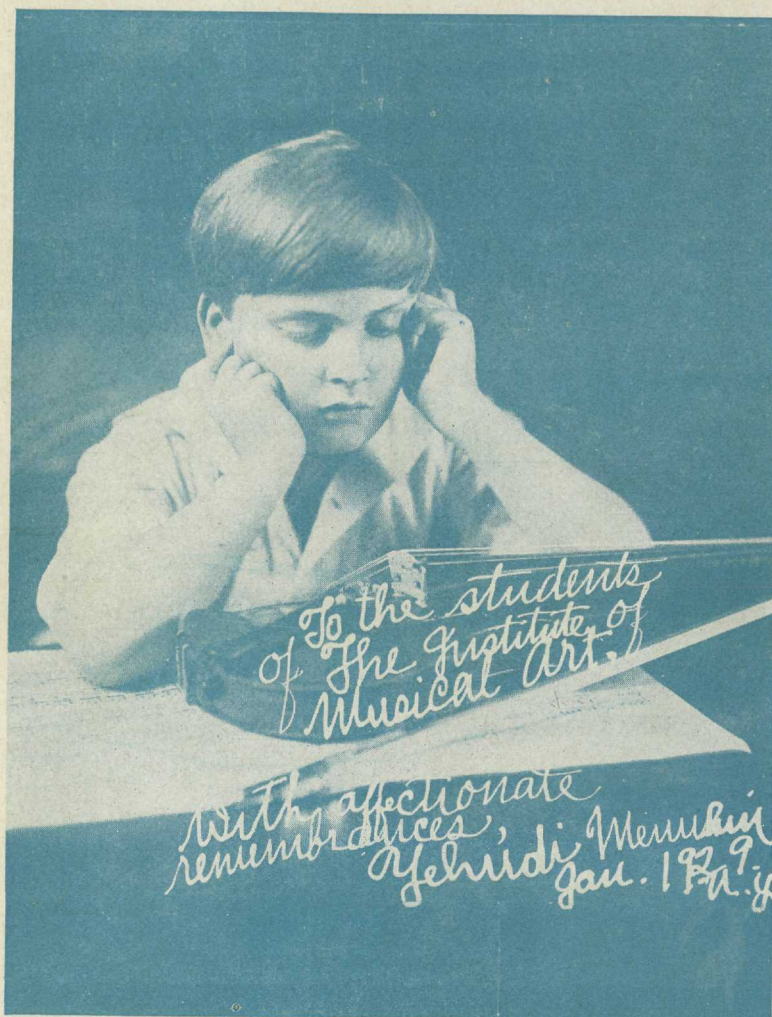


# The Baton



*Published by*

THE INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART  
OF THE JULLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC

FRANK DAMROSCH, DEAN

JANUARY, 1929

15 CENTS A COPY





THE BATON endeavors to recommend the operas, concerts and recitals of especial worth and interest to music students. Appearances of faculty members, alumni and pupils are featured FORTISSIMO in these columns.

### BEFORE THE PUBLIC

*Olga Zundel*, a graduate of the Institute of Musical Art and winner of the Naumburg prize, gave her debut violoncello recital at Town Hall on January 3rd. Her playing was favorably received and showed great promise.

*Yehudi Menuhin*, at one time a student of Theory at the Institute of Musical Art, played in recital at Carnegie Hall on January 6th. Due to the fact that the entire house was sold out and many persons could not obtain tickets, an extra concert has been booked for February 24th.

*Musical Art Quartet*. This excellent ensemble, consisting of Sascha Jacobsen, Louis Kaufman, Marie Roemaet-Rosanoff (all artist graduates of the Institute of Musical Art) and Paul Bernard, gave a chamber music concert at the John Golden Theatre on January 6th.

*Lonny Epstein*, a member of the Piano Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, accompanied Hugo Kortschak in a performance of Max Reger's Violin Sonata, at Town Hall on January 7th.

*Rhea Silberta*, a graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, is presenting two lecture-recitals at the Hotel Plaza on January 9th and 23rd.

*Carl Friedberg*, of the Piano Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art and world famous pianist, appeared in recital at Carnegie Hall on January 11th. This is Mr. Friedberg's first local appearance in recital in four or five seasons.

*New York Chamber Music Society*. These concerts, which are given under the supervision of Carolyn Beebe, are very interesting. January 13th, Gallo Theatre; January 20th, Hotel Plaza.

*Leopold Mannes*, a member of the Theory Department at the Institute of Musical Art, has made a piano transcription of Bach's Prelude to the So-

nata in E major, which was played by Frank Sheridan at Carnegie Hall, January 14th.

*Symphonic Singers*. This ensemble has among its members Allie Ronka and Mildred Kreuder, both students at the Institute of Musical Art. Mme. Lillie Sang-Collins, of the Voice Culture Department at the Institute of Musical Art, is accompanying at the piano. John Golden Theatre, January 20th.

*Naoum Blinder*, a member of the Violin Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, is giving a recital at Town Hall on January 23rd.

*Elshuco Trio*. This trio has as its members Willem Willeke, William Kroll (both members of the Faculty at the Institute of Musical Art) and Aurelio Giorni. An excellent ensemble. Engineering Auditorium, January 23rd.

*Lillian Fuchs*, an artist graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, is to be an assisting artist at the next concert to be given by the People's Chorus at Town Hall on January 26th.

*Paulist Choristers*. This excellent body of singers is always worth hearing. Metropolitan Opera House, January 29th.

*Muriel Kerr*, a student at the Juilliard Graduate School, is giving a piano recital at Town Hall, January 31st. Miss Kerr received favorable comment on the occasion of her debut with the Philharmonic-Symphony last month.

*Myra Hess*. One of the greatest of our women pianists. Town Hall, January 8th.

*The English Singers*. It's always a delightful experience. Town Hall, January 12th.

*Mischa Elman*. One of our best violinists. Carnegie Hall, January 12th.

*Flonzaley Quartet*. Don't forget! This is the farewell season of this marvelous organization. Town Hall, January 15th.

(Continued on Page 17)

## The Baton

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THE INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART

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# Recollections of a Famous Diva

## *Upon the Fiftieth Anniversary of Her Debut in America*

By Frank Damrosch, Madeleine Walther, Mrs. Fritz Reiner, Walter Damrosch, W. J. Henderson

"The name of Etelka Gerster will go down to posterity with undimmed lustre," wrote a German newspaper man about the great diva. Fifty years ago the name Etelka Gerster called up visions of a radiant and charming artist, singing to houses crowded with excited enthusiasts, repeating favorite arias, being honored with poems and flowers and many recalls. In those days, before the advent of the traffic problem, it also brought to mind the picture of the fren-



*Etelka Gerster  
at the time of her debut in  
America.*

zied adoration after performances, when her admirers ran ahead of her carriage to the hotel, often storming her rooms to receive the gracious gift of some of the flowers. She it was who excited such great jealousy in her rival, Adelina Patti, that the latter attributed an earthquake which occurred while the two were singing in the same opera company on the Coast, to her "bad influence." It was she who became a celebrity almost overnight, and who was said to be so fascinating as Lucia and Amina, and so lovable in her interpretation of The March Violet, composed especially for her by Wilhelm Taubert, that she was quite irresistible.

The memory of Etelka Gerster's art and work lingers at the Institute of Musical Art especially, because Dr. Damrosch brought her to this country to organize the singing department of the school which was then being established. She sent her pupil and assistant, Madeleine Walther, to give the preliminary instruction, and later continued the work herself for three months. Dr. Damrosch, in reminiscing about her recently said, "She was a marvelously great teacher, as great a teacher as she was artist—which is a rare combination. The quality of every voice which was under her instruction at the Institute became like velvet. But the insistent demands from her pupils in Berlin who wanted her to return, could not be ignored, and after only three months she returned to Germany, leaving Miss Walther to carry on and complete her plans."

Miss Walther, who has been at the Institute

ever since, speaks of Mme. Gerster with tremendous enthusiasm. "My acquaintance with Mme. Gerster began a number of years before I came to the Institute of Musical Art. I went to Berlin to study with her because of her great reputation as a teacher. From the very beginning my expectations were more than realized—I found she had in fact a genius for teaching. Her enthusiasm, her thoroughness, her ability to create a desire to work, and her absolutely impartial judgment of the progress of her pupils made the study of singing under her direction a never-to-be-forgotten epoch in one's life.

"She insisted upon class teaching—and this system demonstrated by the progress of the pupils the wisdom of its choice.

