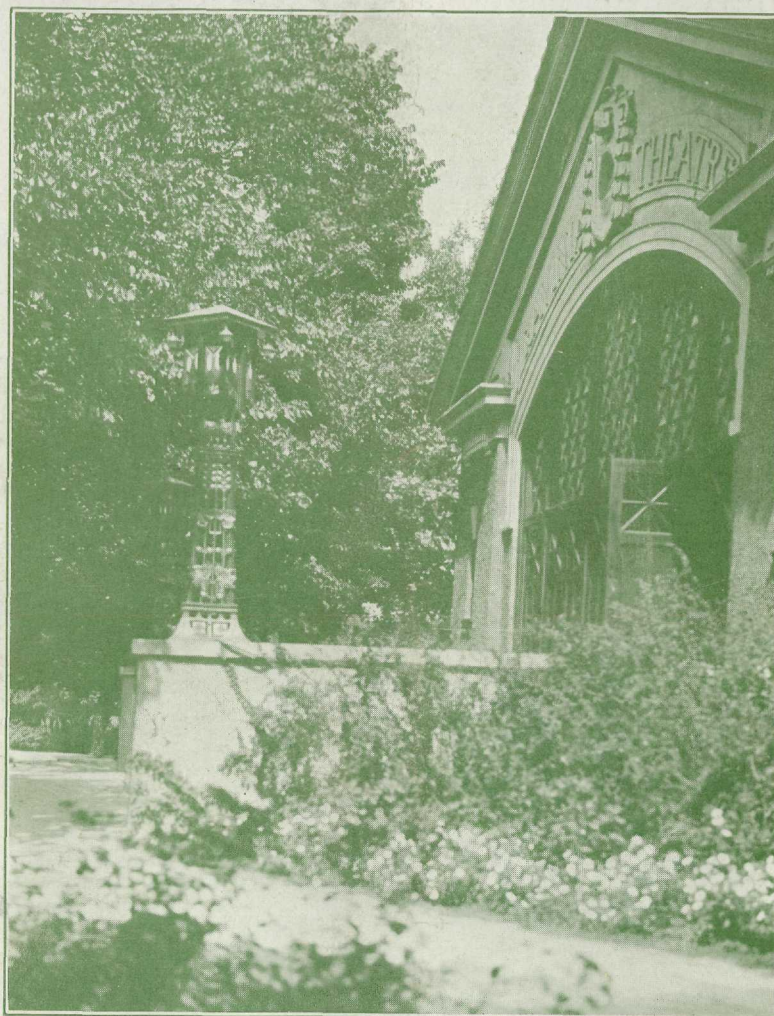


The Baton



America's Festival Theatre at Ravinia.

Published by

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

Vol. X, No. 8

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5



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

Before the Public

I. M. A. GRADUATING CLASS DINNER MAY 23rd, 1931

The Class of 1931—may its joys increase—embellished its last week at the Institute with a series of festivities. We hope its members are all well on the road to recovery from the hilarity of the class dinner and dance (held at the Level Club, on account of the Institute building's incapacity!), the two performances of "The Mikado," given with much verve in the McMillin Theatre at Columbia University, and the Commencement Exercises.

Walter Potter, President of the class, read the following message from Dr. Damrosch, who was not able to attend the class dinner:

My dear Boys and Girls:

It is really impossible for me to speak to you in the tone of voice which I employ when I look into your eyes and we are close to each other. It's all your fault for having an old cripple for a Dean instead of a young man who can tell you all sorts of nasty things straight to your face and cover it up with a jokelet or two! In that respect you are ahead of the game. However, if I should have the good fortune to return next fall in my old health and strength and you should have the misfortune to come under my big stick at that time, you had better look out for things to happen, for I will try to make up all the opportunities which I lost this year through being ill in bed instead of berating you.

Meanwhile let us rejoice that there is a long vacation coming and that we can, and probably will, loaf to our heart's content. I shall not say goodbye—but Auf Wiedersehen!

(Signed) FRANK DAMROSCH,
Dean.

