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The Baton



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FRANK DAMROSCH, DEAN

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The Heavenly Music

A German Fairy Tale Retold

By Mrs. Frank Damrosch

IN the golden days of long ago the angels were allowed to come to earth to play with the little peasant children in the fields. The heavenly gates were opened wide and a radiant light fell upon the world like gentle rain. And the people on earth could look up and see the saints walking about among the stars and they waved greetings to each other from afar.

But the most beautiful thing of all was the wonderful music that came down from heaven. The dear God, Himself, had written this music and the angels played it on their trumpets and drums and fiddles. When the music began everything on earth was silent. The winds ceased to blow, the sea and the rivers stood still and the people clasped each other's hands and smiled.

No one nowadays can even imagine the strangely beautiful feeling that came to the people who listened to this music in those golden days. But these golden days soon were over.

One day the Heavenly Father ordered the gates to be closed, and the angels were told to stop their music for something had happened to make Him sad. That grieved the angels. Taking their music, they sat down on their little white clouds, and with their little golden scissors, cut the music into small pieces which they let fly to earth.

The wind carried them like snowflakes over hill and dale, through all the world. The people on earth each seized a piece, some a small one, others



They cut their music into small pieces which they let fly to earth.

a larger one, and they guarded them carefully as most precious treasures. For were they not a part of that marvelous music that had come to them from heaven?

However, after a time they began to quarrel, each one insisting that his piece of music was the best, and finally declaring that their own particular piece of music was really the only genuine heavenly music and that all the others were just fraud.

Those who tried to be very clever, and there were many such, added some queer flourishes at the beginning and at the end of their pieces, and thought themselves quite extraordinary. Some would play in the key of A, others would sing in the key of B! Some would play in major and others in minor, and no one understood the others' music, and there was horrible noise and confusion everywhere! Alas, so it is today!

But at the last day, the Day of Judgment, when the stars fall to earth, and the sun falls into the sea, and the people throng to the gates of heaven, like children who are waiting to see their Christmas tree—then the Heavenly Father will tell the angels to gather in all the bits of music of His heavenly notebook, even the tiniest ones, on which there may be just one little note. The angels will piece them together, the gates of heaven will open wide, and once more the heavenly music will resound, pure and beautiful as before. You may depend on it! That is what will surely happen!

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A Russian Composer at Work

A Moussorgsky Opera Reconstructed by Nicolai Tcherepnine

By Albert Kirkpatrick

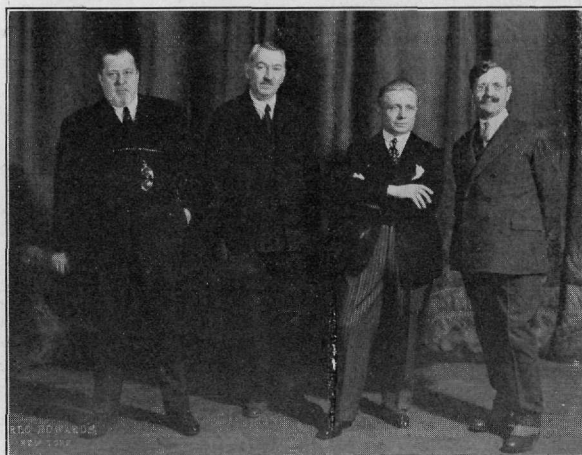
TO those devotees of the opera who have but lately, in accordance with the summons of various and sundry authorities, laid down their lyres and wept at the decay and even the demise of their much cherished kingdom of enchantment, a visit to Nicolai Tcherepnine should come as healing balm. Cantatrice, critic and Herr General Public may proclaim that the King is dead, but in the conversation of Mr. Tcherepnine one finds him living long and joyously. It is perhaps pretty well known that Tcherepnine was the last of four to attempt the habilitation of Moussorgsky's unfinished sketches and fragments of the opera "The Fair at Sorochintzy." Something of the glamour of the stage seems to lurk about his pleasant apartment, in the bizarre bindings of the music scattered over the piano. "Le Foire de Sorochintzy" first greets the eye, emblazoned in strange characters scrambled gaily across a futuristic background, just the sort of thing one would very much like to pick up and take home. After that, there is a choice wide enough to arrest the eye of almost any sort of musician—concertos, sonatas and chansons pour voix avec piano, orchestre, or what have you!

Tcherepnine abandoned the law in favor of music at the age of twenty-two. Entering the conservatory of his native city, St. Petersburg, where he studied composition with Rimsky-Korsakoff, he became conductor of the Belaiev Symphony concerts in 1901 and went to Paris in 1908 to join the Russian Opera Company directed by Sergei Diaghilev. During the next few years he visited various European capitals, becoming in 1918 principal of the Conservatory of Tiflis. In 1921 he settled permanently in Paris.

Rimsky-Korsakoff orchestrated part of Moussorgsky's "Salammbô," all of "Boris" and "Khovantchina," but was either uninterested or lacked time to assemble the fragments of "The Fair" which Moussorgsky had commenced six years before he died. In 1912 the first edition appeared, done by V. Karatzguine with the introductory music called "A Hot Summer's Day in Little Russia" orchestrated by Liadoff. Later I. Sakhonovsky took all of Moussorgsky's material, notes and words, and connected them with spoken dialogue, but not to the satisfaction of the majority. Next came César Cui, who tried to fill in the gaps with music of his own concoction, the resulting brew proving rather too heterogeneous for public consumption. Mr. Tcherepnine then chose the wise expedient of quoting from other of Moussorgsky's works, particularly the incomplete opera "Salammbô," an early work. His skilful conclusion of the love duet at the end of the first scene by means of a theme from the

appealing song, "The Banks of the Don," shows by what resourcefulness we have been enabled to enjoy the opera in its entirety, the whole impregnated with the spirit of the composer. The symphonic piece "Night on the Bald Mountain," also an early work, had been revised by Moussorgsky with the intention of incorporating it in the fantastic ballet, in which capacity it proved most effective.

The opera's first performance took place in Monte Carlo, but in spite of its numerous European successes it is at the Metropolitan Opera House of New York that Mr. Tcherepnine feels the work has really come into its fulfilment. He has the most enthusi-

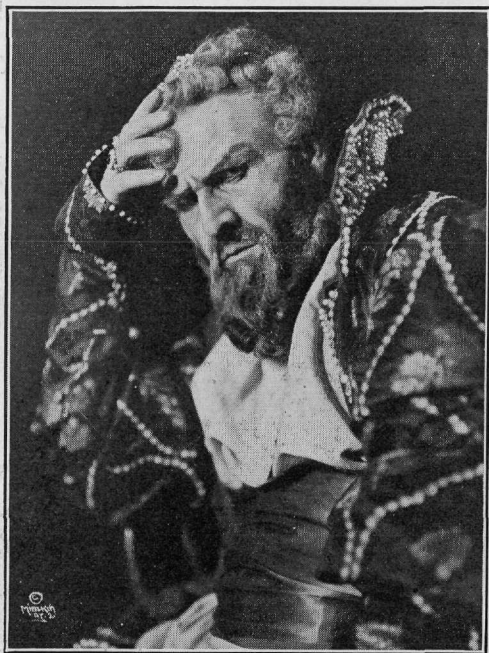


Left to right, Mr. Gatti-Casazza, Mr. Tcherepnine, Mr. Serafin and Mr. Setti.
(Courtesy of Carlo Edwards)

astic praise for Mr. Gatti-Casazza's production, for the imaginative choreography of Rosina Galli, for Mr. Setti's stage direction, and very especially for the splendid conducting of Mr. Serafin. "He is not merely the formal, gesturing conductor who leads his men through their business, he is the soul of the thing—he infuses the spirit of the work into the players." Mr. Serafin's task was the more difficult in that he had to instruct the artists in unfamiliar roles. The scenic effects provided a genuinely Russian atmosphere that left the composer nothing to desire.

So greatly has Mr. Tcherepnine been pre-occupied with the opera's production and its gratifying success that he has failed to "do" New York in the approved fashion—no bus or subway rides, no skyscraper views, just the venerable red chairs at 39th and Broadway, and perforce the ubiquitous interview. He is unassuming and friendly of manner, slightly over the average height, his close-cropped

hair suggesting the Teuton, but his suave voice and easy fluency immediately intimate the denizen of Paris. Although loath to discuss his own works he is eager to speak of those of his compatriots whom he finds truly gifted. Residence in Paris during the past years has somewhat severed his connection with the work of young composers of his native land, but he calls attention to several whose larger works he hopes we may have the opportunity of hearing: Vladimir Dukesey of New York, Nicholas Nabokoff of Paris, Maxime Lopatnikoff of Berlin, and his own son, Alexandre Tcherepnine, in whose genius he has very great confidence. "Not only in his gifts," he adds with pointed emphasis, "but in his ability to work and in the seriousness with which he considers the purpose of his art."



Feodor Chaliapin as Boris Godunoff in Moussorgsky's masterpiece of that name.

The high quality of the best of Moussorgsky's music may tend to show up the weaknesses of his lesser efforts, hence it is that some have noted inequalities in the score of "The Fair." Lawrence Gilman has called Moussorgsky "one of the supreme tragedians of music. He was a satirist, a parodist, a master of comedy. He had genuine wit, sometimes robust and rollicking; sometimes subtle and fine-spun; and sometimes he would turn from his amused and ironic contemplation of the eternal harlequinade and stab us suddenly with some stroke of ineffable tenderness and pity for the poor human creatures struggling in the web of life." Such music we have for the poor cowering fool left weeping in the snow at the end of the fourth scene in "Boris." It is infinitely moving, and we need not expect its equal in "The Fair," but we can be supremely grateful for the brilliant work of Mr. Tcherepnine in rescuing some delightful shavings from the workshop of a man of genius.

