

# FRATERNAL

THE INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART  
of THE Juilliard School of Music  
New York City  
FRANK DAMROSCH, DEAN



CHOPIN, THE NIGHTINGALE  
(Silhouette from *The Etude*)

THE NIGHTINGALE  
A Novel of Chopin's Life

SO THIS IS NEW YORK  
The City of Rhythm and Light

CONFESSIONS OF AN ALUMNUS

VACATION EMBELLISHMENTS  
An Institute Play in One Act

Vol. VII, No. 1

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## F o r t i s s i m o

**MARIANNE KNEISEL STRING QUARTET:** Concert of Chamber Music (Town Hall, Friday evening, November 11th at 8:30.) Marianne Kneisel is a daughter of the late Franz Kneisel who was head of our Violin Department for twenty-one years, and leader of the famous Kneisel Quartet. Miss Kneisel selected three other girls of talent and musical experience, and organized her own string quartet. It has met with much success in New York and on tour.

**HELEN TAYLOR:** Song Recital (Town Hall, Monday evening, November 14th at 8:30.) Former pupil of the Institute.

**ANTON ROVINSKY:** Piano Program of Bach "Variete." (Engineering Auditorium, Nov. 15th at 8:30.) An artist graduate of the Institute.

**ELSHUCO TRIO:** Concert of Chamber Music. (Engineering Societies Auditorium, Subscription Series, Nov. 16th, Dec. 14th, Jan. 11th, Feb. 29th.) Willem Willeke, cellist leader of the trio, is a member of the faculty of the Institute and conductor of the Institute Orchestra. William Kroll, violinist, is also a member of the faculty, having graduated from the artists' course with highest honors. He was winner of the \$1,000 Loeb Memorial Prize and was a pupil of Franz Kneisel. Aurelio Giorni is pianist of the trio.

**LEOPOLD AUER:** Violin and Orchestral Concert (Carnegie Hall, Friday evening, November 18th at 8:30.) Prof. Auer is at present a member of the Institute Violin Faculty. He will conduct sixty members of the Philharmonic Orchestra at the recital of his violin pupil Benno Rabinof.

**IGNACE HILSBURG:** Piano Recital (Engineering Auditorium, November 21st at 8:30.) Member of the Institute Faculty.

**KARL KRAEUTER:** Violin Recital (Engineering Auditorium, Nov. 28th at 8:30.) An artist graduate of the Institute and former pupil of Franz Kneisel. Now a member of our faculty.

**JOSEF LHEVINNE,** a member of the Juilliard School Faculty, gave a piano recital at Carnegie Hall, October 30th.

**SAMUEL GARDNER,** former pupil of Franz Kneisel, artist graduate and now a member of the Institute Faculty, gave a violin recital at Carnegie Hall, November 6th. Mr. Gardner is well known as a composer, having received the \$1,500 Pulitzer Prize.

**ARTHUR LOESSER,** artist graduate of the Institute, was assisting artist at Mr. Gardner's recital. Mr. Loesser has toured the Orient, Australia and South Sea Islands with Maud Powell, Mischa Elman, Ernestine Schumann-Heink and Elias Breeskin. He has been teaching at the Cleveland Institute.

**MARIE FLUEGEL,** pupil of the late Mme. Adèle Laeis Baldwin, whose place as teacher of Practical Phonetics she now holds at the Institute, gave a song recital at Town Hall in October.

**GERALD WARBURG,** "young New York 'cellist and son of Felix Warburg, made his public debut tonight in Vienna. He played brilliantly a choice classical program, winning great applause from a large audience, which included many prominent musicians as well as all the prominent members of the American colony."—*N. Y. Times, Nov. 4th.* Gerald Warburg was a student at the Institute and last summer he appeared in recital at the Building of Arts, Bar Harbor, Maine.

### AND DON'T OVERLOOK

**IN OPERAS:** (At the Metropolitan Opera House.) Wagner's "Meistersinger," Humperdinck's "Haensel und Gretel" revived with the new Korngold opera, "Violanta," a vehicle for Jeritza; Puccini's "Turandot" and "Tosca."

**IN ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS:** (At Carnegie and Mecca Halls.) New York Symphony November 11th, 12th (at which George Barrere of the Institute Faculty is flute soloist), 17th, 20th, 25th, 26th, 27th. Philharmonic Orchestra November 13th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 23rd, 25th, 26th. Fritz Busch and Walter Damrosch are wielding the baton of the Symphony Orchestra and Willem Mengelberg that of the Philharmonic. Philadelphia Orchestra, November 22nd, conducted by Fritz Reiner and the Boston Symphony, November 24th and 26th, under the direction of Serge Koussevitzky.

**IN RECITALS:** Lawrence Tibbett, baritone, Carnegie Hall, November 13th, evening; Francis Rodgers, baritone, Town Hall, November 13th, afternoon; Alexander Brailowsky, pianist, Carnegie Hall, November 19th, afternoon; Tito Schipa, tenor, Chicago Opera Company, Carnegie Hall, November 21st, evening; Geraldine Farrar, soprano, Carnegie Hall, November 27th, afternoon; Povla Frijs, soprano, Engineering Auditorium, November 29th, evening.



*Factors in the success of Grand Opera: Setti, Gatti-Casazza, Jeritza as "Turandot" at the opening, Serafin and Wymetal.*

### Also

**CONCERTS** of the Friends of Music, directed by Artur Bodanzky, Town Hall November 20th and 27th, all Bach program; Musical Forum directed by Kurt Schindler, Guild Theatre, November 13th and 20th.

*The Baton will endeavor to recommend only the operas, concerts and recitals of worth and interest to music students. Appearances of faculty members, alumni and pupils will be featured FORTISSIMO in these columns.*



## SO THIS IS NEW YORK

The City of Rhythm and Light

*By a Blasé Inhabitant*

"ALL tickets, please!" The conductor's stern voice brought me to with a start. Across the aisle a girl was searching in purse, coat pocket, pullman chair for a missing ticket. A youth in the adjacent seat discovered the precious card-board on the floor.

"Oh, thank you," exclaimed the girl with evident relief. "I felt sure it was lost. Stupid of me not to be more careful."

"It gave me an opportunity to be of service," he responded. He had a winning smile and a boyish cleancut appearance. I was struck by the alert manner of the girl, the eager expression of her round eyes. So potent was her personality one overlooked her apparent indifference to the fashion of the day. One would never have mistaken her for a New Yorker. I was guilty of a feeling of superiority as I glanced with satisfaction at my own buckled pump and smart frock of the latest hue. I had been born and brought up in the metropolis.

"Going to New York?" ventured the youth by way of continuing the conversation.

"Yes, indeed I am," came from the girl with such a joyous tone that I thought it must be her initial trip. Having forgotten to provide the usual reading matter for a tedious train ride, and having had my slumbers rudely disturbed, there seemed nothing to do but to beguile the hour with the little comedy across the aisle.

"Ever been to our city before?" queried our hero with a trace of bravado.

"Oh, yes; I adore it," assured the maiden, much to my surprise. "I don't live there but I am returning for my second winter of study in New York."

"That accounts for your enthusiasm. If you lived there you'd return more reluctantly."

"What do you mean?"

