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The Baton



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THE INSTITUTE OF MUSICAL ART
OF THE JUILLIARD SCHOOL OF MUSIC
FRANK DAMROSCH, DEAN

JUNE, 1930

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Appearances of faculty members, alumni and pupils are featured FORTISSIMO in these columns.

Before the Public

COMMENCEMENT

The annual Commencement Exercises of the Institute were held in Carnegie Hall on the evening of Monday, June 2nd.

The program was opened by the Institute Orchestra, under the direction of Willem Willeke, playing Smetana's energetic and spontaneous Overture to "The Bartered Bride." Following this, Catherine Carver, this year's Artist graduate was heard in Richard Strauss' Burleske in D-minor, for Piano and Orchestra. Miss Carver's was an inspiring performance. This was immediately followed by the first movement of Tchaikovsky's Concerto for Violin, Opus 35, admirably played by Fima Fidelman of this year's graduating class. Jeannette Epstein then gave a brilliant reading of the first movement of Rachmaninoff's stately Concerto in C-minor, for Piano and Orchestra. Miss Epstein is also a 1930 Artist graduate, and a past holder of the Faculty Scholarship. The student artists were warmly praised both by the audience and by the press.

The graduation address was delivered by none other than the distinguished Walter Damrosch, brother of our Dean. Mr. Damrosch's counsel to the graduates somewhat resembled Horace Greeley's now famous advice to young men to "go west." He stressed the undesirability of all young musicians remaining in urban centers, and expressed the opinion that the greatest service by Institute graduates could be rendered in the smaller rural and semi-urban centers, if they, as disciples of music and brides of Apollo, would take their messages there.

After the commencement address, the diplomas and prizes were given out by the Dean. Eighty-three graduates and nineteen post-graduates filed across the broad stage to receive their diplomas.

The Faculty Scholarship, for the Senior with the best all-round record, was given to Joseph Knitzer. The Morris Loeb Memorial Prize of a thousand dollars was given to Jeannette Epstein. The Silver Medal, given to those who complete the Artist's Course with highest honors, and incidently the highest academic award which the Institute can bestow, was presented to Catherine Car-

ver and to Jeannette Epstein. One hundred dollars of the Seligman Prize in Composition was given to Helen Thomson, and one hundred and fifty dollars of this Prize was presented to Henry Brant.

The Commencement Exercises were closed with the performance by the Orchestra of Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 1 in F-minor.

THE 1930 CLASS SHOW

On three consecutive evenings, May 30th, 31st and June 1st, the "peppiest" graduating class in the Institute's history entertained the school with splendid performances of that fantastic and delightful little operetta, Iolanthe. A strong cast of principals did full justice to W. S. Gilbert's sparkling wit, and to Sir Arthur Sullivan's charming little "tunes," and they had the whole-hearted support of a meritorious chorus and orchestra. The spirit shown by the cast and by the audience, particularly at the Sunday evening performance, would have gladdened the hearts of those who sometimes feel that the Institute is a bit too formal in its pleasures. Special praise is due to William and Richardson Irwin (not related!) who directed the show. The latter also gave an excellent characterization of the half-in-half Strephon! The other principal rôles were taken by Allie Ronka, Elizabeth Miles, Margaretta Wright, Anna Ruziak, Violet Rubinoff, Mary Allison, Guy Snell, Evander Preston, William

Carrigan, and Lionel Johnson. The chorus of Fairies and Peers included Anna Hopkins, Mabel Moskowitz, Elizabeth Stutsman, Ida Rosen, Suzanne Avins, Helen McPherson, Irma Johnstone, Mary Woodson, Beatrice Kroll, Margaret Julch, Hannah Neviasky, Walter Potter, Howard Osborne, Louis Riemer, Robert Gross, Morton Bley, Lionel Johnson, Norman Plotkin, Russell Kline, Saul Meirowitz, Sidney Yussim and Frank Widdis.

After the Friday evening show the annual Senior Class Supper was held in the restaurant. The Faculty, members of the Senior Class and members of the cast and orchestra of the class show were present. The affair was the gayest of its kind ever held at the Institute. Class colors of orange and purple

(Continued on Page 18)

The Baton

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Willem Willeke

Our Distinguished Violoncellist and Orchestral Director

By Elizabeth Stutsman

THE ashes at the end of Mr. Willeke's long black cigar remained miraculously intact as he sat on the davenport in his New York apartment and told how to play a very amusing game with a matchbox. "You take the outside part of one of those little Swedish boxes of matches, and the gentlemen try to put them on the ladies' noses. You have no idea how funny it is until you try it and find that some of the noses are too big to go through the hole! We played it at a party my friend Kitson, the sculptor, gave for my pupils at Pittsfield last summer. He lives near the village, and had transformed his studio into a peasant stable for the occasion—we didn't go home until five o'clock in the morning, we were having such a good time!"

The ashes, having by now encroached almost half the length of the cigar, could not withstand the expansive gesture of Mr. Willeke's hand, and crumbled in flakes over him, the davenport, and the floor. He stopped talking abruptly. "You see that?" he said laughingly. "How I love to do it! My friends all say, 'when you see ashes over everything, Willeke has been there!' But really it gives me such pleasure to scatter them—and they are good for moths—" Forthwith he rubbed them into the beautiful living room rug with his foot!

There seem to be a few people in this world who know how to enjoy life, how to make play of work, and how to make responsibility a pleasure. Over these few Mr. Willeke surely is king. Younger in spirit than many of his pupils, he still retains the boyish liveliness which resulted in his being expelled from the Rotterdam Conservatory where he was studying. He was fourteen years old at the time of his last examination there. The Director, who considered himself an excellent 'cellist, criticized Willem's playing of the Haydn 'Cello Concerto and when the irrepressible lad giggled, became so angry that he sent him away from the school and declared him to have no musical talent. Not long afterward, when Willem had played the same composition with the greatest success at a concert in Brussels and then with the Philharmonic in Rotterdam, a committee from the Conservatory tried unsuccessfully to induce him to resume his studies there.

Perhaps Mr. Willeke's joyous temperament results from the unusual combination of nationalities among his parents and grandparents. His mother was French, his father Dutch, and a great grandfather, who spelled the name Wilke, Scotch. Even most Americans are not so cosmopolitan in ancestry. When Willem was only eight his father and mother died, and a guardian separated the children, educating each in a private *pension*. The three sisters are now married and live in Holland, and the other boy

became Professor at the Conservatory in Amsterdam. When Mengelberg first came from Holland he told the late Mr. Krehbiel that this other Willeke is one of the greatest flutists in the world.

When the children were separated Willem was sent alone to Rotterdam, where he first became interested in the 'cello. (All of the family had been very musical, though not professional.)

"I don't remember why I chose the 'cello," Mr. Willeke said, "except that almost every person in Holland plays some instrument, or sings. Music and painting are essential parts of everyone's education there as well as in Belgium, and it is a wonderful thing. How much pleasure they get from it!"

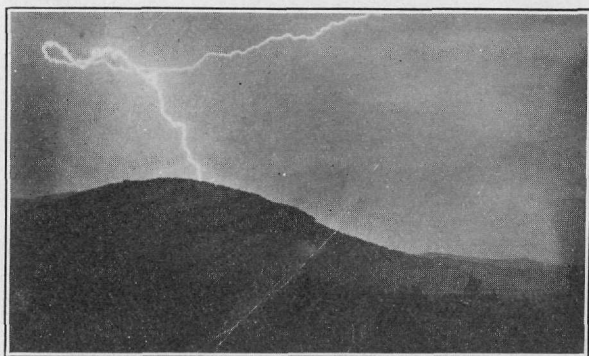


The youthful Willem studied one year with Hartog, three and a half years with Eberle, left the Conservatory under compulsion at fourteen and the next year was engaged to go to Russia as first 'cellist of the Riga National Opera Company! After a year and a half there he toured Russia, returning to Riga to appear as soloist in an orchestral concert. During the program the conductor was taken ill, and Willeke, who had a little knowledge of conducting, approached the distraught manager with an offer to come to the rescue. He conducted the Beethoven Eroica Symphony with such success that he was persuaded to remain in Riga eight months as leader of the orchestra.

Then he was engaged as head teacher in the Conservatories of Düsseldorf and Cologne, and while

there was a frequent visitor at the castle of Count Hoensbrock at Geldern in the Rhine Province. Otto Neitzl, the composer, critic and pianist, and Friedrich, later Crown Prince of Germany, who was then a student at the University of Bonn and a good violinist, were invariably present, and the three spent the time there in hunting and playing trios. Mr. Willeke has a ring with pigeons made of rubies which Friedrich gave him as a token of their friendship.