"It may be noted that she received only artists as pupils and she invariably treated them as such. When a pupil was pronounced finished by Mme. Gerster, and left her studio to begin a public career, she felt a confidence in her own success that only such an inspiration and instruction as that of Mme. Gerster could give."

Certainly another to carry on the Gerster tradition is Mrs. Fritz Reiner, daughter of Etelka Gerster and Carlo Gardini, and wife of the distinguished conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra who is wielding Toscanini's baton in the latter's absence. Mrs. Reiner, formerly Berta Gardini,



*Colonel Mapleson taking the money  
while Etelka Gerster takes the plaudits.*

is a singer herself, and has appeared with great success in opera in Germany. "My mother was born in a quiet little town in upper Hungary. She knew from the time she was able to understand anything at all, that she wanted to sing,"



says Mrs. Reiner. "Her elder sister was allowed to study voice after her marriage, and was be-



*The artist as teacher in 1918.*

coming so fine a musician t h a t she won the approval of Liszt; but the mother thought that one musician in the family w a s enough and would not consent to singing lessons for the younger daughter. However, the child was so insistent that she allowed her to begin the study of music under Mme. Marchesi

in Vienna. The result of enthusiastic work there was that in January, 1876, though not yet out of her 'teens, she made her debut as Gilda in Rigoletto at the Teatro della Venice. Verdi, on hearing her there, was so favorably impressed that he subsequently coached her in his operas." Following her successful debut, Etelka Gerster fulfilled an engagement with the Italian Opera Company, then under the direction of Carlo Gardini, who opened a season of opera at Kroll's Theater, in Berlin, in the spring of 1877. On the night of the premier the prima donna becoming suddenly ill, the leading role was assigned to the new and little known singer. She played it with such finesse and grace that the Emperor, William I, went behind the scenes after the performance to congratulate her personally. Soon all Berlin began to shower praises on this young Hungarian; houses were sold out days ahead, for everyone wanted to hear the girl who had had this meteoric success.

After two years of great popularity in Europe, Etelka Gerster came to America with the opera company of Colonel James H. Mapleson, and made her debut at the Academy of Music as Amina in La Sonnambula, creating the usual furore of applause.

Gerster became as well loved in America as she had been in Europe. Longfellow used to attend many of her performances at the Academy of Music. She sang not only in New York but made tours to other cities where she was magnificently received, and she also sang in concert.

On January 10th, 1929, an Etelka Gerster memorial program was given by the pupils of Mrs. Reiner at Steinway Hall, and Walter Damrosch spoke. "Mme. Gerster once sang at a benefit concert at which my father, Leopold Damrosch, conducted and I accompanied. I was a young nobody then, and very proud of the privilege of

accompanying the great diva. The concert was held in the original Steinway Hall on Fourteenth Street, within half a block of the Academy of Music." Mr. Damrosch regaled the audience with many anecdotes about Mme. Gerster, indicative of her magnetic personality. "She had that indescribable thing called charm. Diva, which really means goddess, was an apt title for her."

From a critic's viewpoint Mr. William J. Henderson says, "Her charm lay not only in the fact that she had a very facile technique which is too rare in present day coloratura singing, but she had also a certain intensity of feeling—not dramatic, but rather a quality that was like a voice with a tear in it, and therefore touched the heart."

In the midst of her tremendous success, Mme. Gerster became ill. Anxious to get back into the glamorous routine of her life, she began to sing before she had completely recovered, and when she was only thirty-one, realized that her beautiful voice was gone. Preferring to give up public singing rather than to continue with diminished resources, she went back to her lovely villa in Bologna. Before long she was besieged by so many young singers coming to her for advice and with pleas for lessons, that she opened a school of singing in Berlin which became internationally known. There she accomplished the next best thing to singing herself—she exacted of her many talented students the high standard of musicianship which she had always required of herself.

In 1920 Mme Gerster died, leaving to her hosts of admirers the memory of a fineness of artistry



*Mme. Gerster with her daughter, Mrs. Fritz Reiner, on her right, and her pupil, Sigrid Onegin, on her left.*

and of personal character which it is granted to only a very few people to attain, and which make certain the fulfillment of the prediction that her name will continue to exert the same magic upon posterity as it did upon her contemporaries.

### **An Editorial Privilege**

*From the Wathena (Kan.) Times.*

The place to register complaints against this paper is with the editor, unless the purpose is to lick the editor, in which case Miss Applegate will adjust the matter satisfactorily in the editor's absence.



# Taking Music Around the World

*Louis Greenwald's Adventures as Accompanist for Efrem Zimbalist*

By Elizabeth Stutsman

TO tour the world is so rapidly becoming an American custom that one is inclined to predict that in a very short time a lamentable state of affairs will exist; there will be no un-travelled, credulous friends awaiting a returning wanderer, eager to hear his tales, envious of his experiences, ready to yield him all the honor due a cosmopolitan. His slightest acquaintance will be able to match the pet story of his near-abduction from Bagdad with one of Chinese origin, even better. Personality, rather than geography, will then entitle a man to be heard, and therefore he who is wise will choose his travelling companions, as well as his itinerary, with an instinct for making as good a beginning as possible for his narratives afterward.

At the time when "During my season in Antarctica" will elicit interest only if followed by "with Byrd," the privilege of having linked one's fortunes with those of an internationally known figure will be at a premium; and precisely at that time Mr. Louis Greenwald, of the Institute of Musical Art, will be a very fortunate man, provided he is not too modest to step forward and claim all that a bounteous Lady Luck is holding forth to him. Mr. Greenwald spent a year and a half, in sea-sickness and health, moving about hither and yon over all portions of the globe, as accompanist for Mr. Efrem Zimbalist, and ought to have enough anecdotes to illustrate "When I was in Africa with Zimbalist" to keep the same audience enthralled for as long as his voice holds out. But in the meantime, we music students who are very wobbly as to whether Maori is a city or a lake will revel in Mr. Greenwald's glorified geography, and let Mr. Zimbalist's name keep accruing more and more interest (just like money in a bank) so that the principal will be intact for use at a future date.

From California Messrs. Zimbalist and Greenwald sailed to Honolulu—this was in the crude days before flying across became so very popular—and there they gave a concert before 5,000 people on the roof-garden of a hotel. After seeing the pineapples they departed for Pago-Pago, which is in the Samoan group of islands, and is pronounced (illogically, like a good deal of English) "Pango-Pango." Here the natives resemble American Negroes, and are very hospitable. While calling on one of the chief personages of the island, Mr. Greenwald noticed two or three servants wringing a mass of something which resembled roots of trees, into deep dishes. "What a queer way to wash one's hands," he thought—and was then offered some of the liquid to drink! The beverage is called kava and is the national drink, notwithstanding the fact that it has

had no advertising campaign behind it. The king of Pago-Pago is a highly privileged character. He can have as many wives as he wants, and if he chances to tire of one he merely dismisses her with a recommendation. Pago-Pago is one of those rare places where there is no servant problem. A man will work twelve hours a day for a dollar a week. After his day's labors are over he goes out to the store, buys half a cent's worth of this and a quarter of a cent's worth of that, and has a feast for the price of a postage stamp.

The island ought to be an umbrella-salesman's paradise, for it rains every day. There ought also to



*A Famous Wistaria Garden in Tokio*

be a heavy demand for citronella. Mr. Greenwald is positive that nothing feels more like a volcano than the bite of a Pago-Pago mosquito.

A four-day ride on a roller-coaster at Coney Island could not equal the ups and downs of the voyage to New Zealand, whither the musicians next went. It was neither the up nor the down to which they objected, but the combination—and then too, Mr. Zimbalist had the indiscretion to order a second cucumber at luncheon on the first day out. The Waitomo caves of New Zealand must have been lovely indeed to make adequate reparation for that journey.

"One enters a subterranean passage—very gorgeous, like the lobby of the Paris Opera—and glides along an underground stream in a small canoe in pitch darkness. Suddenly out of the blackness shine millions of little lights, like a veritable Milky Way. The guide cautions you to be silent, as the glow-worms which produce the illumination are very sensitive to noise and fade out at the least sound. And so you continue in the glowing silence, as if stealing through Fairyland itself."

New Zealand boasts some natural phenomena similar to those in Yellowstone Park in the United



States, but here the boiling mud, geysers, cold and hot pools of water are put to practical use. Mr. Greenwald assures one in his most truthful manner (realizing the infinite number of fish stories in circulation) that the following picture is not uncommon. A fisherman, standing between two lakes, pulls a juicy fish from the cool, sparkling water of one. With a twist of his arm he flips it into the other, and in a few moments brings it forth thoroughly boiled and ready to eat. Then he steps to one side, digs down into some hot mud, and lifts out a kettleful of earth-baked potatoes. Nature, not Mother, is the best cook in New Zealand.

