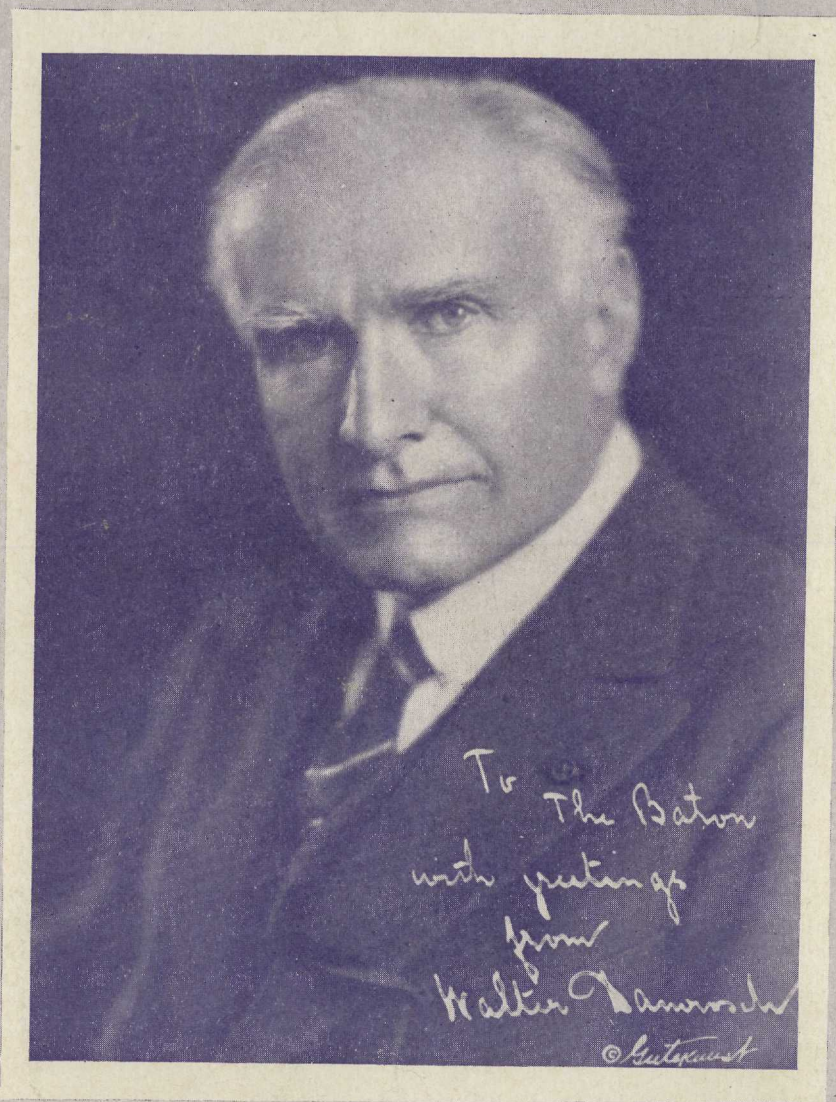


The Baton



Published by

THE INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART
OF THE JUILLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC

FRANK DAMROSCH, DEAN

Vol. VIII, No. 6

15 CENTS A COPY

April 1929

5



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

Wallingford Riegger, a graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, had his "Study in Sonority for Forty Violins" played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Leopold Stokowski at Carnegie Hall on April 2nd.

William Kroll, a member of the Violin Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, was represented by his "Orientale" in a concert given by the Stringwood Ensemble at Washington Irving High School on April 5th. On April 9th, Mr. Kroll, Conrad Held, also a member of the Violin Faculty, and Phyllis Kraeuter, an artist graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, assisted in a program of his own compositions given by Aurelio Giorni at Steinway Hall.

Ernest Hutcheson, *Paul Kochanski*, and *Edouard Dethier*, members of the Faculty of the Juilliard Graduate School and the Institute of Musical Art, participated in the season's final concert given by the Beethoven Association at Town Hall on April 15th. Mr. Hutcheson, Dean of the Juilliard Graduate School, also assisted in a performance of Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, playing with the American Orchestral Society at Carnegie Hall on April 15th.

Margarete Dessoiff, a member of the Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, conducted the Adesdi Chorus of fifty women's voices in a concert given at Town Hall on April 17th.

Henriette Michelson, of the Piano Faculty of the Institute of Musical Art, gave a piano recital at Town Hall on April 22nd.

Philip Morrell, a graduate of the Institute of Musical Art, is appearing in a joint recital with Andre Benoist at Steinway Hall on April 26th.

The Friends of Music gave two performances of Samson, one on the 7th and one on the 14th of April. This work

had not been given since 1900 when Dr. Frank Damrosch conducted its presentation with the Peoples' Choral Union of 1,000 singers.

The Oratorio Society gave Judas Maccabaeus on April 9th. They performed it last in 1906 with Dr. Frank Damrosch conducting.

The Madrigal Choir of the Institute of Musical Art gave a recital on April 27th under the leadership of Miss Dessoiff.

The Choral Class of the Institute was heard on April 20th with Miss Dessoiff as conductor.

The Junior Orchestra of the Institute presented a program on April 13th led by Louis Bostelmann.

George Barth and *Frank Schmidt*, candidates for the Teachers' Diploma of the Institute of Musical Art, appeared in joint violin recital on April 27th.

Harold Levinson and *Max Hollander*, candidates for Certificate of Maturity in violin, presented a program together on April 22nd.

The League of Composers is offering the American premiere of Stravinsky's opera-ballet "Les Noces" and Monteverdi's "Combat of Tancred and Clorinda" at the Metropolitan Opera House on April 25th. The conductors will be Leopold Stokowski and Werner Josten respectively and the soloists include Nina Koshetz and Sophie Braslau. This presentation promises to be most unusual and very important musically.

The Neighborhood Playhouse is presenting a series of programs of symphonic music to be played by the Cleveland Orchestra with a company of dancers and actors at the Manhattan Opera House on April 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th and 30th. Works of Richard Strauss, Debussy, Griffes, Bloch, Enesco and Borodin will be given.

—Lloyd Mergentime.

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Published Monthly

120 CLAREMONT AVENUE, NEW YORK

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Subscription for Season
Eight Issues, November to June
\$1.00 in the Building
\$1.25 by Mail
Single Copies—15 Cents

Vol. VIII

April, 1929

No. 6

Spring Is Here

What Price Success

By George A. Wedge

THIS is the season of the year when students are required to give an account of what they have accomplished with the winter's work; when the teacher, if he is on the faculty of a school, must form unbiased judgment of the talent and progress of the students; and when the parents, after hearing the performance of the new repertoire and reading the report of the school, must make a decision about the future.

There would be nothing more ideal than a conference of all three parties concerned, conducted by an unprejudiced judge, and each party attending the conference with an open mind. In this connection consider the following from Mr. W. J. Henderson's article in the *N. Y. Sun* of Saturday, April 27, 1929:

"Let us observe the hordes of young hopefuls bursting into the glare of publicity in halls and auditoriums — pupils of conservatories, products of music school settlements, immigrants from remote towns in which they shone as comets, and juvenile prodigies from farms, to which in the natural course of events they must return. And far less than one per cent. of them will make even a respectable approach to success.

"There seems to be no way of preventing the incessant encouragement of untalented young persons to study music. If any of them studied it as a pleasure something might be gained. But they are all determined to become professionals. There are enough young violinists in New York to supply all the orchestras in the world. What are they going to do? There are enough stu-

dents of voice to fill the needs of a hundred small opera companies, and that, too, in a country which has not yet shown any insatiable appetite for opera. What is the great idea? And in spite of incontestable facts and figures about the state of music as a business in this country people insist on getting more and more funds to help young musicians. Well, they certainly need help, for only a very small percentage

of them will ever be able to make a living by singing or playing on instruments. Do not forget the reasons: the majority of them have no talent, but merely the desire to be musicians, and the profession is alarmingly overcrowded."

All who are interested in music education know these facts to be true. Consideration of these conditions as well as the viewpoints of all parties concerned (schools or teachers, students and parents) is important.

There are music schools, conservatories, institutes and colleges for the training of musicians. Many are endowed so that they are non-commercial and are able to bring the best obtainable instruction to students at a comparatively low fee. The amount of money used for scholarships and prizes is staggering.

Everything possible is done for the comfort of the student so that he may improve his talent.