Germany, Scandinavia and Holland Mr. Willeke toured next with Richard Strauss. Two summers he spent in London as first solo 'cellist at the Royal Opera Covent Garden, where Hans Richter con-



View from Mr. Willeke's Studio in Pittsfield, Mass., taken by Dr. Sprague Coolidge in a lightning storm.

ducted, and for five years he was first 'cellist under Gustav Mahler at the Hofoper in Vienna. For five years he was soloist at the court of Emperor Franz Joseph, whom he characterized as "a fine old man, nearly seventy years old at that time and a great lover of music."

When only twenty-two Mr. Willeke received an invitation from the great Joachim, who gave a series of Beethoven quartets in Vienna every year, to substitute at the last concert for the 'cellist who was ill. "Of course I accepted, rehearsed immediately, and appeared the next evening. After the concert Joachim took me to his room and presented me with the manuscripts of the cadenzas he himself wrote to the Beethoven violin concerto. I am very proud of them as they are the only ones in existence."

Evenings of music continue wherever Willeke lives. In Vienna he and Eduard Schütt went every Wednesday evening to Leschetizky's home, and the three played until four or five in the morning.

In 1907 Franz Kneisel, whose string quartet was famous in America, was asked to become conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. He had almost decided to accept, but received so many pleas to continue with his quartet that he said he would do so if he could find someone to fill the 'cellist's position within a year. That summer while in Paris he heard rumors of the genius of a 'cellist at the Viennese court and immediately went to Vienna to investigate. He called upon Willeke, who was ill with the grippe, ostensibly to bring greetings from a friend in Chicago. The 'cellist, when asked to play something, took up an old instrument which had only

three strings and made a valiant effort to be obliging. Within three minutes he had accepted an invitation to come to America and a telegram had been sent to Gustav Mahler asking him to procure a year's leave of absence for him from the Emperor who was at Schönbrunn. Not long afterward he had landed at Hoboken, had put up at an "awful!" hotel and had started out to see New York by going to the elevated station with Julius Roentgen, who had crossed with him, and taking the first train. They saw only the backs of red brick houses in the slums of Brooklyn. "So my first impressions of America were red brick houses and wonderful grapefruit. In spite of the excellence of your fruit, I would have embarked on any steamer returning to Europe, had there been one sailing in five minutes!"

The very next morning Mr. Willeke with characteristic energy went apartment hunting, and wasted no time in selecting one in the nineties on the west side. That afternoon he entered Macy's department store and astounded the salesmen by purchasing furniture for the whole apartment, without looking at anything twice. The only stipulation was that the things should be delivered immediately—which they were. Late in the afternoon Willem and Julius, two foreign musicians, stood in the midst of numerous crates, without even a hammer to get them open!

One day when the quartet was in Boston a stranger, knowing of Mr. Kneisel's interest in Blue Hill, Maine, approached one of the musicians and offered to sell him a house in the vicinity of Blue Hill. He showed a not very attractive picture of the place, and the man dismissed the idea as ridiculous. Mr. Willeke, who had overheard the conversation, stepped up, asked a few questions, looked at the picture, and bought the house then and there. To the protests of his friends he turned around and asked naively, "Why not?"

Six months passed before Mr. Willeke had any assurance that he had a home other than the picture in his pocket. Finally he and Mr. Kneisel and friends found time to go to Blue Hill to inspect the purchase. As their boat crept along the coast of Maine no sign of a house appeared, and Willem was teased unmercifully. But nothing daunted, he hired a carriage and drove all about the countryside, enquiring of farmers along the way the location of his property. At last it was triumphantly discovered, and after removing shutters from the kitchen windows in order to enter, the company trooped into the living room. Imagine their hilarity when they discovered, artistically burned into the wood above the fireplace, the words, "Why Not?" and on the walls of both the living room and dining room carved and painted scenes from the "Flying Dutchman!" It is one of those coincidences which are incredible but true.

In 1911 Mr. Willeke married Victoria Kneisel, the elder daughter of Franz Kneisel, who is a pianist graduate of the Institute of Musical Art. Mr. Willeke has found it rather difficult to persuade their son Frank, who is now seventeen, that one musician in the family is enough. He is very

fond and proud of Frank. Last year he cancelled an interview for THE BATON in great haste. "You see it is my son's birthday," he said. "I almost forgot, and I won't rest until I go downtown and get him something!"

One of the first things the Willekes—or rather Mr. Willeke—bought after their marriage was a horse and a smart yellow carriage. Mr. Willeke in wishing to surprise his wife, had forgotten to make provision for housing the horse, so a bath house had to be converted into a stall! The animal was so high spirited that Mrs. Willeke was in constant terror of him, and he was soon replaced by an automobile.

The latter conveyance was delivered at the door as another surprise to Mrs. Willeke. Soon after its arrival it began to rain. No one there knew how to drive a car, so Mr. Willeke had to push it into the barn! One day they had driven to town and when Mrs. Willeke came out of one of the shops she found a new car, which her husband had quickly changed for the old!

Mr. Willeke, in addition to being a musician, is something of a carpenter, and his improvisations in both lines are remarkable! At one time he converted a chicken coop into a small studio for his friend Gerald Warburg. It was near the house at Blue Hill, and Mr. Willeke used to hang a sign, "Do It Now," on the door for Gerald's benefit.

Most of the world's royalty has heard Mr. Willeke play, and most of the Presidents of the United States who have been in office since he came to America. The walls of the hall in his New York apartment are covered with photographs of famous personages who have been his friends and pupils. In Norway he was intimate with Bjørnsen, Ibsen and Grieg, with whom he played the latter's 'cello sonata at the Crystal Palace in Copenhagen. "I remember walking with Ibsen once," he recalled, "when suddenly we came upon a life size statue of him in the public square. He stopped and turning to me said, 'Isn't it a shame for me to stand as a dead man there!'"

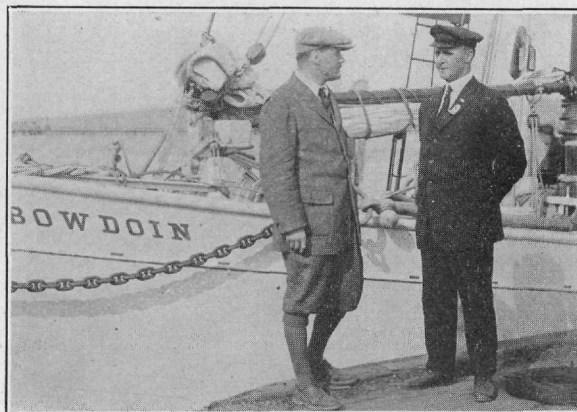
Mr. Willeke has had a busy life since America has claimed him. In addition to his activity as a member of the Kneisel Quartet he has conducted the New York Symphony on tour and in New York, conducted a season at Chautauqua, been made director for life of the South Mountain Music Colony at Pittsfield by Mrs. Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, founded the Elshuco Trio of New York, and has been and is Head of the 'Cello Department of the Institute of Musical Art, and Conductor of its Symphony Orchestra. He has also found time to appear before the public as soloist and to lead hosts of young people along the road to fine musicianship.

Among the great number of his pupils who have distinguished themselves are Marie Roemaet Rosanoff, winner of the \$1,000 Loeb prize; Phyllis Kraeuter, who received the same prize, the Naumburg Foundation prize and the Schubert Memorial prize; Julian Kahn, who gained the Naumburg Foundation prize; Alden Finckel and Carl Stern, both of whom were recipients of the \$1,000 Loeb

prize; Mila Wellerson, who won the Naumburg Foundation prize; Milton Prinz, 'cellist of the New York String Quartet and member of the Philadelphia Orchestra; Victor de Gomez, solo 'cellist of the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra; and Arthur Zack, solo 'cellist of the Cincinnati Symphony.

That Mr. Willeke ranks with the greatest players of his chosen instrument is amply borne out by tributes which he has received from some of the foremost critics in America. In connection with his engagement as soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under the baton of Frederick Stock, it is interesting to note the estimate of Mr. Willeke's playing given by the critic of *The Chicago Tribune*.