"At Auckland, New Zealand," continues Mr. Greenwald, "we were out walking one day, and on passing a church, heard someone playing a 'cello very beautifully. We entered the church and found the Dominie engrossed in a composition of Bruch. During our conversation with him he said that Wilhelmj had been there fifty years before and had played to an audience of forty, of which the Dominie was one."

Many people forget, when contemplating a voyage to Australia, that the season will be just the opposite of that in the United States. "Take along woolen mittens if you expect to go before the public in Australia," advises Mr. Greenwald from bitter experience. "Then you can at least get warm between numbers. Even in winter it does not get very cold in the daytime, and so the buildings are not heated. But when the sun goes down and still there is no fire, heavy wraps are necessary for comfort.

"At Melbourne, Nellie Melba and Zimbalist gave a joint recital. At 68 Melba still retains her youthful spirit of years ago. She is popularly called 'The Queen of Australia' and on that night she had a truly regal glory. In the audience was Mr. Lemoine, the flutist. He had made his debut as a young man at about the time that Mme. Melba had made hers, and the two were planning to bring their public careers to a close by giving a farewell concert together about a month after Mr. Zimbalist's recital."

Mr. Greenwald noticed in Australia the same kind of feeling between Sydney and Melbourne as between Chicago and New York. Sydney might be called the 'Chicago of Australia, but the Sydney-ite's favorite weapon was not mentioned. However, if a man going to Sydney should take all the precautions of a New Yorker going through Chicago, he would be reasonably sure of escaping alive and with an unmolested bankroll.

Mr. Greenwald tells of an unusual party given in Shanghai. "The chief musician of China was invited by a friend of Mr. Zimbalist to come with his students to play for us. They brought all sorts of queer-looking instruments. One resembled a coffin, and was played by a Chinaman in a black skull cap and flowing robe, who plucked at its strings with his extremely long fingernails and occasionally rapped on the wood for emphasis. One selection lasted 45 minutes.

"Concerts in China are not attended at all by the

natives, due to bad economic conditions. In Japan, however, concert-goers are Japanese. Their musical taste is very good, and most artists enjoy playing for them because they feel that their efforts are truly appreciated. But the Japanese do have one bad habit. They insist on taking pictures. Once they took a flashlight in the midst of a very difficult concerto. His concentration thus interrupted, Mr. Zimbalist stepped forward and begged earnestly, 'Please don't do that again!' But unfortunately, no one understanding English, the plea was not very successful. There is great enthusiasm in Japan for occidental music—and we were surprised to find that not only there, but in many countries, the musical instruments were very much better than those found in the average small American town."

Java was the most beautiful country they visited, according to Mr. Greenwald. The scenery changes quickly so that there are always delightful surprises. The tropical vegetation is very colorful and dense, though the land is well cultivated. It was unbearably hot and the natives had not yet learned of soda water and Frigidaire, but it was always possible to go to some mountain resort where a pile of blankets felt good at night. Twenty-six concerts were given in Java before most appreciative audiences, largely



*A cartoon of Louis Greenwald and Efrem Zimbalist, which appeared in a Hungarian newspaper.*

European. The economic conditions of the natives here are also bad. Chinese control the bazaars and they have become exceedingly wise in the art of selling. Their aim seems to be to make as much profit as possible, but to sell something, even if the gain be small. They never lose their courteous, smiling manner, and seem so pleasant that people usually do buy from them, realizing in a short time, however, that no matter how low the price, the worst of the bargain did not fall to the lot of the merchant!

There are no sanitary improvements on the island, but there are canals of fresh water everywhere. Within a few square yards there may be a man washing his water buffalo, a woman doing the family laundry, and various people getting a drink. It is small

*(Continued on Page 16)*





By Gerald Tracy

AT the first performance of "Carmen" this year at the Metropolitan in which Maria Jeritza held forth, present in the audience were Emma Eames, Marguerite D'Alvarez, Grace Moore, Hope Hampton, and that last great Carmen, Geraldine Farrar.

We have always heard how genius is tortured. Listen to the plight of Vladimir Horowitz. Being a thrifty lad with an eye on the future, he makes a trip to the bank every few weeks to help along his savings account with several thousand dollars. In the old country, the officials of the institution are called in, they sit down and have a chat with Mr. Horowitz, inquire about his future tours, and about his recent concerts, while in this bustling country of ours, a procedure such as this occurs.

Teller: "V. Horowitz, five grand, thank you, next please!"

As we said before, Mr. Horowitz is quite distressed!

But speaking of Mr. Horowitz, a few side-lights gathered from various interviews with him might prove of interest. He was born in Kieff, Russia, twenty-four years ago. His old age seems to be quite a bother for he always sighs when he reveals the fact that he hasn't done much composing since he was fourteen. He is interested in sports, however, especially in swimming, and, speaking of diversion, often writes poetry in his native tongue. Russian and American audiences are very similar, he states, in their reactions to recital programs. The emotional side appeals more to them than does the intellectual intricacies found in the presentations of the classics. Continuing the comparison, he finds European men much more interested in music than American men, while, on the other hand, American women and their clubs much more influential in music than European women; and to his notion, the most exacting and conservative audiences, in their reactions to recital programs, are found in Germany and Central Europe.

We have heard that Mr. Horowitz and his personal representative, Alexander Merovitch, are often seen guzzling waffles with great gusto at the Alamac. Mr. Merovitch, by the way, is planning to bring to America next season two other young Russian artists, who, with Mr. Horowitz, he says represent the new musical Russia. They are Gregor Piatigorsky, 'cellist, and Nathan Millstein, violinist.

On Christmas Day, Yehudi Menuhin was taken to the Metropolitan to hear "Traviata," in which Bori, Gigli, and De Luca sang. He spent the intermissions absorbed in taking a pair of opera glasses apart! On this occasion he was introduced to Richard Stokes, critic of the *Evening World*, and Hollister Noble, managing editor of *Musical America*, and he remarked afterward that he thought New York critics much younger and handsomer than San Francisco critics!

As the idol of every young violinist, Yehudi receives many letters. This one speaks for itself!

My Dear Yehudi:

I have read and heard a lot about you that it gives me great pleasure to write to you. I am also a violin player. My present teacher is Mr. — of Springfield, Mass. I have been playing about five years. I am studying the beautiful Mendelssohn Concerto and also others by Wieniawski, Mozart, and Gipsy Airs by Sarasate. I believe you have studied all of these, too. Please tell me how you went about practicing for the Mendelssohn. Please give me some system about practicing. Please give me some including the following (1) strengthening of fingers, especially the third and fourth fingers, for octaves, thirds, fourths, sixths, tenths, scales, shifting and sliding, legato, accents, staccato and spiccato, and different bowings for wrist, middle, and point. Exercises for leaving fingers down, putting fingers down hard, and trills. Please give me suggestions as to what books are good for all of these important things. Give me some exercises for developing a fine and broad and sweet vibrato. I am very anxious to learn all these important things of the violin. What studies in Kreutzer should I practice daily? I hope this won't take much of your time but I'll appreciate anything you give or do for me. If you have any violin material which you do not need please send it to me. Please give me a systematic way of practicing daily. I am very anxious to become a leading violinist like you some day. Please take your time about answering all questions. Please do these things for me. Don't forget to send me your photograph, the exercises, and also any violin material you do not need.

Your distant admirer,

I'll expect an answer in two weeks. Please answer.

Although the holiday season is ended, the memory of its festivities certainly lingers on! Fa-



mous musicians made merry at many parties. Haydn's Toy Symphony is always a feature of the notable New Year's eve gatherings at the home of Mrs. Franz Kneisel, and in its most recent performance there, Mischa Elman was first violinist; Felix Kahn, second violinist; Willem Willeke, drummer; Louis Persinger, nightingale; Gerald Warburg, rattle; and in other capacities, Ernest Hutcheson, Leopold Auer, members of the Flonzaley Quartet, Marianne Kneisel, the members of her Quartet, Franz Kneisel, Jr., members of the Elshuco Trio, and many others. At the baton was Louis Bostelmann.