Music schools are not new but conditions have changed. The eminent Dr. Charles Burney gives the following account of a visit to a conservatory of music in Venice in 1770.

"This morning I went to the Conservatorio of



*The Door of Opportunity
Entrance to the Institute of Musical Art.*

St. Onofrio and visited all the rooms where the boys practice, sleep and eat. On the first flight of stairs was a trumpeter screaming upon his instrument till he was ready to burst; on the second was a French horn bellowing in the same manner. In the common practicing room there were seven or eight harpsichords, more than as many violins, and several voices, all performing different things and in different keys; other boys were writing in the same room, but it being holiday time many were absent who usually study and practice in this room. The beds, which are in the same room, serve for seats to the harpsichords and other instruments. The 'cellos practice in another room, and the flutes, oboes and other wind instruments in a third, except the trumpets and horns which are obliged to study either on the stairs or on the top of the house. The only vacation in these schools, in the whole year, is in autumn and that for a few days only. During the winter the boys rise two hours before it is light, from which time they continue their exercise, an hour and a half at dinner excepted, till eight o'clock at night; and this constant perseverance for a number of years with genius and good teaching must produce great musicians."

Some present day schools are interested only in performing talent,—that is in students who have by nature or early training more than the ordinary musical ability and give promise of becoming concert artists. These students intend to be professionals. Other schools are interested in general music education, in the training of students to become good musicians and teachers. Many of these students will become professional musicians. There are a few schools where students study music for pleasure without professional aspirations. Each of these schools serves its purpose well if the student and his advisors know in which school he belongs.

The student is a great problem to himself and all concerned. Genius is apparent at an early age and is so rare that when it appears there is no mistaking it. A good musical talent which is too often mistaken for genius by parents, student and friends is also evident in the pre-adolescent child; he is capable of development into a professional musician if this talent is combined with the following qualifications: Physical equipment for his particular instrument or branch of the profession. A mentality which is capable of development along other lines as well as music. Character and personality which will develop so as to measure up to the nobility of thought expressed in the art.

At first every student has performing aspirations but after two or three years of intensive study in one of our schools he and his advisors should know the calibre of his talent. The student who has a mistaken conception of his talent and ability is to be pitied. Ideals cannot be too high, but the foundation of all growth is the realization of one's ability.

The parent is also a problem. Many parents have no comprehension of what it means to be a profes-

sional musician. To them, fleet fingers and ability to play a great many pieces is enough.

In their child they see their own great talent which was never allowed to develop, or else another Yehudi Menuhin or Shura Cherkassky. How tragic when the talent is mediocre or the child is interested in something else! Others, being successful in business where one begins at the bottom and works up with pay, feel that after two or three years at a music school the pupil should be sufficiently equipped to earn a living.

If the student is of the right calibre he realizes that he has only begun to scratch the surface, that if he is to amount to anything professionally he must continue with his studies. "Music as a business" is not too good and competition is great. Without a good equipment he has very little chance of success.

Responsibility does not hurt the student, in fact it helps him. Some of our best students are those who have to earn a part of their tuition. But if it is possible he should not be forced to make money while studying, particularly in the first few years of study. How can a student do good work when he gives thirty lessons a week or plays every night from nine to three a. m.? There are students who teach much more than is necessary. This is short sighted. The more time invested in learning, the higher their market value in later years.

Educators in other fields are also concerned with the same conditions. Dean Virginia C. Gildersleeve in a recent radio talk said, "I want to impress on your minds in the most emphatic way that working your way through college is not a good thing in itself, but a bad thing, to be avoided if there is any other possible way of your getting a good college education. Doing a considerable amount of work to earn money while you are a student is bad, because it leaves you with not enough time to do your best in your studies, make a distinguished record and develop your powers to the utmost. In the case of girls—about whom I know so much more than boys—it also is likely to injure your health because the double burden of studying and earning is too heavy for the average girl."

The sane cooperation of the parent, student and honest professional could do much to better conditions and prevent tragedies. In this vast country which is in the throes of a musical awakening there is a place for all types, the performer, the teacher and the amateur. It is to be hoped that more people will come to a realization of where they belong in music and so become real lovers of the art.

TRUE STORY

Hailing a taxicab at the New York Central Station in 125th Street, Mrs. Toedt gave merely the address of her destination: 120 Claremont Avenue. "Oh! That's the Institute of Musical Art. I used to study there," volunteered the driver, "and I don't know which is harder on a fellow,—that music course or the traffic problem!"

The Island Paradise

Songs of Aloha-Land

By Royden Susumago

As Told to the Assistant Editor

TO Juan Gaetano, an intrepid Spaniard who sailed the Seven Seas in the sixteenth century, belongs the distinction of being the first European to bring to his fellow men word of a group of islands in the Pacific whose fame now extends from sunrise to sunset. He could not know on the day when he first sighted the snowy peaks of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea high above the sea, what a strange fascination their lava-built isles were to have for him and for all the men who would come under their spell in future centuries.

For two years Gaetano lingered on these shores, captivated by the charm of their beauty and the serenity of life into which their influence gently led one. Then he reluctantly returned to Spain with marvelous tales of his explorations. For some unknown reason the Spanish government never made public the discovery of this new-found paradise, and soon it was entirely forgotten. But Gaetano surely never forgot the mile-high bluffs rising steep from the turquoise water, and cut by deep gorges often extending five or six miles inland; the cloudless sky, the tropical forests with their dense undergrowth of ferns and climbing vines, the red glow of the volcanoes against the sky at night, and the exotic music like none he had heard before.

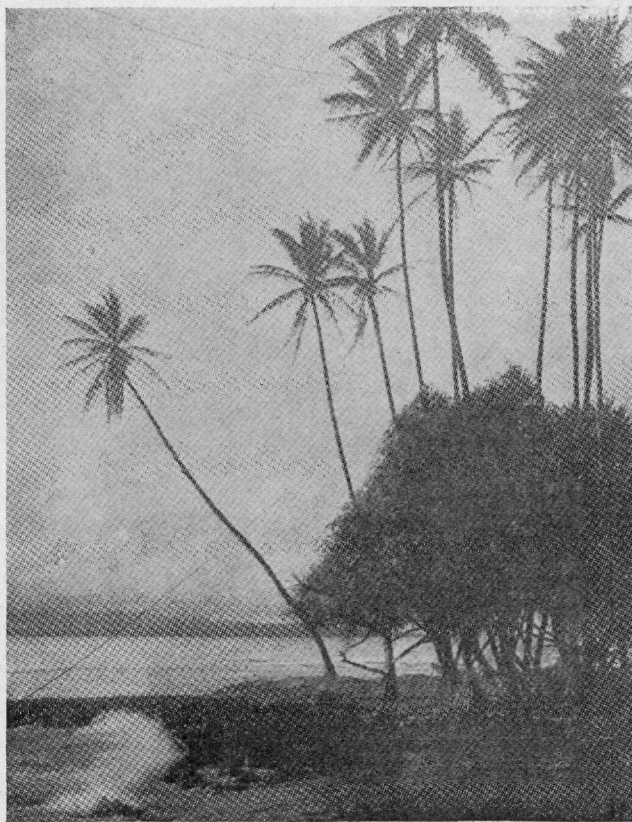
The Mele Koihonua, royal chants of the ancient kings, employed but three or four intervals, and no commoner could sing them on pain of death; but the Mele Olioli, love songs, often drifted softly over the moonlit sands:

"Oh, moon of the tropic sea
That bringeth thoughts unending
Like countless shimm'ring ripples
That dance before my eyes,

"I lie on the sands beneath
To ponder thy enamored mien!
The magic sheen of thy wondrous
Light my soul doth soothe."

The Mele Hula, dance song, frequently set the pulsating strains of its oft-repeated eight-measure tune into vibration through the night air; and the primitive orchestra produced weird sounds from instruments unknown to us. The rhythmic drone of the "pahu" could be distinguished easily from the ensemble. One musician beat on a hollowed wood, well-seasoned and covered with shark-skin, while another held at its waist portion a gourd covered with the same material, and, squatting on a matting of "lauhala," tapped it in regular beats while striking fractions of the beat

upon the body of the gourd with the free hand. The swishing "puili," a bamboo parted into several strips and struck against the body, concerted with the "uliu-li"—a unique contraption which like the "pahu" was of gourd. Its long stalk fluttered with beautiful feathers as it danced in the air and expert manipulation rattled the dried seeds within in precise rhythm. The "uke-ke," a slender bow-shaped piece of wood eight or ten inches long with an "olona" or fibre stretched across, was sounded by a man who held it in his mouth and played it like a



Fair Hawaii holds a strange fascination for all those who have come under her spell.