"Mr. Willeke is a 'cellist who may have equals in the concert world," said *The Tribune*, "but if so they have not been heard in Chicago. Not only in beauty of tone, in temperamental warmth, and in musical taste and intelligence is he among the foremost of his colleagues, but in certain technical abilities he is unique. Indeed if one desires a standard of comparison by which to measure Mr. Willeke's art, it must be sought in the playing of Fritz Kreisler. There is the same meaningful enjoyment of



Mr. Willeke with Mr. McMillen, the explorer, upon the latter's return to Maine from an expedition.

dynamic contrast—the same vigorous rhythmical life, the same suggestion of polyphonic movement."

"The kids played very well," he said with a twinkle in his eye, in reference to the concert given by the Institute's orchestra at Carnegie Hall on June 2nd. "It was a difficult undertaking. You know the nervous strain on everyone concerned is very great in a public concert when the performers are just learning. If the conductor makes a single unexpected movement the whole thing may be ruined!" Mr. Willeke has already left for a vacation at Blue Hill before he goes to South Mountain for his summer teaching. He gives scholarships so that those fortunate pupils who go there to be with him have only to pay for their lodging and board in the village of Pittsfield. "It has always seemed too bad that students should forget during the summer what they have learned during the winter, so we solve the problem by learning during the summer too, and having a grand time doing it!"

Well, Mr. Willeke is just like that!

Finale

Cosima and Bayreuth

By Helen Salter

THE passing of Wagner's romance with Mathilde Wesendonk—if one can imagine the "passing" of a love affair so poetic that it will live forever in the minds of music lovers of future generations—left him more the Master than the Man. More intent on realizing his ambitions. He wanted his works presented to the world in all the perfection of their immortal beauty—as he had dreamed and hoped for so long.

Here the extraordinary figure of Cosima Von Bülow emerges in the pattern of Wagner's life—she who was destined to exert a most powerful influence in helping him to realize these dreams.

So much has been written about Frau Cosima that is conflicting and confusing, and it seems difficult for any one writer to present a true and unbiased picture of this colorful and dynamic personality.

She was the daughter of Franz Liszt and was first the wife of Hans Von Bülow, who later gave her up to Wagner when it appeared that the need of these two for each other was greater than the claims of husband or children.

Cosima possessed a rare understanding of the great Master's ideas, and she set out to help him achieve their fulfilment with all the intentness and zeal she possessed. It was said that people either disliked her immediately, or became devoted to her. There was no passivity in association with such a character as hers.

Cosima and Wagner were married, and their son Siegfried has done much to carry on the work of his famous parents. After their union the tremendous enterprise of the building of Bayreuth was conceived and carried out. Thus Wagner's dream of democratizing music and art was coming true. Here was a setting fit for the Gods themselves, and here Cosima ruled like a real queen. But, exhausted in spirit and body with the working out of this great scheme, Wagner died in her arms in 1883, and with his passing went the soul of one of the greatest musical geniuses the world will ever know.

After his death, Cosima continued to rule with an iron hand everything concerning the Festspielhaus. There was bitter criticism of her arbitrary methods and she made at that time many enemies as well as friends.

She did not give up the reins of government, however, until old age and illness had deprived her of the tremendous energy and ambition that had helped to make the works of the great master memorable in musical history.

There was later a long twilight at Bayreuth and it was thanks to Siegfried Wagner that the Festspielhaus was again opened and the pilgrimage from

all parts of the world to this shrine of music lovers recommenced.

This summer will again find many visitors in this quaint, provincial, Franconian town, situated in pleasant, rolling, agricultural country. Through prettily planted trees and shrubs paths wind to the summit of a hill where stands the theatre, devoid of any architectural ornamenta-



Wagner in his Bayreuth home, 1880, with Cosima (his wife), Franz Liszt (his father-in-law), and Hans von Wolzogen (a friend).

tion, but fine in its nude proportions showing the practical use to which each part of the building is devoted.

Also at Bayreuth is "Wahnfried," Wagner's house, and the garden beyond it with his grave. Dr. Damrosch has pronounced a visit to Bayreuth an investment in one's soul—in which we too rarely invest anything.

Nothing that may be written of Wagner's life in the future will equal the beauty of the record of his romance with Mathilde Wesendonk, who came into his life at a time when his genius demanded poetic inspiration for the creation of his greatest works.

Cosima filled a different need. She came to him when he required a powerful and tireless ally in presenting his art and works to the world. For sheer dynamic energy and force of will Cosima will always remain an outstanding figure of the last century.

But to hear what by many is considered to be Wagner's noblest work—*Tristan and Isolde*, is to know that the inspiration of a great love touches depths that are left unstirred by worldly ambitions. Wagner's "Isolde" will always remain the expression of the highest beauty which the soul of the master ever attained in life, and this opera will be known, as it is now, for the immortalized story of this love.

The Class of 1930

Biographical Sketches of the Graduates

By Albert Kirkpatrick

AGAIN the sand runs low and the caravan, having not exactly rested, but rather paused a minute, from the Well of Art to taste, moves onward, bearing away many of those who have graduated from their regular courses at the Institute. For the uninitiate let it be added that the "pause" in this case implies about the same degree of break-neck activity that Schumann attributes it in his Op. 9, so there may be a few who are not altogether disconsolate at the prospect of a chance to catch their breath and collect their scattered properties, mental and spiritual.

Many, however, will come back again to resume the arduous ascent, some of whom are already post graduates with various enviable degrees, but none the less content to keep Pegasus hitched to the plow a while longer in a commendable effort to better the manners of the brute and teach him some new tricks.

May all good luck, as well as the Graces and Muses, attend you blessed unfortunates who leave us not to return. You will miss much that you value here, but think how sweet your slumbers will be, no more tormented in the weird hours by visions of the awful augminished 9-10-11.

Let the trumpet then be sounded while the roll is called.

DEPARTMENT OF PIANO

John Ahlstrand

Like Abu Ben Adam, John Ahlstrand's name leads all the rest, though with less alliterative stress. He is one of those "born on the day of his birth." We are happy to be able to announce an approximate locality, Jamestown, N. Y., where the "Jolly Journeys In Melody Land" were first inflicted.

Mary Allison

She was born, she tells us, on the Steppes of Central Texas, making her musical debut at the mature age of three when she stood on a table and sang the then popular "Oh, Johnny," for a college entertainment. She reports more encores on this occasion than she has ever had since. Her mother, a graduate of the New England Conservatory, was her only teacher until she came to the Institute last year. She has been studying with Mr. Newstead and plans to return next year.

Dorothy Bachman

Born under the sign of Virgo, which, as any reliable handbook on astrology will tell you, means something. The good stars in her horoscope deferred the inevitable piano lessons for nine happy years, then Saturn began influencing Venus, and Dorothy found herself all tied up

with lines, spaces, black notes, white notes, etc., etc. Certain lunar manifestations indicate that she was born in this city but has since traveled west as far as Newark.

Mildred Becker,

from St. Paul, in the "Land of Ten Thousand Lakes," has also been fortunate enough to have a former Institute graduate for a teacher, Mildred McCabe, whose advice finally directed her here. She liked it well enough to stay three years.

Henry Brant

has always been afflicted with a mania for composition from which at the present date he shows no signs of recovery. Some of the bitter-



Elizabeth Stutsman
Assistant Editor of THE BATON
and Vice-President of the Graduating Class.

sweet fruits of his malady were tasted with very evident relish by an audience of the cognoscenti at an Institute recital this spring with the happy result that he was awarded \$150 of the Seligman Composition Prize. This at the age of seventeen. His early training was received in Montreal, his home.

Leah Brown

Native habitat, New York. Miss Brown started to study both violin and piano at the age of five and surprised her first audience by playing the violin with orchestra and giving piano solos on the same program. She has had a Juilliard Scholarship for two years, studying with Gordon Stanley. This summer a Steinway Scholarship takes her to Fontainebleau, after which she expects to return to the Institute for her Maturity Certificate.

Lorenza Cole,

a Californian, who now lives in Seattle, began her musical career at the age of seven. She has gained a whole list of scholarships and has studied in several large cities and has also given many successful concerts. A Juilliard Scholarship brought her to the Institute two years ago and will keep her here another year, after which she plans to study with Matthay in London.

Lorena Gildner

1906—Born, Allentown, Pa.

1924—Entered Dana Hall, Wellesley, Mass.

1925—Left Dana Hall.

1926—Entered I. M. A.

1930—Left I. M. A.

Lots of nice things must have happened some place along that trail, but we will never know.

Theresa Gramigna

Date of birth (enviously suppressed).