A gay party was given in the grand ballroom of the Plaza Hotel, in honor of the recent marriage of Adamo Didur, Russian basso of the Metropolitan, and Marguerite Vignon, the dancer. Just about everybody in the musical and literary swim was there, from Maria Jeritza to Rosa Ponselle, from Otto H. Kahn to Mischa Elman, from—but why attempt enumeration? Newspaper critics were also in numerous evidence. A sumptuous dinner was served, followed by a dance—incidentally, the pianist of the dance orchestra was discovered to be a former student at the Institute! And, doing the affair up in regular fashion, a supper was served to conclude the evening!

Mr. Herbert F. Peyser, of newspaper fame, gave a party in the Steinway Building during the holidays. Singers and newspaper people were there: Elisabeth Rethberg, Olin Downes, etc.

Edgar Leventritt, prominent lawyer, enthusiastic patron of music, and gifted pianist, entertained at his home, 850 Park Avenue. In the course of the festivities, it was decided to have some music, so Louis Persinger, noted as the teacher of Yehudi Menuhin, Marie Romaet Rosanoff, artist graduate of the Institute and 'cellist of the Musical Art Quartet, Lilla Kalman, violist, and Mr. Leventritt, performed, only to be interrupted by Ernest Schelling who dropped in late, and couldn't refrain from talking about Yehudi whom he had heard that afternoon, and about whom he was very enthusiastic.

Minna Noble, Chromatician of the *Evening World*, tells of a party given by Cobina Wright, an annual circus party at the Sherry-Netherland Hotel. A carnival tent was erected in the ballroom, with numerous side-shows, hot dog vendors, oyster bars, peanut stands, and lurid posters. All of the guests were in costume and masked. The musical celebrities who attended were particularly well disguised. Walter Damrosch was a dignified English judge in robe and wig, Andres Segovia, a mild Baron Scarpia, George Gershwin, an elf, Arthur Honegger, a red clown with hearts painted on his face, Henry Hadley, a Pierrot, Paul Reimers, a little peasant boy with an idiot mask, and Deems Taylor, a Hebrew comedian, straight from the burlesque stage. During the evening there was much con-

jecture concerning the identity of a charming young lady who seemed to have captured the fancy of the orchestral dean, Mr. Damrosch. The gossips waited eagerly for the lovely miss to unmask, only to discover that she was none other than Polly Damrosch, his daughter.

If you are one of those unfortunates overtaken by a terrible attack of wanderlure at this season of the year, when the papers show our moneyed aristocracy disporting themselves under the palm trees, you can find considerable consolation by journeying every Sunday night or Monday afternoon under the able and delightful guidance of Mr. Burton Holmes, at Carnegie Hall. He is transporting us to Spain, to Ireland and to Siam, the Land of Chang,—certainly something to please every taste. There are the glories of Madrid; the Spain of Moorish days, Andalusia and the Alhambra, Seville, Granada, halts at Cadiz, Cordoba, Jerez, Palos, La Rabida and Rondo; motoring through Spain from Gibraltar to the Pyrenees, all of which is very alluring and diverting to New York-bound musicians.

## IN AFFECTIONATE MEMORY

It is with great sorrow that we inform our readers of the death of three students of the Institute within the past month. Ruth Yorktheimer, a member of the organ department and one of this year's graduating class, was taken ill before the holidays and went to her home in Tacoma, Wash., where she underwent an operation for a sinus infection. We learned later that she had not recovered from the operation.

Harold Winter, who was with us from 1925 to 1928, and was during that period a member of THE BATON's editorial staff, passed away after a long illness at St. Luke's Hospital in New York City. Mr. Winter had had a varied career before he came to the Institute. He was a graduate of Manlius School and attended Dartmouth, and had earned his pilot license as an aviator. His health began to fail during the past school year and he was too ill to return last fall when the Institute opened. His funeral was held on Monday, January 14th, 1929.

On Wednesday, January 16th, we received word of the death of Franz Höne, our gifted violin graduate. Franz took his diploma in 1925 and had spent the intervening years in Europe. He returned to New York last October with laurels gained abroad, and gave every indication of becoming one of the prominent virtuosos on his instrument. The shock of his sudden death was felt in every department of the school. His friends formed a quartet and played the slow movement from Schumann's Opus 41 No. 3 at his funeral. This was held Friday morning, January 18th, at the Church of the Intercession, Broadway and 155th Street, New York City.



# Abodah — God's Worship

*A Hebrew Melody arranged for and dedicated to Yehudi Menuhin*

By Ernest Bloch

Reproduced by kind permission of Carl Fischer, Inc.,  
to give an idea of the character and color of the composition.

Molto moderato (♩ = about 63)

Violin

Piano

*breve*

*espr.*

*poco rit.*

*a tempo*

*breve*

*breve*

*Più deciso*

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UNWARE of the stir he causes in musical circles or of the discussions he arouses among newspaper writers, and oblivious to the persistent and futile attempts of interviewers to reach him, Yehudi Menuhin goes serenely about his business, which is quiet living and serious study. An annual public appearance is but a milestone along the way of his musical progress. That his last concert should occasion such a surprising lack of agreement among critics, as to which composition was most satisfactorily interpreted, is of less importance than the fact that columns were devoted to his achievements and that an unusually musicianly gathering was again electrified by his playing. Of his normal development through the coming years there need be no misgivings in view of the extraordinary wisdom of the boy's parents.

Yehudi returned to us this year a bit taller and sturdier but unchanged in spirit and the charming ingenuousness which endeared him to everyone last season. He shows not the slightest trace of self-consciousness or affectation. As Lawrence Gilman, music editor of the *Herald-Tribune*, so aptly expressed it:

"That fabulous cherub, Yehudi Menuhin, drew another vast throng to Carnegie Hall last evening. The occasion was the chubby prodigy's second appearance here this season, and his first recital. Again the incredible youngster—garbed as before in skin-tight velveteen breeches, white blouse and socks of low visibility—predisposed one in his favor by his engaging awkwardness and simplicity. Yehudi has as yet acquired no obnoxious platform graces. He is delectably gauche, and his bows and his foot scrapings alone are worth the price of an orchestra chair."

#### Child and Artist

Mr. Gilman speaks also of his "winsome traits as an artist:

... his lovely and beguiling tone, the charm and lyric sweetness of his style, his true and musical feeling. There were many moments of rare beauty and sensibility in his playing—moments when you forgot that the player was a boy of eleven, and were conscious only of the greatly gifted artist."

All of which bears out the impression obtained by Mr. George Wedge of our Faculty, who, after chatting with the diminutive artist and reading some music with him, remarked, "He seems like two different persons; he is a real child in his conversation but when absorbed in music, he becomes instantly a mature musician."

The striking contrast between the child and the artist in him, was delightfully demonstrated the evening before his recital. He went to sleep thinking not of his tasks of the morrow but intent upon memorizing a speech in German with which to greet the lady of his heart, a famous prima donna, when he should see her after the concert. And the day following his notable performance at Carnegie Hall, he was not having to recover from any strain, nor was he concerned with newspaper headlines. He is not permitted to see his press notices. Instead he was enjoying the Bronx Zoo, later regaling a friend with descriptions of the elephants and zebras.

## Yehudi

### Wonder Child

By Dorothy



An audience of 11,000 gathered to hear Yehudi Menuhin as soloist with Hertz, who is seen shaking hands with the boy. (Yehudi's autograph indicates he does not.)

An added year has not altered the roguish smile lurking at the corners of his mouth, nor the mischievous sparkle in his dark, expressive eyes. He has lost none of his ardor for climbing rocks; he adores the snow and is soon to have a much-coveted sled; he retains his keen interest in all mechanical devices, which renders an automobile, radio, telephone, or opera-glass unsafe in his presence!

The depth of his attachment for the lovely Elisabeth Rethberg has been evidenced by pronounced neglect of ice cream when in her presence,—Yehudi's idea of a perfect Parnassus is a mountain of strawberry ice cream. He explains with great seriousness that it was her voice and her art which originally won him. At their recent first meeting, his face was constantly turned toward her, like the sunflower to the sun. He confided that he felt inspired and wanted to play his violin. Another red-letter day in this eleven-year-old cavalier's calendar was spent at the home of Mme. Rethberg, when she sang for him the entire concert program which she was preparing for her present tour.

Yehudi has lately been received by two internationally known gentlemen, who expressed the wish to meet him: President Coolidge at the White House and Charlie Chaplin at his Holly-



# Menuhin

## of the Violin

Crowthers



With the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Alfred Hertz, Yehudi Menuhin, violinist, (not forget his days at the Institute)

wood studio. The former was chiefly concerned with a fear that the boy's bare knees might be cold, and the latter performed all of his stunts for his young visitor.

