W.Va., but we talked very little about it. Game was quite plentiful in the area. He did tell me about a flock of wild turkeys in the mountains, how they had their sentinals, making it difficult to approach close enough for a shot. He was quite anxious to get one of those turkeys. He never did -- too bad, for he would have thrilled to that.

Hunting provided one of the important expressions of his life. But later his warm, compassionate nature caused a change and he had no desire to kill game. He said: "The little animals have a right to live and enjoy life also." His rifle and fine shotgun hung on their wall pegs -- unused! It is interesting that Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, in her book "Cross Creek", expressed the same feeling. She says; "There was great sport at first in all the hunting. Then it came to sicken me, and now I go to the pines as a guest and not an intruder." Again she says; "I have never killed a deer, holding my shot in wonder at their beauty ..... many a hardened hunter has told me that he is done with his deer killing." However, each makes clear distinction between killing for sport (?) and killing for needed food. Nor did he abandon all outdoor recreation -- of course not. In fact, he loved to fish. And in Florida, many were the trips from Gainesville to the Gulf, especially to Cedar Keys, for a day of fishing.

\* \* \* \* \*

III -- TO THE WEST

Responding to the urge for scenic change (wanderlust), in midsummer of 1920, he went to see his friend, Lou Miller, who had a claim, with cabin, in the Cascades not far from Yakama, Washington. Nearby was a lumber camp where he worked until winter snows caused it to close. So Dudley, Lou and another friend, holed-up for the winter in the cabin with a stock of bacon, flour, canned goods and other food. But it became evident to him that the meat supply was inadequate. He had purchased a revolver and a hi-powered .250-3000 Savage rifle while working in the camp. So he hunted, day after day, shooting partridge out of the spruce trees with his revolver (ammunition was plentiful and cheaper for the revolver). Or he caught fish on the riffles, or through holes in the ice with a hook and piece of line. It was a case of hunt or starve. His companions lacked the ability to survive in the timber. When spring thaws started, he took the rifle along, hoping to find a bear, so as to provide an ample supply of meat. But no luck. Their flour ran short for biscuits and hot cakes. So they hunted around the kitchens of the lumber camp and found sacks of flour which had become wet and left a hard crust on the outside. Breaking open this crust, the flour in the center was good. Thus did they survive the winter!

With approach of summer, he went over into Idaho, near Twin Falls, and worked in the alfalfa harvest. Talking a few weeks ago with our cousin, Harley Carrel, he mentioned about Dudley working at his place in Idaho, and commended him as a good and resolute worker. He worked in the area several weeks and -- in true Western spirit -- bought a horse.

In late summer, he returned to Ohio, bringing his Savage rifle and his Western saddle -- symbols, actually, of his Western sojourn. The youth had returned a man, had returned with self-reliance, the product of responsibility and hardship. I think he admired the West and its ways. Maybe it was that, which induced the appeal of West Virginia, with its mountains and its wild country and its people; where for many years he found contentment.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### IV -- THE FIRST VIOLINS

Regretfully, I know little of Dudley's activities for several years after his return from the West. I know he worked a while on a drilling rig (oil) - that's a tough job. His "Star" automobile agency at Beverly, Ohio, did fairly well at first; but Durant products just did not compete with the older makes of cars. A bakery partnership was another project; he told of arising at one o'clock in the morning to get out the day's bread. Willing and strong, he never backed away from work.

Probably his FIRST violin was made in 1922. Just how he started, I don't know. Carl Hildebrand, a violin maker some three miles from our home, gave him suggestion, advice and encouragement; Dudley spent hours with him. Any available reading materials were devoured. The source of woods for the first fiddle is unknown, except for the belly. He may have obtained a well seasoned piece of curly maple from one of the neighbors for the back. The neck and finger board were probably purchased.

But I found his story about the belly very interesting. This part of a violin normally is made of imported, well seasoned spruce. But Dudley had the idea he could substitute. Hemlock grows in Ohio, a tree similar to spruce, a member of the pine family and a straight grained, beautiful wood. In a portion of our barn were hemlock rafters that had been there for over 25 years, hence well seasoned. So he cut a section from a rafter, thinking it would be suitable for his contemplated violin. It worked up beautifully and the tone was mellow. But it lacked the power a violin needs. However, the finished whole was commendable and acceptable as a first production.

Later, he purchased all his wood from supply houses in New York and London. Fine violins naturally require fine woods. The finest spruce and most beautifully grained curly maple grow in the mountains of south-central Europe -- Bavaria, Austria, Czechoslovakia. Carefully selected by experts, it is then cut into correct lengths for each size of instrument, stored and seasoned for 40 years or more. That is two generations of waiting -- we do not have that kind of patience in our country. But every bit of moisture must be removed. Dudley used woods at least 50 years old and has used some as old as 150 years. Obviously, it must be without blemish. The result is a quite expensive wood. One of the world's largest stores of such wood was destroyed at Marknerkirken, Germany, during World War II, when some Russian soldiers burned this wood to keep warm!

So this first fiddle launched his ultimate vocation. His ambition was aroused; and he could make a fiddle! Did it ever enter his thoughts, his dreams, that this was the birth of a career that eventually would lead to building about 275 fine instruments? that would lead to recognition as one of the really fine violin makers? No, I greatly doubt my brother could even have dreamed such a dream.

I have no idea about the several violins that followed. The violin our brother, James, has is labeled "Dudley Reed - 1925" but with no number. In fact, he apparently kept no written record of his instruments during his first thirty years as a maker. During the winter when there was no flying, he worked on violins, increasing his knowledge and technique. While on a visit home in early 1929, I watched him working, strewing the wood shavings over the room. A press interview in a Clarksburg, W.Va. newspaper in 1938, states that he had made and sold no less than 25 instruments; and that many violins had been sent to him for repairs. Also in 1938, during my visit at his Elkins home, a young violinist from the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra brought his violin (one Dudley had made) for a slight adjustment -- perhaps to reset the soundpost. Unfortunately, this young artist became a fatality of World War II. The concertmeister of the Cincinnati Symphony also had a Dudley Reed violin.

So even in those years he was making fine instruments. Constantly he questioned himself, ever seeking improvement. For instance, the varnish problem, one bedeviling all makers, had received his experimentation. With typical tenacity he solved that one.