Place of birth (noisy New York).

She says it seems as if she has always taken piano lessons, changing from one teacher to another until she landed at the Institute where she moored her bark by the door of Mrs. McKellar, to whom she expresses the deepest gratitude for the training she has received.

Gladys Helfman

is another native New Yorker and says several interesting things in her own way—"before I start I want to warn you that you had better preserve this epistle as the writer may one day become famous—ahem! I was musical from the very start. History shows that the sound of a fork as it touched a plate never failed to attract my perfectly pitched ear. I started my famous career in the preparatory center of the Institute and then proceeded to Miss Strauss, under whose able guidance I continued up to my present state of graduation."

Clare Helmer

improvised her first double period in Duluth, Minnesota. We suspect it was vocal and extended in every possible direction. After graduating from high school she taught piano for two years before coming to New York. She has been here for two years.

Margaret Julch

"At the age of three I used to amuse myself by playing old German waltzes on my toy piano to the accompaniment of an ancient phonograph. I began my piano lessons five years later and have been at it ever since, right here in my native New York. The organist of the small congregational church I attended had to leave and I was given the opportunity to fill his place although I didn't know much about the organ. Later I formed a Junior Choir which has been very successful *so far!* I entered the Institute upon graduation from High School. I guess you know the rest of my life's history! This summer I am spending in Germany with relatives."

Bernard Kirshbaum

started doing things in San Diego; among

others, piano lessons at the age of nine. He played in all of his school orchestras and on graduating from Junior High, received a certificate of merit in music. He gave his first public concert at the age of 14 and two years later was granted a scholarship by Sigismund Stojowski for study in his master class in San Francisco. This was renewed for the session at Los Angeles. Shortly afterward, he set out for New York to continue under Mr. Stojowski's instruction. Because of interest in orchestra work he became a member of the American Orchestral Society and specialized in triangle playing! Two years ago the desire for a general musical education led him to these stately halls.

Marilla Kohary

is now on the staff of the National Broadcasting Company. She has previously done a great deal of work over KDKA in Pittsburgh, her home. A music club of that city granted her scholarships for two years.

Beatrice Kroll,

at the age of three years, was to be found somewhere on the vast Atlantic en route from Paris to New York. Concerning the next hundred years, she says, "After my graduation from high school, in 1927, I made straight for the Institute where I have completed the first lap of my long journey under the excellent guidance of Mr. Newstead. Two questions are invariably asked me.

(1) 'Are you related to *the* Mr. Kroll?'

(2) 'Is your hair *naturally* wavy?'

Answer: (1) 'I don't think so.'

(2) 'Yes, it is.'

Isabel Lehmer

spent her early days in Omaha, playing the plaintive gousla. That was before the big tornado. Afterwards she found herself in New York and took the inevitable trail to 120 Claremont.

Abraham Lipshutz

Born—London, England, 1907 A.D.

Began piano at the age of 8.

Though we rack our poor brains most unceasingly no inspired gleam comes to tell us aught of this mysterious person's dark past. History has very little to say of the year 1907 A.D., and as to "the age of 8," we can think of nothing except the parrot's refrain in Treasure Island.

Wallace Magnani

seems to have begun life in high school at Flushing, whence he graduated in the natural course of events. After that the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute saw him for a year. Having disposed of three years with us he faces the future with the best possible intentions.

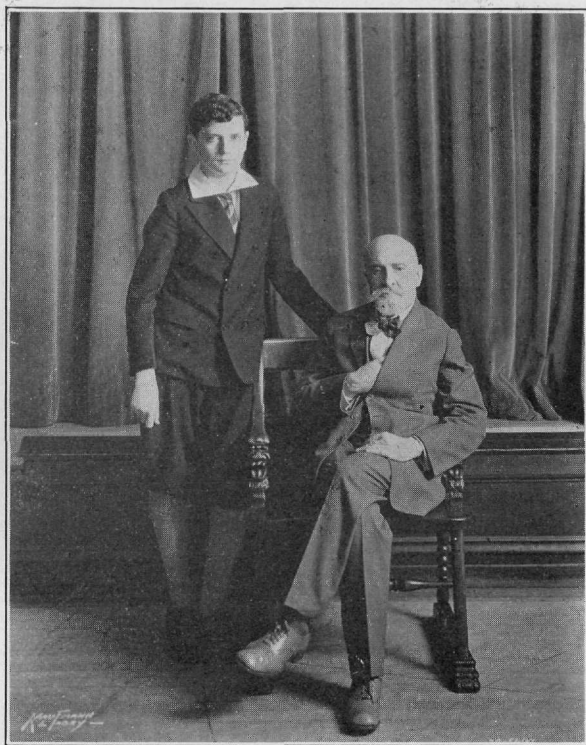
Dorothy McLemore

was born on the lovely island of Nantucket, 3,000 miles off the coast of Spain, among the roses and honeysuckle, but they moved her to New Jersey where she graduated from high

school magna cum laude. Since then she has been enjoying her lessons with Mr. Herzog immensely. She is ambitious enough to want to do college work and post graduate courses here next year. So, we shall probably see more or less of her!

Jeanne Mills

originated in Pine Bluff, Arkansas. Since high school days she has been swooping across the country in a most destructive manner. Her first depredations were committed in the Cincinnati Conservatory from which she emerged with a teacher's diploma. Unsatisfied with this, she descended upon the Kidd-Key Conservatory in Sherman, Tex., which after a gallant and gory struggle yielded an artist's diploma. After that she spent a year sharpening her tools with Edwin Hughes before invading the Institute.



Joseph Knitzer, winner of the Faculty Scholarship, with Leopold Auer of our Violin Faculty.

Maude Moore,

from the land of cotton, began her studies in the Birmingham Conservatory of Music in 1918. She graduated from high school and college before hiking over the Mason and Dixon line.

Hannah Neviasky

says "it's a long sad story, but here goes: I was born under the reign of his majesty King George V in London-town. We landed in America in time for me to start grammar school, but I didn't begin piano lessons until I was in my sixth-year classes. I went to high school in New Jersey, where they considered me a big help in musical activities and gave me a glee club pin for

nothing and an orchestra pin for something. Besides that, I got an honorary letter and a five-dollar gold piece for 'general usefulness.' I intend to return for post graduate work."

Norman Plotkin

has been keeping the zoo in an uproar since the age of seven. His early environment was very musical, for in addition to the cries of the animals, his father sang and a musician living with them practiced 10 to 12 hours a day. At 10 years of age he was awarded a gold medal by a jury consisting of Bauer, Godowsky, Hutcheson and Rachmaninoff. At 12 he made a Town Hall debut and at 13 entered the I. M. A. He has since played at least one part in the Bach three piano concerto in D minor. He reports his demise on June 2, 1930.

Doris Quinn

disappointed her native state by becoming a musician instead of a national president. She grew up in Cleveland and attended Western Reserve University for one year. Then she came east and has been studying with Miss Epstein ever since.

Grace Rabinowitz

Like the Mona Lisa, this little lady smiles but remains a creature of mystery. She discloses none of her past, but then her past hasn't been very long. This much the Associated Press whispered in our ear. She is a younger sister of Clara of pianistic notoriety and a pupil of Queen Elizabeth of our royal faculty.

Jean Robertson,

who hies from Warren, Pa., got her A.B. at Mount Holyoke College in 1923, majoring in English and minoring in organ. She taught piano and presided at the console of the Trinity Memorial Church organ in her native city. She gained a Juilliard Scholarship in 1927 and has been studying with Carl Friedberg.

Violet Rubinoff

was born and brought up in New York City. She graduated from the Ethical Culture elementary and high school, then completed three years college work at Columbia, where one of her professors labored under the delusion that she was a Russian countess, and a war refugee. She could never bear to enlighten him! She spent her summers, until recently, on farms, riding horses, milking cows and fishing at four in the morning. And, of course, managed to find time to take her music seriously.

Irving Schlein

has as his ultimate aim the gentle art of choosing reasons, otherwise known as musical criticism. He hopes to write in this line for *The Sun* next fall under Mr. W. J. Henderson, taking meanwhile his post graduate studies at the Institute. He too joins the chorus expressing most sincere appreciation for the excellent training he has received here.

Miriam Shields,

whose home state is Colorado, graduated from the University of Denver before coming east.

On the way the train got side-tracked near Philadelphia, so she just stopped off a year and studied there. In the interim the tracks were cleared and Miss Shields rolled up to the Institute on the first car. She's coming back next year, too; that is, if the train gets through.