Jew's harp. Beside him usually sat a musician who could produce only three notes from his instrument, the "hano," or nose flute.

Soon people of many nations had heard of the islands and the more curious of them began to come to see for themselves the craters, miles in circumference, like great cauldrons full of boiling lava or at times nearly empty, with walls a thousand feet

(Continued on Page 17)

God's Time Is Best

A Cantata by J. S. Bach

Edited by Frank Damrosch

Molto Adagio. (♩ = 84)
(Viola da gamba)

Piano. *p (sotto voce)*

Fl. *p sempre*

espress. *p* *A* *tr*

p *dim.* *tr* *pp*

Sonatina reprinted by courtesy of G. Schirmer, Inc.

The Bach Chaconne

An Analysis for the Violin Student

By Samuel Gardner

THE Bach Chaconne! What an extraordinary musical phenomenon this work is! How vague and complex until we have lived with it through many years of experience, plumbing the depths of its musical content; then how lucid and definite it becomes, how clear the details of its musical architecture. As we outgrow the natural inadequacies of youthful conception, then and then only can such a masterpiece stand forth in its true form. Acquaintance with life itself in its somber as well as its happy phases is, one might say, essential to effect the deep humility with which the greatness of this work should be approached. Music, coming as it does from the inner feeling, cannot be classed as an exact and scientific representation. It is a human manifestation, therefore subject to diverse conception and interpretation.

There is apt to be a tendency among students and even young artists when playing the Chaconne to place insufficient emphasis upon the variety of the composition, which of course results in monotony. Most prominent and readily discernible of the multitude of problems in this piece are:

Exactness—true rhythm of theme and variations.

Dynamics—tone color, and marks of expression.

Architecture—the clarity of the form and the coherence of the different parts into long lines.

Climaxes—building of the different parts in order to create the right climax at the right place, thus avoiding the anti-climaxes often heard in musical interpretation.

Subordination—subordinating one's own personality so that the music may stand forth just as the composer had intended.

Careful observance of these elements will aid in avoiding monotony.

As a builder plans his house as a whole, afterward filling in the details, so in a large sense does the musician conceive the Chaconne in its entirety as comprising four large sections:

Part I Theme and eight variations.

Part II Eight variations and a short extension leading into Part III.

Part III Ten variations.

Part IV Six variations and final announcement of theme.

There are in all a theme and thirty-two variations which we must strive to present in such a way that the listener is not so much conscious of a number of small sections as of four great parts closely knit. To achieve this we must guard against constant changing of the rhythm which fails in holding the sustained interest of the hearer. Keeping clearly in mind the large design of the whole

piece and maintaining uniform rhythm throughout, we thus master the most exacting demand made upon us by this composition.

As every violinist knows, the safest guide in establishing a correct tempo is to assume one in which every phrase can be sung. The singing style of musical interpretation is after all the best medium for expression; the type of instrument should not matter. Therefore, when beginning a study of the details in relation to the whole, we must keep in



Bach's Birthplace in Eisenach, Germany.

mind our tempo, one which will allow a fine tone and singing style at all times, regardless of how many or how few notes there are to the beat.

A possible guide to the tempo and style of the different parts of the Chaconne may be found in the following suggestions:

Part I

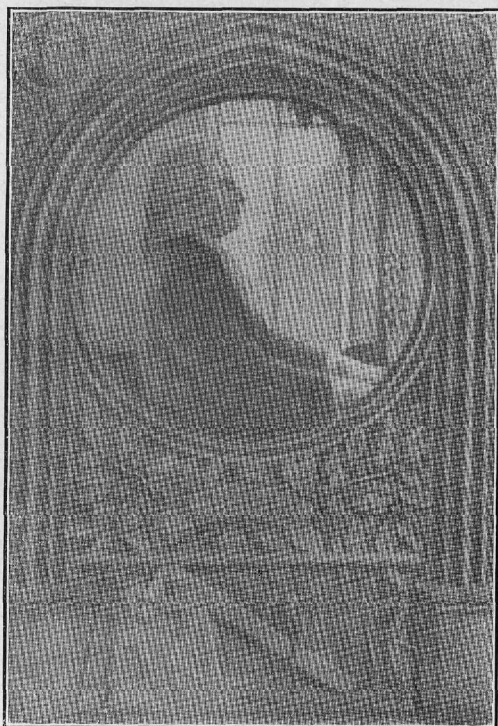
Theme in a moderate tempo; majestic and noble in style.

- | | | |
|------|----|--|
| Var. | 1. | Continuing in same character |
| " | 2. | and tempo. |
| " | 3. | A gentler and more expressive sentiment but |
| " | 4. | still in the tempo of the theme. |
| " | 5. | A trifle more emphasis and rhythmic variation |
| " | 6. | but we must remember we are still singing. |
| " | 7. | We may have become a trifle faster at the end of variation six, but immediately at seven, we swing |
| " | 8. | right back to our original tempo, bringing out the strong accents on |

almost every eighth beat in the manner of a chorus of men's voices.

Part II

- Var. 9. We must take care not to rush through the next variations, but to sing every beat, continually
- " 10. visualizing the theme as a background to the variations. At the end of variation ten we have a let-down of the excitement.
- " 11. Very peaceful.
- " 12. Here we commence the building of our first climax.
- " 13. Strength must be saved, for this is not the
- " 14. highest point in the piece. We
- " 15. carry right through steadily
- " 16. until the D major section.



John Sebastian Bach at his organ.

Part III

- Var. 17. We suddenly find ourselves in Bach's own church. A great silence exists. As if from far away
- " 18. we hear an idea resembling the theme, but oh, so peaceful and serene. An extraordinary weaving of
- " 19. the parts is taking place, shifting

from the full-throated contralto voices to sopranos; and then

- Var. 20. the most delicate staccati float through the air steadily and quietly in a measured tempo, never losing sight of the theme;
- " 21. they increase in strength and soon
- " 22. they are marching heavily along in majestic groups.
- " 23. A definite choral idea presents itself and is to
- " 24. be developed into another climax,
- " 25. but still not the largest toned
- " 26. one of the piece.

Part IV

- Var. 27. A most extraordinary change from
- " 28. the foregoing heavy, majestic chordal idea,
- " 29. to a sudden drop into the distant
- " 30. key to B flat major. *Sehr Ruhig* seems best to
- " 31. describe it. As we proceed, we begin definitely to
- " 32. develop the strongest climax of the piece, and as we reach the

Theme last eight bars, we are ready to pronounce the theme once again in its great glory with all the strength of tone our instrument will produce, but at all times full of beauty; ending *Molto Maestoso*.

MY CASTLES

By Virginia Barnes

I love to dwell among the clouds,
And float and drift and sing.
Suspended far above the earth;
I soar and sail and swing.

My couch is soft and snowy white,
With tints of pink and gold.
In sweet repose I lie and dream,
My dreams of mist I mold.

The gentle zephyrs bear me on
To lands of beauty rare.
Transcendent in the distance rise
My castles in the air.

Alas! I cannot always dream—
My fancies turn to rain.
Upon a drop of crystal clear
I float to earth again.



By Gerald Tracy

WE noticed when glancing over our morning paper the other day, that this past month has been blighted by fourteen actual days of rain. It has seemed unending to be sure, but figures always give a comfortable feeling of substantiation and exactness. So now when a day full of sunshine bursts upon us in all its scintillant glory, we not only soar blithely in spirit, but also take unfortunate downward swoops, contemplating irksome hours hitched to the buggy of routine. The musical season is waning, and the concerts begin to fade like burnt-out candles, but New York, itself, takes on a festive air, setting the stage for Spring, the famous siren, who is no less on the job this year than she has been for the last couple of centuries. But come, my students, we must not let our thought be diverted by the glamor of spring . . . work still remains the paramount issue. And those of you who are sensitive about working conditions, will probably find consolation in the idiosyncracies expressed in the following quotation from Miss Elsie McCormick: "Many writers, I find, are a bit eccentric in regard to their working conditions. A symposium, collected among people of considerable reputation, showed that nearly everyone of them had some whimsy to indulge when turning out his or her immortal work. Fannie Hurst, for instance, works best in an atmosphere complicated by three Pekinese dogs, a monkey, a kitten, a canary, and two love birds. Rebecca West seems to get most inspiration out of such scenic objects as an ice-water carafe and a Gideon Bible, her favorite working place being a hotel room. Booth Tarkington always writes in a bathrobe, and Homer Croy takes off his shoes. The object of both gentlemen is to keep themselves safely out of polite society until the allotted task is done."