GATHERING FOLK SONGS

With Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dickinson

By Irving Kolodin

THE relationship of July in Majorca, or August in Spain, to Christmas and Christmas music in America, seems not only remote but non-existent to our minds, accustomed as we are to brisk weather, tingling noses, and lofty churches as the inevitable setting for the carols and chants of mid-winter festivity. However, the most recent inquiries of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Dickinson into the folk-carols of Christmas occurred last summer in the Mediterranean countries during the warmest and sunniest months of the year. Their researches (which have yielded a list of one hundred and seventy-five compositions during twenty years) were particularly rewarding on this trip, as they unearthed a considerable quantity of interesting material, which included a few choice compositions not previously published in any form.

"One's success," said Mrs. Dickinson, "depends as much on good fortune as on any other single factor. Of course when one has been engaged in this work for a number of years, as we have been, there are sources and connections which are accessible, and productive, at intervals, of fine results. We visit all the churches and monasteries of the region in which we are, consult the local musicians, try to live the life of the people we are visiting, and hear them sing in the fields, in their homes, and in the churches."

Mrs. Dickinson considers the most interesting discovery of last summer's trip to be a Corsican folk-song, at least three hundred years old, which has never been published before. In the Dickinson arrangement it is called "In a Stable Mean and Lowly." The text is a joyful recital of the birth of Christ, and concludes with a pæan of devotion. Musically, it has the simplicity common to all folk-music, consisting almost entirely of a single motive of two measures, repeated numerous times with very slight variations. Written in common time, it has a curious rhythmic alternation of measures containing two beats, with the predominant four beat measures.

From a Russian musician, exiled from the country of his birth, the Dickinsons obtained an Anthem for mixed voices, which also has not been published before. This composition, whose author is not known, is recorded, in performance, for over two hundred years in the monastery of Saint Simon, in Moscow. The current period of change in Russia has had a disastrous effect on the religious institutions of that country, and the preservation of documents and manuscripts is of particular importance since they record the music of a folk unsurpassed in the richness and beauty

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An American Teacher in China

Institute Training for Oriental Musicians

By Ruth Bugbee

A YEAR ago Miss Ruth Bugbee, an Institute graduate who was teaching piano at one of the Preparatory Centres in New York City, would have been very much surprised indeed had she been able to look into the future and see herself, on December 25th, 1930, celebrating Christmas in China.

That she will do so is the result of her appointment last summer by the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Mission Society to direct the music department of the Shanghai Baptist College. This college, which was founded in 1906, is situated about six miles from Shanghai, on a fifty-acre campus along the left bank of the Whangpoo River. Ships of all nations pass daily the stately college buildings which include ten large and about twenty-five smaller ones.

The faculty for the middle school and college (the institution gives post-graduate, college, middle school, junior middle school, elementary and kindergarten work) consists of twenty-one Westerners and thirty-nine Chinese. Students come not only from the provinces of China proper, but also from Singapore, Java, Burma, Borneo, Honolulu, Australia and Korea. Co-education was started in 1920, Shanghai College being the first one in China to open its doors on equal terms to women and men.

Miss Bugbee, eager for the unusual experiences which a position in this school would entail, sailed in September to the glamorous Orient. Her ship, the President Pierce, stopped at Honolulu where the passengers were allowed to go for a swim, and stayed for a day at Yokohama and Kobi, Japan. During those days Miss Bugbee was entertained by Nobu Yoshida, a former classmate at the Institute who graduated some years ago, went back to Japan to teach and returned last year to the Institute for some post-graduate work.

The following account of her voyage and arrival, the visit in Japan and the "orientation" in Shanghai are described in excerpts from Miss Bugbee's letters:

This was the most thrilling day I ever spent. I was up on deck at 4:00 A. M. (without aid of an alarm clock) and watched the lights of Yokohama grow dim and sleepy as the day turned from pearly grey to blue. Ever so early the little fishing sailboats crept out of the dim edges of the harbor and out to sea.

The first boat to come out to investigate us brought the doctor and health officers. Then the customs people arrived, escorted by important-looking men who wore swords dangling behind them. These I found out afterwards were policemen, and the swords a hang-over from olden times. Originally

the Samurai were the only class of people allowed to carry swords, the sole weapon the Japanese had, so that when a need for policemen arose they had to be chosen from the Samurai!

We were inspected *violently* and during the line-up we acquired a pilot and docked on the tick of seven. It wasn't any time before Nobu and Miss Wells were on the boat. Imagine, away off here, to be met like that! When I told Miss Wells that Miss Olive (who is also on her way to Shanghai, to teach at a Methodist College) and I had already been interviewed and photographed by two newspapers, she said "of course" and that my name had



Their first piano lesson.

already been in a Japanese paper, that I was a celebrated passenger and that she would send me papers in which our pictures appear, if they do.

The rest of the Baptists were rather unsettled as to what they would do, shopping being their main idea, so my friends took me right away with them. We got into rickshaws on the pier. They call them "kurama" in Japan. By the way, they are nearly all made in a small town in Ohio, U. S. A. I couldn't possibly tell you how unreal it seemed, the three of us talking back and forth from our funny little carriages. There was only one tiny place where the road wasn't level, for which I was thankful.

Next to the quaint ride in point of local color was a sound I shall never forget, a perfect cloud of sound, the clatter, clatter, clatter of the wooden "getta" of sandals with tiny stilts under the soles.

One or two people walking along sound like a creaky, wooden wheel-barrow in the distance, but a busy street is a murmur which might be made by a field of giant mechanical locusts. We took a train, third class to see the most, from Yokohama to Tokio, about forty-five minutes. The train looked not unlike a New York subway train except that it had two overhead trolleys and each car had a spittoon fitted through the floor. My eyes must have been fairly popping as I watched the people.

In Tokio we "did" the largest department store in the Orient, Mitsukoshi's, from roof to cellar. Then we met a Miss Caroline McDonald, a world famous Canadian prison worker, who took us driving through Shiba Park where there are temples and gates, a beautiful lotus garden, pond lilies . . . !

We had a *foreign* lunch (meaning American) because I was starved for salad after the way the ship green things had been tasting of storage. Then Nobu called a taxi that is stationed at the corner of their lane to come get us. We went around the Imperial Palace and saw as much as possible of it and more parks, temples, etc. Then we went to Nobu's house, where the first thing I did on entering was to set my camera on the corner of her Mason and Hamlin and take a picture looking out through the Mme. Butterfly sliding windows into the garden. If my pictures are as good as those I have taken so far, I shall be able to send you almost an illustrated lecture about the house.

I was neither graceful nor quick about getting off my shoes before going into the house, but then more than half my attention was on the two maids who were on their knees inside, bowing and smiling. I was afraid I'd spoil the illusion—yes, really I was afraid to step on to a sort of porch passageway outside the bedrooms—but the houses are more substantial than they look.

We had Japanese tea and I played on the piano while the cicadas sang squeakily in the love of a garden and a tree toad said a few oriental words on some subject or other. I even got a mosquito bite having my picture snapped in the garden.

All too soon we had to return to Yokohama to embark again our our boat which left at 6:00 P. M. All day Fuji had hid itself. While we were waving at Miss Wells and Nobu, Miss Wells began to insist that we go to the other side of the boat. There was Fuji! The ship turned so that we could still wave to them as long as we could see them through the binoculars, and keep an eye on the mountain at the same time.

Can you picture Fuji against one of those low-lying, burnt-orange sunsets that is slow, slow to fade? Not only Fuji and sunset, but Venus growing brighter and brighter as the sky became dim and a more-than-half-sized moon made a wide silver light-path out to us. It was too much. I even went inside before it was all over because I couldn't bear it. We may still see Fuji in the morning if it is clear. There were people on board who had been to Japan for several stopovers such as we made and had never had a glimpse of the mountain before. They said we would not believe how lucky we were.

I am now in the midst of getting settled in my new home here at school. (Before I forget, I must tell you that I went to town yesterday to see about my freight and indulged myself by buying Countee Cullen's new book of poetry, half a pound of candy, a cake of Cashmere Bouquet soap, which smells the same as in New York. They scent Palmolive differently in China and most everything is more highly perfumed. Also I bought a stick of orange sealing wax and some incense. All frivolous!)

What a wild time I'm having, trying to get my schedule adjusted. If you know anything about schedules you know that their most common disease is "conflict." I wonder whether all cases can be stamped out! If so, I shall have thirty pupils on my hands, in addition to two hours a week of Music History, three hours a week of Harmony and three hours of Sight-singing and Dictation, one hour of Keyboard Harmony and one hour of Theory. The members of my normal class are as follows:

(Miss) Feng Tsai Ho, who has taught piano in a school in Soochow for four years.

(Miss) Sie Pei Djen, who looks like an American Indian and has more *correct* music history at the tip of her tongue than I have.