Guy Snell

I was born in a small town in Illinois enough years ago so that I am now able to vote. I came to the Institute a few years ago before the voting years too and I hope to be able to continue my studies in the Post Graduate courses here.

Thyra Sundberg

has been immured in New Rochelle always. Almost, that is, because she somehow contrived to spend a year at school in Sweden, but that bane long time ago and the impression is sort of blurred. During her four years here she has done the regular solo and accompaniment work and "just slews of church playing."

Helen Thomson

Born in Great Notch, N. J. She attended the New Jersey College for Women and studied there for four years with J. Earle Newton, graduating in 1927. She received a scholarship from Percy Grainger in the summer of 1925 and a Juilliard Scholarship in 1927. She has been a pupil of Carl Freidberg.

DEPARTMENT OF VOICE

Adelaide Ahrling

Comes from New Jersey; is a graduate of the Hoboken high school academic course; sang at the commencement exercises; was graduated from the Angelus Academy; studied piano and voice for several years; then came to the Institute where she has been a student with Mrs. Dunham for the past five years.

She got here so fast we couldn't get a word in edgewise. But then, the main thing is to get them here. After that they take care of themselves. Miss Ahrling has been soloist in churches and in concert, and has done radio work both as soloist and as accompanist. Recently she has received a scholarship from the N. Y. Madrigal Club for next year's study.

Carl Ditton

Genus Philadelphiansus:

Claims there is probably no student in the Institute who appreciates its value more than he. We have no time to argue the point, but at least it shows he has a good heart. During the past year there were not enough hours of required work for graduation to fill up his schedule, so he took on such courses as would bring him to



Dean and Mrs. Frank Damrosch, members of the Faculty, and the Class of 1930 ass
Supper following the premiere

school every day—that he might "daily go into the temple," says he.

Does he aim for a great career?

"Nay, Nay! It is sufficient that every music student make of himself the best possible musician. If there is talent fame will not be far behind."

Richardson Irwin

It is not likely that many would suspect under the jaunty boutonniere and "five cent grin" of this most perfect of class presidents, a character veritably made to the hand of Horatio Alger. Whether you ask us or not, that is a sign of the triumph of the species. Self-made-men flourish wantonly in the most unexpected places, but we all know how few have the shining virtue of reticence which distinguishes the true type.

Gather around the editorial knee, children, for we would a tale unfold; and let there be bardic music. A Brahms Rhapsody will do nicely:

He was a wee bairn and one of seven when the family migrated from the borders of Scotland to the wilds of western Canada. Tragedy followed them. He was left fatherless and with an invalid mother. Richardson became the mainstay of



assembled in the Institute Restaurant on Friday evening, May 30th, for the Graduation performance of "Iolanthe."

each knowledge and experience. He won medals, played in bands, fell in love, worked in various capacities in music stores, became bandmaster and found it necessary to explore the mysteries of every wind instrument, was both church soloist and choir master, became assistant manager of Canada's largest western newspaper, organized one of the first Radio broadcasting departments, interested himself actively as a leader of boys' clubs, Y. M. C. A., and church work, and did some lay preaching! He never quite recovered from the love episode but says he is lucky in cards.

After obtaining a degree of "Licentiate of Associated Boards" of the Royal Academy, London, he joined the famous Winnipeg Male Choir which sang in New York and was ultimately to bring him here permanently. He had spent several summers in study with Herbert Witherspoon in Chicago, and after enjoying a nervous breakdown came back to New York City. For reasons of health he detoured through Europe before entering the Institute. He has been here three years, his last teacher being Mrs. Toedt.

Richardson plans to spend a rather well earned vacation in the Canadian Rockies. He hopes to return to this school next season. As New York is now his permanent home he has taken out his first citizenship papers.

As hinted in the beginning and without any attempt to explain the phenomenon, this exceptional fellow believes in the efficacy of smiling. He certainly ought to know!

Elizabeth Miles

Her first piano teacher has never been well since. That was when she was eight years old and lived in New Haven, Conn. She reached the Institute but had to join the host of Saturday's Children, so she left to tour all over the United States, in Lyceum and in Chautauqua. Emulating the great Bori she lost her voice for a couple of years and then found it again. Next she won a scholarship and now she's back in the King's Row.

Allie Ronka

began singing in the Duluth State Teachers College in Minnesota. She had her first vocal training here while teaching in New Jersey. For three years she has been studying under Mrs. Wood Stewart by means of a Juilliard Scholarship. She has had considerable concert, church and radio experience. She says she is "just going along, doing the best she can in the great army of aspiring sopranos." Ask us, or any one who has heard her "Dove Sono" and you will learn that "the best she can" is darn good.

the family, and for the next fifteen years, life in a strange land with its severe winters became a bitter struggle.

School had to be abandoned at an early age, but even before that time he worked after school hours. Spare time was not in his vocabulary, ever. Yet he managed somehow to keep up with an innate urge to sing. At the age of ten he determined to learn the piano, and lacking an instrument for practice, he painted a keyboard on a plank which served until the use of an old square piano five miles distant was offered him. To earn money for the weekly lesson, Richardson lighted fires through the long winters for Orthodox Jews. Starting at sundown Friday, he covered a route of about fifteen homes, visiting them every two hours until Saturday night.

Very soon he was singing in churches and in concert, studying music from handbooks as he traveled, and continuing to earn not only the means for his education but also sufficient to make the first payment on a home for the family. This, the first home life he had known lasted only five years. Then came the death of his mother and the trials of the Great War.

Thereafter Richardson engaged in almost every form of musical activity that the human frame can endure, gathering from

Anna Ruziak

born in New York City and educated in Bridgeport, Conn. She studied violin and was exposed to piano but neither took. At present she is being heavily inoculated with voice. Just to be sure of a hard case, she is coming back next year.

Elizabeth Stutsman

It happened in this wise. A small white placard on the Institute Bulletin Board, penned in THE BATON's best editorial handwriting, offered an opportunity to join the magazine's staff if certain requirements were fulfilled. Many students applied but the letter which conveyed the most favorable impression came from a new pupil named Elizabeth Stutsman. When sent for, she faced the Editor with big brown earnest eyes and decided shyness but with a manner that bespoke dependability, capability and calm efficiency. She could do all the versatile things necessary at editorial headquarters and so—after a due period of probation, she was appointed Assistant Editor of one of the world's best magazines!

After two years of hard labor her ardor for THE BATON and all its work (s) is undaunted and she even had time to get a diploma in the Singing Course, act as Vice-President of the Graduating Class and take part in "Iolanthe." We suspect it was her fairy wand which caused our dignified institution to break out all over in delightfully irreverent frills of purple and orange.

Be it known that our "Eliza" has never disappointed or failed in any respect whatsoever. Her loyalty, cooperation, and splendid intelligence have been an inspiration to all those who have had the pleasure of working with her in THE BATON Office. We hope there are enough courses of study at the Institute to keep her returning for more, year after year, until THE BATON is hoary with age!

As for what went before: She hails from Burlington, Iowa. There her first musical training was acquired from behind a davenport where she hid during the piano lessons of one of her little friends. When the teacher would exit, Elizabeth would emerge and make her friend point out the notes on page and keyboard. Thus she soon learned to read music. Singing was her chief love, however, from the age of three when she made her father, who knew one song,—something about a balloon,—sing it over and over again.

The first record she ever heard was by Kreisler and she puzzled for days over it, wondering how anyone could sing like that. A bad start in Ear-Training, says she!

The only things for which she ever teased successfully were a victrola, a piano, and a ticket for grand opera. The victrola resulted from her wails that the minister's family had a horn, a ukelele and a piano while "we have nothing." The piano was chosen instead of a pony. But the ticket for grand opera was never used because the tour of the Chicago Opera Company was cancelled on account

of the "flu" epidemic. But grand opera was finally accomplished by breaking out of Wellesley with two other girls and risking court-martial or something of the sort to get to a performance given by the Chicago Company in its visit to Boston. Lucia proved to be the evening's offering!

Following High School attendance in Des Moines where she also wrote the Class Show, she went to Grinnell College in Iowa for two years and finished at Wellesley where she studied singing with Edith Bullard and theory with H. C. McDougall for two years.

The Institute's fame was known even in Iowa, so hither she came and, to put it in her own words, "I have been studying voice with Miss Soudant, interviewing with Miss Crowthers, and how to enjoy life with the Institute in general!"