On the night of April 13th, we set out to witness the last opera performance of the year at the Metropolitan. When we arrived in front of the opera house, what should greet our amazed eyes but a whole regiment of what then seemed to be the chorus, bedecked in all its military glory for "Manon." But what was the chorus doing parading in through the main entrance of the opera house? The strangeness of the situation vanished when we learned that this group of persons garbed as soldiers of a by-gone day, was not the chorus, but a Virginia militia company, known as Thomas Jefferson's Gig and the Monticello Guards, who had made a flying trip to New York to honor Jefferson's birthday. But, even though they weren't the chorus, they reached the stage of the Met, before the evening was over, and were

there presented to the audience. This, and a hasty after-theatre supper at the Waldorf, were only the closing events of a day which had been as full as any we have been unfortunate enough to witness. Arriving in New York early in the morning, they breakfasted at Fraunces Tavern, and from then on their day was one continual observance of celebrations, including a parade from Fraunces Tavern to the Sub-Treasury Building where they saluted, the unveiling of a tablet on the site of Jefferson's residence in Maiden Lane, an afternoon spent at the Polo Grounds, dinner at the National Democratic Club, and then to the opera in all their Colonial splendor!

We find that Yehudi Menuhin still remains an unfailing topic of conversation and interest to everyone. And since he spent some of his youthful years (!) at our institution, we feel that what he does will always interest those who tread the Institute corridors. Here is a letter from Mr. Menuhin, written from on board ship: "We are having a glorious crossing. The elements seem all conscious of the calendar. Spring on sea is as interesting as on land. All is soothing, calm, sweet, and balmy! We really enjoy a much needed vacation, and begin to lay aside reserves for terrestrial tasks of the Menuhin genre."

"Yehudi and I just got through a long, interesting visit with the chief engineer through the entire machinery organism of our noble boat. We went through the boilers' quarters, the cooling rooms, we reached the bottom of the ship. Yehudi is 'crazy' about the machinery and above all the machinists. 'Have they good salaries? Have they hours of rest? Have they a promenade deck, good beds, privacy?'—The human element interests him always! The same Yehudi all over. He is now playing the Beethoven concerto cadenzas of Kreisler; they sound to my ears more philosophical after the visit to the boilers' room of the great steamship! In Yehudi's life a visit to a human mine of labor is equivalent to a week's hard practice on the instrument!"

Lamar Stringfield, who won the 1928 Pulitzer Prize, and who is known at the Institute as one of the artist-graduate students, is now in Asheville, North Carolina, where he has gone to direct the symphony orchestra which he formed there, and also to work on an opera that will be based on Carolina folk-tunes and folk-lore. He recently conducted the performances of the New York Branch of the English Folk Dance Society.

"ONE minute to go!" At these words a sudden hush fell upon the room which had been seething with the raucous sound of a symphony orchestra tuning up. Quickly and quietly a fairly tall man, with white hair and deep-set thoughtful eyes entered and seated himself before the open grand piano. He waited in silence during the remarks heard to come from a radio announcer in an alcove at the far end of the room. Then, with a benign smile overspreading his countenance and an alert glance which bespoke an adventurous spirit, he turned to the microphone placed close to the piano. "Good evening, ladies and gentlemen," he said with that suavity of tone and clarity of enunciation which have made his voice well-known throughout a continent and across the seas. Walter Damrosch was on the air!

Swiftly, on electric waves which know no barrier of distance or social distinction, his personality is projected into the homes of some 10,000,000 listeners as widely diversified as the little family circle in a prim New England cottage, a gathering of cowboys in a shack of the western desert, a group of friends in the patio of a Palm Beach villa or the solitary inhabitant of a hut in the frozen reaches of a Canadian forest. To some, this Saturday evening symphonic hour offers the joyous renewal of acquaintance with familiar masterpieces, but to the many it reveals beauty hitherto undreamed of,—the beauty that is music in its noblest form.

A few invited guests are the only ones to see as well as hear the performance, which takes place in the largest of the eight studios housed in the magnificent building of the National Broadcasting Company. An accompanying picture shows the room's charm of design and modern appointments but only an eye-witness can appreciate the effect achieved with unique lighting. Into a suffusion of blue radiance a glow of flame color intrudes itself from behind a moulding half way up the walls, as the deepening shadows of twilight are sometimes dispersed for a moment by the glory of a setting sun. In this fittingly artistic atmosphere, music takes wing. Conductor and musicians seem as happy in their interpretative task as is the vast invisible audience in listening. Walter Damrosch alternately directs the orchestra from the leader's platform and plays themes on the piano, while he talks and turns the pages of the score as nonchalantly as if he were in the intimate confines of one of the distant living-rooms where his explanatory words are being heard.

"You were a great name," said one of the 20,000 letters received from radio listeners, "but now you are a friendly voice." This aptly sums up the qualifications which make Walter Damrosch eminently capable of fulfilling the most vital mission he has yet undertaken, that of spreading an understanding and love of music through an entire nation. His public service in the

W a l t e r

Dean of Ame

By Dorothy

cause of art is so universally known that it seems unnecessary to enumerate the details of a long and distinguished career as director of the Damrosch Opera Company, leader of the Oratorio Society and conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra. In his autobiography, "My Musical Life," he tells an eloquent story and with the kind permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, portions are here given which dwell especially upon the human side of the narrative,—his personal reaction to great moments in his life and glimpses of the illustrious personages who have been his friends.

* * *

[His boyhood recollections of a musical household headed by Leopold Damrosch, whose name was later emblazoned in the history of music in America, abounds in delightful incidents wherein his brother, Frank (now the beloved Dean of the Institute of Musical Art), figures equally with himself. Many famous artists of the day who appeared with the father's symphony orchestra in Breslau, Silesia, birthplace of both



The spirit that made his Wagner Lectures inimitable vitalizes the prefaces to his orchestral performances on the air.

boys in 1859 and 1862 respectively, were frequent visitors in the Damrosch home.]

When Joachim arrived he found a large "Willkommen Herr Joachim" in green leaves over the door of our music-room, carefully arranged by my brother and myself. We adored him because he loved children and would cut all manner of wonderful figures out of paper for us.

Liszt came especially to officiate as godfather at the christening of my older brother, Frank.

[Early aspirations to conduct grand opera asserted themselves about five years after the family had moved to New York. Walter's father, who had just returned from Bayreuth, recounted tales of Wagner and the newly inaugurated Festival Theatre which fascinated the fourteen-year-old lad.]

I fairly ached with the joy of it and immediately proceeded to spend all my pocket money in the mak-

Damrosch

American Conductors

Crowthers

ing of a very remarkable doll's theatre about three feet wide and equally high in order to produce Wagner myself. I painted all the scenery and the actor dolls for it, and had the most brilliant lighting effects and a curtain that went up and down with a perfection not always witnessed even on the real stage.

My fellow director was a boy friend, Gustav Schirmer, son of the publisher, and our first production was, of course, a Wagner music drama. Gustav's mother was an enthusiastic Wagnerite who eventually spent much of her life in Bayreuth and Weimar. "Rhinegold" seemed to me especially fitted for our theatre as it offered almost boundless scenic opportunities. The effect of water in the first scene which is supposed to depict the depths of the Rhine, I achieved very successfully by several alternate curtains of blue and green gauze, and behind the rocky reef in the center of this scene a gas-burner was very cleverly hidden, the light of which, as it gradually increased in strength, brilliantly simulated the awakening of the "Rhinegold."

The theatre had been very cleverly placed in the doorway between two rooms, but as the piano was in the same room where the audience sat, I had to rush backward and forward continually. For instance, when Gustav pulled the curtain to disclose the depths of the Rhine, I played the Rhine music, then would creep back under the table on which the theatre was placed and help him manipulate the Rhine Maidens. Then I would rush back again to play the music accompanying the awakening of the Gold and so on until the change of scene when, as the rising sun shines upon the mighty walls of Walhalla, I would reproduce the stately harmonies of the Walhalla motive.