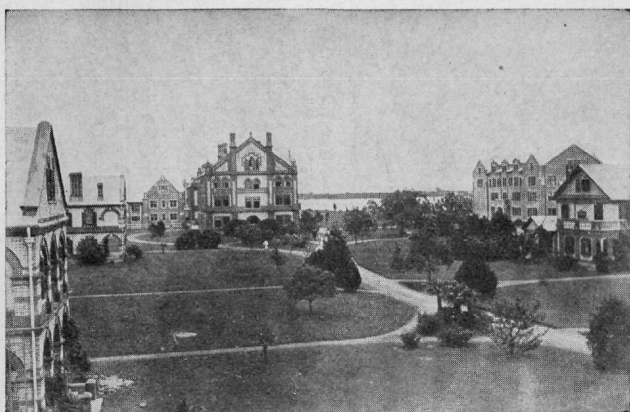
(Miss) Wang Siu Lan, who is a graduate of Ginling College, has taught in Singapore and is doing graduate work here. Her courses are Music (all of them) and Criminology.(!)

(Mr.) Yeh Hwei Deh, who is a flutist and also sings well—they are all in my church choir. He has studied with a pupil of Barrere and is to substitute conducting, or something that I specify, for the hour of practice teaching the girls are going to perpetrate upon the children of the foreign faculty (meaning, of course, the English faculty).

(Miss) How Loo Yuin, who is one of eight sisters. "How" is the family name, which the Chinese place before the given name. Two or three of them teach at McTyeire, a Methodist School in Shanghai. Three of them are here. How Loo Ming was discovered by me in the Y. W. C. A. room practicing the Bruch violin concerto. How Loo Ya takes Harmony (there are twelve in the Harmony class) and sings in the choir. They all sing very well, fortunately for me and the choir. Five of the eight sisters have already been to America to study. How Loo Mei was at the Institute year before last. I met her at a "Feast" given by the Shanghai Songsters (about which, more later) and it did not take us long to discover that I had taken the first ten dollar fee from her when she entered the Institute. She did not like New York very well. It was so noisy and confusing and she was quite helpless, having to go out to practice. After a year and a

summer she was so unhappy that she came home. How Loo Tuh, whose English name is Ruth, graduated from the New England Conservatory. How Loo Yuin will go to America year after next for some special study.

I have been very graciously received. Everyone has been so thoughtful and so kind about my stupidity over Chinese names. Please, everyone who loves me at all, watch out for Chinese girls in America. They are so shy and so precious. Somehow or other, even if they come without very great talent, if the Institute and other schools accept them, someone ought to try to help them learn how to get the most out of student life. I haven't wept for myself yet since I landed, but I have wept for How Loo Mei. I wish you could have seen her helping me through



Shanghai Baptist College Campus.

the intricate courses of that feast. Again I ask, please will someone try to find out whether the Chinese girls at the Institute are getting as much as possible out of their work? We need to have them come back bringing much with them!

It remains to be seen whether How Loo Yuin will concentrate on music or not after college. But I have a student, Djang Su Djen, who has taught for six years in Mary Farnham School in Shanghai. She studied with and assisted a Mrs. Wallace who studied at the New England Conservatory and in New York City. Miss Djang *plays*, really "plays the piano" as Miss Augustin would say. She is a freshman, so I shall have her for four years. She is the one I like to think I shall send to Miss Augustin at the Institute of Musical Art.

The twelve in my Harmony Class can hear intervals harmonically and melodically—perfect, major and minor, whether in a key or unrelated. It is unbelievable. It is also unbelievable that they can play at all with as little finger action and as stiff wrists as they have.

To get back to the "Feast"—on the 20th I went to Shanghai to visit Miss Olive for the first time. (She is the singer I met on the boat who teaches at McTyeire.) I found that the Shanghai Songsters were giving a dinner in her honor and that I was going to be taken along. I wish I had a better

memory. How Loo Mei (on my left) and a Mr. Wang (on my right) told me what each course was and how to eat it. There were at least fourteen courses but some were very slight. One was a skinny-looking sparrow, cooked whole with the head on. I couldn't pick it up very well with my chopsticks, and only succeeded in getting a tiny nibble from the breast. We had chicken cooked with mushrooms; chicken cooked with tender young pea-vines; chicken cooked with bamboo shoots. We had shrimps, crab and some big fish, also pheasant and ham, several varieties of pig, fat and lean, and a pigeon cooked in the midst of some things that looked like tiny sponges which, they explained, were fish bladders! The two greatest delicacies were sharks' fins, a gelatinous soupy stuff flavored with chicken, and "eight precious pudding," a paste of some sort of sweet black beans surrounded by eight precious fruits. There was a sauce that How Loo Mei called "almond soup" which was put into our dishes first instead of last as our pudding sauces are. Each person had a china spoon and an extra pair of chop sticks to "get" things with. The spoons, which we used to serve ourselves, had been in everything except our mouths, and since one could not eat pudding with chop sticks, we were given bowls of water to wash our spoons before the dessert.

Each new course arrives in a big dish over a larger dish, possibly with hot water in it, and each person helps himself unless he has two guardian angels to care for him as I did. That is why I said the extra utensils were to "get" things with. The hot damp bath towels that I had heard about and that are now becoming quite familiar, were passed around, one to each person, and collected again after hands had been wiped. It seems to be correct to wipe mouths also and to ask for a towel at any time to remove spots from the clothing. I drank my tea out of a real Chinese cup with a cover. The first few attempts were not very graceful. My nose seemed to want to fit itself into the raised section on top. To avoid nasal interference one must lift the cup, even throwing back the head rather than sticking it forward turtle-fashion to meet the cup.

After the feast we went back to Miss Olive's school where she sang and I played to some of the foreign faculty. I arrived back at college at 11:30 P. M. which is late, since everyone retires at nine or ten (except me, and not always excepting me). I had my flashlight with me, as I had already had experience getting around after the campus lights were out; twice I had fallen into the arms of my right-hand man and adviser in the choir and had decided that he was too valuable to use up as mere physical support. So I bought a good flashlight. This time the "juice" was off outside *and in* and I had to find the house and go to bed by the flashlight. At this moment I am writing by the light of a seven-branch candle-stick because the storage battery they use at night is ailing, not quite dead but very feeble.

Sunday morning I got up at six, worked on schedules till breakfast and then went to the Chapel to practise on the piano and rehearse the choir. I

used the first part of the C sharp minor and the first part of the E major Chopin Etudes for a Prelude, the Korngold Epilogue for Offertory, and the Handel Passacaglia for Postlude. From nine to ten the choir rehearsed, and then I practised half an hour till church time.

After church I flew by rickshaw to bus and by bus to the Cathay Hotel in Shanghai where Miss Olive fed me a real home dinner: broiled tenderloin steak and real cream in my coffee (first time since the cream on the President Pierce began to taste of storage, four days out). The steak and cream were the most important items but we had all the "fixings." We went walking on Nanking Road afterward and the crowd grew and waxed merry until we had to take rickshaws and beat a retreat. Even so, foreigners attract less attention in a city like Shanghai than in the interior.

Minnie Sandberg, Foreign Secretary from 152 Madison Avenue who is on her way around the world, was here yesterday and the day before. I was to go to meet her boat which docked at 7:00 A. M. The night before I had not been in bed very long when Dr. White knocked mightily at my door and asked if I were going in to the boat with him. That is (so far) the only time I have been called in the morning. I had had every intention of getting up at 5:45, which would have given me plenty of time, but as it was I was able to read the September Atlantic Monthly for three quarters of an hour before breakfast. Perhaps I shall try to get up earlier every morning and read, though Mrs. White is already shocked that I don't sleep more. Anyway we got in town early for the first tender that went out to the boat and found Miss Sandberg waiting for us. We brought her back to the college where she spoke in Chapel.

Dr. Liu took her to Shanghai to visit schools all day and in the evening I piloted her to a Sukiaki (Japanese food) party. We were to come back in cars but I had to go in by bus, rickshaw, etc. Mrs. White taught me to say "Chio Se Guen So" which means "Missionary Home" if you pronounce it better than I did. I tried it on several rickshaw men but it only made them laugh so I looked at a little diagram Mrs. White had drawn for me and pointed, saying "Way" when I wanted them to look which way I was pointing. To get them to stop completely one says "Ma-ma" (short A as in at) which means "wait." The Sukiaki party was great fun. We cooked the food over a gas stove in the middle of the table. We had a little private room upstairs in a place where we left our shoes at the downstairs door. Of course we sat on cushions on the floor.

The faculty had a tea for Miss Sandberg Wednesday, after which she spoke to the women students. One of the girls, who is a member of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, welcomed her and spoke words of appreciation, presenting her with a Shanghai College ring. She did it very well and had a great deal of poise. She is the secretary of my choir. The officers of the choir are the least of my worries. The girls laugh a good deal but they are all extremely

shy, all precious, and so beautiful that I expect some day to see them stepping into the frame of a picture or flattening out into a graceful pose upon a vase.

I envy the new teachers who are going to have a year of language study, though I wouldn't want to wait a year before getting to work here. I must have a teacher on the campus soon. In this land I am worse than illiterate for even the illiterate have words with which to think and speak about the objects around them. It is not true that because they speak English here we do not need to study Chinese. It may be true that we can get along without it after a fashion, but it is also true that I could not endure being forever smothered in a blanket of un-understandable language. Chapel and assembly are three quarters in Chinese. My choir was organized in Chinese. I could pick up a lot from children and servants, I suppose, if I had time to play with the children, and if I had a servant!

It is now eleven o'clock. One Chinese youth has been here to tell me that he has a conflict between Military Training and his piano lesson, and two girls have come by appointment to get four of my music histories to put in the reference section in the Library. I am expecting one carpenter and two coolies any minute to lug and open boxes.