She admits that to change from a quiet unobtrusive life to the nervous existence of an interviewer of the great took courage, but she appreciates the fact that anxious moments bring opportunities to meet interesting celebrities. Her feature stories have covered Alexander Glazounow, Fritz Kreisler, Vladimir Horowitz, Albert Spalding and Mischa Levitzki. Editorial association has also acquainted her with Geraldine Farrar, Elisabeth Rethberg, Lucrezia Bori, Edward Johnson, Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, Yehudi Menuhin, and the Flonzaley Quartet. She most enjoyed having to poach eggs for Yehudi on one occasion and she declares the nicest celebrity of all to be Dean Frank Damrosch.

Mary Woodson

left one of the most colorful parts of the United States to seek this ferne halwe. Phoenix, most happily named, in Arizona is her home. Arid the zone may be, but giant cactus trees at evening are silhouetted against such flamboyant skies as many never dream of and at night the stars—well it's no use! You have to see them. Miss Woodson has been here three years with Mrs. Toedt, and hopes to return in the fall.

Margaretta Wright

(née Margarette or Margaret, history is clouded on this point.)

This little Miss is one of those increasingly few people able to look back over the "good old school days," with something like illusion. The fairy play in which she made her singing début, the class dramas, ball games, track meets and even the bogie chemistry are tinged with light in her enthusiastic memory. Lucky girl!

She also, has been studying with Mrs. Toedt and plans to enter the Teachers' Course next season.

DEPARTMENT OF VIOLIN**Santo Caserta**

From the land of New Caanan, Conn.; began his musical troubles at 8 years of age. He played in the Community Orchestra of which he is now concert-master, and in the Stamford Symphony Orchestra. Last year he gave a success-

ful recital and it is his wish to remain among those present until completing the Artists' Course. Three summer scholarships at Pittsfield, Mass., have galloped musically away, which is the annoying custom of such fauna.

Arthur Cohen

won first place for two consecutive years in the Iowa State High School contests. Upon graduating from high school he landed a Juilliard Scholarship and dashed right over. His present ambition is—to continue studying.

Joseph Habergritz

took 10 years to think it over before starting to apply the rosin. We mercifully draw the curtain on the next 5 years and open Act II with



Jeannette Epstein
Awarded the Loeb Memorial Prize of \$1,000 and a silver medal for the Artist's Diploma with Highest Honors.

his début at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. After having played for Mr. Kneisel he assaulted the Paganini Concerto. A year later found him among the anointed and under the guiding hand of Serge Korgueff. He will be back in quest of an Artist's Diploma.

Lionel Johnson,

a tall, blond gentleman who studies with a tall dark gentleman named William Kroll, of whom we have spoken before, hails from Cloquet, Minn. He started studying violin at the age of 13 in Duluth, his present home. He says he is very eager to return next year for more work, but not very certain about the possibility.

Irma Johnstone,

a native daughter of California, comes from Santa Cruz. She first heard a violin at the age of three, and was so impressed that three years later found her toiling away in a brave attempt at the manufacture of an instrument. She had, however, to submit to three years of piano before gaining her coveted fiddle. Her first teacher was an Auer pupil. She later won a scholarship

with Louis Persinger. She was an honor student in Santa Barbara high schools and after two years of college came to New York, "because the Westerners are not really musical." We are sure she smiled quite broadly when she said that, or else she doesn't know that they shoot 'em for much less out whar we come from!

Evelyn Klein

comes from New York. She was a gold medal winner in the New York Music Week Association contest, and has had a Juilliard Scholarship three years at the Institute. A scholarship from the Philharmonic Society has taken her for the past three summers to Blue Hill, Me., where she studies with Edouard Dethier. She was a member of the trio which won the silver cup (Grand Prize) in the national radio contest, 1928.

Joseph Knitzer

tells us that his good angel rescued him from the toils of Manhattan at the tender age of two months. He first associated himself with a fiddle in Detroit, Mich., but New York reclaimed him in his ninth year, and the next and last six seasons he has been studying with Auer and Gardner. Says he has no plans for the future; he just meets things as they come (including exams). Judging by the information contained in a small printed folder, things (including exams) are going to lie down and die in their tracks when they meet Joseph. It seems that he has already a repertoire of some 200 compositions and the praise of such men as Walter Damrosch, Efrem Zimbalist, and Toscha Seidel to back him up. In accordance with the advice of these authorities and that of his teachers, he has deferred a début recital until he reaches the age of 16, which if we calculate correctly should be next year. Let THE BATON beat a few bars of good luck to one whose future holds so great a store of brilliant promise. He will return as holder of the Faculty Scholarship.

Harry Needle

This one should have a good point. Well, here goes; he stuck around C. C. N. Y. long enough to graduate. Recitals in various cities have brightened his musical landscape considerably, and at present he is playing in the Esardy Trio. He seems to want another season here.

Louis Riemer

Graduated from Junior College in 1928 at his home city, St. Joseph, Mo. He turned his steps toward the rising sun the same fall. Before that, he had spent a season at the Kansas City Orchestral Training School under De Rubertis, who is now conductor of the Kansas City Little Symphony. He has captured a variety of awards for musical prowess and has held many scholastic posts of honor. Also, he made a record once, for a Kansas Company, of the Wieniawski "Scherzo Tarantelle."

Ida Rosen

Over the Brooklyn Bridge and back again. That's her daily dozen. She asks us, "Do you

know the story of the old woman who lived in a shoe, she had so many children she didn't know what to do? Well, I imagine that her sad plight applies to this case. And so, as the shoe began to pinch I sought music to ease the pain. Here I am; from here, where?"

David Sackson

Ah yes! The fellow who played a "Navarre" thing for two fiddlers with Sam Gurevitch, and had the whole audience in a rhythmic trance. We'd like a record of that one. David organized and played in the orchestra for "Iolanthe,"



*Allie Ronka
Leading soprano of the graduates'
presentation of "Iolanthe."*

the class Operetta. He is greatly interested, as are all fiddlers worthy of the name, in chamber music and has done considerable amateur work in this line already. He expects to be here again next year and eventually to gain an Artist's diploma. He has been sawing his way through a scholarship for the past season.

Rose Wolf

Liszt put her native land on every music rack, and Raquel Meller told us quite a lot about a city of the same name. She modestly says very little about either and adds, "Romance?—Oh, No!" Now should a girl from Valencia, Hungary, be allowed to say that? Of course she did leave home at a rather early age (two is the correct number of years), and began her studies at the New York Settlement school. After holding five years' worth of scholarships from David Mannes she earned a Juilliard one, and here she is!

DEPARTMENT OF VIOLONCELLO

Mary Hill

knew a man who knew a man who knew a lot about 'cello. The first man's name was Walter Schmidt. He knew quite a bit about 'cello himself and was Miss Hill's teacher during high school days in Philadelphia. But Mr. Schmidt was so great an admirer of Mr. Willeke, the second man, that once out of school Mary ferried over and has been burning horse hair for him, summer and winter ever since. Montreal

is Miss Hill's home. Her ambition is to continue the process in much the same way until death or mortification overtakes her.

Sara Howland

is studying with Willem Willeke, too. This is how it happened. One cold winter evening out in Plain City, Iowa, she was reading the evening paper just casual like, as usual, when all at once along came an article by F. A. Martin reporting an interview with Mr. Willeke. The article was in no wise hard to read and gave an interesting discussion of the artist's pedagogy as well as his playing. Sara was intrigued. Several nights later while twirling the dials, she heard a sound that made her heart skip a beat—the low and lovely honk of her chosen instrument. After four hours of tuning she got it and heard the Strauss Sonata by Mr. Willeke himself. That settled it.

DEPARTMENT OF ORGAN

Charlotte Graul

"My home is in Greenville, Pa. I lived with an aunt who taught music and was my only teacher until I came to New York, three years ago. After graduating from high school, I attended Hull College in Greenville for one year. At that time I was organist in a Methodist church and became so interested in the organ that I decided to study it seriously and to do more piano work, too. So I entered the Institute in 1927, majoring in both instruments. Now I am playing at the Church of the Comforter in the Bronx." Miss Graul received a diploma in both piano and organ.

Anna Hopkins,

young lady of Manhattan, has been at it since the age of six. She studied privately with Miss Carpenter during high school days and came to the Institute after graduating. She has continued here with Miss Carpenter for three years.