As I look back on it now, it must have been an absolutely crazy performance, but the audience was hugely delighted and contributed so liberally that my co-director and I had a surplus with which to begin preparations for another play.

[Walter's concert activities began as pianist at the age of sixteen, when he was asked to go on a tour as accompanist for the celebrated violinist, August Wilhelmj.]

Both Wilhelmj and Strakosch, his manager, knew that I had accompanied my father a great deal at home, and they thought that I could acceptably fill the position at such short notice. I was naturally wild with delight at the idea and prevailed on my father to let me go. I was to receive the, for me, munificent salary of a hundred dollars a week and all my railway expenses.

We set forth the following Monday, the company consisting of Wilhelmj, a soprano singer whose name I have forgotten, and Teresa Carreno, who was then already a great pianist and certainly the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

In Washington Baron von Schloetzer, the Prussian minister, who was an old friend of my father's, received me very kindly, and, to my delight, included me in the dinner which he gave in honor of Wilhelmj and Carreno.

From Washington we went farther South and my young mind was tremendously impressed by its romantic atmosphere, the luxuriant tropical foliage and the lazy, cheerful life of the "niggers" swarming everywhere. New Orleans was a real revelation. It was then still an absolutely French city.

In the spring of 1882 I sailed for Europe. My father wanted me to know his old friend, Liszt, and to hear the first performances of "Parsifal" in Bayreuth.

My father had kept up a desultory correspondence with Liszt during the years he had spent in America, and as soon as I arrived in Weimar I went to the little gardener's cottage in which he lived to pay my respects to the old master. I entered his room in great trepidation, and when I managed to stutter a few words to tell him that I was the son of Doctor Leopold Damrosch, I was amazed at the kindness of his reception. He immediately spoke of my father and mother with such love that I forgot some of



Walter Damrosch, a great name and a friendly voice to radio listeners, spreading an understanding and love of music through an entire nation.

my timidity. He then asked me how long I expected to stay in Weimar. I said two days and that I was then going to Bayreuth to hear the first "Parsifal" performances.

A curious change came over Liszt as I spoke. He repeated several times, "Two days, ha, yes, 'Parsifal,' of course, Bayreuth.—'Parsifal,' of course," and then he picked up a box of cigars.

[That night a friend of Liszt met young Walter at the theatre.]

He said: "What did you do to the master this morning? I came in just after you left and found him in tears. He said, 'a young son of Damrosch called on me this morning, I thought of course he would stay here and study with me, but instead of that he told me he was only going to stay two days. The young generation have forgotten me completely. They think nothing of me and they have no respect for us older men of bygone days. Am I

a hotel in which one takes a room for a night, then to pass on elsewhere?"

Needless to say, I was overcome at such a dreadful development of a perfectly innocent remark of mine. I sat through the rest of the play but actually did not hear a word of it or a note of Lassen's music; I was too occupied with my own misery. I did not sleep all night, but tossed about until seven when a frowsy waiter in the dining-room of my hotel, the "Russische Erb Prinz" gave me a cup of coffee.

Punctually at eight o'clock I knocked at Liszt's door and as I entered I saw this wonderful-looking old man with his splendid white hair and deep-set eyes, already at his work-table. As he saw me his eyebrows arched and he said:

"What, still in Weimar?"

I came forward and tried to speak, suddenly burst into tears and then managed to stammer out my great admiration for him, how my father had always held him up as the ideal musician of our times, and how he must have misunderstood my words of yesterday if he thought that I intended any lack of respect or reverence for such a man as he. As I reread this it seems quite articulate, but as I told it to Liszt it must have sounded very ridiculous, but nevertheless I suddenly felt his arms about me and a very gentle furtive kiss placed upon my forehead.

He led me to a chair, sat down by me and began to talk and reminisce about my father and mother. He then invited me to come that afternoon to his piano class and I left very much relieved at the outcome of my visit.

Liszt and Wagner

I received an invitation for the first reception held by Wagner and his wife, Cosima, at Wahnfried and dutifully presented myself there with some nervousness, which was allayed somewhat when I found Liszt almost at the door as I came in. He immediately recognized me and not only introduced me to Cosima, but when she said, "Father, you must introduce this son of your old friend, Doctor Leopold Damrosch, to the Meister," he took me into Wagner's workroom where I beheld Wagner surrounded by musicians.

Wagner greeted me with kindness, asked about my father, and a few days later sent me, through his publishers, for my father, a manuscript copy of the finale from the first act of "Parsifal" (no orchestral score was at that time engraved) for performance in New York by the Symphony and Oratorio Societies. This was a remarkable act of friendship on his part and I was very proud to be able to carry the precious score back to my father.

I doubt whether there ever was a musician who worked so incessantly for the benefit of other musicians as Liszt. He was constantly seeking, either with his ten magic fingers as pianist or with his pen as musical critic or propagandist, or with his own money, to save others from want or to help them to obtain the recognition which he thought they deserved. It is impossible to name the hundreds whom

he thus benefited—Berlioz, Saint-Saëns, César Franck, Schumann, Cornelius, and so on, and of course above all Wagner himself, whose friendship with Liszt has become historic. Like most friendships, the one gives much more than he receives, and that one was Liszt, who, in his admiration for Wagner's genius minimized himself and what he had accomplished as composer to an exaggerated degree. In those personal qualities that make up a man's character, Liszt was infinitely the superior. Wagner's



From this studio of the National Broadcasting Company the music played by Walter Damrosch and his orchestra takes wing.

ner's genius as a musician was the greater, but this brought in its trail an overwhelming egotism and a vanity which made many of his relations with his fellow men unfortunate. Liszt gave up all worldly glories and honors and riches which he might have acquired if he had continued his career as perhaps the greatest piano virtuoso that ever lived, in order to devote himself absolutely to composition and musical propaganda, without any thought of pecuniary rewards. He literally, like his patron saint, Francis of Assisi, took the vows of poverty. When I saw him he lived in most simple fashion, always travelled "second class" and gave what little money he had to others who seemed to him to need it more. Without his never-ceasing support and encouragement, his absolute faith in the eventual triumph of Wagner's music, and without continual financial support from Liszt and from those he constantly urged to help, Wagner could never have carried on his struggle toward the triumphant completion of a Bayreuth and an almost complete realization of his ideals.

It was not until midnight (after a certain dinner-party) that we accompanied Liszt through the park and the lovely Goethe Garden back to his house. It was a gentle summer night with a hazy moon giving an indescribable glamour to the trees and bushes, and suddenly Liszt laid his hand on my shoulder and said "Listen!"

From the bushes came the song of a nightingale. I had never heard one before and stood spellbound. It seemed incredible that such ecstatic sweetness, such songs of joy and sorrow, could come from the

throat of a little bird, and to hear it all at twenty-four years of age and standing at the side of Liszt! Dear reader, I confess that today, thirty-five years later, I still thrill at the memory of it.

Alas! That was almost the last time that I saw Liszt. In 1886 I went again to Bayreuth to hear the first "Tristan" performance, and one morning I met him, looking very old and worn, coming all alone out of the church from early mass. A few days later, July 31, he had followed his dearest friend, Wagner, into the beyond.

[Dr. Leopold Damrosch, who spent twelve strenuous years at the head of the Oratorio Society, the last eight years of which period were also devoted to leading the New York Symphony Orchestra, became, in addition, director of the Metropolitan Opera in 1884. Soon afterward, the strain of overwork told upon him and he succumbed to pneumonia which precipitated his death, when he was to have gone on a tour with the Opera Company. Upon his son Walter, just twenty-three, who was in New York, fell the responsibility of seeing the tour through.]

During this trip the worst blizzard of the year struck our train. We were completely snowed in and the road, which was at that time a rather lame rival of the New York Central, was so ill-equipped with means to shovel us out that instead of arriving on Sunday evening, we did not get into Chicago until Monday at eight p. m., the hour at which the performance was to have begun. My dear brother Frank, who came on from Denver to meet me in Chicago and to discuss future plans, boarded our train a little while out of Chicago and told me that not only was the house sold out, but all had determined to wait until we arrived and chivalrously to "see us through." The mayor of the city had made an excited speech from the proscenium box in which he was sitting and said that Chicago must help a young man like myself who had so courageously undertaken to carry on the great work of his father.

When we arrived at the station the company were quickly bundled into cabs and omnibuses. Luckily the scenery had been sent on ahead, but the costume and property trunks were on our train, and the work of transferring them and getting out the "Tannhäuser" costumes and properties was agonizing.