Yes, my freight arrived yesterday. It was amusing and nerve-wracking at the same time and alternately. I remembered the way I used to stay in a back room and hold my ears when my piano was being moved in the U. S. A. This time I watched four coolies twist a not too heavy rope around the piano box and attach it to two heavy bamboo poles. They walked down two planks slanting from the truck to the ground, the ends of the poles on their shoulders and the piano swinging between them. I wish I had a victrola record of the sounds they made. I'm not sure whether they were singing or talking. If they had not been smiling I might have thought the sounds were partly groans. It was at least very rhythmic, more or less contrapuntal, and the pitches were harmonious!

My boxes have caused a good deal of excitement. Eight of them were on the front porch a long time yesterday. A coolie carpenter and Mrs. White's cook and house boy unnailed them and carried the stuff upstairs. They were as anxious as I to see just what was in each one. They got pretty well fed up on books and music, but there was one bright spot for them when my hammer with orange handle and goat's head came to light. And the Chinese chimes I had made of big nails hung on a stick of wood made them laugh. I direct them by sign language mostly when they help me. I haven't everything out yet, but it has been fun so far. I feel very, very much *here*, which makes the being here happy. Also I feel very much *not* in New York or anywhere else but here, which makes the not being there more permanent. Books, pictures, music. The clock, the chairs! I'm glad I didn't leave them behind. I do wish I were settled, but at least my books and pictures are all standing on their feet instead of their heads!

What Do You Speak

The Institute's Tower of Babel

By Margaret Kopekin and Frank Cirrillo

EACH new year as the Christmas season approaches, and the idea of the "brotherhood of man" recurs to our consciousness, we are reminded of the many people from foreign lands whom music has united under the roof of the Institute of Musical Art. It is interesting to discover from what remote countries they have come, and what events in their lives led to their membership in the Institute's family.

Those members of the Faculty who were not born in America have been asked to write their autobiographies in a few words, which are translated into their native tongues in order to give our language students something to puzzle over!

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Germany has given our school some of her artists. Carl Friedberg, from Bingen, studied with Clara Schumann. He studied piano at Frankfurt, and medicine and philosophy at Heidelberg! Having made his debut at Vienna under Gustave Mahler, he toured Europe as pianist and conductor, and came to the United States to give concerts and play with our leading orchestras.

Miss Lonny Epstein, who is also from Frankfurt, has taught and concertized both in Germany and America. Miss Bertha Firgau, whose mother was a singer, grew up in Hamburg in a musical atmosphere, and was ambitious to teach the diction of songs. With this aim she studied at the Sorbonne and in England, and came to New York to teach. Miss Margarete Dessoiff's native city is Vienna. Her father was a well-known musician, and had as his guests during her girlhood Johannes Brahms, Clara Schumann, Anton Rubinstein, Franz Liszt, von Bülow, Saint-Saëns, and Wagner. Miss Dessoiff taught singing in Frankfurt and became very active as a choral leader. In 1923 while she was visiting in New York Dr. Damrosch asked her to organize a chorus at the Institute similar to those she had been conducting in Germany, with the result that she has remained here ever since, conducting other groups of singers in addition to those at the Institute.

Fred Geib spent his boyhood in Germany but received his musical training in this country. He has played the tuba with Sousa, Victor Herbert, Arthur Pryor, the Goldman Band, the N. Y. Symphony, the Philadelphia Symphony, and the N. Y. Philharmonic Orchestra.

Miss Nelly Reuschel, who teaches Dalcroze Eurythmics, studied at Berlin with Leopold Godowsky and taught in the high schools there before coming to the Institute.

Deutschland hat unserer Schule einige ihrer Künstler gegeben. Carl Friedberg, aus Bingen, studierte mit Clara Schumann. Seine Klavier-studien betrieb er in Frankfurt und Medizin und Philosophie in Heidelberg. Sein Debut machte er in Wien unter Gustav Mahler, dann bereiste er Europa als Virtuoso und Kapellmeister, und kam nach Amerika, Konzerte zu geben und mit den führenden Orchestern als Soloist zu spielen.

Frl. Lonny Epstein welche aus Frankfurt kommt, unterrichtete und Konzertierte in Deutschland und Amerika.

Frl. Bertha Firgau, deren Mutter eine Sängerin war,



A statue of Glinka, father of Russian music, in Petrograd, the former home of a number of our teachers.

wuchs in Hamburg in einer musicalischen Atmosphäre auf, und es war ihr Wunsch Aussprache im Liede zu unterrichten. Mit diesem Ziel vor Augen studierte sie auf der Sorbonne und in England und kam dann nach New York, um Unterricht zu erteilen.

Frl. Margarete Dessoiff ist gebürtige Wienerin. Ihr Vater war ein bekannter Musiker und zählte zu seinen Gästen während ihrer Mädchenzeit, Johannes Brahms, Clara Schumann, Anton Rubinstein, Franz Liszt, von Bülow, Saint-Saëns, und Wagner. Frl. Dessoiff unterrichtete Gesang in Frankfurt, und war als Chordirigenten tätig. In 1923 während sie auf Besuch in New York weilte, ersuchte sie Dr. Damrosch einen Chor im Institut zu gründen gleich denen sie in Deutschland dirigierte. Seit dem verblieb sie hier und ist auch anderwertig auf dem selben Feld tätig.

Fred Geib verbrachte seine Kindheit in Deutschland aber er erhielt seine musikalische Ausbildung in diesem Lande. Er spielte die Tuba unter Sousa, Victor Herbert, Arthur Pryor, die Goldman Band, die N. Y. Symphonie, und die N. Y. Philharmonic Orchester.

Frl. Nelly Reuschel, die Dalcroze Eurythmics unterrichtet, studierte in Berlin mit Leopold Godowsky und gab dort Unterricht in den Hoch Schulen bevor sie in dieses Institut kam.

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La belle France is represented in several departments at the Institute. Madeleine Walther, who is from Havre, studied in Berlin and sang extensively in Germany before coming to the Institute to continue the work in the singing de-

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HIGH above the sidewalks of Park Avenue is an immense penthouse where Jascha Heifetz, during those short and rare intervals when he is not on tour, makes his home. Should he have descended from this lofty pinnacle and walked a very few steps to a train at the Grand Central Station on which to begin a journey, still his spirit would pervade the apartment, for at one end of the magnificent drawing room, on the wall between two grand pianos, hangs an oil portrait of himself. He stands with a violin in his hand as if he had just finished playing. One hears in imagination the last tones of the piece he has performed, and one can almost believe that if there were applause, the youthful figure would step from the frame and bow in acknowledgement.

The picture represents Heifetz when, heralded as the possessor of flawless technique and musicianship, he came to America to give the concerts which were the beginning of his career in the western hemisphere. He had already become famous in Europe as a child prodigy.

He was born in Vilna, Lithuania, on the second of February, 1901, and three years later took his first lesson on the violin from his father. At that time he played little pieces and exercises by ear with such purity of intonation that a career in music was easily predictable for him. A year later he entered the music school at Vilna, and he was soon playing in public. He boasts that since the age of seven he has been a self-supporting citizen!

On Leopold Auer's advice, Jascha was sent to the Petrograd Conservatory where he passed the entrance test (Alexander Glazounoff was one of the judges) with the highest honors given up to that time. His real career as a prodigy began at the age of nine when he gave a concert in the largest hall in Petrograd. Then followed performances with symphony orchestras in Odessa, Kiev, and Pavlosk, and when he was eleven he created a sensation in Berlin. During the next year he was heard with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Nikisch, the Gewandhaus Orchestra in Leipzig, and an orchestra directed by Safonov in Vienna. He studied violin with Auer, and other subjects with private tutors until the Russian revolution broke out; then the family came to the United States, and Jascha, at the age of sixteen, made his American debut in New York City. Since then his name has become coupled with "standing room only" not only in America and Europe but all over the world.

Mr. Heifetz thinks that allowing an unusually gifted child to perform before the public while very young gives him experience, rather than stimulation. "He has more opportunity to get over worrying about whether the lights will go out or a string snap if he begins young. Of course one is always nervous about strings. They do break rather frequently. One of mine did not long ago while I was playing the Bruch Concerto; luckily I had just come to the end of a section, so I retired as gracefully as possible to replace the string and then came out and finished the Concerto. But if such an accident happens in the middle of something like the Bach Chaconne, one is in a predicament. He doesn't know whether to begin all over again or to go on from where he stopped!"

Mr. Heifetz believes that the music conservatory has an important role to fill not only in enlarging the world's group of amateurs and in creating more musically intelligent audiences for virtuosos to delight, but also in training the virtuosos themselves.

His own musical education at the Petrograd Conservatory was similar in many respects to that which students at the Institute of Musical Art receive. In addition to lessons in playing his instrument, a violinist, for example, was required to learn to play

Jascha

The Student

By Elizabeth



Richard Barthlemess playing the violin for Heifetz and his friends, as though he would like to take a lesson.