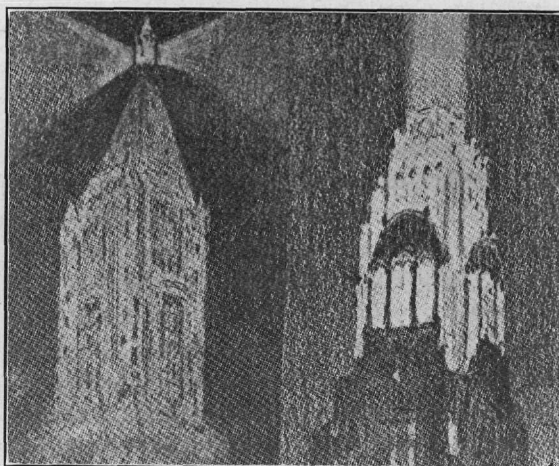
"I've lived there five years now and can't work up a thrill over plunging into the maelstrom. I still get so homesick for God's country I sometimes think it better to chuck everything and go back." The girl listened wide-eyed. "One is only a cog in the machine in a big city—one of the poor devils who help to make the wheels go round. One ceases to be an individual—just one of a horde—stepped on, pushed about, breathing dust and exhaust gasoline, driven mad by the din of noise—no peace, no quiet, no pure air, no blue sky, no green fields." The young man having delivered himself of this lengthy description, leaned back as if fatigued at the mere recollection.

"Oh, dear!" cried the girl in distress, "you have entirely the wrong impression." Then she tossed her head back and laughed heartily. "How funny that two people should react so differently to the same place." Then more thoughtfully. "Have you never been thrilled by a marvelous piece of machinery—its thousand and one intricate little parts which all perform their tiny bits in enabling the great machine to

function perfectly? Were you never stunned by the rapidity of its action?"

"Well, yes," admitted the youth.

"And you never see New York as a most wonderful machine, the very motion of which is thrilling? There is rhythm, fascinating rhythm—the whirr of a metropolis which one never feels in the lonesome country. The hurrying millions all on some purpose intent, the revolving wheels of endless traffic, of wheels underground and overhead. And all the atoms of humanity driven to the marts of trade in the morning and away again at night. Out of it all comes great accomplishment."



*New York's Crown of Light*

The youth shrugged his shoulders. "That may be, but there's no beauty in a machine even if it is a perfect working unit."

The girl threw up her hands. "But there is," she persisted, "especially at night. I love to ride up Fifth Avenue at dusk on top of a bus. On either side the lighted windows displaying the beauty assembled from all over the world; silks, velvets, furs, laces put together in the best of the dressmakers' art, rare pieces of furniture, silver, paintings, jewels, pianos,—all set like gems in their glowing cases along this canyon of adventure. And at 59th street and Fifth Avenue I always want traffic to be hopelessly stalled to let me gaze long and lovingly at the dazzling illumination of the Plaza Hotel which towers heavenward. All the lustrous lights of the buildings around the Square are like the tones of a full orchestra playing a long drawn harmony of Brahms."

"Do go on," urged the youth when the girl hesitated. I found myself echoing his sentiments.

"And Times Square." She paused to smile wistfully at the recollection. "Broadway is so mischievous. Winking, blinking lights everywhere; colorful, restless lights vying with each other to attract one's attention to a particular advertisement. Darting about unexpectedly and drawing pictures against

the night sky; then pausing like a magician who has turned a trick, only to begin all over again tirelessly. Here are not the deep-toned cellos and soaring violins—rather the saxophone crooning a plaintive melody, the trombone moaning through a rakish derby mute, strumming banjos . . . and the rhythm . . . is syncopated."

"You certainly don't seem the type of girl to approve of jazz," exclaimed the youth.

"It has its place in the rhythmic scheme of things," she answered, unabashed. "I happen to be a serious student of music, but I sometimes go to a peppy musical comedy, too. The rhythm of it is exhilarating and occasionally a good melody will astonish you."

"Guess I don't know the sacred from the profane in music," he interposed.

"Serious and frivolous music is in absurd juxtaposition in your city. A drab building on 40th Street harbors magnificent opera. A few short blocks away is Tin Pan Alley! And a block from Ziegfeld's bizarre theatre 'glorifying the American girl,' are the halls wherein symphony orchestras offer reverently the works of the masters. I laugh at the idea sometimes but it is an indulgent, affectionate laugh. Are you musical, perhaps?"

"By inclination, but not profession. Are you taking any pupils?" he asked hopefully.

She shook her head in amusement.

"Is there anything else you've managed to discover in our city?" he continued.

"Yes, most beautiful of all—her crown of light. She wears a flaming tiara. We get our eyes glued to the pavements and neglect to look up, where in the clouds are illuminated minarets, turrets, towers, glowing citadels. Did you ever see the golden pinnacles of the Woolworth Building rising in a swirling snow-storm? Or the beacon on top of the Standard Oil edifice, which is visible for miles at sea? And there's the illuminated clock on your Venetian Campanile, the Metropolitan Tower, which may be read by watches on the shores of both the Hudson and the East rivers. What more majestic silhouette than that of the Bush Terminal Building? There is the American Radiator Building, which thrusts through the traffic of Broadway like a great stalagmite. Did you know that voyagers way down the Narrows can see the golden cross on the Seaman's Institute near the Battery? And some night I expect to see the Coq d'Or atop the Heckscher Building in 57th Street, go Rimsky Korsakoff, flapping its wings and crying some fantastic warning.

"So you see, up there above the structures of steel and stone, there is an illuminated fairyland at night, suspended in the clouds." A wrapt expression suffused the girl's face as she finished. Her lips were parted, her hands clasped before her. She was beholding a vision and she had enabled the youth and myself to see it, also. No one spoke.

"Pennsylvania Station, New York—last stop," called a nasal voice. In the bustle of collecting baggage I heard no more.

The porter found a taxi for me. "Take me to Times Square," I said to the driver, "then to Fifth

Avenue and the Plaza. After that I'll direct you further."

"A stranger to the city?" he asked genially.

"Yes," I replied, "a stranger to New York."

## ACCIDENTALS

A notable assemblage was present at the first faculty meeting of the year. It was the first occasion of the kind to include the faculties of both the Juilliard Graduate School and the Institute. The speakers were Dean Frank Damrosch of the Institute, Dean Ernest Hutcheson of the Graduate School and Rubin Goldmark, who claimed there was no difference between the Juilliard School and the Institute except that at faculty meetings of the former, smoking was allowed! Among those in attendance were: Mme. Marcella Sembrich, Paul Kochanski, Felix Salmond, Alexander Siloti, Paul Reimers, Josef Lhevinne,



*Members of our dear Faculty in Conference*  
(From a sketch in "The Musical Digest")

Franklin Robinson and Mme. Schoen-René. Leopold Auer, Carl Friedberg and all the distinguished members of the Institute Faculty were present. Also Mrs. Damrosch and Mrs. Hutcheson.

The new arrangement of theoretic work is meeting with great success. The students are most enthusiastic over it. Remarkable results are accomplished in the group classes under Mr. Wedge's instruction in IB and II. In this way Mr. Wedge comes in personal contact with all the students in these grades, many of whom have heretofore known him only as the author of their text books.

Three new teachers have been added to the faculty this season: Leopold Mannes, (son of David Mannes), who is an instructor in our Theoretic Courses; Lonnie Epstein in the Piano Department and Ada Fischer in the Ear Training Department.

The Institute will give four public concerts during the year, which will be at the MacMillin Theatre, Columbia University. They will be:

February 22nd.....Symphony Orchestra  
March 9th.....Madrigal Choir and String Orchestra  
April 13th.....Symphony Orchestra  
June 4th.....Commencement Exercises

Members of the faculty are eager to learn whose picture it was that caused a new student during registration week to borrow a step-ladder and climb up to examine the clipping from *The Baton* on the bulletin board.