The placid waters of Yehudi's existence have been decidedly ruffled in the past few days by the acquisition of a \$60,000 Stradivarius violin, which was presented to him on his twelfth birthday by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Goldman. During luncheon at their home ten days ago, Mr. Goldman addressed himself to Yehudi: "Three things are necessary to become a great artist, my boy. The first is the gift from Heaven, the second is earnest study with all it implies, and the third is a fine instrument. The first you already have, the second comes from yourself, but the third I am able to provide and ask the privilege of giving you." And Mr. Menuhin accepted for Yehudi, happy especially in the ennobling influence of Mr. and Mrs. Goldman upon the child.

With \$300,000 worth of Stradivarius violins in his Hotel suite to choose from, Yehudi selected the Prince Khevenheuller, made in 1733 and inscribed on the wood of the instrument by the famous craftsman of Cremona, "made in my ninetieth year." It is one of the few preserved in its original state. The varnish is a gleaming dark red. In the body is a black seal which stands

for the combined coat-of-arms of Prince Khevenheuller and his wife, who lived in Vienna in the eighteenth century. Around 1820 the violin became the property of the great violinist, Josef Bohm who was also professor of violin at the Conservatory of Vienna. He was the teacher of Joachim and Ernst. From this family the instrument wandered to Emil Hermann, the international violin dealer who sold it, January 22nd, to Yehudi.

It is worthy of note that although the lad confesses the dream of his life has been realized, he does not regard indifferently his original Grancino violin. He continues to treasure it with reverence and will not part with it for any amount of money.

A birthday party at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Garbat, close friends of the Menuhins, celebrated the bestowal of the gift which, according to Yehudi, caused a really sleepless night in anticipation.

Present besides Mr. and Mrs. Goldman were, Louis Persinger, Paul Kochanski, Edward Johnson, George Gershwin, Sam Franko, Lawrence Evans and Jack Salter, Grena Bennett, Charles D. Isaacson, Kurt Weinhold representing Elisabeth Rethberg (now on tour), Rhea Silberta, etc., etc.

Ten youngsters in uniform from the Orphan Asylum band were included in the party and played some jazz selections; George Gershwin played some of his songs including that fiddler's favorite, "Toscha, Jascha, Mischa, Sascha" and wound up with the Rhapsody in Blue; Edward Johnson sang the first act aria from Pagliacci and there was a big heart-shaped birthday cake from Mme. Rethberg.

### The Year's Study

After his appearance in Carnegie Hall on December 12, 1927, Yehudi Menuhin had not, until now, been before the public, save at his homecoming concerts in San Francisco, with the Symphony and in recital last January and February. One other professional experience was allowed Yehudi during these ten months and that was the making of four Victor records, which was accomplished in two and a half hours in the Oakland laboratory of the Victor Talking Machine Co. The records are: Allegro, by Fiocco; La Capricciosa, by Ries; La Romanesca, a 16th Century melody; Sierra Morena, a Serenata Andaluza, by Monasterio.

While yet on the train homeward bound from New York, plans for a year of study, growth and recreation for the three Menuhin children were mapped out.

A staff of eight teachers, each one a specialist in his or her own subject, was engaged to instruct the children in their own home. There was, of course, the one violin master, Mr. Louis Persinger, for Yehudi; one harmony teacher, Mr.



J. Paterson, for Yehudi; two piano teachers for the two girls, though lately but one, Mr. Lev Shorr; two French teachers, the sisters Godchaux; one English teacher from the University of California, Mr. Arnold Perstein, for Yehudi; one English teacher, Mrs. Perstein, for the girls; and one teacher, Mr. Sollinger, of Stamford University, for German, the children's fourth language. In addition, arithmetic and history were taught by Mr. Menuhin himself, who has been an instructor in the schools of San Francisco.

The astounding list of works new to Yehudi which were studied with Mr. Louis Persinger during 1928 embraces: the Vivaldi Concertos in



*Yehudi with his teacher, Louis Persinger, looking over a new composition during the lesson hours.*

C major and G minor; the Mozart Concertos in G major and D major and the Concertante for 2 violins; the Vieuxtemps Rondino and Concertos in A major and E major; the Wieniawski Concerto in F sharp minor and the Faust Fantasy; the Brahms Sonatas in A major and D minor; Paganini's La Clochette, I Palpiti, and Witches' Dance; Joachim's Concerto in the Hungarian style; Sinding's Concerto in A major; Boccherini's Concerto in D major; Goldmark's Concerto; Bruch's Concerto in D minor; Glazounov's Concerto; Beethoven's Kreutzer Sonata; Nardini's Sonata in D major; Vitali's Chaconne; Moor's Suite for 2 violins; Dohnanyi's Rurality Hungarica; Ries' Suite, Op. 34; the Saint-Saëns-Ysaye Caprice; various further pieces by Smetana, Glinka, Beethoven, Sarasate, Händel, Moskowski, Ries, Saenger, Bass, Svendsen, Balogh, Fauré, d'Ambrosio, Tenaglia, Pierné, Hubay, Popper, Samazeuilh, Pugnani, Lotto, Senaille, Schumann and Tartini; and also studies by Petri, Ondricek, Paganini and a special study of the latter's Moto Perpetuo in octaves.

"During the year 1928," according to his harmony teacher, Mr. Paterson, "Yehudi has made the acquaintance of strict counterpoint in the various species, with particular attention to the first species for two voices. 'Imitation' interests him especially, and his acute ear is ever on the alert for anything in the way of canon. He has made a careful analysis of the Beethoven Violin Con-

certo, first movement, has undergone a thorough review of the elements of harmony, and has made a detailed study of accompaniments.

"Orchestration has interested him profoundly ever since his first appearance with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra in 1925. He knew every instrument by ear, if not by name, at that time. This year he has mastered the *raison d'être* of the 'transposing instruments,' clarinets, trumpets, horns, etc., and their various clefs.

"With his faculty of 'absolute pitch' combined with a fine instinct for, as well as knowledge of, the 'spelling' of chords, harmonic analysis is usually easy for him, so that any new chord-combination is quickly catalogued for future reference. He knows whether a given theme is harmonized according to the church modes or according to the standard major or minor modes.

"As an interesting, though perhaps not altogether necessary, part of his theoretical studies he has been shown why the Pythagorean intonation of perfect fourths and fifths, with the resultant 'minor semitone' as diatonic is preferred by practically all the artists to the so-called 'just intonation' of the acousticians, where the 'minor semitone' is chromatic."

His study of English has included literary criticism, analysis of works of the representative nineteenth century and contemporary novelists, essayists and poets; exercises in vocabulary building; reading aloud for diction; and practice in writing. A reading program has been arranged for his tour.

French hours were divided between grammatical exercises and literature. "Yehudi speaks the language with fluency and a pure accent," says his teacher. "We read 'Les Femmes Savantes,' 'Le Misanthrope,' 'Le Malade Imaginaire.' He knows the 'Precieuses' of Moliere and can quote lines of some of this great author's comedies. Racine followed, then Corneille, La Bruyere, La Fontaine, Voltaire, and various poems. Also Rostand's Chanticleer and Cyrano which he adored."

Practice, study, reading and recreation were carefully apportioned to balance one another, and never to interfere with the physical development of the children. The noon hours from 12:30 to 3 P. M., every single day, and Sunday all day, all through the year, were entirely given to the out-of-doors, hiking and handball and tennis playing, or motoring. All symphonic concerts and recitals of first class artists given in the afternoon were attended by the entire family; evening concerts of value by Yehudi and the parents alone.

The best phonographic recordings of Beethoven's symphonies and sonatas, Schubert's, Dvorak's, Liszt's, Brahms' and Mozart's; hundreds of single classical works as recorded by Rachmaninoff, Cortot, Kreisler, Heifetz and



others were heard during breakfast and supper. "The worst punishment we can invent for our children," tells the father, "is to say, 'This morning we shall have breakfast without Beethoven's ninth symphony as we should have had today.'" The noon meal is kept for family round-table talk.

During the months of June, July, August, September, week-end trips into different parts of the State were the rule, spending Friday, Saturday and Sunday out in the open. Two happy weeks were spent at the estate of an intimate friend, Mr. Ehrmann, at Lake Tahoe, California.

All business talk, interviews and correspondence about Yehudi's next year's affairs, inquiries and communications from all the corners of the earth, had to be carried on outside of the home, or at night when the children were fast asleep.