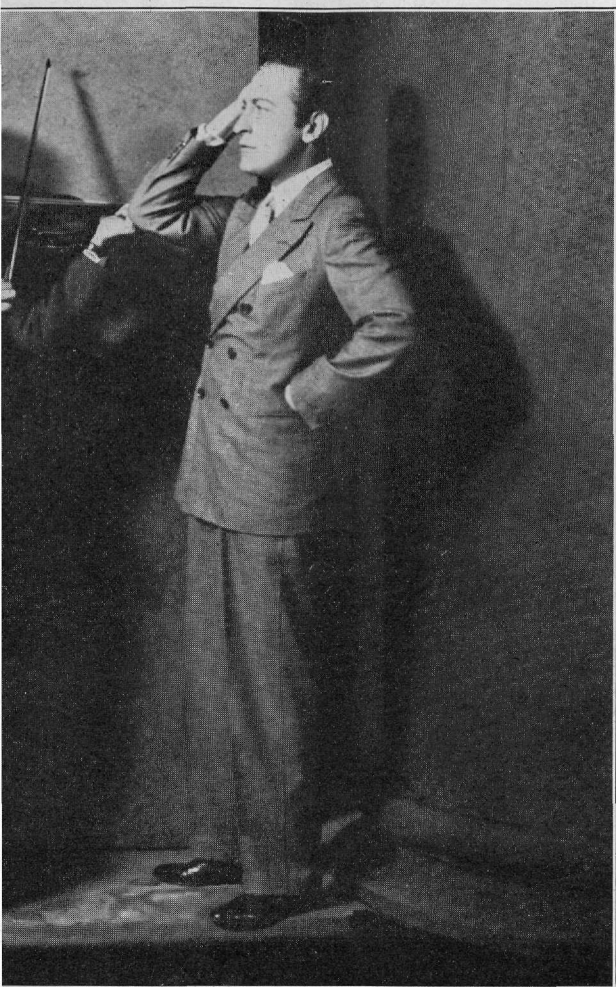
well, if not brilliantly, the piano, harp and viola. From time to time he played in different sections of the orchestra, for the benefit of his sight reading, and also took part in duets, quartets, and all kinds of musical ensemble. Besides courses in harmony and counterpoint he took work in poetry, dance, literature and the drama, so that when he was graduated he was not only a musician but a human being of considerable breadth of knowledge and interest.

Although Heifetz's list of musical accomplishments is long, it does not include playing the cello. That, he explains, is difficult and quite different from playing the violin. He can, however, execute the scale of C on it with some bravura, and loves to tell how he bluffed a man who asked him to ap-

Heifetz

t's Prayer

Stutsman



accompanist, Isidor Achron, in Hollywood. Heifetz looks the thing in his own hands!

praise a 'cello. "I played the C scale very dashingly with a down bow staccato and then returned the instrument, saying, 'That's a fine 'cello you have there.' The man looked at me with admiration—I don't know whether he ever found out the deception!"

The violinist's smile, or rather the lack of it when he appears on the concert stage, bothers him occasionally. When he appears before an audience his face is so serious that he has been nicknamed "the aloof Heifetz" and "The Sphinx,"—titles which he declares are absolutely unwarranted either by his own personal attitude toward the public or by his music, to which he always gives his best, artistically and emotionally.

"Now they are even betting on my facial expression," he confessed. During one of his recent concerts, when he came out to bow after a number, a man in a row near the front jangled a large bunch of keys at him excitedly. He looked so utterly ridiculous that Heifetz laughed outright. Immediately the jangler's face became wreathed in smiles. Afterward the violinist learned that the man had bet with a companion that Heifetz would smile at least once during the performance, and, evidently fearing to trust the outcome to luck, had decided to assist matters with his own efforts!

"I do not feel that I am impenetrable or cool or aloof," said Heifetz. "Invariably I have a feeling of sympathy with my audience. I am not aware that I appear serious. If I do not smile, I suppose it is because I become so absorbed in playing that I forget everything else; and if a smile does not come spontaneously, why resort to an artificial grimace?"

In spite of his grave expression, Mr. Heifetz is most approachable. That he feels himself a part of mankind and in sympathy with it is made manifest by the fact that, though tired from the strain of having given twelve concerts in fourteen days, he graciously consented to be interviewed for THE BATON. Probably, if it had been possible, he would have preferred to play for the readers of this article, for an interview is a one-sided concert in which the performer and audience have no direct contact, and Mr. Heifetz feels very keenly the reaction of an audience.

"How I wish people would be honest in their response to music," he said earnestly. "If they like a piece, let them applaud with enthusiasm; if they do not like it, let them hiss! Anything is preferable to this polite tapping of hands after every number which is so prevalent, and which is a form of cowardice, preventing people from showing their true opinion of a composition until they have had time to see how someone else likes it. It is no disgrace to like a piece which bores Mr. So-and-So, the critic!"

Since it has taken an artist many years and much effort to learn to play, Mr. Heifetz feels that it is not asking too much of audiences that they spend a little time and effort in learning to listen. According to him people should, if they have not looked over the music on the program before a concert, at least give it their unprejudiced attention. He points out that a musician cannot always play the familiar and well-loved selections, and that from his listeners' independent opinions alone can he judge which of the novelties of today will become the traditions of tomorrow.

"People of today are gradually becoming more genuinely responsive," he said. "I train some of them myself by asking them before I play to be honest in applauding. Then I look for them in the audience, and I am usually gratified to discover that they are really being themselves!"

Some day, he says, when an audience has given him its best and thereby stimulated him to give his utmost in return, he is going to step courageously to the edge of the platform and applaud his hearers!

How many hours of work, how much concentrated thought and imagination lie behind the simplest offering of a great musician is incalculable even to the artist himself. Possibly musical thoughts constantly dart along some of the countless paths of his brain, even while other thoughts march through the main highways. At any rate, the proportion of his time which he consciously devotes to music is large.

"Recently after a concert someone asked me if I ever practiced," Mr. Heifetz exclaimed. "I was so furious I got up and walked out of the room without answering. Of course I do! How else can one gain and keep technique?—which," he added,

"though I do not consider it the most important element of music, is the means by which you get somewhere without making other people suffer! Every day I work, and I have never yet started with anything but exercises; major and minor scales, or difficult portions from some composition. You know," he continued ruefully, "the very best way to practice is to take the hardest, most disagreeable things you can find, and concentrate on them until you have mastered them. But it never pays to force yourself to do things unless your mind is on them. When you find yourself becoming mechanical it's time to stop. Some years ago I realized that I could no longer play Schubert's Ave Maria, which I had had to do over and over again, at almost every concert, with anything of myself in it. So I stopped playing it for a while, in spite of requests. I considered that in refraining from giving it I was acting on the public's behalf as well as my own."

Joseph Anna, Mr. Heifetz's little daughter, whose first birthday is still many months away, is not going to become a professional musician if her father can help it. Aside from the fact that he believes one musician per family to be enough, he thinks a professional career in music too hard for a woman. It is tremendously interesting, he hastens to say, but it is hard. The inconvenience and often the discomfort of long-continued travel are not the least of the trials which sometimes make a virtuoso wonder why he had to be a musician, anyway.

Mr. Heifetz, when asked whether he ever played over the radio, smiled mysteriously and said, "Not yet." Then he went on, "But the radio will never solve the musician's travel problem. We will always have to give concerts. Can you imagine a jockey riding a thrilling race with no spectators to urge him on?"

A few days after this conversation the newspapers announced that Heifetz had just signed a contract to broadcast for the first time on December 21st, 1930. Although his records have been heard over the radio, he has never before played, as he says, "at or into a microphone" in any broadcasting station. He regards his début on the air as an interesting experiment, and states that his first broadcast may be his last; he or the public may be disappointed!

"With obvious faults in both transmission and reception, I have felt that hitherto broadcasting has been an injustice to both the artist and the public. While it is not yet perfect, I am informed that I may now look with confidence toward a true transference and reception of my music. If the public and I are pleased with the experiment I shall attribute it to the really remarkable development of the science of broadcasting and the co-incidental improvement of the receiving set," he commented.

Heifetz, who has made three world tours and will start on another next May, practises even while travelling. "I play on boats and trains," he said, "but I haven't tried it in an automobile yet!" In spite of assiduous work, he does set aside some time on his voyages for the indulgence of his favorite hobby, collecting. "I collect almost anything

of interest," he confessed, "except furniture—though I did gather together some of that for our home here." There are many things in the drawing room which arouse one's interest and admiration: old Italian hand-carved chests with large iron keys, immense soft-colored tapestries, a red velvet hanging embroidered with gold, and a cabinet, the front of which is made of rectangles in an intricate blue and gold pattern, framed in black wood. The rectangles look like cloisonné, but Mr. Heifetz said that they are made of china, and that the piece is a very old one from the collection of the Duke of Hamilton.

Books used to be Heifetz's main interest, but he now finds competition too great and therefore he has not added any first editions to his store lately. He has more English fiction than anything else, though he did acquire a number of old volumes in Hindoo and Chinese. Now he is gathering gold coins from various countries, trying to complete a set, a coin of every denomination.

Most of his books are in a Chinese room in which half a dozen superb panels, reaching from the floor to the ceiling, portray Sinic pictures whose minutest detail is perfectly executed. Four of these panels are hinged and when open reveal rows of his treasured volumes. In this room are also several bibelots, some of them museum pieces.

Mr. Heifetz owns violins which are known to connoisseurs throughout the world. He takes a Guarnerius and a Stradivarius on his tours with him. The Guarnerius, which he plays more frequently, is dated 1742 and formerly belonged to Wilhelmj, the great German violinist who toured America in the days of our grandfathers, and to whom it was given by his teacher, Ferdinand David. It is listed as the "David Guarnerius" in all catalogues of old instruments. The Spanish virtuoso, Sarasate, also owned it at one time and played on it for many years.