\* \* \* \* \*

V -- THE FLYER

Let's back-track to 1923 when he learned to fly in a "Jennie" under the tutelage of Guy Vincent at Waterford, Ohio. (The "Jennie" was a World War I training plane -- Model JN -- slow and safe. Many were available for long after the War.) So for the next thirty years, flying became his chief vocation and livelihood.

During the following two years, he "barnstormed" with Lyle "Scotty" Scott, of Marietta, Ohio, carrying passengers on short sight-seeing flights for about three dollars a flight. (On page 8, see the copy of a handbill.) They also engaged in some "stunt" shows -- wing-walking, parachute jumping, flying under bridges, other stunts. Scotty was of the daring type and gave you a thrill (I know - I rode with him once). Regrettably, he was involved in a fatal crash at Arnettsville, W.Va. about 1930 during a stunt maneuver. Dudley was a much more sound and conservative pilot. I have flown with him too. One time he was forced into a difficult and hazardous emergency landing with a dead engine. He got us out safely. I'd ride with him anywhere; he was tops!

His next step was to acquire his own plane in 1926. He obtained a wrecked Waco biplane which provided an OX-5 engine, fittings and patterns. Then he proceeded to make new wings from spars, ribs and covering he formed himself. The same applied to the control surfaces - ailerons, stabilizers, elevator and rudder. New longerons and struts provided for the fuselage. The landing gear was new; most of the cowling was salvaged; the propeller, of course, was new. Now he had a new plane of his own and barnstormed with it for a couple of years in south-eastern Ohio and parts of West Virginia. I have noted this project in detail to emphasize his mechanical ability.

Afterward, from 1928 to 1932, he flew for Drexel George of Fairmont Airways at Fairmont, W.Va. They were flying a Stinson monoplane and it was while there that he engaged in one of his most novel experiences.

On Dec. 21, 1930, he flew from Wauchula, Fla., with the first cargo of strawberries ever shipped from Florida to New York by air! Quoting from an article in the TAMPA DAILY TRIBUNE ..... "Wauchula, Dec. 20 -- A modern type monoplane was at the Airport here tonight, serviced and ready to take the air at dawn tomorrow ..... the plane, piloted by Dudley Reed, chief pilot for Fairmont Airways, will take 432 pints of berries, fresh from the

**FREE**  
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**To each person purchasing  
one new or used car**

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**Thru our efforts we have secured  
Scotty's Airplane**  
**from Marietta, piloted by Dudley  
Reed who will take passengers this  
week and Sunday at the Ruff farm  
three miles east of city.**

**Passenger Flights \$2.50**

**Special for Saturday--All school students \$1.50**

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**Mallory Printing Company, Lancaster, Ohio**

Flying at Lancaster, Ohio -- about 1925



At WAUCHULA, Florida - December 20, 1930

fields of Hardee County, to the tables of New York. .... The berries were put up by the Bowling Green Strawberry Growers Association and the Hardee County Growers, Inc. They will be sold at auction in New York Monday morning. Accompanying Pilot Reed will be County Judge F. G. Janes, Jr., who at noon Monday will present a basket of berries to Mayor James J. Walker ..... on the steps of the City Hall. Stops are planned at Jacksonville, Raleigh, Washington and possibly Newark. The final landing will be Roosevelt Field, L.I., where arrangements have been made for moving pictures of the landing. The distance ..... is 1130 miles and the trip is expected to take 11 hours flying time. .... time of the take-off is set for 6:30 a.m., but Pilot Reed says he hopes to take the air as soon as it is light enough to see ... with favorable weather conditions, he hopes to land at Roosevelt tomorrow afternoon ..... Millions of pints of berries have been shipped from this county and state, but .... this is the first shipped by plane. ... A representative of the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington will meet the plane at Roosevelt Field." As often happens, the well-laid plans failed. Weather conditions were not favorable; rain along the mid-Atlantic coast caused delay. But deliver the berries, he did, though a day late.

After flying at Weston, W.Va., during the summer, he went to Elkins in December 1933 as Equipment Supervisor for the West Virginia Road Commission. Maintenance of all the state's highway equipment in the district was involved, even including rebuilding of engines. Elkins lies in a valley of about 2000 feet elevation, protected by surrounding peaks reaching 4860 ft. It is the seat of Davis-Elkins College. This beautiful country, with its good clear air, was to be his home for the next eight years.

He resided with Mr. & Mrs. Dice and Georgia Harper for many months, thus beginning a long friendship and beginning also an eventful period of his life. The Harpers were much involved in the airport facilities of the early days. Harper's Field, as it was known from 1920 to 1934 (and by the pilots as the "cow pasture!"), was the scene of many "Barnstormer" flights. Mrs. Harper, an authority on the airport's history, in an interview in the INTER-MOUNTAIN newspaper of Nov. 14, 1973, names a dozen who flew from that field in those years. And she tells of American Airlines operators using her upstairs bedroom for their radio and weather station two years before American began landing at Elkins airport in 1934, the second city served by a commercial airline in West Virginia.

In 1933, the Harper's and three other land owners sold land to the city of Elkins to extend the runways, build a facility to house the manager and the American Airlines radio station and make other improvements. Other active citizens worked hard together to establish the improved airport and on Oct. 6, 1934 it was dedicated as the Elkins Municipal Airport. And the first manager was -- Dudley Reed, who served until 1941.

Another devoted and dynamic force in establishing that airport was Congressman Jennings Randolph, then a new representative for that district, and a good friend of Dudley's. He became known in civil aviation and the halls of Congress as "Mr. Aviation", ever pushing and promoting legislation benefiting it. Later, when the airport was again expanded and the terminal building (Dudley's former residence) moved and renovated in 1944, it again was Congressman Jennings Randolph who helped secure federal financing for the project. In 1973, Elkins-Randolph County Airport built new facilities and on Nov. 17, 1973 it was dedicated as Jennings Randolph Field. Elkins was deservedly honoring (now)-Senator Randolph for his consistent support; and establishing itself as a worthy airline facility.