Materna and I were the first to arrive at the theatre, and we were marched through the auditorium from the front entrance by the local manager who wished to give this ocular demonstration of our presence. The audience cheered.

Behind the scenes the confusion was incredible. The trunks with the wigs could not be found, nor the trunks with the footwear, and Tannhäuser and the other singers of the Wartburg, together with the noble lords and ladies, appeared on the stage in a most remarkable combination of costumes, mediaeval and modern. But it made no difference. I began the overture after ten o'clock. The audience cheered themselves hoarse.

[There followed years rich in musical experience,

first as director of Wagnerian opera at the Metropolitan, then as head of the Damrosch Opera Company. There were notable casts in those days,—both Lilli Lehmann and Lillian Nordica in "Lohengrin," and "Tristan" with the two de Reszkes, Terina, Schumann-Heink and Bispham. Melba was also one of his stars. There were interesting years of choral and symphonic conducting, and the production of his own musical creations, most outstanding of which was his opera, "Cyrano de Bergerac," with libretto adapted from Rostand's play by W. J. Henderson. Of his hosts of celebrated friends, a significant one was Andrew Carnegie whom he visited in Scotland.]

Andrew Carnegie

I was received with great friendliness by Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie at Kilgraston. Among their guests were James G. Blaine, his wife, and two of their daughters. My acquaintance with this remarkable family soon ripened very fortunately for me into close friendship and resulted finally in my marriage to Margaret, one of the daughters. [After the departure of the Blaines, there were other house guests, among them John Morley.]

I played excerpts every evening from Wagner's "Nibelungen Trilogy," explaining the music and the text, as Mr. Morley had never heard the music before. I was very proud of being able to interest so fine a mind as his in Wagner's music, and like to think that my Wagner lecture recitals, which in later years I gave all over America, had their origin in the informal talks in Scotland for Morley and the Carnegies.

On our long walks and fishing excursions together,



Radio applause,—20,000 letters of appreciation which Walter Damrosch enjoys during home hours of leisure.

Mr. Carnegie talked continuously and freely regarding his many plans to better the world through liberal benefactions. He had already begun the founding of free libraries all over Great Britain and America, and would often tell me of his own great poverty as a child and the difficulty of obtaining the books and education which he craved. As he would unfold to

me his various dreams and plans, he became really eloquent. His little hands would clinch, and for a moment even his fishing-pole and a possible trout at the other end would be forgotten.

[The following summer, Walter Damrosch enjoyed a coaching trip through England and Scotland with the Carnegies and the Blaines, which terminated in a house party at the Carnegie castle.]

Mr. Carnegie had a piper who, according to old Scotch custom, would walk around the outer walls of the house every morning to awaken us. My room was in the bachelor quarters and had a little fireplace in which a peat fire smouldered comfortably. The smell of peat and the sound of the piper as he drew nearer and nearer to my window and then again receded in the distance are always inseparably associated in my memory.

Tschaikowsky

In the spring of 1891 Carnegie Hall, which had been built by Andrew Carnegie as a home for the higher activities of New York, was inaugurated with a music festival in which the New York Symphony and Oratorio Societies took part. In order to give this festival a special significance, I invited Peter Iljitsch Tschaikowsky, the great Russian composer, to come to America and conduct some of his own works. In all my many years of experience I have never met a great composer so gentle, so modest—almost diffident—as he. We all loved him from the first moment—my wife and I, the chorus, the orchestra, the employees of the hotel where he lived, and of course the public.

He came often to our house, and, I think, liked to come. He was always gentle in his intercourse with others, but a feeling of sadness seemed never to leave him, although his reception in America was more than enthusiastic and the visit so successful in every way that he made plans to come back the following year. Yet he was often swept by uncontrollable waves of melancholia and despondency.

One evening he told me that he had just finished a new symphony which was different in form from any he had ever written. I asked him in what the difference consisted and he answered: "The last movement is an adagio and the whole work has a programme."

"Do tell me the programme," I demanded eagerly.

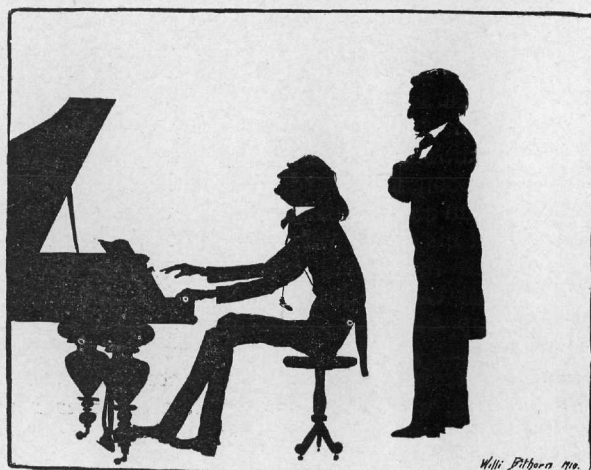
"No," he said, "that I shall never tell. But I shall send you the first orchestral score and parts as soon as Jurgenson, my publisher, has them ready."

We parted with the expectation of meeting again in America during the following winter, but, alas, in October came the cable announcing his death from cholera, and a few days later arrived a package from Moscow containing the score and parts of his Symphony No. 6, the "Pathetique." It was like a message from the dead. I immediately put the work into rehearsal and gave it its first performance in America on the following Sunday.

[During the World War, Walter Damrosch, who was active in war work in Paris, was requested by

General Pershing to come to dinner at American Headquarters.]

A motor-car took us that evening about five miles beyond Chaumont through most lovely country to the chateau surrounded by exquisite gardens and woods which General Pershing had taken for his personal residence. A scene of greater peace and tranquillity could not be imagined, and literally the only sign and symbol of war was the solitary sentry pacing up and down before the entrance, with bayonet fixed.



Liszt and Wagner whom Walter Damrosch knew when he was a boy.

As this happened to be the first day of General Foch's great attack in which he pushed the Germans back six miles, General Pershing, who had been at the front all day, had not yet returned, and General Bundy and I walked through the grounds in the lovely evening twilight for perhaps half an hour, when a motor-car drove up and our great commander-in-chief, accompanied by his aide, immediately came over to us and made us welcome in hearty and simple fashion.

[The result of the visit, as is well-known, was the organizing by Mr. Damrosch of a school at Chaumont for bandmasters of the A. E. F.]

I have climbed a few hills, but only to see the mountains beyond rising higher and higher, the path upward often indiscernible through the mists surrounding the peaks.

While our musicians have already accomplished miracles within the short period that music has played a part in our civilization, so much yet remains to be done that I long for at least one hundred more years of life, partly to continue my work but still more to satisfy my eager curiosity as to the musical future of our people.

* * *

With this indomitable spirit and eagerness for fresh enterprise, Walter Damrosch has entered a new field of endeavor where territory is yet uncultivated. He believes in the prodigious possibilities of radio and, because of its far reaching influence, he deems it a grave responsibility to see that the music offered through this medium should not only give

pleasure but should disseminate culture, especially among the youth of the country.

Mr. Damrosch sat in the study of his home and talked with enthusiasm about this work which absorbs his interest and occupies his time. He is, incidentally, music counsel for the National Broadcasting Company and has for use in this capacity, the 30,000 scores of the former New York Symphony Orchestra's library.

"Every Friday morning, from October to May," he explained, "I broadcast an hour of music for school children. My programs are arranged for education as well as entertainment. One week the various instruments of the orchestra are discussed and compositions of the masters which particularly stress these instruments, are played. There is a program devoted to Nature in music, another to animals in music and others to fun, happiness, sorrow. For the older children of the higher grades, the overture, the symphony and symphonic poem occupy programs."

The Radio Audience

Just how much this means to the youngsters is shown in the many naïve and touching letters which come in response to the concerts. This one speaks for itself.

I feel as if you are one of my dearest friends. I am fifteen years old and in the ninth grade. I go to the Consolidated School, in Cleghorn, Iowa.

I heard you over the radio when you first started broadcasting concerts, and last year, our school heard the two educational programs that you gave, but this year we have only heard two of them. I always look forward to the concerts; but I do wish I could hear every one of the Educational Programs too, for they are so interesting and helpful. I guess the reason is because most of the children in our school do not like what you and I and every other music lover call "music." They all like these latest, most popular pieces, which I don't think is music at all. Do you?