The instrument with which he made his New York début is still in Mr. Heifetz's possession, and he is trying to get from Russia the little quarter-sized fiddle on which he took his first lesson.

"One of the most unusual instruments which ever came into my hands," he declared, "was a violin in a walking stick! You wouldn't think it possible, but the top unscrewed and inside was the fiddle with the bow within that. It had four strings and you could actually play almost anything on it. I found it in a little shop near where I lived when I was studying in Paris and bought it for about one hundred francs—perhaps six dollars. It was two hundred years old and came from Italy."

Mr. Heifetz needs no interpreter when he makes tours, for he speaks, according to his own reckoning, five and a half languages: Russian, French, German, Italian, English and a little Spanish! French and German he studied as a child with tutors, reading their classics in the original. He learned English last, knowing none when he first came to the United States, but he learned it perfectly. He speaks rather slowly but unhesitatingly in a pleas-

ant voice, only a rolled "r" revealing that he is not a native American.

Heifetz has played in all sorts of places and to all sorts of people. "I even gave a concert in a barn once," he said. "I think it was in Tennessee. There was sawdust on the floor, and our dressing room was made by hanging a sheet across part of the improvised stage." He smiled at the recollection and added, "But it was a good concert, just the same!"

Another interesting one was given in a natural amphitheatre in a valley near Tel-Aviv, Palestine, in order that the farmers and laborers in the vicinity might have an opportunity to hear some music. Only the platform, erected in the apex of a "v" made by two ledges of rock, was artificial. The piano had to be carried forty miles by dozens of men.



Heifetz has recently acquired a fine bust of Beethoven. Left, Heifetz; right, Nishan Toor, the sculptor.

Early in the evening people began to come, workers from the fields for miles around bringing their whole families. Some walked, some came in carts, and some, the townspeople, in carriages. Thousands sat on flat rocks rising in a semi-circle, facing the little wooden platform lighted by huge torches and candelabra. One layer towered above another as if nature had intentionally built this unique stadium.

Mr. Heifetz, playing from the mouthpiece of the rocky megaphone which threw the sound out to the listeners, faced the moonlit peak of Mount Tiberias which rose above the theatre. The audience listened to his music with a reverence which was almost religious. Heifetz played among other things, a piece by Debussy, and felt it strange to give this modern work amid surroundings reminiscent of biblical times, and to hear the Mount of Tiberias echo the applause.

Such experiences come to those men who, in the struggle toward perfection, approach it most nearly. Bernard Shaw evidently believes that Heifetz has almost reached the goal, for one night after hearing him play in London he went back to his dressing room, and taking him aside, said, "You know, nothing may be perfect in this world, for the gods become jealous and destroy it. So would you mind playing

one wrong note every night before going to bed?"

But Heifetz believes that in art there is no "top"; that there are always higher peaks toward which to strive; and that if a man thinks himself at the pinnacle he will slide down towards mediocrity by that very belief in his success. He thinks that even the gods dare not say, "This is the end." Therefore he likes to look ahead instead of into the past, and to dream of further accomplishment.

"It is presumptuous to plan one's own future," he asserted. "It isn't in our hands. But what one wishes to do in the time to come is a different story. Personally, I should like to have more home life. I should like to have three regular meals every day and four appointments instead of eight. I should like to have more time and leisure for composition. And I should like some day, if only for a little while, to go my way as I chose, an unknown private citizen, with all the blessings and joys of anonymity!"

GATHERING FOLK SONGS

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of their communal product. Some Russian musicians (notably Rimsky-Korsakow and Tchaikovsky), have acknowledged their endowment by collecting and editing this folk-music, but their work was in no sense exhaustive, and as much more remains untouched. This carol represents one of the earliest examples extant, and is only now, in this edition, available to the inquiring musician.

Decidedly the most important phase of the Dickinson researches is the fact that they make available to churches whose performing resources are circumscribed by lack of trained voices, of rehearsal facilities, and by generally inadequate musical equipment, a type of music fresh, intriguing and unassailably in the spirit of Christmas. What more complete embodiment of the Christmas spirit could be conceived than the natural, unaffected and unpretentious outpouring of the simple, vigorous imagination of the Corsican, Russian—or for that matter, any folk? And despite the unquestionable reverence for the "Christmas Oratorio" or the "Messiah" there is a spontaneous quality about congregational participation in which these folk-carols excel. They are sufficiently simple for any one to sing, and their survival for hundreds of years indicates an intrinsic quality of worth that requires no further magnification.

A THOUGHT FOR THE FISCAL YEAR

Why does a duck go into the water?

To liquidate his bill!

Why does a duck come out of the water?

To make a run on the bank!

A Plea for the Christmas Carol

To the Music Student

By Arthur Christmann

CHRISTMAS! What a host of confused and contradictory meanings this simple word has come to have in these 1930 days of bustle, ceaseless change and unrest. To some the word calls up visions of busy, happy days of shopping, rubbing shoulders with the milling crowd and scrambling around over-taxed bargain counters in the never-achieved hope of getting the best present possible for every member of the family and all the dear friends. To others, Christmas is remembered as a season of high and joyous living. Many business men remember Christmas as that time of year when business is bound to be good and profits comfortable. Fortunately there are still those people who, through all the outward glamour and display of the season, can yet see Christmas in its true meaning, as the yearly commemoration of the birth of the Christ-child, and, in a broader sense, of the doctrine of brotherly charity. Whatever else Christmas may be, or whatever else it should mean to the individual, it should surely intensify the spirit of "on earth, peace, good will toward men."

What should Christmas mean to the musician and to the student of music? For an answer we need not search far. Throughout all the ages men have found that for all occasions of more than usual significance music has been an absolute necessity, in order that the deepest meanings of the occasion might be felt as well as understood. Music, telling no story of its own, is for this reason the most ideally suited of all the arts for intensifying and rendering articulate those meanings and feelings which to us are inherent in a situation. For hundreds of years men have found expression in song for those elements of the Christmas experience which to them were most intimate and dear. Both the fundamentally religious character of Christmas, and the joy of the holiday season have been expressed in song. The result is that today we have literally hundreds of folk songs, from every Christian land on the globe, all of which deal with some aspect of Christmas. By means of the Christmas carol, then, we are enabled to feel as well as to comprehend the true spirit of Christmas. One might well say that without song Christmas would not be Christmas at all.

But now that we have discovered just what Christmas should mean to the student of music, the question next arises as to just how this meaning should manifest itself in actual practice. Just what should the music student do in order to realize more fully the musical significance of Christmas and to pass on this significance to others? In the first place it should be his duty to impregnate himself with the spirit of Christmas music. This seemingly easy and pleasant task will meet with far more opposition

than one would suppose, and for several very definite reasons. In the first place there exists a certain deplorable musical pedantry among music students of a certain type. These persons have not yet acquired the breadth of vision to see that under certain conditions there may be as much worth in a simple folk song as in the music of the greatest masters. Such persons are prone to frown on Christmas carols as being far beneath their notice. How much these people have yet to learn, and in the meantime they can use a lot of earnest prayer! In the second place it takes quite a bit of extra effort to familiarize one's



In the Hallein pageant described recently by Mrs. Damrosch, there was a float in memory of Gruber, composer of "Stille Nacht," who lived in Hallein.

self with a lot of new songs and many music students are either too lazy or too busy to make the effort.

But, assuming that the music student has made the effort and has familiarized himself or herself with much good Christmas music, the next step should be to spread the message. This need not and should not be done in a bombastic or sensational way. Far better that the spread of Christmas carols, like charity, should begin at home. It is entirely in keeping with the spirit of Christmas that this should be so, for Christmas should be, above all else, a home day, and the Christmas season a home season, a time when pleasures are those of the fireside rather than those of the theatre or of the market place. But this does not prevent the music student from acting as the disciple of the musical Christmas among his friends, or even at his school or club. In fact it is highly important that after he has saturated himself and his family with Christmas song, he do just a little to pass on his message outside of his immediate family circle. Christmas is the one time of the year when music, with a minimum of effort, can be made to mean most to the common man, and the music student is not doing his full duty to his art if he allows the opportunity to slip by.

Moonlight on the Nile

A Christmas Story, Believe it or Not

By Joseph Machlis

IN a sheer glory of frost and light Christmas Eve settled down upon the wealthiest, mightiest city of the world. The holiday spirit was everywhere. Even the men who stood waiting in a long line outside the open kitchen in the hinterland of Christie and Forsyth Streets, stamped their feet and clapped their hands with more than usual animation; for this evening, in honor of the holiday, the hand-out would consist of an extra ration of Yankee bean soup. But oh, dear! Can't we talk of pleasanter things? Which brings us to another waiting line, also clapping its hands and stamping its feet, that huddled close, early this Christmas eve, to the drabdest, brownest wall on earth—the wall of the Metropolitan Opera House. Midway down this line stood Rosie.

In her right hand was a black leather pocketbook. And in the inner compartment of this pocketbook lay the sum of one dollar and sixty-five cents. Which represented several weeks' scrimping from car fares and lunches. Which represented much, much more. To wit, the price of one admission, standing room, to the gallery of the Opera House, known among the elect as the Family Circle. There, by sufficient straining on tiptoe and craning of neck, Rosie was to see three-quarters of "Aida." For this was a holiday night, and Rosie had a rendezvous with Romance. One dollar and sixty-five cents' worth of Rosie's particular brand of Romance.