Charlie Chaplin entertains Yehudi at his studio in Hollywood, Cal.  
(Courtesy of Musical America)

During these ten months, at least a hundred offers came to the Menuhins for appearances of Yehudi, many of them from the most important musical organizations in the world: the St. Cecilia Academy of Rome, the Philharmonic Orchestras of Berlin, Paris, Stockholm, Madrid, the courts of many countries, and practically every

big city of the United States. Of all these spontaneous requests, only about ten engagements were accepted here and abroad for Yehudi's first tour. Four or five others have been selected as a nucleus for the 1930 season and the others have been indefinitely postponed. It is rumored that Evans and Salter of New York, Yehudi's managers, have had to refuse offers for this year amounting to as much as \$200,000, on account of the wish of the boy's parents not to professionalize him at too early an age. One of the most unusual communications was written in ink, red as the flag of the reconstructed Muscovite Government, and sent from the Soviet Agency in Berlin: "We should like to settle with you about concerts of Yehudi Menuhin in Russia, but you must take into consideration the difficult situation of the Soviet State. We are afraid that there will be no possibility of getting fees higher than \$6,000 (American Dollars) per concert, and we are sorry being obliged to mention such low fees, as we know Yehudi's receipts in America."

"Most of the engagements we choose are symphonic appearances, for while they bring much smaller financial returns, they offer the boy finer experiences, which have their larger value to him from the cultural and artistic standpoint," alleges Mr. Menuhin.

Their present plans call for a trip abroad as soon as Yehudi is through with his two months' tour in the East. Then, after appearing with the Philharmonic in Berlin, Dresden and the Symphony in Paris, he will settle down again to work, this time in Germany, for a solid period of six months, later to be interrupted only for a two months' tour of the United States in 1929-1930 and a month given to appearances in Moscow, Rome, Budapest, Vienna and London.

Both Mr. Menuhin and Mr. Persinger, Yehudi's present teacher, recognize the importance of several contacts to enrich the child's musical experience, and it was therefore decided before leaving San Francisco, that at the close of the present tour it would be advisable to let the young violinist be for a time under the guidance of the eminent Adolph Busch in Germany.

In the meantime "the beauty of heaven that lies about our infancy," according to Richard L. Stokes of the *Evening World*, will again "carol from Yehudi Menuhin's violin" on the evening of February 24th, when he will play the second concerto of Bach, the Beethoven Romance, the slow movement of Mozart's third concerto, the Sarabande et Tambourin by Leclair, the first concerto by Wieniawski, the Abodah of Ernest Bloch, a Rondo by Spohr-Persinger and Bazzini's Ronde des Lutins.

Six weeks in advance of the date, the "Entire house sold out" notice was published, which proves, as Leonard Liebbling put it in summing up his review of the last concert, "Menuhin is a marvel, and that's that."



# O Solo Mio

## *A Serenade in Two Keys*

By Joseph Machlis

HERE we were, a group of perfectly nice people—happy homecoming Americans—thrown together for a week or so on board the good ship “Republic,” sailing over the bounding main, back to New York. We had nothing against each other. Far from it—we spent our days very agreeably, promenading the decks or playing shuffleboard.

But it was not fated that all should end well for us on the “Republic.” It began innocently enough, when a harmless poster on the bulletin board announced that on Saturday evening, as was customary, would be held the gala Captain’s Dinner, to be followed by an Entertainment and Concert for the benefit of the Seamen’s Fund. And it was hoped that all would lend a hand to promote the worthy cause.

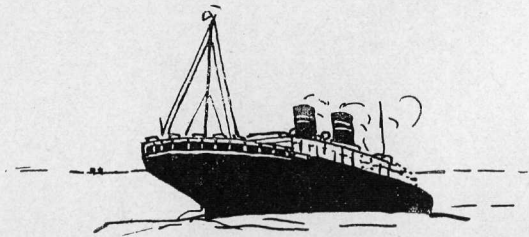
On the morrow I was approached by one of the Committee in charge, and asked if I would render a selection on the piano. . . . Certainly. . . . But there was something else; would I be able to accompany the singer? I tried at first to back out of that. Yet what does one not do on behalf of a worthy cause? I was obliged to consent. And saw the next morning on the bulletin board: “Everyone intending to take part in the musical part of the program please see Mr. Machlis today, after lunch, in the Social Hall.” Thy will be done! I resigned myself, and awaited the hour.

It proved to be even worse than that. But why should they all have that itch to sing? Couldn’t they recite “Boots! Boots! Boots!”, or do acrobatics? Certainly a trapeze number would be less painful. But what does one not do for a worthy cause? I seated myself at the piano (Knabe used exclusively), prepared to meet the vocalists and arrange things.

First of all came tripping up the pretty little thing, just coming back from her . . . oh yes, no use denying it . . . honeymoon. She diffidently put her music on the rack.—“Not that I want to sing at all, but Roland says I must. I’ve only a parlor voice after all, but I suppose I’ll have to do it for Roland. . . .” She’d go down in history alongside of Mrs. Corson, who did it for the kids, and Trudy Ederle, who did it for the folks. The thing with the parlor voice yodelled, “When the daw-awn, is in the skeyeye, I love you-oooh.” Finally that was over.

Then came the merry widow of uncertain age, hair-coloring, and destination, who was always in the card-room. What, she too sang? Or rather . . . what, she sang too? Unfortunately she had left all her music home. But it could be rem-

edied; she declared that she’d go to the music room to see if she could find anything that would suit her voice.



There was a slight hope that she wouldn’t. Desperately I clung to that, and turned towards my next assailant. Who should it be but Miss Rhea Barrell, of Waterloo Gap, Wisconsin, (and once prima donna of the Waterloo Gap Women’s Choral Society). She believed in efficiency and started at once: “I really can’t decide whether to begin with Vissy Darty from Tosca, or Mon Cur atta Voiks, from Samson Delisle. So I think I’ll do both. And then. . . .” With the bitter silence of the condemned I began to play the accompaniment of the aria which Jeritza has so immortally associated with her back. Rhea clambered on to the platform, drew a deep breath, and parted those lips. In such a voice might the Angel Gabriel announce the millennium to the suffering children of Man. A moment I wavered, like the walls of Jericho at the first blast of the trumpets of Joshua, and then prepared to continue. But Rhea suddenly stopped, and snapped at me: “Why aren’t you playing the song?”—

I didn’t understand. “But I am,” I returned.

“No, you’re not, you’re playing some other notes down below. How do you expect me to get my notes if you play something else? Give me mine good and loud, so’s I can hear them.” “But that’s how it’s. . . .” I stopped. Suddenly I understood. Rhea was tone-deaf. Possibly that’s why she was so fond of fortissimo. Besides, what was the use explaining . . . solo part . . . accompaniment? What was the use? Meekly I obeyed, and we started again, I thumping out the melody with the right hand.

Miss Barrell, much pleased with herself, continued with her third number, Tosti’s “Good-bye.” In full swing, breath-taking, hair-raising, ear-splitting, she approached that dramatic climax. “Goo-ood-bye—forever.” She was sailing now in an ecstasy of thunder, grim and terrible like an army with banners. But this was



too much! Abruptly I stopped and looked at her. Something in my glance must have startled her. She descended from the platform, came over, said, "What's the matter now?"

"Don't you think that's a bit too much volume for this hall . . . the acoustics, you know. . . ."

She regarded me half-indulgently, half-pityingly (one of those frank outspoken people; you've met them,—"I simply can't be false. It's not in my nature, I suppose"—); put her arm sympathetically on my shoulder and giggled kindly: "Ah, you temperamental pianists! You're all a little cuckoo!"

"But, lady, I am not a little cuckoo. In fact, I'm just a little swallow, and I'm trying to whisper to you that in a hall of this size. . . ." Again she smiled as one does to a feverish child or a spoiled puppy, and turned in an aside to her companion. "All those pianists are cracked. You should have heard D. Pokman when he came to Little Rock. I went. Oh my! Yep. I always say those geniuses are. . . ." She went back to the platform and re-commenced: "Good-bye—forever."

It was almost five o'clock before I finished with all of them. The last one to interview me was quite a pathetic case. Giovanni Botticello. Everyone on board had decided that a man with a name like that ought to sing. The worst part of it was that he thought so too. He had never learned or read or warbled a note in his life but he had heard the legend of Caruso. Which, as far as he was concerned, was just as efficacious. And now, after 36 years of waiting and longing, had come the opportunity at last!—but there are limits to human endurance. I resolutely explained to him that it was absolutely impossible for me to accompany without notes. He was greatly cast down. I pitied him. But. . . .