## CONFESSIONS OF AN ALUMNUS

By Joseph Machlis  
(Grade VI—Piano Department)

## FOREWORD

THE BATON, always tireless in its efforts to present to its readers all that may be for them either valuable or entertaining, has succeeded in obtaining for publication this remarkable series of Confessions, written by an Alumnus who some months past met his sad, much-lamented and untimely death from an attack of brain fever, brought on by his heroic attempt to analyze in how many different ways the motif was used in one of the larger Fugues of Bach. Some there are, indeed, who hint that the real cause of his tragic end was his effort to base his music teaching upon Pestalozzi's three immortal principles of pedagogy;—but these are no doubt malicious souls.

However that may be, The Baton, having spared itself no expense, trouble or love in securing these documents from the family of the deceased, is able at last to present them to its readers. And now, very carefully edited—for at times our Author is so emotionally intense that he forgets himself grammatically, an occurrence not rare in musicians—and very carefully expurgated—for boys will be boys, even though they be votaries of the Sacred Muse—these papers will appear with more or less regularity in the columns of The Baton.

If a dark thread of Tragedy be found to run through the substance of them, may it be remembered with charity that their writer was only a poor, overworked, underfed music teacher. And may his readers find, as the Editor already has, his words to be harbingers of bitter wisdom, food for melancholy reflection.

## Keeping Fit

*Is there—is there balm in Gilead?  
Tell me!—tell me, I implore!  
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."*

It was in the hazy sadness of a late October twilight that I lifted my weary eyes from the music page. The notes were no longer individually distinct, but squirming into a blurred mass of hieroglyphics. The clock struck. I arose from the piano stool, stiff and sore. My back ached. Four hours of practicing—and still the voices of the Fugue stumbled haltingly, the movements of the Sonata were rheumatic, the Concert Etude limped, and besides . . . I heaved a deep, hopeless sigh, which was lost in the sound of voices coming through the open window,—gleeful shouts of boys playing ball in the street below.

I stopped before the mirror which reflected with unflattering distinctness the ghostly pallor of my face, my sunken, fatigued eyes. The voices from the outside continued. Suddenly they

seemed to merge into one inner voice, insistent, questioning:

—Are you doing your duty by yourself? Are you keeping fit? Youth is fleeting, work is futility, nothingness is everlasting. Are you letting youth slip by with no effort to retain it? It is true that you can play melodic and harmonic scales, in contrary motion, in all keys—but could you briskly walk a mile for a Camel and remain Satisfied on your way back? Undeniable that your thumb operates with the ease and resiliency of a bouncing rubber ball, on black keys as well as white, in the most approved Leschetizky fashion—but could you, as the Y. M. C. A. posters continually demand, sprint a block for a car without collapsing? True also that you can readily hum the Jealous Husband theme from "Die Walküre," and the not-in-the-head-please motif from "William Tell,"—but at which end of the subway car do you find yourself in the nightly rush for the survival of the fittest? In other words, and here the voice rose from questioning to thunderous accusation, "Are You Keeping Fit?"

In the mirror there traced itself the horribly prophetic outline of me ten years later—bald, corpulent, flabby, lush. I fled from the spectacle, up the staircase to the attic. Puffing and exhausted by this too violent exercise, I entered that sanctum where were deposited my Birth Certificate, Institute reports, diplomas and sundry other documents of official, inestimable value.



Ah, there it was,—the card of membership-in the Community Center, granting me admittance to the gymnasium. Even into the attic that vision penetrated, of me ten years hence, looking as like as two little fat chow dogs to the virtuoso whom, but a few nights before, I had so admired. I mean, whose playing I had so admired; five feet square by six feet round, and trying nevertheless to bow in a dignified manner to the audience. No,—it must never come to that. I had decided. I would Keep Fit.

Ropes, ladders, padded mats, weights. I climbed, and pulled, gyrated and contorted, until not one of the Ape-aristocrats, suspended from a branch of the Family tree, would have been ashamed to admit that I was his legitimate descendant. I turned somersaults, with all the enthusiasm, if not quite all the agility, of the

happy, carefree Jungle antediluvians. I dropped enough dumb-bells to raise the dead or the roof. And learned, the poet to the contrary notwithstanding, that iron bars can make a cage, and a very unpleasant one at that, should you happen to straddle wrongly and get your feet entangled in them. But on leaving I felt a deep inward calm; the storm of my soul was assuaged. I had done right by myself.

Came the dawn,—as they no longer, unfortunately, say in the movie sub-titles,—and brought with it a severe blow to my self-satisfaction. As I sat down to my Beethoven, there was a creaking, as of rusty bolts, in the environs of my spinal chord. My fingers were asthmatic and heavy. There was no remote possibility of my making them obey, even partly, the learned Editor Dr. von Bulow's directions: "The modulations of touch themselves, especially with regard to the broken sighs, must of course reside in the psychic sensibility of the player's finger tips. Nowhere let the tempo of the movement drag. The most ardent, though at the same time most tender, agitation must prevail throughout." The most tender agitation did prevail, and to make it worse, throughout. But on a much lower plane than that of the lovely Adagio. At each passage, I groaned for a tank of Sloan's Liniment in which to drown my sorrows. My wrists were stiff as a smooth-cheeked adolescent attending his first dance; my forearms as heavy as a pretty co-ed's eyelids during the lecture in German Transcendentalism. With new significance appeared the outcry: "Is there no balm in Gilead?" Surely there must be some other, less painful way of keeping fit. Unweakening was the inner questioning voice, yet consoling withal, "Despair not, my son. There be other ways. But Keep Fit you must." And I, remembering the plump virtuoso's bow, agreed that keep fit I must.

I decided next to follow a watery path. Liquids, after all, cannot be as resistant to touch and dire in consequence as iron and wood. Carefully and conscientiously I was making my way along the edge of the pool. I had already swum two laps, and was well on my third, giving no heed to the din and tumult about me. Quite unexpectedly someone shouted at me, "Wana join the game?" I remembered in the nick of time that I must not answer; for the water had a nasty trick of jumping into my mouth the minute I opened it. The others acted on the tragic theory that silence spells assent. From the opposite end of the pool someone sent flying a vicious-looking black leather ball aimed directly at my face. Someone else yelled, from another corner, "Here go." The instinct of self-preservation impelled me to outstretch my hands to catch or stop it. But the instinct seemed to have somewhat miscalculated or maybe the ball suddenly swerved from its course, mysterious, perverse creature that it was. It landed with full force upon the third finger of

my left hand; that finger which plays so important a part in the arpeggios of the last movement of the Sonata,—(where the worthy and erudite Editor Dr. von Bulow sees fit to annotate: "From this point to the close, play with ever-increasing power and most vivid force, marking all melismas, both in the principal part and the figuration, as emphatically as possible . . . else the triumphantly brilliant effect will be diminished.")—But I had not much time for reflection or regret while the fatal ball proceeded to bounce from my fingers against my face, flattening my nostrils and teeth. For no sooner had it done so than from every corner of the pool, leaped, dived, and swam the players of the game; yelling and shouting they pounced upon me, with exceeding familiarity, determined to recapture the ball. I had just a flash, before consciousness left me, of realizing that through some lamentable error they were mistaking my head for the precious ball. When I came to, I learned that they called it water-polo. I vowed to sell at once my black rubber bathing-cap and donate the proceeds to the Fund for advancing the use of the Toothbrush and the Safety-pin among the unenlightened poor children of Patagonia.

That evening, while I lay recuperating, swathed in bandages and iodine, hoping that not more than a week would elapse before I could play the Sonata again, I queried feverishly: "Is there no other road to the happy state of Keeping Fit?"