Last year my teacher asked me to prepare a story about you. I got it from a Radio Digest which had part of your Autobiography in it. Our next music day, she asked me to read it before Junior High School, while the children took notes and prepared one from it. I certainly did feel proud to do that.

Since then, several of the children have asked me about the orchestra, and how they look when it is giving a concert. I always have to tell them, "I don't know," because I have never seen a picture of it. I guess they thought I had a picture of it with the story.

I heard your announcer say something about a picture of the orchestra, along with the seating plan of a Symphony Orchestra, being given to schools. Now, I am not a teacher, but since our school has not been listening in to hear about it, I would be only too glad to have one to take to the school for study. I have always wanted to learn about the seating plan of a Symphony, and I assure you that I will pay any amount you would want for them because I am not the teacher. We do not have a teacher in our school who explains such things.

This is a pretty long letter, and I know you must be very busy, so I will close, hoping that you will find it convenient to send me the picture, diagram, and book. Wishing you the best of joy and happiness, and may you continue to broadcast such wonderful programs. I assure you that every chance I get, I will be right by a radio to listen. I hope I may sometime greet you personally, as I am planning a big future in my music career.

Would you please write and let me know if you have

sent the things mentioned or would rather that I would pay for them.

Most sincerely,
Dorothy Oswald.

From the unseen audience of grown people who enjoy the Saturday evening programs comes this:

I am a sheep herder right in the middle of nowhere—no companion save my dog and radio set, and believe me it's sure fine after tramping about all day in the snow and biting sub zero weather to sit down of a Saturday evening and hear you on "Seigfried." I have had my set three years and am used to hearing good programs, but yours is head and shoulders above everything I ever heard before, so please accept this small tribute and wish.

My ink having frozen up, am forced to use this pencil.

Yours truly,
T. T.

W. L. Hubbard, "for countless years music critic of the *Chicago Tribune*," as he himself puts it, writes a glowing and fitting tribute.

Dear Walter Damrosch:

Last November—the Saturday evening after Thanksgiving, to be exact—some friends and I were sitting at dinner, here in my little home out on Grossmont, fifteen miles from San Diego and equally distant from the Mexican border, and we turned on the radio, just to see what was "on." Into the room sounded a voice explaining an orchestral selection that was to be played. I listened a moment and then said: "If that isn't Walter Damrosch, then it's his ghost!" And a little later we heard: "Mr. Damrosch now continues, etc." . . . How good it seemed to hear again that voice and that clear enunciation which I have known ever since the days of the Wagner Lectures! And to hear the touch on the piano—the touch which caused your dear father to regret almost that you had not made piano playing instead of conducting, your life work!

It has been my intention, ever since that November night to write you, just to tell you how glad and thankful I am that you are doing what you are. But the weeks have slipped by and the note has not been written, albeit no Saturday evening has passed without my listening in and enjoying your work. And how you were missed the fortnight you were away.

Tonight, your request to have word as to the last phrases of "Rouet d'Omphale" gets me to the long delayed writing. Every note came through clear and distinct as though we had been in the same room with you and your orchestra, and the diminuendo at the end of the "Harold" excerpt was equally plain. Truly the age of marvels, as you often say! For I'm just about as far from the New York studio as any of your hearers.

That you are doing a splendidly worth-while work you of course know. To me, it seems the biggest and best you have ever done, and I remember back to the days of the Lectures and what preceded them and all that followed them. But you are reaching such a huge audience and you are making the best orchestral music so attractive that you are doing an educational work the extent of which it is impossible to measure. Everyone I meet who has a radio—and who has not nowadays?—says: "Aren't the Damrosch concerts fine? I never miss them." The spirit that made your Wagner Lectures inimitable vitalizes the prefaces to your orchestral performances. You have always believed that music is pictorial—at least that is the way you have made it approachable for the layman and this method is so right, it seems to me, that it becomes about the only real way of getting music to the general public. You are making people love all that is best in the orchestral literature and removing the fear of even the symphonies by bringing all so easily and "as pictures" to them. It is a magnificent labor and I know it gives you joy. It is a fitting crown to the great work you have done all the years past.

A Kiss In The Dark

New Variation on an Old Theme

By Joseph Machlis

OF course you will be disappointed with your first glimpse of Notre Dame. Your eye, accustomed to slide freely up along the lofty slenderness of the Woolworth Building, will stop short with a thud at the top of the two stocky towers. And your expectation of immense grandeur will find vent in a slightly supercilious, "Is that all?"

But then you'll come back to Notre Dame, in the trembling hush of an early Sunday morning, or in the glory of a flame sunset. And each time those ever-fresh surprising beauties will grow upon you. Until that supreme moment when you first see the Cathedral as you will remember it ever after, —in the silence of a June night, with a slip of a crescent moon that has got herself entangled in the splash of sky between the twin towers.

There was the moment, and there was I. The Quay was deserted. In the distance the Seine swallowed the cool lights of the bridges. From the direction of the Champs-Élysées came an incessant buzz; the remains of a roar where life swished and pulsed. But here the ancient island was moored in an eternal quietude. Only the inscrutable depths of the river below, beginning to exude its hazy grayish mists. And, balancing upon that vapory unreality, emerging from it as the ghost of a dream,—the Cathedral. Somewhere land met water; somewhere the fantastic met the actual; the past met the present. Upon that vague murky somewhere, Notre Dame lay couchant, wrapped, muffled in agelessness that has looked for centuries upon the wisdoms and follies of men.

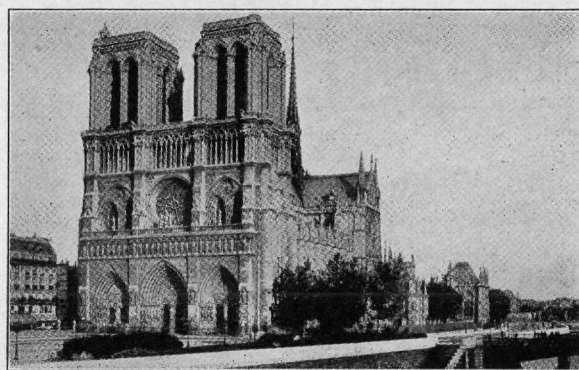
Suddenly there came out of that brooding silence a voice. Singing. How easy to imagine that the bushes below concealed a procession of shrouded nuns, slowly swaying, chanting an immemorial Ave for the repose of some sinner's soul. An old modal choral, pale with the gaunt light of a mediaeval time. But now the bushes were parting before footsteps and the singer drawing near. Nearer. Already I could vaguely discern her in the eerie light of a weakish lamp. Her head curving nestlingly on the shoulder of her companion. Thus might Heloise and Abelard have walked, in the cool twilight of the long-ago. But certainly that great troubadour scholastic never wore a beret perched on the top of his head. And La Sage Heloise never twinkled such coquettish eyes, nor smiled with such vermilion-red lips as these. The petite parisienne continued her song, with that insouciant piquant twang. And this poured out of the archaic immobility of Notre Dame into my ears:—

"Oh, zat kees in ze dark-e,
Waz to heem zhust a lark-e,
Boht to me t'waz a passion grand-e!"

The last two words uttered with the sibilant sigh which could come only from a Parisienne.

Shall I confess that at first the familiar refrain of that gem quite disconcerted me. Here I had lost myself in a dream of things past. And all at once that whole superstructure of romance crumbled away to nothing at the sound of a midinette singing to her boy friend. Verily disconcerting!

The couple came nearer, now were passing me. When she saw that I was looking with what must have been quite a befuddled expression, Heloise with



The Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris that has looked for centuries upon the wisdoms and follies of men.

the red lips stopped her song, demonstratively kissed her Abelard (of the beret), and, with a few rapturous sighs, recommenced: "O zat kees in ze dark-e." They were passing further down the footpath. Now her voice was floating up again as a soft echo.

With that melody still ringing in my ears, I could not, quite obviously, return to my musings on the Age of Chivalry. A while I stood blankly staring at the sombre magnificence across the river before me. Once more it came out of the mist, vibrating, "Boht to mee, t'waz a passion grand-e!" and died in a whisper. And then, the song still echoing from afar, I began to remember where, when, and how I had heard it for the first time.