With dazed eyes and aching head I sallied forth to the top deck. Ye great gods! And little fishes below! Into my soliloquy burst the gay little widow of the card room leading by the hand silent, bewildered Giovanni Botticello. She was all excited. They had found, downstairs, a copy of "O Sole Mio." They were going to do it together. A duet. In fact, a vaudeville number. One of the passengers, an artist, had promised to paint a balcony scene. Now wasn't that too terribly thrilling? A real honest-to-goodness serenade. Rehearsal tomorrow morning.—Mute! I appealed to the gods above and the fishes below. What does one not do for a worthy cause?

Came the fateful day of the Concert. The "Republic" had already entered the waters off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland and was bravely forging ahead into rough seas. Many on board were now seasick; but, as luck would have it, none of the performers. Clearly the ship was doomed.

The hall, gay with lights and festoons, was packed. The musical part of the Entertainment was beginning. The thing with the parlor voice yodelled sweetly for the sake of Roland. Fol-

lowed by several others who ran the "parlor repertoire" of Ball, Victor Herbert and Friml. Now the prima donna herself, fidgeted out and attacked Puccini. The "Tosca" brought down the house. What would Tosti's "Good-bye" do?

I thumped merrily the notes of the melody in order to guide the uncertain wanderer. And now we were in the midst of that eloquent chord-passage which, with surging crescendo, leads to the climax. Miss Rhea Barrell lustily shouted "Good—," prepared to mount to the dramatic flights of "—Bye." Just at that moment came an ominous shivering through the walls, the noise of a heavy blow. The ship reeled backwards, I on my precarious stool staggered along with it. Miss Barrell swayed, waited a moment uncertainly, and then, almost at the end of her breath, launched into that stormy High-C alone, without her cue-note. The ship suddenly righted itself, swung the other way, and I landed upon the delayed octave. A clash of a full semi-tone shivered down the spines of the audience. Neptune had sent his wave just in time to spoil that grand Good-bye.—Tosti's masterpiece brought down what was left of the house. It now remained for the blonde and Giovanni to pick up the pieces.

The lady set about it quite vigorously. She had been drinking yolk of egg with honey all



day. Hadn't uttered a word, to save her voice which was so delicate.—Bravely she stepped out upon the freshly painted balcony. (Fooled you! It didn't fall down. That happens only in Mack Sennett comedies.) In a voice that came out with little gasps and tremors, like frozen tooth-paste from a tube, she chortled, "O-So-Lo-Mee-Yo!" Her voice had its ups and downs, like the graph of a stock market. From below appeared Giovanni, velvet tights, make-up, stage guitar, and all. The chance of a lifetime. Realization! Consummation! I banged that melody as though it were the gate of Paradise. But poor Giovanni Botticello was beyond human aid. He gazed about him with bewildered, distraught eyes; forgot that he must twang his lyre to preserve the illusion; forgot that he must divide his glances between his fair lady up above, serenader that he was, and the audience. Instead he glued his eyes upon me. Much in the same way as Tristan at the Metropolitan, while supposed to be whispering sweet nothings to Isolde at his side, will suddenly look away with great yearning towards



Mr. Bodanzky, and pour all his lovely indiscretions into that venerable ear. Giovanni finally opened his jaws and squealed, or wailed, in a key the relationship of which would have puzzled even Dr. Goetchius. Wandering harmonies! Scriabine certainly had nothing on that boy. But the lady was not the kind to let anyone put anything over on her. She cast a contemptuous look at her serenader, and continued, violently independent.—I emerged from my coma in time to hear the chairman announce that \$193.54 had been collected for the Seamen's Fund. Very good, considering that it was a return voyage, and everyone was more or less at the end of the rope.

It was all over. I strayed to one of the lower decks to catch a breath of fresh air. Night, spaceless, indifferent, infinite, had enfolded the horizon. Like threatening fangs the foam of the hissing waves leaped at the undaunted vessel. Through a port-hole I heard someone say, "Gosh, if only those women had kept their mouths shut, we might have made \$293." So ungrateful are men for the efforts of those who would lend a helping hand in a worthy cause.

But peace and friendliness were banished forever from the decks of the "Republic." Two days later, she docked in New York.

## AROUND THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 5)

wonder that disease is prevalent and that life has little value. Drivers of vehicles make sport of killing any animal which happens to be within catching distance. There is a marked contrast of feeling in India, where it is sacrilege to take life.

The meals in Java must be nothing less than marathon contests. At a feast a procession of about twenty servants files past each bearing a dish of something from which the guest is to help himself. After a twenty-course meal, three times a day for a week, one does not need to weigh himself in order to realize that it is time to begin looking up information on diet and exercise.

But to return for a moment to China—the city of Hongkong is built on a high hill on an island just off the mainland. It is a thrilling spectacle to see it at night from across the water, twinkling with lights like some huge castle with myriads of windows. It is equally interesting in the daytime, with its noise and confusion. Chinamen will stand on the streets and argue interminably with the most threatening tones and gestures over nothing at all. It is rare for such an argument to end violently, though the clamor seems like the beginning of a civil war. Chinese laborers always sing as they work. One starts by singing two notes which the second imitates either louder or softer. They keep tossing the chant back and forth for hours, the second man always imitating the first exactly. If the first one happens to be a little off pitch, or a little shaky in rhythm, the effect becomes most ludicrous.

It was hot in the small town near Agra (where the famous Taj Mahal is situated) in India, but a concert had to be given just the same. Mr. Greenwald went conscientiously to the hall half an hour early in order to play a little. Sitting down before the piano, he struck a chord. Then he began to think that it would have been wise to stay in America, where it is safe to drink water. Gingerly he essayed another chord. He had been right the first time—the piano *was* moving. At the third chord it collapsed entirely with a wonderful and fearful crash. It left a very startled pianist sitting with fingers outstretched in mid-air, wishing for the advent of the day when putting up a grand piano will be as universal an accomplishment as the assembling of a Ford. Mr. Greenwald is very broad-minded about the incident, however. He hastens to say that his instrument fell down only once in India, and that he would not think of accusing the nation as a whole of lacking the capacity to understand that a piano must be *attached* to its legs.

In India the musicians were invited to have dinner at the home of a native family. Here they had the strange experience of eating from banana leaves as plates, and later in the evening were offered some Indian sweets. They immediately found, to their dismay, that they had to let it melt before they could get their mouths open. Mr. Greenwald managed to hide the second and third pieces, which he could not refuse, in his pocket. That night after they had returned, he unthinkingly reached for his handkerchief. His hand stuck in a mass of sticky candy, and when it came out, the pocket came with it!

One of the more unpleasant experiences of life, to Mr. Greenwald's way of thinking, is to have bats flying around the concert hall in which you are playing. He considers that a violinist ought to be immune from terror of them, because he can always close his eyes, but the poor accompanist can do nothing except try to keep his attention on his music, and concentrate on not dodging should one swoop uncomfortably close to his head. It is also rather disconcerting to have lizards croaking "toocaw!" from the walls, but that is what one must expect when he goes to a country where it is too hot to have the halls entirely enclosed.

There is a good orchestra in Bombay with a personnel which includes almost all nationalities. But the highest type of native musicians in the world, Mr. Greenwald thinks, are the Hungarian Gypsies. Their string ensembles are perfect, though the players cannot read a note of music, and are entirely self taught. Some of their technical feats astound experienced musicians. Far be it from Mr. Greenwald, however, to advise us of the Institute to put away our sight-singing books and rely on our ears alone; for those of us who know our books from cover to cover and our piano from one end of the keyboard to the other may be able to make ourselves so indispensable to a Zimbalist that eventually we can relate to admiring friends, "Last year when I was touring with—"



## BEFORE THE PUBLIC

(Continued from Page 2)

*Alexander Gretchaninoff*, world-famous Russian composer, played at Carnegie Hall, January 18th, in a program of his songs sung by Nina Koshetz.

*Harold Samuel*. If you wish to hear Bach played superbly go to Mr. Samuel's piano recital at Town Hall, January 20th.

*Beethoven Association*. Though their programs are never announced in advance, one does not take a chance in attending these concerts. Town Hall, January 21st.

*Taylor Gordon and J. Rosamond Johnson*. Their presentation of the negro spirituals is unforgettable. The Barbizon, January 22nd.