It was in the hazy sadness of a late October twilight that I lifted my weary eyes from the music page. Through the window came the sound of gay voices; boys playing ball in the street, which mingled into the inner voice of the old questioning, accusing spirit: "Are you doing right by yourself? Are you fulfilling your duty? Are you Keeping —"

With a bang I shut the window tight, and continued to practice—fortissimo.

Next installment: "The Cosmic Impulse" (not a love story). In the December issue of *The Baton*.

## MY DREAMS

By Edna Bockstein

(Grade II—Piano Department)

My dreams are tinted butterflies,  
They flutter uselessly and frail,  
Or sway on roses high and pale,  
And die when summer dies.

Some in jewelled wings are clad,  
And hover over blooms more gay,  
Or bravely try the brilliant day,  
And yet they all are sad.

My fragile dreams wing forth, and when  
They've done with restless fluttering  
They die. It is a happy thing  
That summer comes again.



## THE NIGHTINGALE

By Marjorie Strachey

(English Novelist)

(Reprinted from the novel of the same name, by courtesy of Longmans, Green &amp; Co., Publishers)

AS Chopin shivered by his empty stove, he began to form a terrible resolution. He must leave Paris; America was the place where he could next attempt to earn a living. So many people went to America and won a fortune! Yet everything within him shrank from such a venture; in Paris he had friends, music, sympathy—America, where there were no Poles and the language was quite unknown, loomed in his imagination a vast, uncivilized desert. All hope was gone; the day of his departure was settled, and with the last of his money, carefully saved for the terrible voyage, he set out to pay the passage money. As he walked along, his eyes fixed blindly on the imaginary, overwhelming future, he heard a voice cry out.

"Why, Chopin! what's the matter? You look as if you were walking to your own funeral!"



"The feel of the ivory under his finger tips was all that was needed that night to complete his inspiration."

Chopin stopped and looked around; it was Prince Valentine Radziwill whom he had met several times in Paris. He bowed and mumbled something about the disagreeable weather.

Prince Valentine looked at him closely and then shook his head.

"Come in here and take *un petit verre* with me, and tell me your troubles. The weather is disgusting, but I don't think that accounts for your expression."

Chopin could not resist the Polish words and the Prince's kind smile and pressure. He sank into a seat outside the café where they had met and said with a sigh:

"Yes, yes, it is the weather—for if it is unpleasant here what will it be like on the Atlantic?"

"On the Atlantic?" Radziwill was startled, and paused to think. "You are going to America? My dear Chopin, I can't believe that you'll prefer America to Paris. . . ."

"No, I suppose not," said poor Chopin gloomily, "but perhaps America will appreciate me better than Paris has. . . ."

"Hm," said Radziwill. "I must say I doubt that too . . . but tell me—you gave a concert the other day—I thought that was a great success! Didn't all the critics praise you? I'm sure I heard nothing but astonishment at my compatriot's genius!"

"Yes," replied Chopin, "everyone was very polite . . . the only trouble was I made no money over it—in fact I lost a good deal."

"I see," pondered Radziwill. "And have you no pupils? Would you condescend to take them?"

"I would condescend all right—the lack of condescension seems to be on their part. . . ."

Radziwill looked at the ground and was silent for a little while. At last he looked up.

"Well," he said cheerfully. "Don't give way to despair. You want a little society to enliven you. Do you know Baron James de Rothschild? No? Well, never mind, I know him quite well, and I am going to an evening party at his house tomorrow night . . . I want you to come with me. . . yes, yes, it will do you good . . . I shall come and fetch you at nine o'clock."

When Prince Valentine had gone Chopin rose too, and walked slowly home . . . he determined to postpone the purchase of his ticket till after the party.

On the following evening when he entered Baron Rothschild's drawing-room he was resolved that if it were to be his last party in Paris he would enjoy it. He immediately recognized several aristocratic Poles—Prince and Princess Adam Czartoryski, Count Plater, Countess Potocka and besides them saw many of the more fashionable musical stars, amongst them were Lablache, Malibran-Garcia and Bériot, the violinist. Heine, whom he had met once or twice before, was also there, and hurried up to speak to him.

"Are you playing tonight?" he asked. "I hope you are going to improvise—I love improvisation."

"Oh, no," said Chopin. "I shan't be asked to play, but I do hope to have the pleasure of hearing Malibran. . . ."

At that moment Baron Rothschild advanced and bowed very politely to Chopin.

"I do beg you will forgive me, Monsieur, for my importunity, but I have been commissioned to ask you to play, by a young and beautiful compatriot of yours—Countess Delphine Potocka. She tells me she will never forgive me if I fail to persuade you, so I implore you to be merciful and give us this great pleasure."

Chopin blushed, hesitated, looked around in vain for Prince Valentine, and then with his sweetest smile bowed consent to the Baron. As he walked across the room towards the piano he felt in a kind of reminiscence of his childhood, the intoxication of the bright lights, the cheerful voices, sparkling eyes, low necks and elegant dresses. He brushed against

a lady's silk flounce, just for the pleasure of the sensation; his breath came quickly and he sat down. The feel of the ivory under his finger-tips was all that was needed that night to complete his inspiration, and he played as he had seldom played before. When he stood up he found the ladies crowding round him, buzzing, he thought, like bees round a flower.

"Ah, how delicious . . . I never heard anything so sweet . . . it was the delicacy of the touch . . . what ravishing melodies . . . what poetical feeling . . . oh, it is quite, quite unique! . . ."

Each princess, each countess, was determined to pay her own compliment; and when they had exhausted themselves, Heine advanced, and taking his hand, gazed at him with a faint smile, and cooed in his gentle penetrating voice:

"I feel as if you were paying us a visit from the realm of dreams, and can bring us the latest news from that lovely country . . . tell us, are the roses there still in their flame-hued pride? Do the trees still sing as beautifully in the moonlight?"

The ladies murmured their applause, and whispered, enraptured, at the meeting of Music and Poetry; Baron de Rothschild thanked Chopin simply and sincerely for his beautiful playing, and Prince Valentine Radziwill, his face flushed, his eyes flashing, caught him by the arm and exclaimed in an eager undertone:

"I hope you have changed your mind about America?"

Chopin walked home to the Boulevard Poissonière scarcely knowing where he was or what he was doing. The intoxication of society, music and flattery was working powerfully in his veins, and it would have been difficult at that moment to set a limit to his ambitions and anticipations.

(Thus Chopin's future was assured. He became a teacher of rich pupils, and his trip to America was destined to be put off forever.)

"You are always talking of Polish music, Chopin," said Hiller one evening. "But really, I'm not at all sure that nationality in music is important—I can understand the difference between *good* music and *bad* music—but between Polish and German. . . . I doubt whether it exists."

"But surely," cried Mme. Plater, "the idiom is quite different—you get the characteristic Slavonic rhythms—their peculiar melodic progressions—I don't see how you can deny there is such a thing as Polish music."

"Of course he can't," interposed Liszt quickly before Hiller or Chopin could speak, "the differences are very salient, but I think it might be argued that they are superficial."

"Superficial!" Chopin's eyes widened, he shook his head and smiled. "Oh no; they are profound—very profound . . ."

"Superficial in this sense," said Hiller, "that a competent musician can perform and appreciate equally well a piece of music of any nationality."

"That is just what I deny!" cried Chopin eagerly. "Do you tell me anyone who is not a Pole—has

not been brought up as a child in Poland—can play the Mazurka, 'Poland is not yet lost,' as it ought to be played?—Absurd!"