I have written of these persons and events because they so closely touched Dudley's life at Elkins. But another event and person was involved for a lifetime. On July 14, 1934, Martha Sandridge and Dudley were married at Oakland, Md. They moved into the new house at the airport the first of October 1934. Faithful and good wife, she has been, patiently conforming herself to his foibles, ever encouraging him and elated by his successes. She was proud of her man! And Loyalty was her watchword! No accolade can be accorded Dudley without including Martha. Despite her health problems, and they were many, she remained jovial and patient.

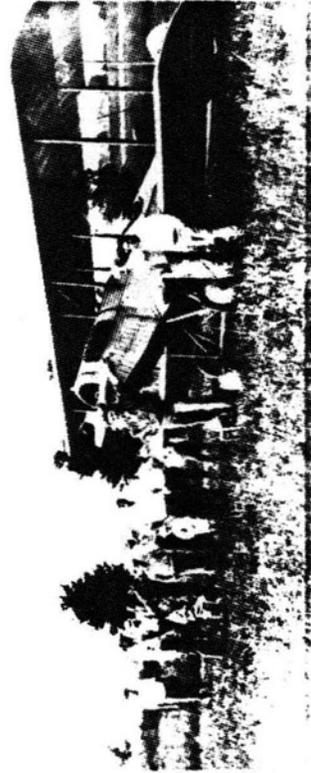
Dudley did not have a plane when he went to Elkins. So he obtained a wrecked Waco J-5 and rebuilt it, the second time he had rebuilt a plane. Later, he sold the Waco and acquired a Stinson monoplane, a real nice job. So his flying continued. During those Depression years, money was scarce and he had to cut the price of a flight to one dollar. "At that price, all we could do was lift off the ground, turn around and bring 'em back down," he said. He told me that one Sunday he made 165 flights at Elkins at \$1.00 each. They even carried bathroom scales around once and hauled people for a penny-a-pound. He also continued instruction of student flyers with the Airport as training center. Davis-Elkins College students frequently took the flying course.



DUDLEY and MARTHA



ELKINS MUNICIPAL AIRPORT - 1934



DUDLEY'S FIRST AIRPLANE - 1926

I am sure he must have had many interesting flying experiences in those days. But his telling of flights to Washington when clouds and mists forced him to thread his way through gaps in the mountains, barely skimming the ground or peaks, still leaves me with chills. While I had full confidence in his ability, yet during all his flying career every news item of an aircraft accident left me with skipped heart beats. I felt relief when he ceased flying.

Recently, I received a much appreciated letter from Sen. Randolph. He tells, with gusto, this story about he and Dudley flying to Petersburg (some 40 miles east) from Elkins and of being lost in a sudden snow storm. "Where are we, Dud?" asked the Senator; "Damned if I know," Dudley replied. "Then the skies opened and there was our airport down below."

"He and Martha are special friends in my life. He named the single engined plane we flew, 'The Representative'; we were very close in aviation efforts. Martha used to have me in to the little house at the edge of the airport to laugh and E A T. She was a good cook. He was loved in Elkins, as was Martha." (So nice a letter! It's no wonder the Senator has been in Congress for 42 years.)

In this "little house" the Senator speaks of, he had adequate space to work on violins; and he had a garden providing fine, fresh vegetables. Hunting also was a relaxation. He had a beautiful dog, Nellie, a Llewelin setter; it was amazing, if he gave her an ear of sweet corn, how she would eat from the cob just like a horse. I suspect those years at Elkins, among his beloved mountains, among friends he loved and who loved him, were some of the most happy ones of his life.

With the outbreak of World War II, the pattern of his life changed. In the Fall of 1941 he left Elkins to go to Douglas, Georgia (some 60 miles north of the Florida line), as instructor in the Primary Training of U. S. Airforce pilots. On January 1, 1945, he went to Arcadia, Florida, for the same purpose, until the end of the war. Actually, his role was Supervisor of Flight Instructors for one squadron of one-half the cadets on the field; another supervisor had the other squadron. I believe he enjoyed this work but I know no details. He told of one incident however which impressed me. The instructor's recommendation of a cadet's passing was usually accepted; but the supervisor's decision was final. In this case, the cadet was questionable and the instructor asked Dudley to make the final flight. Dudley

said he never had such a ride, nor fear of being killed. The boy was all over the sky; everything was wrong. Of course, the cadet was "washed-out." But he had to be good, or he would have wrecked them. His poor performance was deliberate; he simply wanted out.

Probably the end of the war limited Dudley's active flying, though he continued to fly some and to maintain his commercial license for another few years. After the war in 1945, he served several months with the Laurie Yonge Flying School, Hart Airfield, Jacksonville, Fla., as chief instructor of Aircraft Mechanics. They bought their first trailer here and a trailer was to be their home for the next twenty seven years. Although he had made some violins while at Douglas and Arcadia, he increased his effort here at Jacksonville and it was here he worked with John Werchman. Leaving here in 1947, he went to Stengle Field, Gainesville, Fla., again to teach Aircraft Mechanics, and to produce more fine violins. This was to remain his home. By 1953, aircraft and flying had become things of the past - now the violin had assumed his long cherished special interest and vocation.

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VI -- MASTER VIOL MAKER

I was only slightly surprised when my brother declared; "I am going to devote full time to making violins." I knew his ambition of course. He continued; "I have a backlog of orders to keep me busy for a year. Savings should see me through until I know my prospects of succeeding. The classes of aircraft students will end in three months. So this is my opportunity." This talk occurred while I visited him in Florida in August 1952.

His setup was quite ideal for his purpose -- his trailer for living quarters under a big tree in an open, rural-like setting, enough space for five cats he adored and for Skippy, a not-quite-thoroughbred dog (reporter Griffin's term). A motel cabin he rented across the drive from his trailer provided him ample room for work, for storage and for privacy; also for the power saw, jointer and jig saw with which he did the initial rough shaping of the violins. His door was always open to client, musician or friend and each was accorded a warm welcome. And it is needless to say, Martha could communicate by a shout.

So early in 1953, the different and final phase of his career began under reasonable auspices. He had about 70 instruments to his credit and a growing reputation. There had also been some valued extra training. While at Jacksonville, he fortunately became acquainted with John Werchman of New York, probably the best known restorer and repairer of violins made by the old masters of the 17th century -- Stradivarius, Amati and Guarnerius. Mr. Werchman was in Florida for several months and quite often went to Dudley's trailer to talk and to work a bit. Dudley credited him as being the source of much knowledge and improvement in his technique, both for repair and for new violin work. And his violins, now improved, had already been fine.