Dr. Richardson, under whose tutelage most of the Institute has come, was the principal speaker of the evening; later other Faculty members were called upon to improvise—verbally!

Speech by Dr. A. Madeley Richardson

Ladies and Gentlemen; Members of the Faculty, and Members of the Graduating Class:

This is an occasion of both pleasure and pain; of pleasure to meet the happy faces of our hosts, and to congratulate them upon the success of their efforts during the past year; but of pain to think that some of them are leaving us to go out into the world, never again to take part in the pleasant meetings of our classes.

This pain is increased today by the absence of our beloved Dean, who, I think, has never before been away from one of these festive gatherings. Upon

this subject, however, I will not dwell, for I am sure his one wish is that we shall all rejoice tonight—and we do rejoice in the fact that he has recovered from his serious illness, which cast a shadow over the first few months of the past season, and that he is to be with us as usual next year. We all send to him our felicitations upon the splendid work he has done for music education in this country, and upon his recent triumph over pain and suffering. We also send to him and to Mrs. Damrosch our best wishes for a happy and invigorating summer, and for many years to enjoy his honors and achievements.

And now—there is the Graduating Class. To one and all of them we offer our heartiest good wishes—to those who are returning next year, that they may constantly strive higher and higher, and that they may achieve the happiness associated with work well done, whether they are to become teachers or performers. Some will, doubtless, become famous. But, whether fame comes or not, work well done is always worth while, and brings its own reward in happiness and contentment.

To those who are going out into the world, I will say, that we trust they will always retain an affectionate regard for the Institute, and that the Institute will not forget them.

Now—you behold before you some of the Grad-

(Continued on Page 5)

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Commencement

Speeches and Presentation of Diplomas

By John Erskine and Frank Damrosch

JOHN ERSKINE ADDRESSES THE GRADUATES

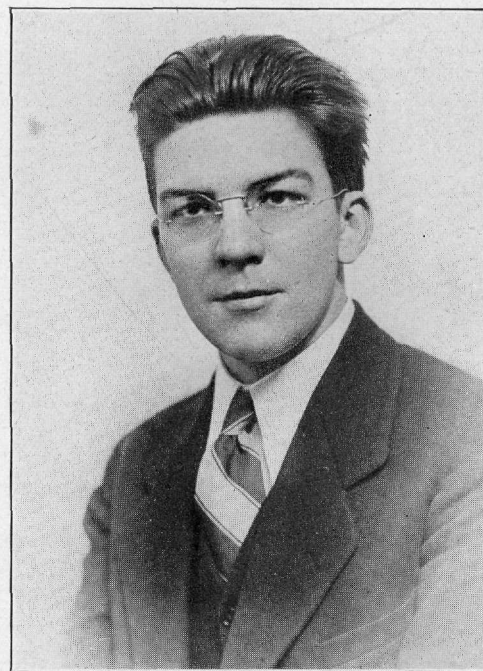
It's the custom in American education, with which I am sure you are all altogether too familiar, to spoil every commencement a little bit with some oratory. We rarely tell you the truth on these occasions. If we did we would remind you that the course in our school, as in other schools, is not necessarily an education. It is only an opportunity for us to know you and for you, perhaps, to learn something as you go by. And if we told you the truth, we would say that these degrees which you get are not guarantees of anything; they simply express a cordial good wish on our part. As one of my colleagues used to say, they are dictated chiefly by "faith, hope and charity" (laughter). Now, that would be the first thing to tell you.

For reasons of sentiment I would like to remind you tonight of others who have gone through the Institute of Musical Art and who have carried to the ends of the earth, quite literally, some very noble ideals of music as something to practice and something to teach and something to enjoy. For reasons of sentiment I would like to remind you of some of our great teachers—some of them passed away long before you and I came upon the scene in this school—but they influence you and me still. I am going to take only a moment to keep you standing, however, to say something about the life that we lead as artists. And I say it not because you need preaching to but because at this moment in our country, in these exciting and quite novel days that we are living through, everyone of us who practices an art ought to say in public something of this kind quite frequently.