Everett Spawn

has already had his share of the busy life peculiar to organists in general. He says he was born in Johnstown, N. Y., as far back as he can remember. He has always had the music bug and played by ear long before he studied. After holding down several good jobs as church organist in the vicinity, he came to the big city and proceeded to do likewise here. In fact, the list of his churches sounds like a career in itself. He says things will probably go on and on like this. Than which, what could be sweeter?

Sidney Yussim

No more, alas, are the days when "He sees the villain strangle Hannah and steps upon the Vox Humana," never-the-less this gentleman is undismayed and expects to devote his days to the intricacies of his chosen instrument. As usual he had a round of sparring matches with the piano before crashing the Claremont gate and encountering the formidable stops and couplers. He's a New Yorker.

DEPARTMENT OF ORCHESTRA

Jacob Tillinger

rebelled successfully after a year in durance vile at the piano. After that, Nirvana for some years until the Goldman Band came to town. The succeeding few years were rendered hideous to the community by hearty and enduring blasts from a fledgling trumpeter. After a popular uprising, he decided to move to New York. First he took a degree in trumpeting, then changed his mind and decided to lend his lungs to shed lustrous tone on the opening measures of Brahms' No. 2. So now he has a diploma in French Horn.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SCHOOL MUSIC

Helen McPherson

Has been to St. Agatha's, St. Gabriel's, Barnard and Teachers College. At St. Gabriel's she heard Plain Song and supposed it was just good music gone wrong. It may not be entirely wrong but it certainly has one foot off the path of virtue. At Barnard she sang an appropriate ditty, "Beside the waters of the Hudson," and at T. C. learned to play the violin in one year. Then she taught voice and fiddle and a large number of other things until she finally came to the Institute to undo the cumulative snarls of a tangled past. She wishes she could stay. So do we.

POST GRADUATE COURSES

Suzanne Avins*Teacher's Diploma in Piano*

"I can well say that musically speaking I was born right here in the Institute, for I knew next to nothing when I came here. Up to that time I had lived in Paris, where most of the music I heard was supplied by German artillery. Just then canon bellicose concerned the world much more than canon musical, so my artistic cravings had to go unsatisfied until I reached New York. I am most grateful for the broad opportunities offered me during my eight years of study. I find great joy in teaching, and have done some very interesting experimental work at the Modern School in Stelton, N. J."

Bertha Eggers*Teacher's Diploma in Piano*

confesses cheerfully that she learned it all here in the space of five short years. She has held scholarships for three years. She's going back to Cohoes, N. Y., maybe for the summer, maybe for keeps. "Who knows?", as they say in Cohoes.

Ida Iacapraro,*Teacher's Diploma in Piano*

having thus far flung herself so successfully "against the windy hill," may she, too, "go down rose-crowned." She was born in the Bronx, studied at the Virgil Conservatory, became a member of the faculty and has taught at that school for 6 years. She has been a holder of a Juilliard Scholarship, and has appeared in many recitals hereabouts.

Edna Mason*Teacher's Diploma in Piano*

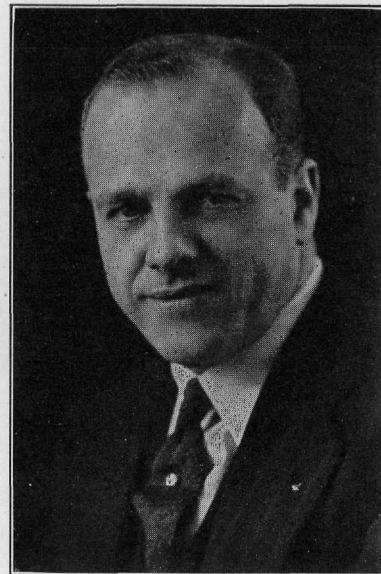
lives in Elizabeth, N. J. She went to the State College and completed the Music Supervisors' Course. In '28 she graduated from the Regular Piano Course and has since been doing private teaching and professional accompanying.

Marion Olive*Teacher's Diploma in Piano*

rides the Lackawanna in from Summit, N. J. She graduated from the Lincoln School of Teacher's College in 1926 and received the diploma from our regular piano course in 1928. Mr. Boyle has been her teacher these last four years. During the coming year she will be an assistant to Mrs. Satis N. Coleman at the aforementioned Lincoln School.

Edna Schafer*Teacher's Diploma in Piano*

THE BATON of June, 1928, hails her from Cranford, N. J. She still does, or is, or were (choose one). Her first piano lesson at six years of age,



Richardson Irwin
President of the Graduating Class,
who sang the principal tenor rôle
in "Iolanthe."

proved too great a strain, so they allowed her one year of grace. She is still making up for it. Two more years have been added to her several in Church work, with a bit of accompanying on the buttered side. This is her fifth year under the tutelage of Miss Adler.

Leslie Taylor*Teacher's Diploma in Violin*

She was born in Aberdeen, Scotland, but has lived most of the time in Kingston, Ontario. She studied three years with Leopold Auer, and five with Serge Korgueff, two years in New Hampshire and three at the Institute.

Virginia Walker*Teacher's Diploma in Singing*

came back from Saratoga Springs to get her

second diploma. She graduated from the Regular course two years ago and has had all of her vocal training under the instruction of Mrs. Toedt.

Gerald Tracy

Certificate of Maturity in Piano

History tells us that he comes from Salt Lake City, Utah; that he was born in Denver, Colorado, but moved to the land of the Mormons when eight years old. Of his musical activities, "Who's Who" will some day record these facts. His early musical studies in Salt Lake City were with Charles Shepard of the New England Conservatory. After graduating from high school in '25, he lived for a year in Norfolk, Va. The following year he spent at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, and then he came to New York to study with Arthur Newstead. He has been the holder of Juilliard Scholarships. He was a bright star in THE BATON's editorial firmament until professional musical engagements deprived us of him.

Catherine Carver

Artist's Diploma in Piano

We wonder how life appears surveyed from the lofty summit of an Artist's Diploma! And this is not enough. She won the Institute silver medal awarded to an artist graduate who attains highest honors. Of her life she says:

"I was born in Steamboat Springs, Colorado. Later I moved to San Francisco and went to school there. Graduated from Somer High School, Somerville, Mass., in 1924. I have studied piano through all my childhood and have given many small public recitals. In Jordan Hall, Boston, I gave my first big recital. Here at the Institute, I have held a Juilliard Scholarship for several years."

Jeannette Epstein

Artist's Diploma in Piano

Jeannette Epstein comes from a family of professional musicians. She was born in Chicago in 1912 and received her first instruction from her father. Later she studied piano with Heniot Levy. The last few years she has been a pupil of Mr. Friedberg and has studied with him both at the Institute and in Europe. Miss Epstein has appeared successfully in many concerts. She has been soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and with the Institute Symphony Orchestra. The coveted Morris Loeb Memorial Prize of \$1,000 was awarded to her together with a silver medal for highest honors.

Victor Weeks

Artist's Diploma in Trombone

Certificate of Maturity in Practical Theory

"Spent the first few years of my life in Boston and then moved to Sacramento, California; graduated from the High School there. The next fall I came to the Institute and have been studying with Mr. Clarke."

EPILOGUE

Graduate diplomas in the Piano Department were given also to Cinnabelle Burzinsky, Mary

Cawley, Arline Florschütz, Inda Howland, Arnetta Jones, Vestilla Lassiter, Fay Lewis, Mary Lynch, Novella McCrorey, Solomon Sax, Anna Schlessel, Mina Sussman, Bernhard Weiser, Leah Williams. In the Violin Department, to Virginia de Blasiis, Betty Etkin, Fima Fidelman, Samuel Gurevitch, Ruth Howell. In the Violoncello Department, to Rozella Hinton; in the Department of Public School Music, to Helen Tilly.

Post Graduate diplomas were given also to Jean Kaplan, Russell Kline, Romola Singer, David Mankovitz and Hall Axtell.

None of the above mentioned responded to repeated requests from Class President, Vice-President, and editors for information. Whereupon THE BATON raises its eyebrows ever so slightly and, shrugging its shoulders, subsides into dignified silence.



Willem Willeke with his ensemble class (including half a dozen of this year's graduates) at Pittsfield in the Berkshires.

ANOTHER GRADUATE

The following clipping tells its own story:

San Francisco has been introduced to some extraordinarily gifted young American artists this season. Probably none has made a more signal success than Margaret Hamilton, who gave an intensely vivid and brilliant performance of Saint-Saëns fourth piano concerto with the Symphony Orchestra.