"Well, that is easily proved," exclaimed Mme Plater. "Here are you three musicians, a German, a Hungarian and a Pole; each one of you shall play the Mazurka and we shall see which interprets it best!"

"Agreed!" cried Liszt and Chopin; Hiller smiled and said with a deprecating air:

"I am afraid I shall not do my fatherland justice."

He sat down however without more ado and played the Mazurka clearly and sweetly; then rose and Liszt took his place.

Liszt though not yet the giant at the piano that he afterwards became, was even now an unrivalled master. Without any apparent effort he brought from the piano trumpet tones of defiant pride or wails of despair; the room rang with fiery anger and hopeless agony, and when he had finished there were two red spots on Mme. Plater's cheeks, and her eyes were flashing.

"Oh, Chopin," she cried, holding out her hands towards him; and Chopin stood up. He looked at her and smiled somewhat sadly; then without a word sat down at the piano.

"Poland is not yet lost . . . Unhappy Poland. . . . Poland of my youth—of my childhood—of my earliest hopes—my sweetest desires—mysterious, poetic Poland, melancholy, dreaming, enchanted."

His delicate touch, fragile yet sweet, and of an unsurpassed purity and smoothness, almost startled the listeners, after Liszt's fire and thunder . . . and then one suddenly realized this was a dance—a mazurka—a dance that swayed to and fro, that hastened, that slackened, yet always, in some mysterious way retained its rhythm, and that breathed forth a delicious sadness, more exquisite than joy . . . "Poland is not yet lost . . ."

When he had finished, his three auditors had tears on their cheeks and Chopin himself alone smiled with the remoteness of some emotion deeper than tears.

"Well, Chopin, there is no doubt you are right," said Liszt at last, and Hiller nodded his head. "That was the soul of Poland."

(Regarding public appearances.)

Was there, too, a little jealousy of Liszt or, at any rate of his success as a pianist? Successful as Chopin always was in a drawing-room of select listeners the same success did not invariably meet him in a concert-room. Perhaps the very acuteness of his sensibilities made it more difficult for him to be certain of himself, for a very little want of recognition at the beginning of a concert was apt to unhinge him till the end. He suffered agonies for a fortnight before a public performance, practising Bach and groaning, leaving severely untouched any of his own compositions that he intended to play, fussing about the fit of his clothes, and growing daily more and more irritable. When, as occurred at two of the concerts he gave that season, his reception was a chilly and silent one, only punctuated



by applause from a few of his personal friends, the depression that followed was terrible to watch. In the end he gave up the struggle, and for three years did not appear on a concert platform.

"It is no good," he said despairingly to Liszt, "a crowd terrifies me, their breath suffocates me, their staring eyes paralyze me. I am not made for the public; you are. If you don't win them you overwhelm them."

(Following the estrangement between Chopin and Mme. George Sand, who was the great love of his life, he became a pathetic figure, lonely and ill.)

Terrible was the want of a listener always interesting and sympathetic—the ache of a new loneliness seemed sometimes to hurt physically. Whenever he turned he was beset with recollections—there was not a habit of his life that was not associated with her. So, too, and more painfully, she seemed interwoven with his music; and when he resolutely determined to bring forth something new in which she should have no part at all, his heart felt dry and cold, his mind empty—nothing was there.



*Monument to Chopin in Warsaw*

His friends were naturally anxious and perplexed about his condition. They tried to take care of his health and succeeded only partially; and at last they decided that it would be good for his purse, his interests and his spirits to give a public concert. He consented. The day was fixed, the Court bought forty tickets; Pleyel, in whose rooms the concert was to be, covered the stairs and platform with flowers, but a few days before the concert was to be given Chopin was seized with illness. Nevertheless when the day arrived he dragged himself out of his rooms, and played—played divinely—a Trio by Mozart, the Barcarolle, the Berceuse, Nocturnes, Etudes, Preludes, Mazurkas, Waltzes, and the 'cello Sonata. . . Then, while the audience gushed, raved and applauded, called him Ariel, the dream pianist,

the Sylph of music, while they summoned him back to be clapped and give encores, he crept down to the green-room and fainted.

(And on another occasion.)

This Polish charity was an annual occasion. A Ball and Concert were given at the Guildhall, the ball-room was magnificently decorated, splendid refreshments were provided, the nobility, even Royalty were amongst its patrons. This year it was to take place on the 16th of November, and on a cold damp winter night Chopin left his bed and drove off to the Guildhall. The concert was to be held in a room a little way from the ball-room; many of the dancers had no idea that there was a concert at all, or where it was; those who did find their way to it were hot from dancing, and more inclined to use it as a sitting-out room than to attend to the music. Chopin hardly noticed the audience; all his attention was concentrated on the effort to go through his task without collapsing. Immediately he had finished he went home to bed, and through the long sleepless night, while his head ached and his cough tore and shook him, his mind kept dwelling on the first concert at which he had ever played—the concert which, like this one, had been for charity, and at which the public had admired his lace collar. . . .

(He recalled the event)

The time before the concert passed quickly enough. Perhaps Mme. Chopin was busier than the eight-year-old pianist in the interval, for she had his velvet coat remodelled, and to find a really good piece of lace to make into a collar. When the evening of the performance came, however, mamma was in bed with an incapacitating headache. All the rest of the family drove off to the concert leaving her to a long evening of solitude and silence and anxiety for the success of the little hero. At last the sounds of voices and laughter told her of a cheerful return.

"Well, my darling, how did it go?"

"Quite well, Mamma; Herr Zywny said 'Good.'"

"And the public? What did the public like best?"

"My lace collar, Mamma!"

## TO THE NIGHTINGALE

*By Mary Walker*

*(Grade IV—Singing Department)*

We seek perfection. Hours of toil and thought  
We dedicate to that far-distant goal;  
We strive to tune our body, mind, and soul  
To melodies as yet unwritten, wrought  
Of moon and sun and earth and singing stars,  
Of crooning winds, of faint, sweet whispering leaves.  
Man tries to reach the infinite, and grieves  
To find the way is closed with golden bars.  
Thou, Nightingale, singest where we are mute;  
Heaven has told thee what we cannot know.  
Thy song is rich and full, the perfect fruit  
Of perfect days. Sweet singer, canst thou show  
To groping man the truth of harmony?  
—Nay, need we know, while we can still hear thee?

## The Baton

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No. 1

## ALUMNI CONCERTS

During the coming year there will be another series of Alumni recitals. The list so far includes recitals by Elenore Altman, Margaret Hamilton, Clara Rabinowitz, Conrad Held, a joint recital by Lillian and Joseph Fuchs, a Composition Program, a Chamber Music Ensemble, The Musical Art Quartet and two singers to be announced later. These concerts were inaugurated last season and were attended by enthusiastic audiences who appreciated the generous spirit of the artists in offering so notable a series of programs in our own Recital Hall. All of the artists are Institute graduates now prominent in the concert field.

## THE NEW BATON STAFF

Murray Paret who has been a member of the Editorial Board for two years, now becomes Assistant Editor. Her unswerving devotion and untiring efforts in behalf of *The Baton* as well as her literary and business ability have been evident throughout her work. It is therefore a pleasure to appoint her to an important place on the Baton Staff.

Emory Oman is now added to the Baton staff. He is a student in the Regular Singing Course and is a graduate of Ohio State University with an A.B. degree. His good will and enthusiasm are factors in the making of our magazine.

Elijah Silverman, whose fine art work speaks for itself, has also been added to the staff. He is a Violin student and has won several medals both in music and art. Last summer he attended the Art Students' League.