And now, while the red-nosed guard is bawling "One line only! No pushing, you there!" and while the long queue crawls step by step towards the box office window, let us examine our Rosie somewhat closer. Her head, we notice at once, is a bit too large for the small body. And the eyes are much too large for the little face. Rosie is tired. So would you be, after eight hours of selling "remnants" to a pack of women round the bargain counter. And Rosie, because she is a little undersized, wears the most agonizing French heels. But as the line moves forward, her eyes light up. As though all the life in her had suddenly poured into their lustrous dark brown depths. With a little thrill she tucks up the collar of her coat—a Fox whose only race, alas, was run during the Final Holiday Sale at Klein's—and steps up to the box office. Not a moment too soon. She can hear the guard yelling outside, "All sold out—no more Standing Room." Fortunate Rosie. There's still room enough for her.

The staircase that leads to the Family Circle of the Opera House is the longest on earth. (Unless you count the staircase that leads to the Family Circle of Carnegie Hall.) Rosie finished the climb with her heart bouncing like a rubber ball. Fortunate Rosie! All the spaces near the thin iron

rail were already occupied. Not another spot to squeeze into. Already the second row of backs was forming. Tall broad backs. Surely this evening Rosie, with all her neck-craning, would glimpse no more than one-eighth of "Aida." Ah, but this is Christmas Eve, and miracles are abroad. For, at the very end of the railing, where the view is steepest, is a narrow little back, not so tall, not much taller than Rosie. So that, by balancing first on this foot, then on that, she will be able to look clear over the owner's shoulder. Half-fortunate Rosie.

The lights grow dim, a ripple of applause goes through the house as the conductor enters. Late-comers are jostling back of Rosie, so that she seems to shrink into an incredibly small space. Suddenly the man with the narrow little back turns round and spies her. He looks away, frowns, puckers up his face, clears his throat, bites into his lip, and finally screws up enough courage to whisper "Here, you stand here, take my place, no? Here, miss, I'll stand back of you, easy for me, come on, miss."

Rosie gasps. "Oo, don't bother. I'll manage all right. Thanks anyway." But the stranger reads the half-incredulous hope, the unuttered prayer, in the large, lustrous brown eyes. "Aw, c'mon, no bother. Not at all. Sure."

Rosie smiles. "Thanks . . . thanks so much." And as the stranger turns round to change places with her, she sees that he has a pleasant, slightly crooked nose as well as a small narrow back.

With a gasp of relief Rosie clamps her elbows to the railing. What a view! Almost three-quarters of the stage, half the boxes, and a good slice of the Golden Horseshoe. "Thanks . . . thanks so much" gasps Rosie, easing her tired feet against the rail. Are there no miracles? Who said there are no miracles!

And now Radames advances alone across the stage. An expectant hush, the tremulous twittering of violins, and the low burst of clear sweet song. "Celeste Aïda!" Higher, ever higher, the waves of melody, rising into the vast packed spaces of the Family Circle, fill with tender echoes every cubic inch of Rosie's eighth heaven. The song of the world's first youth, of the world's last age—the song of love. At the close there is a thunderous burst of applause. "Bravo! Bis! Bravissimo!" shout the strong-armed men of the claue, while the house follows suit. Somewhere below, in box 26, Mrs. Ogden Livingstone, who, as you know, is president of the Women's Committee for Unemployment Relief, whispers languidly to the Comtesse d'Agoult that Martinelli is in splendid voice tonight. But, four balconies over Mrs. Livingstone's coiffured head stands Rosie, very still, breathing very slowly, with two large tears in her thoughtful, enormous

eyes. Suddenly she turns her face, at the same moment that the little sallow-cheeked, narrow-shouldered man behind her turns his. For no good reason Rosie feels ashamed of her tears, and smiles. The stranger smiles too. Rosie breathes, "Wasn't that wonderful?" In a soft, strangely gentle voice the stranger responds, "Yes, wonderful." Again both smile at one another. Now the music recommences. Rosie turns back to the rail.

It was when the curtain fell upon the dream-like Dance of the Priestesses, and the stage-carpenters behind the asbestos got busy preparing for the second act, that Rosie and the pleasant little man with the crooked nose sat down side by side on the high step behind the last tier of seats, resting their legs and munching bars of Hershey's milk chocolate with almonds. For almonds too grew down in Egypt's land, once on a time.

Darkness. Act II, scene II. The gates of Thebes. Chariots, warriors, and Radames triumphant on a white horse. (Nice horse, versatile horse. Only the night before he helped carry Brunnhilde. Strong horse!) The trumpets blare, the triumphal march is on. Now who would guess that our Rosie is none other than the darkly-slender captive princess? Now who would guess that the victorious warrior Radames, prince of men, king of lovers, is none other than our gallant little stranger. For look closely into the eyes of Rosie and her friend, and tell me if you recognize them? Who said there are no miracles? When Radames descended from his chariot, and little arrows thrilled up and down Rosie's back, she turned to look at Lou. Then Rosie and Lou smiled at one another.

While the carpenters backstage were shifting the scenery for Act III, Lou found out that Aïda, when not in Egypt, lived on East Twelfth Street near Avenue A. While Rosie learned that Radames, when not busy chasing the Ethiopians, lived on East Eleventh Street near Avenue B. Ah, divine coincidence!

But now the lights grow dim again, the curtain parts. Hush! it is night—on the Nile. Moonlight on the ageless Nile. Lou is craning his neck to catch a glimpse of sapphire sky. Accidentally, oh, so accidentally, his hand brushes against Rosie's. What matter? Is it not moonlight—on the Nile?

The final note faded in the duet of the doomed lovers. The lights flashed on. Rosie picked up her coat (imitation Fox, special at Klein's), Lou helped her on with it. Rosie sighed.

"Y'know, it's like being in another world. A far, far world."

"Yeh. Another world," echoed Lou. Together they walked down the endless staircase that leads from the Family Circle. Times Square was like a drum and a flame. The Automat was packed. Facing each other over a marble-topped table, Lou and Rosie looked into one another's eyes, and hummed a bit of "Celeste Aïda," a bit of the Triumphal March, a bit of the death-duet. Down into the subway, out again at Fourteenth Street. Still humming snatches of the last duet of the lovers.

There's an epilogue to the Opera that Verdi never dreamed of. Scene—Ninth Street near Avenue C. Some years later. It doesn't matter that Rosie's head is a trifle too large for her little body. She wears a platinum wedding ring ("Bride's Delight," special at Kressel's, Pay in Thirty Weeks) on the fourth finger of her left hand. As for Lou's crooked nose, if you ask Rosie it's a very nice nose indeed. Sometimes, when little Aïda (whose eyes are as large as her mother's) and little Radames (whom his father calls "Raddy" for short) are tucked away, Rosie and Lou stand hand in hand before the window, looking out at the swirly, grubby street. And sometimes, especially on Christmas Eve, they see moonlight on the Nile.

THE INSTITUTE BABEL

(Continued from Page 9)

partment begun by her friend and teacher, Etelka Gerster.

Marguerite Albro, after studying French diction carefully with the aim of becoming an actress, came to the United States on a pleasure trip, and remained to teach her native tongue to aspiring singers at the Institute!

Mme. Lillie Sang-Collins was born in Paris and studied at the Conservatoire. She made her début as a pianist, using the same piano Paderewski had played the night before, and later studied singing. In her first years in New York she gave harpsichord recitals. For several years she was head of the music department of a Methodist Episcopal college.

George Barrère was a student at the Paris Conservatoire, later becoming a member of the New York Symphony, director of the Barrère Little Symphony, and a member of our faculty in the Orchestra department.

Pierre Mathieu, whose mother was a singer at the Paris Opera, studied the oboe at the Paris Conservatoire, and came to the Institute upon the recommendation of Walter Damrosch, who, interested in developing good wood-wind players among American students, had founded scholarships in that department. He has been a member of the New York Symphony and the Barrère Little Symphony.

Louis Letellier was born at Aix-les-Bains and received his musical education from his father, who taught at the Paris Conservatoire, and from the Conservatoire. He played the bassoon with the Concerts Lamoureux and at the opera, and has worked with Saint-Saëns, Massenet, d'Indy, Debussy, Ravel, Charpentier and many other famous musicians. He has been first bassoonist with the New York Symphony.

From the famous town of Liège in Belgium two brothers came to join Dr. Damrosch's group of teachers. Both were very precocious. Gaston Dethier became an accomplished violinist and organist at an early age, but later devoted all his time to organ and piano music. He was summoned to America to fill an important church

position upon the recommendation of Guilment who had heard him play in Paris.

Edouard chose the violin as his instrument, and took his first lessons from his brother. Shortly after completing his studies at the Conservatories of Liège and Brussels he played for Joachim, who asked him to come to Berlin to study with him. But Mr. Dethier, then 17, decided that he had reached the self-supporting age and remained in Brussels where he lived with Paul Kochanski while teaching and playing with the Ysaye Symphony Orchestra. Later he came to America, giving concerts both in Canada and the United States.

La Belle France est représentée à l'Institut dans plusieurs branches. Madeleine Walther, originaire de Havre, étudia à Berlin et chanta beaucoup en Allemagne avant de venir à l'Institut, continuer dans le département de chant le travail commencé par son amie et professeur Etelka Gerster.

Marguerite Albro étudia la diction française à Paris avec une élève de Sarah Bernhardt, dans le but de devenir actrice. Elle fit un voyage aux Etats-Unis et y resta pour enseigner sa propre langue aux étudiants de l'Institut désirant eux-mêmes devenir artistes chanteurs.