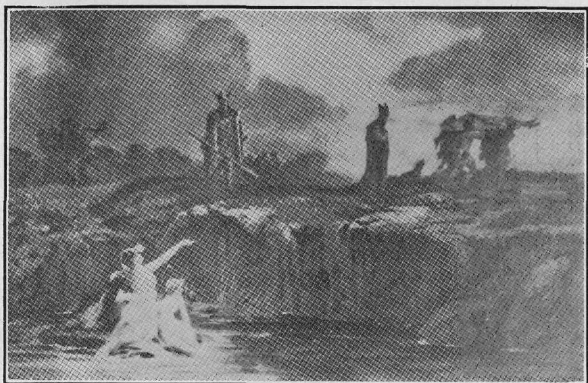
*Walter Gieseeking*. One of our truly great pianists. Carnegie Hall, January 23rd; McMillin Academic Theatre, January 26th.

*Arthur Honegger*. Considered one of the outstanding composers of the day. He is appearing under the auspices of Pro-Musica. Town Hall, January 24th.

*Jascha Heifetz*. One of the great violinists. Carnegie Hall, January 26th.

*Alexander Brailowsky*. An outstanding player among our younger group of pianists. Carnegie Hall, January 27th.

*Elisabeth Rethberg*. A beautiful voice and thorough musicianship. Carnegie Hall, January 30th.



Scene from "Götterdämmerung," the last of the Ring Cycle operas, all of which are to be given in a special annual subscription series at the Metropolitan.

### The Opera

The Metropolitan Opera Company gave the American premiere of Ernst Krenek's "Jonny Spielt Auf." This so-called "jazz opera" was presented January 19th. At the Leipzig premiere two years ago, it aroused much comment. Michael Bohnen has the title rôle of a jazz orchestra leader who is a white comedian made up in blackface. Florence Easton appeared as Anita, an opera singer; Editha Fleischer as Yvonne, a soubrette; Walter Kirchoff as a

composer, Max; and Friedrich Schorr as a violinist, Daniello. Bodanzky, Wymetal and Setti have prepared the production, with scenes designed by Urban. The title, as translated into English, is "Johnny Strikes Up the Band."

### Among the Orchestras

The Philharmonic-Symphony was under the direction of Willem Mengelberg on January 17th and 18th. Immediately after these concerts Mr. Mengelberg sailed for Holland. On January 19th and 20th the orchestra is under the joint direction of Hans Lange and Arthur Honegger, famous French composer, who will conduct his own works. Mr. Honegger is assisted by his wife, Andree Vaurabourg, in a presentation of his new concertino for piano and orchestra. Arturo Toscanini is delaying his arrival in the United States on account of the celebration to honor his thirty years at La Scala. Therefore the period between January 21st and February 23rd will be taken up by guest conductors beginning with Fritz Reiner. Mr. Toscanini leads his first concert on February 21st.

The Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Ossip Gabrilowitsch, presented an orchestral arrangement of Malipiero's cantata, "San Francesco d'Assisi," at Carnegie Hall, January 8th. Another concert is announced for January 29th.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the leadership of Serge Koussevitzky, gives its next pair of concerts at Carnegie Hall on January 31st and February 2nd.

The Schola Cantorum, under the direction of Hugh Ross, presented at Carnegie Hall, January 16th, a program of interesting choral works. Among them were Bach's great cantata, "Wachet Auf," Delius's "Sea Drift," Purcell's "Ode to St. Cecilia's Day," and Hugo Wolf's "The Fire Rider."

### At Home

The Madrigal Choir and the String Orchestra of the Institute of Musical Art gave a concert at McMillin Academic Theatre on January 12th under the leadership of Miss Margarete Dessoff and Mr. Willem Willeke, respectively. The program included the Bach motet, "Fürchte dich nicht," a group of English Christmas Carols and one in French sung by the choir; Greig's *Elegische Melodien* and Mozart's *Serenade in G major*, "Eine kleine Nachtmusik," were played by the orchestra.

The Choral and String Ensemble classes of the Institute gave a recital on January 16th. The ensemble classes played Schumann's *Quartet in A major* and Mozart's *Quintet in G minor*, and the Choral class sang Händel's *Vocal Chamber Duet, No. 3*. The concert was in celebration of



the twenty-fourth anniversary of the founding of the Institute by Mr. James Loeb, in memory of his mother whose birthday was January 16th.

Miss Henrietta Michelson, of the Piano Faculty will give the fifth Artist's Recital at the Institute on January 28th. In the program are selections from the piano works of Brahms, Mozart, Bach, Chopin, Ravel and Beethoven.

#### An Active Department

The Supervisors' Organization of The Institute of Musical Art began the season's activities with a meeting held in the Rehearsal Hall of the Institute on December 15th. The session was opened by Irene Seplow, President, who emphasized the purpose of the organization and what it hopes to accomplish. This was followed by a program consisting of the numbers: Two Russian Folk Songs, sung by Supervisors' Chorus and conducted by Aaron Sanders; Handel's Care Selve and Bishop's Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark, sung by

Charlotte Decker with flute obbligato by Aaron Sanders; an address by Dr. Frank Damrosch; the 3rd movement from Brahms' B major Quartet, Joseph Reilich playing first violin; Handel's Duet sung by Supervisors' Chorus, conducted by Miss Margarete Dessoff; an address by Mr. George Gartlan; two movements from a Trio by Arensky, Joseph Reilich again playing first violin; and Deems Taylor's The Day Is Done, sung by Supervisors' Chorus and conducted by Howard Prutting.

Following the program, refreshments were served in the lunchroom. The Supervisors' Organization is planning several other affairs for this season and hopes to enlist the hearty co-operation of the whole school in its future events.

One girl to another, as they lean upon the gallery rail at Carnegie Hall gazing at the musicians in a symphony orchestra: "You know, I never think of them as having a home-life, but I suppose they must have."—*The New Yorker*.

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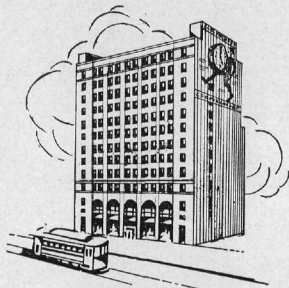
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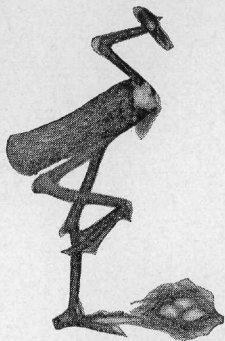
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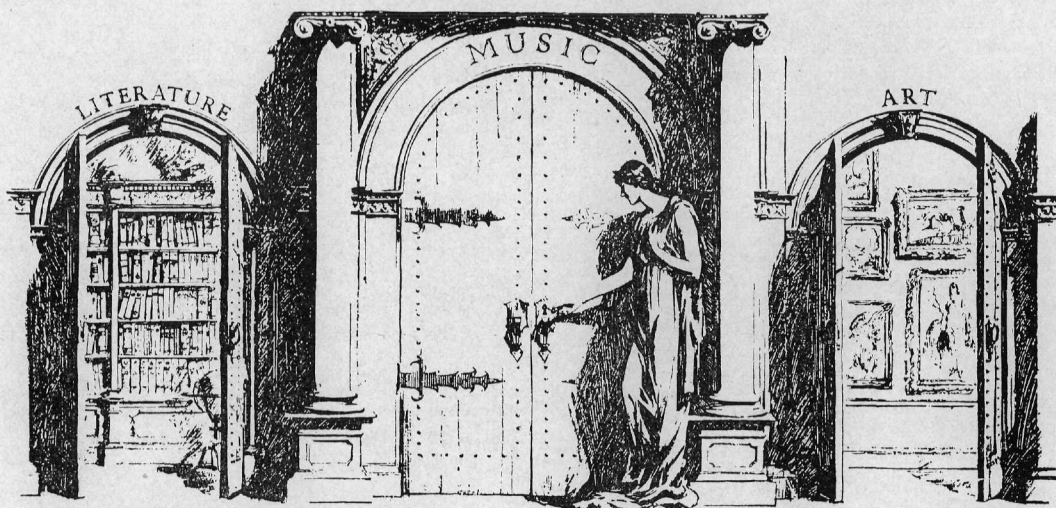
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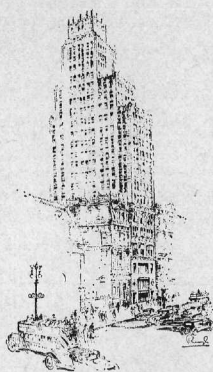
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