The Editor wishes to acknowledge the assistance of Roslyn Krotosky, Dorothy McLemore and George Finkelberg.

## RHYTHM IN MUSIC

By George A. Wedge

During the past summer Mr. Wedge's most recent book was published. It is called "Rhythm in Music" and it aims to clear up the mystery surrounding the subject of rhythm in music. Rhythm, the most vital factor in all arts which depend upon the aural sense, must of necessity have a simple physical foundation. This physical element is inherent in all normal human beings and upon this basis artistic creation is developed.

Many elements enter into the successful performance of a composition. The strongest of these is the time or pulse. This is the common bond between performer and auditor and the means of holding attention. Any psychologist will confirm the fact that most humans have inherent in their beings the fundamentals of the two basic factors that go to make up a musical composition, i.e., pitch and pulse. With the musically uneducated the latter is the more important.

Pulse is apparent in all things. Our breathing, method of walking, heart-beat, and daily life. In nature, the seasons, the tide, the flying of a bird and most bird-calls.

The majority of books upon the theory of music deal with sound and form, but say little or nothing about rhythm. There seems to be no definite meaning or consistency in the terminology used. It is difficult to understand why this vital factor in musical composition and interpretation has been neglected. The result is that here in America, the home of syncopation, the music pupil displays little real rhythmic sense in his performance.

With an understanding of its fundamental principles and a logical system of study correlative with the development of muscular technique there can be no excuse for unrhythmic musical performances.

This book gives suggestions and furnishes material for developing and keeping a strict pulse and the performance of rhythms—simple, complex, and combined.

## THE NIGHTINGALE

Chopin's letters, which were recently found, have been used as a basis for a beautiful novel by Majorie Strachey. She has made Chopin a living character to us after the years by adding some details of her own imagination to the authentic facts of his life. It is a very vivid and fascinating story, although rather idealizing the great musician. The incidents are well woven together using much dialogue instead of narration. Many of the things which Chopin says in the book are things which he actually wrote in his letters, or which have been quoted by some one of his friends. The novel is written consecutively and yet almost any part may be taken out and found interesting by itself.

This style of novel, based on the biography of a famed person who really lived, has become very popular in recent literature. After all, there is nothing in fiction of as vital appeal as a true story.



## VACATION EMBELLISHMENTS

## A Play in One Act

By Any Old Pupil

(With apologies to all the Teachers of the Theory Courses)

SCENE: Main Hall of the Institute.

TIME: An autumn afternoon just before Keyboard Harmony Class.

(Note: This play is only for the Sophisticated. The LA's are too young to understand.)

CAST: Dave Barth  
Steve Marsh

As the curtain rises Dave is discovered in transit between the Cloak Room and a Class Room. Masculine progress in the Main Hall is apt to be slow on account of groups of Institute girls (have you noticed how pretty they are this year?) who cross one's path. This causes congestion. Into the throng rushes Steve Marsh, breathless.

Dave: (with surprise) Well, if it's not the boy himself! (He slaps his friend on the back resoundingly.) Where have you been since school opened?

Steve: (registering delight) Hello there, pard. Just got off the ship.

Dave: What ship? Commute in your own yacht now?

Steve: Sure, my yacht's one of the largest afloat. Leviathan is its name. I modulated to Europe last summer—went unexpectedly—a sort of II<sup>7</sup> with two sharps and a flat departure. Good Heavens, what's the matter, Dave? You look ill all of a sudden.

Dave: (with sepulchral voice) Haven't you heard?

Steve: Heard what? Who's dead?

Dave: Altered chords—modulation—everything.

Steve: (brightening perceptibly) No more Theory to struggle over?

Dave: More Theory but no more struggles. All is changed—and how!

Steve: Let's have it. What's up?

Dave: (with some degree of sternness) Now get this Steve; don't spill any fragment of knowledge which has stayed with you from the old days. Altered chords are no longer subjects of polite conversation. Mutter them in the privacy of your own room if you must—but mention them not in public.

Steve: Sounds like a first rate scandal. What did altered chords ever do to the great Wedge to be thus banished from his world and ours?

Dave: What did they always do to you, to me, to us all? They've lied to us for years. They're not what they seem at all. They tortured us, kept us awake nights, flunked us, they—

Steve: You've certainly got it bad. (with considerable concern.) Have you been this way long? Have you seen a doctor?

Dave: (with emphasis) Everything is an embellishment—everything you do know and don't know can be excused as an embellishment, mostly of the tonic chord, sometimes of the dominant, but remember—we no longer modulate! (Steve faints. After resuscitation he is assisted to the Keyboard Harmony classroom conscious but still in a state of collapse.)

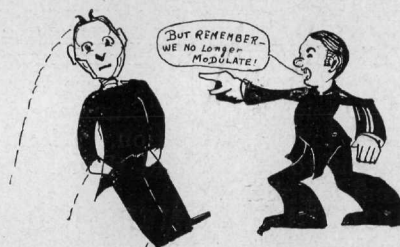
The curtain is lowered at this point to indicate the passing of an hour;—an hour of intense emotion for Steve who is transported from darkness to light, mentally speaking. The "Meditation" would be an appropriate violin interlude.

As the curtain rises, our two heroes are seen to emerge from the door of a classroom.

Steve: (now full of vigor and eagerness:) Well this is the life! I went in like an *a flat* minor chord and I came out entirely embellished. You know, Dave, I could wager I saw the Keyboard teacher in Paris last summer—at a book store in the Rue Rivoli. Happen to know whether he was over?

Dave: No, I don't, but here's the new Baton with all the secrets about our dear Faculty on vacation. Let's park in the Students' Room and read the latest dope.

Steve: (with a dramatic gesture;) But remember, my dear Dave, wherever they went, they did not modulate. They were merely embellishing their real lives.



And This Is What They Read

MISS LOIS ADLER was in Seattle where she taught at the Cornish School and also did some Ensemble playing. She was in Chicago for six weeks and also in Jasper National Park, Canada.

MME. MARGUERITE ALBRO saw France, Paris and family!

MISS ELENORE ALTMAN was in the south most of the summer. She stayed at St. Simon's Island, Georgia, where a large number of receptions were given her.

MISS HELENA AUGUSTIN visited the high hills of Northeastern Ohio. She stayed in a locality which is very beautiful. There was a Mormon Temple just across the valley. Her stay was two months in which she motored and saw the country.

MRS. MABEL PHIPPS BERGOLIO has had higher aims this year than hitting chickens which tried to cross in front of her car! She went to the West Indies. At St. Kitts she heard a very beautiful boys' choir, from the Boys' Public School. This choir consisted of 150 natives. The leader was a native, too, and was self taught. The singing was exquisitely done and very impressive.

MR. LOUIS BOSTELMANN was brought up on the coast of Maine. Not having been there recently, he yearned for a boat on the water with which to wield his rowing powers as of old. The result was a rowboat on the lake in Central Park.

MR. GEORGE F. BOYLE motored, fished, swam—Cape Cod, New Hampshire, Maine.

MISS LILIAN CARPENTER spent her summer travelling and giving recitals. She first went to Washington, D. C., where she gave a recital at the Convention of the American Guild of Organists. Then she took a trip through Yellowstone and the Colorado Rockies. She also played at the N. A. O. convention at St. Louis and at the Canadian College of Organists in Toronto. She gave a radio recital at Hartford. Miss Carpenter now has the credit of having played at four conventions since May.

MISS DOROTHY CROWTHERS drove to Maine along the coast and home through the White Mountains. In Maine her summer was divided between Blue Hill and Seal Harbor.