Fine indeed -- the instruments were beautiful! Working carefully, using those tools unique to the art and as used by the masters, the curved surfaces attained almost incredibly perfect symmetry and smoothness. The tuning fork played its part as both back and belly were gradated to vibrate to the correct pitch. But the instrument, as finally assembled, is not yet ready for varnish; it must be put aside for several weeks, perhaps months, to "season" so that stresses in the recently sculptured and formed wood may stabilize. This was a process unique with him, adding to the cost and time of building but assuring a quality instrument. His own formula of varnish was now applied, coat upon coat, each meticulously rubbed out, hand rubbing

being the final stage. Patterns of the old Italian masters were reproduced to the most minute detail -- why not? Slight study of the box of a violin reveals its structural efficiency. For example, the corners at the curves of the waist provide rigid torsional resistance and light weight; the waist itself is proportioned to properly resist torsion and bending. Certainly the beauty of resonance and form cannot be improved. The old masters knew what they were doing!

But the purpose of the violin is not beauty only; thousands accomplish this. No, it must pour forth the soul of the music and the artist in full, warm, round, yet brilliant, tones. Dudley has said; "My instruments must be equal to, or better than, those of every violin maker, living or dead." Brave words! Did he accomplish this? Let's explore a bit.

Edward Preodor, at one time head of the Strings Department of the University of Florida School of Music and conductor of the University Symphony orchestra, later of the University of South Florida at Tampa, considered by authorities to be one of America's top violinists and conductors, has said: "A discriminating listener could not tell the difference between a Strad and one of Reed's better violins. In fact, I would rather play one of Reed's than any that are being built anywhere today." Praise indeed!

The Floridian String Quartet, organized in 1948 at the University of Florida, is one of the finest organizations of its kind in the South. A brochure of the mid 50's states; "The instruments used by the quartet were built especially for them by Mr. Dudley Reed who is considered one of the finest craftsmen in the country. His instruments are known for their deep, warm tone and resonant brilliance, the combination of which results in a quality of tone seldom heard in quartet playing."

The brochure describes each of the artists of the Quartet, each of whom was a member of the University of Florida Symphony Orchestra and each had a rich musical background and experience. They were --

Edward Preodor, 1st Violin - conductor of the Symphony Orch. (above)

Anthony de Filippo, 2nd Violin - concertmeister of the Symphony

Robert E. Carson, Violist - principal violist of the Symphony

Arnold Wirtala, Cellist - principal cellist of the Symphony

Three were members of the faculty of the School of Music; Dr. Carson was a professor of Humanities, also a well known landscape artist. Perhaps it is significant that in 1964, Dr. Carson purchased a Reed viola; Arnold Wirtala

purchased a 'cello in 1962 and Grace Wirtala a viola in 1960. Di Filippo had purchased a violin in 1951.

Other significant purchases were - University of Florida; 5 violins, 5 violas, 3 'cellos; Univ. of So. Florida; 5 violins, 5 violas, 2 'cellos; Auburn University; 1 violin, 1 viola; Converse College, 2 violas; also a viola by the violist of the celebrated Budapest String Quartet.

Also I must note Carolyn Tyner, an accomplished musician and member of the Symphony, who has a Reed violin, viola and 'cello (her daughter's). Once she wrote to me about playing the "gorgeous" viola Dudley had made for her. Then writing on December 21, 1973, she said; "I played my lovely Reed violin in church last Sunday. It was the first time anybody had heard that violin; its lovely tone more than made up for my rusty playing condition. Everybody raved about it."

"I finished a 'cello for a customer in Rochester, N.Y. about three weeks ago. The order for this instrument had been placed for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years. It is a beautiful 'cello -- wood, varnish, workmanship and tone. I believe it is probably the finest I have done; it is doubtful if any maker ever made a better one." ..... from my brother's letter of Dec. 20, 1965 to me.

One final observation regarding his violas. It was his contention that the viola was a neglected instrument, even by the old masters. So he experimented with changes and was convinced that he built the finest viola of all time. Who is to gainsay him? Probably he was right; a check of his records of the last ten years of his activity, shows a larger percentage of violas than would be anticipated.

Need I continue? Any real achievement was accomplished by some one who believed. Dudley believed! He made a better fiddle; his instruments were better than, or equal to, all others! His dreams were fulfilled!

\* \* \* \* \*



VII -- REPAIRING

There was a phase of his activities that needs to be considered in relation to his creative career: paradoxically, in one respect, as a thing desired; in another, as an albatross limiting his ambitions. In a positive way, let's quote from Martha's letter of July 6, 1962 from Brevard: "There has been a lot of work here at camp this year. I believe he (Dudley) has haired every bow in the camp, besides other repairs." Again from Dudley's letter of Dec. 20, 1965: "We spent a very good summer in No. Carolina. Of course, I had to work like a dog. As usual, the first trip was two weeks at the beginning of camp; we then returned during August." Brevard, refers to the Summer Musical Festival at Brevard, No. Carolina, which begins about June 25th and lasts nine weeks. He attended it annually for sixteen years, doing instrument repair work. A letter from Brevard May 12, 1969 says; "We look forward to the Reeds coming on July 3rd." 1969 was their last year.

The repair work at Brevard was obviously desirable as it increased his reputation and acquaintance with the community -- incidentally it also provided a change from routine living. No doubt it led to orders for new violins. It must have, for he shipped new instruments to 18 states outside of Florida (see List of Instruments). Also there were new instruments for Converse College at nearby Spartanburg, S.C., besides all the work brought to Brevard for repair. But it meant a heavy load of repair work throughout the year. A massive accumulation of repair faced him when I visited him in the autumn of 1957, and again in 1962. He was working long hours -- until nine or ten in the evening.

About 1959, the University of Alabama managed to get him on campus. As Dudley recalls: "They said there was a week's work to do. But the word spread through Alabama that I would be in the neighborhood and it took me three weeks of hard work before I could leave. Then I had to bring some of work back with me. More work continued to come in afterward."