Miss Hamilton's playing is dynamic in every sense of the word. She has unlimited poise and a technical assurance based upon competence. Depth of tone and insight, and an appreciation of dramatic as well as musical values supplement her purely pianistic equipment, which, on Friday afternoon, seemed capable of crisp or fluid-like runs at any tempo without sacrifice of clarity, nuance, or rhythmic stability. Technical fluency and a gift for forceful dynamic contrasts are component parts of Margaret Hamilton's pianistic art. And her interpretation reflected a sound musical intelligence.

The orchestra cooperated splendidly, giving the soloist an exceptionally good accompaniment under Alfred Hertz' baton. The ensemble also cooperated with the audience in giving Miss Hamilton an ovation.

P. S. Margaret Hamilton is a pupil of Miss Elizabeth Strauss and a holder of the Artist's Diploma of the Institute.

Mme. Prunetiere's Soirée

A Summer Idyl

By Joseph Machlis

A CASUAL passerby, strolling from the Rue Grande along the Rue de la Cloche, down to where that prim little thoroughfare straggles into the Forest of Fontainebleau, at around six o'clock of a summer afternoon, would have noticed nothing particularly worthy of his attention. A hush over the reserved gray stone houses, secluded behind their blank noncommittal walls. From behind which, every now and then, a servant-girl clattered forth, with her buckets, towards the pump on the corner. Therefrom might be deduced that active cooking was going on within. At seven the scene remained unaltered, except that now no one approached the pump. From which one might conclude that active eating was going on within.

It was fully three-quarters past the dinner-hour, by the sonorous chime of the town-hall clock, that Mme. Prunetière, with much asthmatic wheezing and puffing, undid the heavy wooden shutters, laboriously thrust her ample figure through the window-frame, and in that strident husky baritone of hers, startled the wooly shadows of approaching twilight: "Mme. Lefèvre, bon soir, Mme. Lefèvre." From seemingly infinite distance, beyond the closed shutters at the other side of the street, came trailing the faint shrill response. "Bon soir, Mme. Prunetière." Whereupon that worthy withdrew herself, and ordered Monsieur Prunetière to take out the chairs. This was the nightly beginning of Mme. Prunetière's sidewalk soirée.

How clearly I can see you again, kind, fat, jovial Mme. Prunetière, most amiable of landladies, most considerate of women. With your shiny rotund face, faintly reminiscent of a plate of ice-cream after it has been licked to a blank cleanliness by an industrious youngster; with your massive brows always on the point of blossoming forth with beads of perspiration. And those calm, serene, cow-like eyes, that had seen so much of misery and sadness, and yet were so ready, at all times, to twinkle and smile with the zest of life, with the merry flavor of a good jest. I can see you, looking very uncomfortable, and suspiciously clean, of a Sunday morning, dressed in black, arrayed in all your genteel finery, setting out for an early Mass; afraid to turn your massive neck, lest that monster of a hat, adjusted with so much labor, go awry once again. I can see you, more in your element, on a Tuesday morning at the market place, enormous, towering, jabbering and haggling and caterwauling over the price of cauliflower, with your immense arms flinging wildly between the folds of your leather marketing-bag; in your eyes the furious defiance of a Penthesilea sallying forth to do battle. Ah no, they cannot cheat you when it comes to vegetables, you whose broad pro-

vincial vowels still smack of Alsace, of broad fields, and thatched cottages, and the sweet pungent odors of an open field. . . .

But best of all I can see you on those clear summer evenings when you sat, enthroned, in front of your two immaculate doorsteps, holding your nightly official reception. On your right Mme. Lefèvre, with protruding jaws always munching something or other, skinny, bony, huddling to her black shawl; looking very much as though she had just stepped from the pages of Balzac. And Mme. Dubois, who had so much to tell—and so much to listen to. And the husbands, grizzly, gray-haired rustics, in spite of the bare hour that separated them from Paris. Silently puffing away at their pipes, or contributing their share to the unceasing buzz of prattle and gossip. And the other stray neighbors who had sauntered along, to hear the very latest, in news, weather-forecast, or scandal.

Rightfully were you held the unquestioned social queen of that circle. Was not your voice the loudest, your laugh the heartiest, your smile the broadest, your flow of talk the most inexhaustible. Was it not your daughter who was the graduate-nurse at Paris, and who had tended the Marquise de N. when . . . ? Ah, what stories you had to tell of the charming Marquise if you chose to. And how often you chose. . . .

But now there is a slight lull in the conversation. Repartee flags. Gibes grow dull. It is nine o'clock, and you are expectant. You know that soon we shall come along, on our way from the Refectory. Ah, here we are. "Bon soir, M. Joseph. . . ." "Bon soir, Madame Prunetière. Bon soir, Messieurs et Mesdames." Praised be the gods, that's over.

I know what your opening sally will be. How is "la petite Amie?" Have I seen her already, or am I now on my way to her? I know it will do me no good to assure you that there is no such creature, that the seductive lady exists merely as a figment of your imagination. You will have it so. And all my sincere indignant denials and blushes will be misinterpreted as trickery. "The little sly rascal. How naïve and innocent he looks. Come, M. Joseph, last night I saw you . . . and, Mme. Lefèvre, well you want to hear when he came home. At midnight, mind you. . . ." Baffling mystery of the Rue de la Cloche. That I always hear you soundly snoring when I return, and yet you always tell me, to the minute, the time of my arrival.—Thus it goes on, with your powerful voice guffawing over my discomfiture, loudly betraying all my secrets to whoever may be pleased to hear; and giving me, with hurricanes of glee divers hints as to how to get on with "la petite Amie."

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But now it is already half after nine. Solemnly the chimes float through the bluish haze. A thousand-voiced eloquent silence is sinking over the immemorial forest. The quivering air becomes a jumble of "bon soir, Monsieur," "bonne nuit, ma chère," as the goodly company prepares to break up. Chairs pulled within doors, bolts slipped, wooden shutters carefully replaced to exclude what are considered the dangerous vapors of night-air. Another day gone by, placid, calm, with its petty excitements and hectic unimportances. Another day of your life, Mme. Prunetière; strangely like the one which preceded, strangely like the one which is to follow. Now a trembling stillness broods over the Rue de la Cloche. And already you, quite impressive in flannel nightgown and the inevitable peaked cap, are finding the one comfortable spot on your enormous feather-bed. And your rubicund face is already cockling and puckering into the thousand wrinkles of good, deep, honest, unimaginatively dreamless sleep.—Or perhaps you look once again upon the photographs of your two soldier-sons, which hang above the bed. Perhaps you sigh, and wonder that they should be no more, while you still tarry. Or perhaps your broad lips curve a smile of supernal wisdom, and resignation, as you glance at the Crucifix opposite. I know not . . . for, simple though you are, yet is your nature quite paradoxical. Only this I do know . . . that no matter when I return, you will be sufficiently awake to hear me.

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Albert Marsh, Institute graduate and member of the wood-wind section of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, wrote from abroad: "We have never before heard or seen such enthusiasm for music, and the hospitality could not have been exceeded, especially when one considers there are a hundred and fifty of us all told.

"In Milan alone there was a reception by members of the La Scala Orchestra, a trip about the city given by the Philharmonic, an invitation to a performance of Amico Fritz conducted by Mascagni at La Scala, another reception by Count Cigna and then something I shall never forget,—a party at Toscanini's own home.

"In this hectic mixture of inspired concerts and the best of good times I can but enjoy everything and congratulate myself every time I catch a train! But there is so much to do and I am so incapable of doing it all. That seems to be the only thorn in this fragrant European rose." And—he has promised to tell us more in an article for THE BATON.

THE 1930 SHOW

(Continued from Page 2)

gleamed from every corner of the room, and from the heads and clothing of the guests. Dr. Damrosch, in his short address, took occasion to observe that this was the first graduating class in the history of the Institute that had presumed to decorate the moose and deer heads which grace the walls of the restaurant. (We wonder whether or not Dr. Damrosch noticed the colors around the bust of the illustrious Beethoven, at the entrance to the Secretary's office!)

Following the Saturday evening performance, the Senior Class held its annual Ball in the Rehearsal Hall. This was likewise a brilliant success. It is indeed with a feeling of worthy accomplishment and satisfaction that the Class of 1930 may look back upon the fulfillment of its class activities.

—Reviewed by Arthur Christmann.

NOTE: THE BATON cover shows the 1930 colors, purple and orange.

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