MISS MARGARETE DESSOFF—The night of Commencement was a very busy and exciting one for her. She went straight from Town Hall to the steamer to sail for Germany. Four weeks at Goettingen University were a good rest, so she then went to Switzerland where she spent seven weeks in Pontresina, Engadin, with lots of mountain climbing. Miss Dessoff has always lived in Frankfurt so she went there to visit her family and old friends. The "Summer of Music" was there—a lovely exhibition. After a stay there she went to Berlin and then returned to America from Hamburg.

MR. EDOUARD DETHIER only complains that the summer is too short. He had a large class of pupils at Blue Hill, Maine, which kept him busy. He went to St. Johns with Mr. Wedge to meet Miss Whiley and also went to Quebec another time.

MR. GASTON DETHIER was in Blue Hill teaching all summer. Because it was a change of air and place he did not feel the work tiring, but really enjoyed it.

MR. RICHARD DONOVAN was at Round Pond, Maine, all summer, where he went fishing, swimming and sailing, and did a lot of composition. He is working on a chorus with orchestra.

MRS. LUCIA DUNHAM went to California in a Chrysler. No tire trouble until Iowa! We wonder what happened then?

MR. LOUIS EDLIN was at Lake Placid with the New York Trio, visiting at the home of Clarence Adler, one of the members.

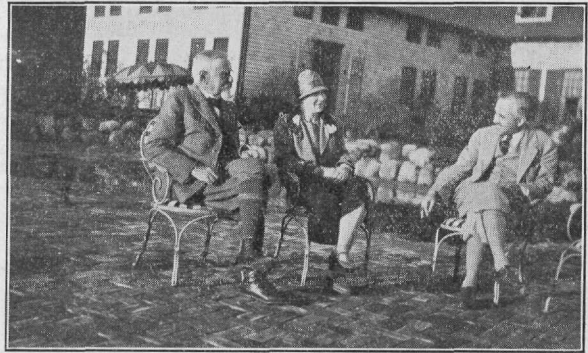
MISS LONNY EPSTEIN spent the summer at her home in Cologne. Last winter she came here to substitute for Mr. Friedberg while he was abroad. This year she is a member of the piano faculty.

MISS ADA FISHER visited at her home in Pennsylvania.

MISS MARIE FLUEGEL. She worked to prepare a concert program with Mr. Kurt Schind-

ler. She visited the Vanderlip estate at Scarborough on the Hudson with the Theatre Guild School.

MR. and MRS. FONAROFF had a very interesting summer, with lots of music. They visited Madame Sembrich at Lake George, at whose house were gathered many musical notables including Leopold Auer, Madame de Coppet, the Homers, the Flonzaley Quartet and others.



*Dr. Frank Damrosch, Miss Helen Frank and Mr. George Wedge, "snapped" by the Editor at a tea party in September, at the Harbor Club, Seal Harbor, Maine.*

MR. JAMES FRISKIN was at Lee, Mass., for three weeks and Schroon Lake for another three weeks. He practised with his sister for two-piano concerts.

MRS. ANNE LOCKWOOD FYFFE, who has been in Honolulu for two years, returned this summer via Japan. She had a most interesting stay there and saw two of her pupils who are now teachers in Japan. Miss Yoshida, who graduated from the Institute under Mrs. Fyffe, now has a good clientele and is a prominent teacher in Japan. Miss Fuzawa, another Institute student of Mrs. Fyffe is also teaching in Japan.

MR. SAMUEL GARDNER spent June in Portland, Oregon. Then he returned to New York and taught at Columbia, and spent the rest of his time at Long Beach—practising, of course.

DR. H. BECKETT GIBBS was again at the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven on Lake Champlain, where he enjoyed having a good rest.

MRS. HARRIS left her hair bobbed this year so there is nothing so exciting as there was last year to relate. She was very busy receiving the different members of her family who came to see her in New York.

MR. CARLOS HASSELBRINK went to Yankee Lake near Middletown, as he has done for many years.

MR. CHARLES HAUBIEL is writing an operetta! It is called "Etheria." During the summer he finished about half of it, working in Mount Kisco, New York, and other places. He taught at summer school in New York and gave five lecture recitals. He spent some time in Brockville, Canada, where he had a vacation and did a lot of boating on the St. Lawrence.



MR. CONRAD HELD was in Pittsfield, Mass., with Mrs. Coolidge's Pittsfield Musical Association. Ten chamber music concerts were given.

MR. W. J. HENDERSON'S summer was like "Bach's life"—very uneventful. He stayed at Twin Lake Villa, New London, N. H., where he had a good time motoring, canoeing, and dancing with no work to do!

MR. IGNACE HILSBERG certainly travelled in four weeks. The mountains, Lake Placid, Atlantic City and elsewhere. The rest of the time he spent teaching and preparing for his New York recital.

MR. SASCHA JACOBSEN was in London recording most of the two months he was abroad. He was in Paris, too, and flew across to London. It was rather an exciting trip as they broke down and had to go back and start again. After he returned to America in August he went to Wilton, Conn., where the Musical Art Quartet has been practising.

MRS. LILLIAN EUBANK KEMPTON stayed home in East Orange all summer with occasional trips to Allenhurst and the seashore.

PROF. SERGE KORGUEFF taught in the summer course at Hartford, Vermont. His schedule consisted of three days' work and the rest of the week driving his car and having a good time.

MR. KARL KRAEUTER worked very hard at Pittsfield, playing in the South Mountain Quartet, which gave a recital every week. Then Mr. Krauter went up to see how Canada was getting along. The odd moments of the summer were filled with teaching and playing bridge.

MR. WILLIAM KROLL played with the South Mountain String Quartet in Pittsfield. They gave ten public concerts there, and also taught large classes of students, some coming even from France and California. Two student recitals were given. Mr. Kroll enjoyed the golf very much and he played a lot at odd times during the summer.

MR. GARDNER LAMSON spent his time at "pleasant pursuits." He was at Nantucket, Cambridge and Fisher's Island.

MR. HAROLD LEWIS was very busy teaching in New York. Short trips to the Catskills and Spring Lake were the only diversions.

MR. LEOPOLD MANNES redecorated a new apartment, then went to East Hampton, Long Island, where he played, studied, and did some writing.

MISS GLADYS MAYO was so tired after keeping house and teaching for the first lap of the summer that she went up to her camp in the Adirondacks. She is very proud of this camp because she built it entirely herself. Of course there was nothing to do there but enjoy the rain!

MRS. HENRY J. McKELLAR has a famous dog—"Pep"! Between this dog and the new home in Scarsdale she was very busy. However, a few short motor trips added variety, and there was the garden, too—Mrs. McKellar loves her garden!

MR. HAROLD MORRIS combined pleasure with work. He spent eight weeks at the Lake Champlain Club at Mallet's Bay, Vermont. He worked for programs and composed, and enjoyed playing golf, swimming, boating.

MR. HOWARD MURPHY drove back and forth to Maine during the months of June and September, and taught the rest of the time at Columbia.

MISS MARY L. QUIN has a cottage at Ogunquit, Maine, where she has stayed for many summers, and where she spent another quiet and restful one.

DR. A. MADELEY RICHARDSON:

My summer was spent in New York,  
Where the weather was nothing to talk  
Of. Now what of the "Baton"?  
That's a subject to chat on.  
But time's up—so put in the cork.

MME. LILLIE SANG-COLLINS enjoyed herself by staying four whole months on a farm in the foothills of the Berkshires—getting reserve strength for the struggle of a busy season, and the patience necessary to induce singers to make musical tones. She visited George Barrere, not far from there, in his mountain lodge at Woodstock.