True, repair work provided the bread and butter of operations and a steady flow of income. It also was necessary to care for the needs of old friends. But many times I saw him consent to assume extra work, because of his sheer goodness and kindness, when actually he had to steal the time. I occasionally urged him to reject some of the repair so he could devote more time to creating new instruments. His reply: "These people have no other

practical source of help; I simply cannot refuse them." Again there is the customer who brought a violin for repair and ended purchasing violin, viola and 'cello; more importantly, she became his most loyal and helpful friend.

To quote again from his informative letter of Dec. 20, 1965 -- "I have had so much emergency repair work that must be done. I finished the most pressing work yesterday and planned on spending today and the rest of the week on Christmas things. But I just now got a telephone call from a friend in Orlando; he wanted me to do some work for him. He is driving up; so there goes my afternoon. He is a very fine cellist from New York and is principal cello in the Florida Central Symphony Orchestra of Orlando. That is the way it goes with me continually. I don't get to work on new instruments unless I simply steal the time from repair."

"I don't see how long this sort of thing can go on because I am not getting any younger. It is telling on me, too. While I am apparently in good health and can still do good work, I can not spend the long hours at my bench I could a few years ago -- I get tired! No doubt, I will be working so long as I can lift my hand or see with my eyes."

Quoting from another letter of Oct. 26, 1970 (this was three years after his battle with cancer): "I am still beating along as I have been, working on some fiddles, but I do get tired quickly. When I do, I just lie down for a while and close my eyes and just rest." Again on Feb. 16, 1971, he says: "I am still working some. A lot of repair work has come in. I think I am getting old; I have to lie down at times in the daytime any more just to rest."

So as his strength decreased, the demand for repair work continued. He seemed caught in a vice. Time and energy needed for creative work, that would be permanent, were dissipated by efforts that were temporary. Doubtless, friends and clients did not realize his situation. I hope for lenity because I resented what seemed so unfair; I felt posterity to be the loser. I still do! But who knows the true answer? I still think of the beauty -- beauty of the unfinished -- unclaimed!

\* \* \* \* \*

VIII -- DISASTER STRIKES

Dudley was now past sixty-five with his ambitions realized. He had achieved his greatest satisfaction as an artisan -- his greatest pride; for the Viola had become the pinnacle of his efforts. Life had fullness and he felt he could continue his craft until his hands could no longer sculpture the wood or his ear no longer gradate tones.

In 1967, Disaster struck -- as a malignant tumor! That big, strong body of his that housed a dominant but gentle spirit, was brought low. Oh, sure, there had been other impediments, such as the illnesses that required Martha's hospitalization. But he out-rote those squalls of ill weather as he would again attempt to batten the hatches and ride-out this one. And it seemed he might do so. After submitting to the knife three times and some months of recuperation later, he returned to his bench, though he was weak. Those beautiful instruments once again flowed from his skillful hands.

Again Fate dealt another blow. In 1970, Martha was afflicted by a stroke, leaving a paralyzed right arm and rendering her helpless, even to arise from her bed unaided. She was hospitalized in 1962 for pneumonia, in 1963 for removal of a kidney and in 1968 for a broken hip, the ball joint being replaced by a plastic ball - what is the limit which one must endure? With it all, she had maintained calmness and patience; and she did so now. But it was disaster for both -- they had been called upon to bear so much. And again he steered windward to resist this severe squall.

But the storm did not abate its fury. One eye had been gathering the clouding veil of cataract, but the other sustained him. Then the final blow! Like the flick of a switch, that all important good eye ceased to function. Battered but still afloat, he once more surrendered his future to the surgeon's scapel for a removal of the cataract that might again give him sight. Initially there was promise. I'll never forget the ecstasy in his voice when I telephoned him some time later and asked if he could see. And he replied so joyfully, "Yeah!" But later that bit of promise faded. He tried to do some repair work but was limited by poor vision. Once again he tried building a violin; but the result did not meet his standards. His skills had become inoperative.

\* \* \* \* \*

IX -- GLOOM

The fury abated but with leaden clouds remaining as he was grounded and tossed on the shoals of adversity. As he had been given abilities, so now they had been taken away. That was the realism he faced, the most difficult adjustments of his lifetime. One can imagine his heavy heart as his tools lay unused and he closed his shop in November 1971.

With debts accumulating, with an inadequate income, with unbearable burdens, he had to rely upon the goodness of friends - gall and wormwood to him, I know. Yet his friends responded nobly, to their eternal credit.

No longer able to adequately care for Martha, liable to stumble and fall, arising with difficulty, it now became impossible to remain in their trailer that had been their home for so long. Reluctantly, he agreed with the urging of friends that a nursing home was the only practical solution. So on July 1, 1972, they entered the Convalescent Center of Gainesville.

I doubt if he quite realized the permanency. He had hopes that his strength and mobility would improve. Even when I last visited with him, he said; "Maybe I can become stronger. I would like to build another fiddle." He never quite gave up. But when he said he wished to leave the home, it tore at your heart for you knew his declining condition. No doubt, he felt a keen disappointment, that he asked himself, "Why?" One could understand. I hope he was able to reflect on his success, on his brilliant accomplishments, to exult over his beautiful instruments, to envision later musicians seeking a Dudley Reed instrument. Maybe he found a measure of contentment, the fulfillment of his dreams. He had created a heritage to posterity.

For varied reasons, I was unable to visit Dudley for several years, but it was possible to spend a week with him in October 1973, a most satisfying visit. Being somewhat apprehensive of his condition as well as mine, I returned six months later -- his birthday, April 1974. There had been a decided change, a definite deterioration. I bade him good-bye with a sense of doubt, of foreboding.

So I had only normal shock when I was informed of his demise, five weeks later, Sunday, May 26, 1974. He had gone suddenly, without warning, just after his lunch had been served. Of course I miss him, mourn him, but now he suffers no more! But when I think of the troubles he and Martha had encountered in their later life, it is difficult to avoid misty eyes.

\* \* \* \* \*

X -- EULOGY

Dudley Reed was no ordinary person but had been touched by the wand of Artistry. His fine instruments have given pleasure and entertainment to thousands and will continue to provide joy into the reaches of time. When accomplished musicians made a path to his door, when universities adopted his instruments, when clients willingly paid four figure prices, then one must know that he had merit indeed.