Mme. Lillie Sang-Collins naquit à Paris et étudia au Conservatoire. Elle fit ses débuts comme pianiste sur le piano dont Paderewski s'était servi lui-même la veille au soir, et plus tard, elle étudia le chant. Dans ses premières années à New York, elle donna des récitals de harpsichord. Ensuite, elle fut à la tête du département de musique au Collège du Methodist Episcopal. Finalement, elle revint à l'Institut pour y enseigner le chant.

Pierre Mathieu, dont la mère chantait à l'Opéra de Paris, étudia le hautbois au Conservatoire de Paris et vint à l'Institut sur la recommandation de Walter Damrosch qui cherchait à développer le goût des étudiants américains pour les instruments à vent. Il fut membre de la New York Symphony et aussi du Barrère Little Symphony.

Louis Letellier naquit à Aix-les-Bains et reçut son éducation musicale de son père qui enseignait au Conservatoire de Paris, et fut élève aussi de ce même Conservatoire. Il joua du basson dans les Concerts Lamoureux et à l'Opéra. Il travailla avec Saint-Saëns, Massenet, d'Indy, Debussy, Ravel, Charpentier et beaucoup d'autres fameux musiciens. Il fut le premier basson de la New York Symphony.

De la fameuse ville de Liège en Belgique, deux frères vinrent se joindre au groupe de professeurs du Dr. Damrosch. Tous deux furent très précoces. Gaston Dethier devint un violoniste accompli et un organiste à un âge très tendre; mais plus tard, il se voua exclusivement à l'orgue et au piano. Il fut convoqué à venir en Amérique pour remplir une position importante dans une église sur la recommandation de Guilment qui l'avait entendu jouer à Paris.

Edouard, son frère, choisit le violon et prit ses premières leçons avec son frère. Peu de temps après, il compléta ses études aux Conservatoires de Liège et de Bruxelles et joua devant Joachim qui le fit venir à Berlin pour étudier avec lui. Mais Monsieur Dethier, âgé alors de dix-sept ans, pensa qu'il avait atteint l'âge de se suffire à lui-même, et resta à Bruxelles où il demeura avec Paul Kochanski tout en enseignant et jouant avec l'Orchestre Symphonique d'Isaye. Plus tard il vint en Amérique donnant des concerts au Canada et aux Etats-Unis.

* * *

There are only two Italians among the Institute's teachers. Signora Diana Toledo was born at Catania, Sicily. She studied for the most part at Rome and also at the University of Catania. For three years she directed the magazine "Modern Sicily." She is the author of two novels and of two books of verse, has collaborated in various Italian magazines, and has given lectures in many cities.

The birthplace of Lorenzo Sansone was a small

town in Italy. He pursued music in spite of parental objections, taking lessons on the trumpet when very young, and later transferring his affection to the French Horn. He has played the latter as a member of most of America's symphonies, has made Victor Records and is the author of four books of studies for French Horn.

Vi sono soltanto due Italiani nella facoltà dell'Istituto. La Signora Diana Toledo è nata a Catania, Sicilia. Ha studiato per la maggior parte a Roma ed anche all'Università di Catania. Fu direttrice della rivista "Sicilia Moderna" per tre anni. E l'autrice di due romanzi e di due libri di versi. E stata collaboratrice in diverse riviste italiane e ha dato delle conferenze in molte città.

Il maestro Lorenzo Sansone è nato in un piccolo paese italiano. Sebbene i suoi genitori fossero opposti, egli si dedicò allo studio della musica, specializzandosi con la cornetta e poi cambiando per il corno francese. Ha suonato il corno francese in quasi tutte le orchestre sinfoniche americane, ha fatto dei dischi per la "Victor Records" ed è l'autore di quattro libri di studi per il corno francese.

* * *

Russia is represented in all of the Institute's departments. Mr. Serge Korgueff has had a busy career as professor, director of the orchestral department, and member of the administration board of the Imperial Conservatory (now the State Conservatory) of St. Petersburg. He was a member of Leopold Auer's Quartet and soloist of the Imperial Court Orchestra, but confesses that teaching the violin has always been his hobby.

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Mr. Samuel Gardner studied violin in Boston and had his heart set upon Europe as the scene of further learning, but came to the Institute instead upon the advice of Franz Kneisel. "Here I studied and here I stayed." In his spare time he composes and gives concerts!

Prince Alexis Obolensky was born in St. Petersburg and studied violin there with Professor Korgueff, but his musical career has been in the realm of song. He has had a studio in Paris and has sung with the Melba Opera Company of Australia.

Mr. Max Schlossberg was born in Libau, Latvia, and studied at Moscow and Berlin. He has been for many years with the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, and teaches an original method of trumpet playing at the Institute.

Sascha Jacobson was born in Finland but his parents, who were Russian, returned to their country when he was six months old. He is an artist graduate of the Institute, where he now teaches, and is organizer and first violinist of the Musical Art Quartet.

Naoum Blinder is from Eupatoria (Crimea) Russia, but received his musical education in England. He returned to Russia to teach at the Imperial Conservatory and the Moscow State Conservatory, and after touring Europe as a violin soloist came to New York to teach at the Institute.

Mme. Fonaroff of the piano department and Mr.

Belousoff, who teaches violoncello, also came from Russia.

Rossia predstavlena v litze znamenitich utchiteley razlichnich otdielov shkolee. Gospodin Sergej Korguev immel dolgolietnuyu kariyeru v katchestve professora y direktora orkestrovago otdela pri Soviete Imperatorskoy Konservatoriyee, v nastoyaschee vremya Gosudarstvennaia Konservatoria Petrograda (Leningrad). Ohn beel tchlenom Leopold-Auerskawo Kvarteta y sostoyal soloeestom Imperatorskago Pridvornawo Orkestra. Ohn tchysto-serdechno priznayet tchto ewo liubimeyschim zanyatiem beelo prepodavanie igree na skripke.

Samuel Gardner izutchal skripku v Bostone. Duschovny ohn napravlyal svoe vz-or ik Evrope, gde namerevalsia prodoljat svoe dalneyschee izutchenie muziki; no vmesto Evropee, vstupel v naschu shkolu po sovietu gospodina Franza Kneyzelia. "Zdes ya utchilsia y zdes ya nachojus." V svobodnoye vremya ohn sochiniaet muziku y dayot konzerti.

Knyas Alexey Obolensky rodilsia v Petrograde, gde utchilsia igrat na skripke ou professora Korgueva. Glavnim obrazom, yewo muzikalnaya karijera izvestna v oblasti peniya. Ohn beel vo glave muzikalnoy shkoli v Parije i pevz-om pri Melba Opernoy kompaniyee v Avstrallyee.

Makc Schlossberg rodilsia v Libave, Latvii, utchilsia v Moskve y Berline. V tjetchenie mnogich liet ohn nachodilsia v orkestre Filarmonik sosayti. V nastoyaschee vremya ohn yavliaetsia utchiteliem originalnoy metodee igree na trube v nashem Institute.

Sascha Yakobson rodilsia v Finliandiyee. Yego roditelee, russkiyee po proischojdeniu, vernulis na rodinu, kogda Sacha beel schestimechennago artista-chudojnika; v nastoyaschee vremya ohn prepodayet v nachey shkole; ohn organizoval i yavliaetsia pervim skripatchom Muzikalniago Artistitcheskago Kvarteta.

Naum Blinder, vychodietz Eupatoriye v Krimu, Rossii. Ohn polutchal svoe muzikalnoye obrazovaniye v Angleyee. Ohn vernulsia v Rossiiu, gde ohn beel utchiteliem Imperatorskoy Konservatoriyee Petrograda i Moskovskoy Gosudarstvennoy Konservatoriyee. Sovierschiy evropieyskiy tur v kachietstvie skripatcha-soloista, priechal v New York. Tepier ohn tchislitsia sredi prepodavatieliey nachego Instituta.

Gospoja Fonaarieva v otdiele piano i gospodin Belousov, kotoriy prepodayet violonchello, oba russkiye.

(Continued in a later issue)

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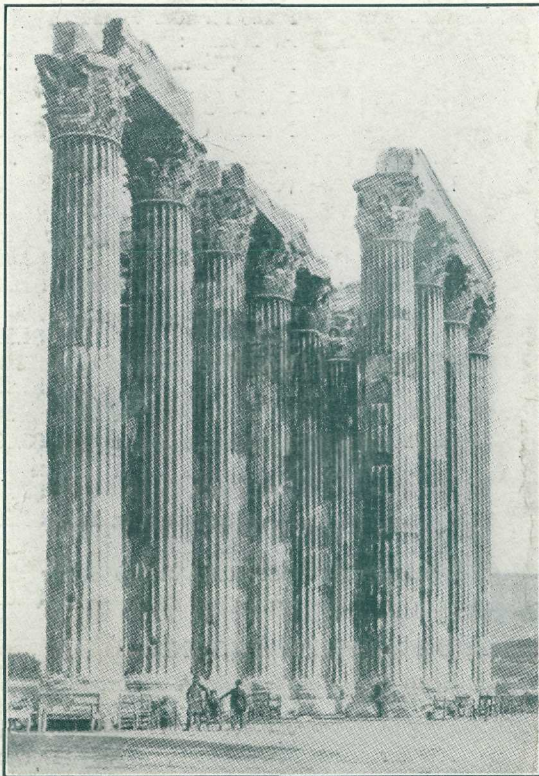
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