MRS. BEATRICE HAINES SCHNEIDER just took a nice vacation from work. She and her husband went up to Madison, New Hampshire, which is in the White Mountains. They did some mountain climbing and motoring, taking one trip up the Maine coast.



*Portrait of Miss Helen Whiley seeing Europe so fast last summer that she had to return to her home in Ohio and sleep a month!*

MR. and MRS. CHARLES L. SEEGER, JR., spent the summer in a log cabin in the Rockies, where they climbed around in the snowy mountains and drove a lot.

MR. HENRY F. SIEGER spent part of the summer teaching at Teachers College and the rest of the time in Huntington, Long Island, at his home. He likes to fish and spent much of his time at this.

MISS BELLE SOUDANT was in Europe this summer. She went to Bayreuth for the Wagner Festival, and to Munich and Salzburg for the Music Festivals. The production of "Tristan and Isolde" at Bayreuth was an exceptionally beautiful and wonderful one.

MISS ELIZABETH STRAUSS achieved a great thing this summer—she learned to drive a car! Her time was spent between Maine and Kentucky.

MR. GEORGE HOTCHKISS STREET, during the month of September, "roughed it" by driving through the South with a friend. He passed through the Carolinas and Virginia, and in the latter went to visit the Endless Caverns—they certainly are endless! The rest of the summer he taught.

MR. HOWARD TALLEY. We are beginning to notice the popularity of Canada this summer among the teachers. And now, Mr. Talley says he was there, too! However, his was different as he went all the way by boat. He taught at summer school here and in June was in Maine with Mr. Wedge.

SIGNORA DIANA TOLEDO went back to Italy for the summer, where she visited many cities from the Alps to Sicily. She also went to France.

MR. BERNARD WAGENAAR visited Holland with his wife and child. He "went all over the place" and had a wonderful time as he had not been there for seven years. He finished a composition for Bodanzky, who is going to play it next year.

MR. GEORGE A. WEDGE. The result of his summer is most obvious! He *worked* all the time, he says! All this was accomplished in Maine with two visits to Canada, just embellishments on his usual summer theme!

### ALUMNI GOSSIP

"The Way Man Learned Music" is Wesley Sontag's new approach to child teaching. He has classes at the Greenwich House Music School in which the children make their own instruments and "grow up in music." In this way they get musical and ensemble experience in playing masterpieces in original forms when they are too young for actual technique. This is a very interesting subject and Mr. Sontag finds it successful.

Samuel Gardner gave a recital in Carnegie Hall on November 6th. All members of the Alumni Association who were within commuting distance were guests.

Mr. Sidney Sukoenig is back at the Institute studying after a summer at Fontainebleau. He is also acting as assistant to Mr. Wedge.

Miss Reine Dorothy Green, who graduated in 1926, has been studying in Vienna, Austria, for the last year but is now home again.

Miss Grace Upington and Miss Florence Suder have a music school for children in Glen Ridge, N. J. Besides instruction in Piano under Miss Upington and Violin under Miss Suder, there are courses in Theory, Ear-Training and Ensemble Playing.

Kneisel Hall, located at Blue Hill, Maine, was again the scene of much activity last summer. Marianne Kneisel and Franz Kneisel, Jr., continued the work begun by their father, the late Franz Kneisel, in teaching violin and in conducting an ensemble class every evening. A concert for the benefit of the Blue Hill Hospital was enthusiastically supported by members of the summer colonies in Bar Harbor, Seal Harbor, Northeast Harbor and Blue Hill. Nearly a thousand dollars was realized, the amount which was always raised in Mr. Kneisel's lifetime at these benefit concerts. The Marianne Kneisel Quartet also appeared in recital at the homes of Mrs. Morris Loeb and Mrs. Lewis S. Wolff in Seal Harbor, both prominent patrons of the Institute.

Mr. Peter Biroschak is playing first horn in Sousa's Band which is touring through the west to Seattle. From there it is going through North Western Canada and back. For four weeks this summer it was at Atlantic City where four concerts were given daily.

Miss Lila Sayre wishes to correct the impression given regarding her teacher in her biographical sketch for the graduation issue of the Baton. She was a pupil of Mlle. Walther to whom she feels she owes her sincerest gratitude and appreciation.

### THE WRECK

By Ruth H. Bugbee

(Graduate and Teacher in Preparatory Center)

Blind in the water's wild commotion,  
The schooner staggered, confused and lost.  
The decks were stripped and the carcass tossed.  
The foaming lips of the angry ocean  
Had sucked and slobbered her heaving side,  
Baring their rocky teeth with the tide.  
Jaws, from which flowed a briny potion,  
Snapped up each man while his blood was warm.  
Tomorrow, the waves will mask their storm  
Of madness beneath a sham devotion  
Like penitents, with sins unconfessed,  
Who take the sacrament though unblessed.

*Seymour Prize, Poetry Society of Georgia.*

Miss Strauss tells of one of her pupils aged twelve, who when asked by her if he could play scales and arpeggios, replied, "Oh, yes, I finished all those when I was young!"

Newsboy: Extrey, extrey, sixty-two people swindled.

Man: (Buying a paper) Say, where does it say the sixty-two people were swindled?

Newsboy: Extrey, extrey, sixty-three people swindled.

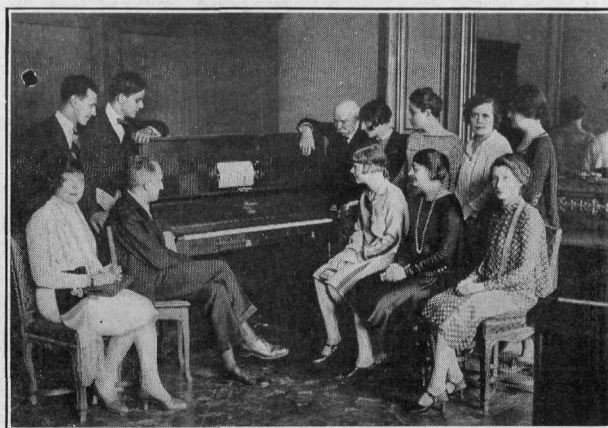
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Wife: Don't you think she has a dazzling technique?

Husband: (Looking at her brooch) Yes, but I don't think the diamonds are genuine.

—Contributed by J. Cohen, IB.

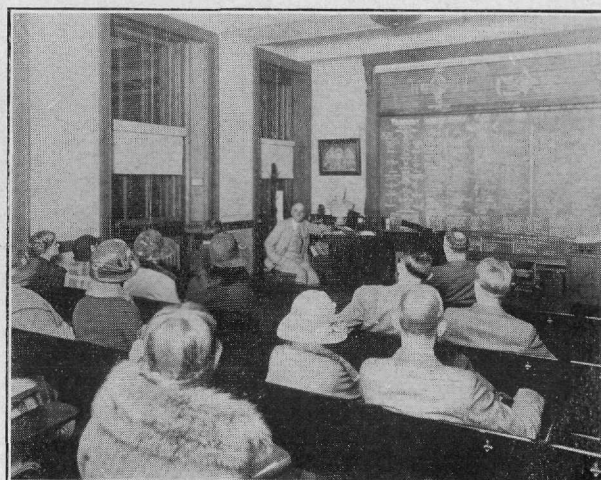


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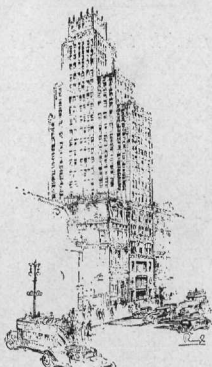
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