A kind and compassionate man who befriended and respected people, he readily made friends, friends who respected and loved him for his innate goodness and character. He was open and honest, without guile, always with a sense of humor, but he could be stern. Hard work was natural to him.

Professing no organized religion, he was yet a religious man. One time he said to me: "How is it I have been given this skill and knowledge to produce a fine violin? I am only an ordinary fellow without background for this ability. Surely it comes from outside myself and is a gift from a Higher Power." One could sense his depth of thought while he was engrossed in meditation as he worked hour after hour with his hands.

His character was molded at the side of our mother whom he loved. During my last visit with him, he told me of this incident, which I had not previously known: "Mother asked for me to come to her room when she was so sick. She said to me; 'Dudley, I cannot live and will be gone shortly. I love you. Will you promise to be a good boy, always?' I told her I would. She was soon gone. I have always remembered and have always tried."

When he conceived "a better fiddle", there was born the real Dudley Reed, born the career that brought noble achievement, fulfillment to him, joy to others and a heritage to the future. Where? Not in that Ohio farmhouse that saw his physical birth; not in those rolling Ohio hills where he pursued the wily game; not among the spruce and snows of the Cascades at Yakama; not in the "Jennie" when he made his first faltering flights in the blue Ohio skies, above green bottom lands and waters of the historic Muskingum; not in the beautiful mountains of his beloved West Virginia as he flew contentedly in their crisp air; not in any of these. No, the career, of that Dudley Reed was born somewhere when he sat in discontent with that first fiddle in hand, spurred by desire for a better, but unobtainable one.

So the weak infant was nourished by questioning and reading, passed into adolescence with those first instruments, acquired strength while he

labored with gouge, plane and scraper and intellect in his house aside the Elkins airport, reached full maturity within the trailer in Jacksonville as he, figuratively, sat at the feet of the master, John Werchman, and in that small shop at Gainesville, bore full fruit.

Those of us who loved him, will know the void he leaves and we will cherish having known him. Now he sleeps -- that deep, untroubled sleep --- blanketed by Florida's grasses, arched by her foam-flecked, azure canopy and bathed by her golden sun.

May a merciful, good God comfort and console a loyal, lonesome and troubled Martha and grant peace to her departed mate.

\* \* \* \* \*

In behalf of my sister, Margaret, my brother, James, and myself, we desire to express our deep gratitude to the good friends of Martha and Dudley who so wonderfully helped and attended them in their need. I can not name each, but must especially mention Carolyn Tyner, Estella Carson, Sam McFadden and Gino Cavaceppi. Carolyn and Estelle were continually providing the extra attentions and items that made life in the home tolerable; and, I am sure, are providing equal attention and comfort to Martha since Dudley's demise. Such friendship cannot be repaid; a simple "Thank you" must suffice and a fervent wish that lives of each are enriched.

*Howard Reed*



Birthplace and HOME - 1905

DUDLEY REED -- Biographical Data

April 16, 1900 Born at Palmer, Washington County, Ohio  
Sept. 17, 1912 Mother, Lucy B. Reed, died  
June 18, 1913 Father re-married to Lucy A. Palmer  
June 13, 1919 Graduated at Marietta High School  
1919 ---- 1920 Attended Marietta College  
1920 ---- 1921 Worked in lumber camp near Yakama, Wash. summer and fall 1920  
Worked hay harvest in Idaho summer 1921; returned Ohio in Fall  
1922 ---- ---- Had agency for "Star" automobile at Beverly, Ohio  
1922 ---- ---- Probably made his FIRST Violin  
1923 ---- ---- Learned airplane flying from Guy Vincent at Waterford, Ohio  
1924 ---- 1925 Flew and barnstormed with Lyle "Scotty" Scott at Marietta, Ohio  
1925 ---- ---- Made a Violin for his brother, James  
1926 ---- ---- Rebuilt wrecked Waco airplane, obtaining his own; barnstormed  
with it for the next couple of years.  
1928 ---- 1932 Flew Stinson monoplane for Fairmont Airways, Fairmont, W.Va.  
Dec. 21, 1930 Flew first strawberries from Wauchula, Fla. to New York City  
Aug. 27, 1933 Flew to Chicago Expo with Mr & Mrs West of Buchannon, W.Va.  
and Mildred Eldridge in 4 hours from Ohio  
Dec. ---- 1933 Moved to Elkins, W.Va. Lived with Mr & Mrs "Dice" Harper  
Oct. ---- 1934 Became first manager of Elkins Municipal Airport  
July 14, 1934 Married Martha Sandridge (Dec. 4, 1911) at Oakland, Md.  
1934 ---- 1939 Equipment Supervisor for W.Va. Road Commission at Elkins  
1941 ---- 1944 Superv'r Pilot Primary Train'g of U.S. Airforce, Douglas, Ga.  
Jan. 1, 1945 Pilot training U.S. Airforce, Arcadia, Fla, to end of War II.  
1945 ---- 1947 Instructor of Aircraft Mechanics at Laurie Yonge Flying School,  
Hart Airfield, Jacksonville, Fla.  
1947 ---- 1952 Instructor of Aircraft Mech's at Stengle Field, Gainesville , Fla  
1953 ---- 1971 Violin Maker at Gainesville  
May ---- 1962 Martha in hospital for Asthmatic Bronchitis and Pneumonia  
May 7, 1963 Martha in hospital until July 6 - kidney removed June 13th  
Sept ---- 1967 Dudley hospitalized for intestinal cancer  
May 3, 1968 Martha in hospital with broken hip joint until May 20  
Aug. 23, 1970 Martha had stroke; arm paralyzed; in hospital to Sept. 10  
Nov. ---- 1970 Dudley hospitalized for removal of Cataract in left eye.  
Nov. ---- 1971 Dudley closed his violin shop  
July 1, 1972 Dudley and Martha moved into Convalescent Center of Gainesville  
May 26, 1974 Dudley died suddenly at Convalescent Center  
May 29, 1974 Dudley buried in Hillcrest Memorial Park, Gainesville

Family of DUDLEY REED

DUDLEY BRECKENRIDGE REED - Born at Palmer, Washington Co., Ohio, April 16, 1900  
Died at Gainesville, Florida, May 26, 1974.  
Married Martha Sandridge (Dec. 4, 1911) on July 14, 1934

Son of — James Fletcher Reed (Aug. 16, 1860 - Dec. 24, 1944) and  
Lucy Bell (Breckenridge) Nov. 16, 1868 - Sep. 17, 1912).  
Married Nov. 14, 1889

— Brother - Howard F. Reed (Sep. 2, 1892) of North Hollywood, Calif.