It was at Mabel's sweet-sixteen party. Chandeliers covered with gawdy orange tissue paper. We, a bunch of gawky hobbledohoy youngsters not yet accustomed to the thrilling thought that soon we would be High School Seniors. A rheumatic piano in the corner, covered with the glaringly bright-hued copies of the latest hits. And the supreme hit of them all on the rack in front of me. The cover showing a very juicy moon dripping into a sea of orange-gold. There was I, perspiring profusely, thwacking the ivories with a great deal of emotion,

and energy. There was sweet Mabel, coyly yodeling in what was, to my pre-la-Dictation ears, a divine voice, "O that Ki-hiss in the Da-hrak, Was to him just a la-hark, but to me-he, t'was a pah-shun grand." O ecstasy of bliss! O joy of youth! I pounded the keys to a dramatic climax, while my sweet Mabel stretched her lanky neck, or rather, swan-like throat, to reach the final note. And her eyes gazed deep into mine, while I, in a trance of ecstasy, mopped my heroic brow, glistening and happy after my exertions. A moment we took respite, and then, having caught our breath, began all over again from the beginning.

My first love! To whom I confided all those awakening dreams and hopes, all those brightly colored aspirations and ideals, as brightly colored as the stacks of "hits" resting on top of that whangy piano. And to think that just then I moved off the block, way up to the Bronx, was transferred to another school; and we never saw each other again. Cruel destiny!

There, beneath the crested arches of Notre-Dame, I solemnly promised myself to visit Mabel as soon as I had returned to my own city. To look once again upon her face seen now in imagination across the years, because of the strange magic of a song. A fanciful, foolhardy notion, you will say. But then you don't know how logical even the wildest scheme appears when a crescent moon is twinkling between the towers of Notre Dame, and the gossamer haze of a summer night is lying silvery over the enchanted city of Paris.

October was dying a dusk-death of brown and barrenness. I, on the doorstep of the trim little house in Flatbush, rang the bell.

A pretty little house that looked like all the other pretty little houses on the street. A pretty little pert miss who looked like all the others you had ever met at your college dances. Well, well, well, so this was Mabel. Well, well, well, so this was Jo,—an awkward silence hung between us, as all the clever sayings I had prepared scrambled somewhere to the outer rim of my memory. Instead I followed her into the parlor.

But where was the Mabel to whom I had written those blood-curdling sonnets? Where the damsel for whom I had indulged in such eloquent rhapsodies? Where she of the voice quivering "O that Kiss in the. . .?"

Somehow all those happy scintillating words froze into a black void. Even telling of Notre Dame and the midinette was a laborious task. And then I listened silently while she told of her four years of training school, and two of public-school teaching. And then she asked whether I liked Dostoyevsky, Ibsen, and Knut Hamsun. Oh yes, I was especially, passionately fond of Scandinavia: Greta Garbo came from there! Then she jumped up from the sofa with a bob as somebody with a little moustache and big cigar came into the room, who, you knew at once, was going to be a successful lawyer. It was introduced as "Arthur," and addressed as "dear."

She said, "I remember you used to play. Have

you kept it up?" I said, "Sort of." She said, "It's too bad we have no piano here, or you could have played for us." Arthur said, "Must be tough on you musicians now, with the Vitaphone and Sound pictures coming in, and doing you out of your jobs." I said, "Yes, it is pretty hard."

Once again a ponderous silence hung over us. Until Mabel had the bright idea. "That's our new Orthophonic. Anything you'd like to hear?"

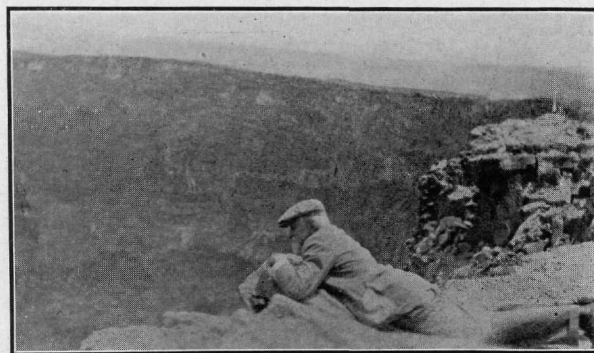
I was now standing beside her. As she bent over, searching among the records, the under side of her little chin trembled like cooled jello. I looked into her eyes. Seeking a trace of that ravishing creature whom I with boyish imagination, had once adorned with all the allurements. Pert, trim and spry she read the titles of the discs. A moment a string of words dangled on my lips. "Yes, play 'A Kiss in the Dark.'" Would she remember? Would she see it too, that bashful youth and pale-skinned girl bellowing at the top of their voices, long, long ago? But still I hesitated. And then I heard my own voice, careless,—“Aw, play anything you like.” The moment had passed. . . .

She snatched a black gleaming wafer from the pile. "Here's something good. Just out, from Eddie Cantor's new show,—'Whoopee.'" The needle rasped against the revolving surface. Saxophones announced a sizzling theme. I smiled. For just then I remembered a glimpse of a young moon lying in the arms of Notre Dame, and a young voice floating off in translucent distance,—

"Boht to me-e t'waz a passion grand-e."

THE ISLAND PARADISE

(Continued from Page 5)



Frank Damrosch gazing into the crater pit of Halemauau.

deep; of the delicate glassy hairs spun by the wind from the kettle's edge, as if some giant were testing frosting for a cake of immense proportions; of the fiery cracks in the mountain sides which at times melted into lakes of liquid lava, and again spurted forth fountains of flame as high as fifty feet. Especially they came to seek wealth from natural resources, and found it in the abundant sandalwood groves whose fragrant wood was used in making incense and fancy carved articles. The

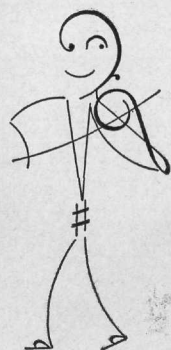
Chinese name "Sandalwood Islands" was appropriate then, before the groves had been despoiled. The annexation of the islands to the United States in 1898 gave a tremendous impetus to industry, and resulted in the cultivation of the famous sugar, pineapple, coffee and rice plantations.

The last century has brought great changes to the Hawaiian Islands. The native orchestral instruments have been gradually replaced by others. The ukulele, associated in the minds of most people with Hawaii and Hawaiians, did not originate there, any more than did chop suey come into being in China. In 1878 when a Portuguese trader was in port at one of the islands, the natives rowed out in outriggers as was their custom, to exchange their shells, sandalwood and tropical fruits for horses, dogs, cattle, trees and the new plants which were being introduced. They returned bewildered, in canoes laden instead with miniature guitars, and as they came to the conclusion that they had not made a good bargain, they muttered "ukulele," which means "bounce payment."

Ukuleles were at first held in disrespect, but their mysteries were made clear to the natives by European "pale-faces" within a few years, and they then became universally popular in Hawaii, as did the steel guitar of the Spanish. About 1912 someone ran his penknife over the strings while playing the

guitar, and produced the peculiar sliding sound characteristic of the Hawaiian music which we know today.

But more important than any change in a single art is the change in the way of life. Progress suddenly descended upon Hawaii relentlessly. Trains now take the place of mail coaches which used to rattle over rough winding roads; plantations stretch in converging lines where forests once lay in tangled abandon; and children of very mixed inheritance learn English in addition to the Spanish, Japanese, Chinese and Hawaiian which they hear around them. Tourists have found the enchanted islands, and as they throw back to shore the "leis" or garlands with which friends have bedecked them, they listen to the strains of "Aloha" wafted across the water to the receding ship and realize that they will always be haunted by a longing to return; to breathe again the intoxicating, heavy fragrance which exudes from the foliage and the very earth itself. The sweet air is often enervating to a "malihini," but after he becomes acclimated it is "God's Acre," a place where life is sweet and leisurely as if one had partaken of the Lotus or the waters of Lethe. Let the grass grow ten feet high if it will, let the suns come and go. Time and reality do not exist for those in Aloha-Land. The nights and days are so beautiful that one could wish to lie undisturbed on the sands until the end of things.



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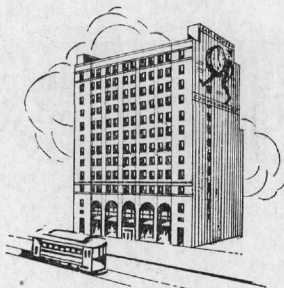
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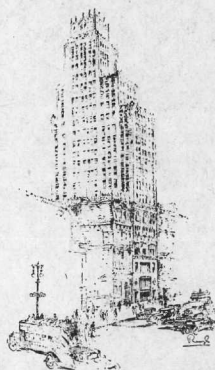
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