— Nephew - Robert B. Reed (June 12, 1922), address unknown

..... J. Fletcher Reed, married on June 18, 1913  
Lucy A. Palmer (June 18, 1883) - Jan. 19, 1966)

— Sister -- Margaret S. (Reed) Love (Nov. 19, 1915) Married James Donald Love (May 6, 1906)  
on July 8, 1933. Resides at Wichita, Kas.

— Nephew - Chester L. Love (Dec. 9, 1934) married Mary Lou (Ferrie)  
on Feb. 21, 1959. Resides at Dhahran, Saudi Arabia.

— Childred - Steven (Nov. 29, 1964)  
Debra Ann (June 25, 1966)

— Brother - James P. Reed (Nov. 22, 1919 Married Doris (McGregor) (Sep. 8, 1919)  
on Aug. 15, 1947. Resides at Caldwell, Ohio.

— Nephew - Phillip G. Reed (Oct. 13, 1949) of Sandusky, Ohio

— Nephew - Ronald A. Reed (July 9, 1952) of Columbus, Ohio.

DUDLEY REED Instruments

Partial list as shown by his records. No record available of those made earlier. Dates appear to be those when order was placed.

<u>1951</u>			<u>1955</u>		
5- 1	Violin	di Filippo Fla	#112	VIOLA	Robert Harrison Atl
<u>1952</u>			120	Violin	Ralph Winkler N.Y.
8- 3	Violin	Fred Cianciolo	121	Violin	Florence Black Utah
8- 9	Violin	Benjamin Sweeting	122	'Cello	Charles Medlin N.C.
9- 5	Violin	Sam McFadden Fla	123	Violin	Harold Camp Fla
9-17	Violin	Dr. Harry S. Blank	124	Violin	Joan Cruthirds Tex
9-17	Violin <sup>x</sup>	" " " "	125	Violin	Alice Keith Pfohl N.C.
10-23	Violin	C. W. Reaves #58	126	Violin	Jane Stoltz Mich.
11-18	Violin	Mrs. John S. Luce Tenn	127	'Cello	Harry Dunscombe Ky.
12- 8	Violin	Jo-Ann Hughes	128	Violin	Clara Livingston Fla
12-15	Violin	Dr. Chas. L. Park	129	'Cello	Univ. of Florida
12-20	Violin	Kurt Bieler	130	VIOLA	Univ. of Florida
	Cello	C. W. Reaves #64	131	Violin	Mrs. W. W. Martin N.C.
<u>1953</u>			132	VIOLA	Sally Bingham Fla
2- 4	Violin	Robt. Harrison #93 Atl	133	Violin	Tom Daggy N.C.
2- 7	Violin	Mrs. F. W. Tuttle	134	Violin	Gallassi La.
5-22	Violin	Joseph V. Smith	135	Violin	Sugonong Ala
6-10	Violin	C. W. Reaves #99	136	'Cello	Nina Walker N.C.
6-23	Violin	Mrs Winfred Erwin #74	137	VIOLA	Vladimir Lukashuk Ky.
7-27	Violin	John Aguilar	138	'Cello	Owen F. Sellers Fla
8-22	Violin	Robt. Harrison #81 Atl	140	Violin	Nancy Cirillo N.Y.
9- 4	Violin	Wm. Hutchins #60 Atl	141	Violin	J. J. Earnhardt N.C.
9- 9	Violin	Albert R. Greco Atl	145	Violin	Karen Beall Tenn
9-21	Violin	Albert R. Greco Atl	146	VIOLA	Dorothy Flory Fla
10- 1	Violin <sup>x</sup>	Barney Mendintz Atl	149	Violin	Mrs Marie Roberts Fla
10-15	VIOLA	Robert Camp #87	150	Violin	C. C. Gerry
10-19	Violin	Mrs. J. D. Lupton Atl	154	Violin	Mrs Kathryn Powell Fla
10-21	Violin	Dominick Ulissi #68	*****		
10-31	Violin	Mrs W.C. Lardin #86 Ga.	NOTES:		
11- 6	Violin	Mrs F. J. Oakes #85 Ga.	* indicates a 3/4 violin		
11-10	Violin	Robt. Harrison #88 Atl	Atl = Atlanta, Georgia		
11-14	Violin	Mrs. M. Stopinski Fla	Numbers, not dates shown		
11-20	Violin	Raymond Murcell Atl	for 1955 and following		
	Cello	Ben Wever Fla	Some numbers available for		
<u>1954</u>			1953 and 1954 are shown		
1- 2	VIOLA	Benj. Goodsell #90	#139	became	#164
1- 9	Violin	Anna Papas Atl	142	"	2016
1-12	Violin	Joseph Nadelle N.Y.	155	"	168
1-28	Violin	Mrs J.E. Wells #91 Atl	164	"	2002
3- 6	VIOLA	C. W. Reaves	165	"	2003
6-23	Violin	C. E. Blye #110 Fla	2037	"	2093
8-16	VIOLA	Patricia Hirschoren Ohio	For #143 see year 1957		
	Violin	Bill Tritt #105 N.C.	147	"	" 1956
8-25	Violin	Mrs Mary Walsh #106 N.C.	148	"	" 1956
8-30	Violin	Britt B. Moore #113 N.C.	151	"	" 1956
8-30	Violin	Robt. Harrison #114 Atl	152	"	" 1956
9- 9	VIOLA	Benj. Goodsell #63	*****		
10- 5	Violin	Sam Nochenberg #83 N.Y.	#144 and #153 Unassigned		
10-26	Violin	LeRoy Hendricks Atl	*****		

DUDLEY REED Instruments (Cont'd)

1956

#147 Violin Herbert Silbersack Ohio  
 148 Violin Dorothy Russell Long Va.  
 151 Violin Mrs. G. L. Gentry  
 152 Violin Univ. of Florida  
 156 Bass James C. Pfohl N.C.  
 157 Violin ?  
 158 Violin Galassi  
 159 'Cello Miss Jeneve Warren  
 160 VIOLA Univ. of Florida  
 161 'Cello Univ. of Florida  
 162 VIOLA ?  
 163 Bass University of Florida  
 166 Violin Sam Nochenberg N.Y.  
 167 Violin Kurt Bieler Aust.  
 168 VIOLA C. E. Buchanan  
 169 Violin Univ. of Florida  
 2002 Violin Bernie Jacobson Fla  
 2003 Violin Fred Beck Ala  
 2004 VIOLA Paskell N.C.  
 2005 Violin Dr. Smith Fla  
 2006 Violin Robert Harrison Atl  
 2007 'Cello Univ. of Idaho Ida  
 2008 Violin William Hutchins Atl  
 2009 'Cello Jane Bishop  
 2010 Violin Univ. of Florida  
 2011 Violin Drix George  
 2012 Violin Dorothy Flory

1957

#143 Violin Mrs C. W. Reaves  
 #2013 VIOLA Frank W. Woods N.C.  
 2014 Violin Mrs. Earnest Casey  
 2015 VIOLA Benjamin Goodsell Ga.  
 2016 Violin Chas. C. McAlley Fla.  
 2017 Violin Dr. J. J. Baer, Jr  
 2018 Violin John S. Suda  
 2019 Violin Donald Coe Fla.  
 2020 VIOLA Univ. of Florida  
 2021 VIOLA Boris Kroyt D.C.

1958

#2022 'Cello Univ. of Florida  
 2023 Violin Univ. of Florida  
 2024 Violin Pam Sorensen  
 2025 VIOLA Florida State Univ.

1959

#2026 Violin Florida State Univ.  
 2027 Violin Mrs. Verna B. Nash  
 2028 Violin Paul Roban  
 2029 VIOLA Univ. of Florida  
 2030 VIOLA Joe Clodfelter N.C.  
 2031 Violin Jr. League of Jax. Fla  
 2032 Violin Becky Hicks S.C.  
 2033 Violin Dr. Wander  
 2034 Violin Mrs. Woods  
 2035 VIOLA Converse College  
 2036 VIOLA S. Venittelli Va.

1960

2038 Violin Mrs W. S. Biggers Tex.  
 2039 VIOLA Dr. Walter Bishop Ga.  
 2040 VIOLA Univ. of Florida  
 2041 Violin Mrs E. H. Grantham Fla  
 2042 Violin Livingston Fla  
 2043 'Cello Marie Henderson Fla  
 2044 Violin Univ. of So. Fla. Fla  
 2045 VIOLA Univ. of So. Fla. Fla  
 2046 VIOLA Grace Wirtala Fla  
 2047 Violin Dale McCall Fla  
 2048 'Cello Univ. of So. Fla. Fla  
 2049 Violin Univ. of Florida  
 2050 VIOLA Univ. of So. Fla Fla

1961

#2051 'Cello Elizabeth Qualls  
 2052 Violin Univ. of Florida  
 2053 'Cello Univ. of So. Fla. Fla  
 2054 Violin Allen Troxel  
 2055 Violin Univ. of So. Fla Fla  
 2056 Violin Tom Lowe  
 2057 Violin Cherry Saunders  
 2058 Violin Dianne Bault  
 2059 Violin Mary Bennett  
 2060 Violin Lynn Witherspoon

1962

#2061 Violin Esther Holly N.Y.  
 2062 Violin Brubaker Ariz  
 2063 Violin Tom Hall  
 2064 Violin Dr. Stanley Cook  
 2065 Violin Benjamin Sweeting  
 2066 'Cello Arnold Wirtala Fla  
 2067 VIOLA Converse College  
 2068 Violin Hann (Viet Nam)

DUDLEY REED Instruments (Cont'd)

1963

#2069 'Cello M. Isark  
 2070 Violin Mrs. Dean Marshall Fla  
 2071 Violin Univ. of So. Fla. Fla  
 2072 Violin Eng. Fla  
 2073 Violin Dr Newton Allebach

1964

#2074 VIOLA Univ. of So. Fla. Fla  
 2075 VIOLA Univ. of So. Fla. Fla  
 2076 VIOLA Dr. Robt. Carson Fla  
 2077 Violin Pierre Jean Fla  
 2078 Violin Univ. of So. Fla. Fla

1965

#2079 Violin G. J. Michaelides  
 2080 Violin Mike Heifitz  
 2081 VIOLA Joe Clodfelter N.C.  
 2082 'Cello Judy Clodfelter N.C.  
 2083 Violin Joe Clodfelter N.C.  
 2084 Violin Sam McFadden Fla  
 2085 Violin George Curtington Ala  
 2086 'Cello Mrs. Frank Holly N.Y.

1966

#2087 VIOLA Waldrop Fla  
 2088 VIOLA Auburn University Ga.  
 2089 VIOLA Jose Rodriguez Ala  
 2090 Violin Auburn University Ga.

1967

#2091 Violin Robert Camp Ala  
 2092 Violin June G. Beasley  
 2093 VIOLA Hugh Partridge  
 2094 VIOLA C. E. Buchanon

1968

#2095 Violin Michael Holmes Kas.  
 2096 Violin Karen Casey N.Y.  
 2097 Violin Mrs. Cecil Smith  
 2098 Violin Carolyn Tyner Fla.  
 2099 VIOLA Ms Rebecca Waldrop  
 2100 Violin Karen Northy Fla.  
 2101 VIOLA Dr. Robert Cade  
 2102 VIOLA Mrs. C. Ian Hood  
 2103 Violin Richard Schlub Ohio

1970

#2106 Violin David Davidson Fla  
 2107 Violin Helen Edwards  
 2108 VIOLA Miss Shirley Myers W.Va.  
 2109 VIOLA Carolyn Tyner Fla  
 2110 Violin ?  
 2111 'Cello (Unfinished)

1971

? Violin Dudley's Last (unsold)  
 DUDLEY'S shop was closed  
 in November 1971

1969

#2104 Violin Dr. Robert Cade  
 2105 'Cello Carolyn Tyner Fla.

Some say this was his best violin.  
 #2097