You are going out to lead the life of artists. It happens to be the art of music—it might be literature, painting. Whatever the art, just now we have to remind ourselves how we are going to earn our living and how we are going to satisfy something more important than our living, to which we like to give the name of art.

If you took the trouble to read the prefaces of the poet that some of us think is the greatest American poet, Walt Whitman, you discover that he took page after page to say in succeeding editions of his poems, that in this country, sooner or later, we would have to really find the life of the artist, because until our time the artist has been a protected creature and he has had to be protected because the world in general did awful things to him if he was not protected. And Walt Whitman was quite sure that sooner or later the artist would take his place in our country with men in the other professions and without apologies for the profession he followed. But, in order for this change to come about, you have to learn one or two things. Every art is a business and it is

also an art. And either end is honorable! In literature, in primitive society, there is usually a man to write your letters for you because so few people can write. That's a business! A very satisfactory business, I understand; you don't have to make up the letter—not necessarily. You find out what the public wants, you give it to them and you get paid as though you sold them clothes or shoes or something else that is necessary. And in primitive society also there are story-tellers because the other people cannot read, and the story-teller tells them what they want to hear; it's easy on their eyes and he is very well paid for carrying around a few stories in his head. That's business!



ARTHUR CHRISTMANN

Artist Graduate in Clarinet who also won the Morris Loeb prize of \$1,000 and the silver medal for highest honors. For the last two years he has been an important member of THE BATON staff.

But if that man has in him the urge to say something new, he may be a very splendid letter writer but not a success in business. He may write the wrong letters! And a stupid fellow putting down what is wanted may do better in business than that genius. I should hate to engage Shelley to write my business letters for me and yet he was quite a poet, you see.

I am speaking of literature so that I shan't seem too personal to your career (laughter). In literature today if a young man wishes to write he can earn

his living, but in business you must ask the public what they want and sell it to them, and that's business; an honorable relation—only the public tells you what to do.

And in art, friends, you know, we begin with what our souls want and we have no right to be angry with what our souls want and we have no right to be angry with the world if nobody wants it but ourselves. Because in art there is never a demand. There was no demand for Shakespeare before he arrived. Nobody knew we wanted him until he was here. And from the business point of view, he didn't do very well.

I think in a school which has tried to teach you something about the art of music—honestly, someone ought to tell you, and I take the risk of telling you—in so far as you are great artists, you will share the fate of all great artists. You may make your life, you may give your life to saying what is in you to say, and the chances are overwhelming if you say a great deal that your award will come after your death (laughter).

And that's exactly as it should be! You can't have your cake and eat it too! If you want money there are honorable ways to win it. But if you want to say what you want to say in art and make the whole world listen to you, you are asking a good deal of the whole world. And I'll just point out what I mean. Do you want to get up on this platform later and play or sing so that the city will come to hear you? Well, I wish you luck! You will have to play and sing pretty well! In the school, as you know, when we ask you to play and sing to each other, do you come to listen? You do not (laughter)! And the public will sympathize with you (laughter). But if in the school concerts there were a genius of the first order, one of these people who arrive once in a century, you would have listened; you would have come, wouldn't you? And so will the public!

Now, I am not discouraging you from being great artists at all. I hope you are all going to be and if you are, we will all envy you, but we shan't admire you if you don't know what you are doing, if you don't know what your own happiness is, if you come around and say, "I am the greatest musician of the world and I am not as rich as some banker downtown. That is unjust." I hope you will be able to say that about yourself and I hope I shall be able to be here and say to you, "It is perfectly just. He is a banker and you are the greatest musician of the world. Why not divide?" It would be a very immoral world if the financier were as good a musician as the artist who gives his life to it; or the musician as good a financier as the man who gives his thought and brain to that profession.

What we need in this country are a great many honest craftsmen in music who will give the world what the world wants in music, which is chiefly teaching. We need that! You can earn your living doing that, if it is your living you are after. If it is your art you are after, then choose that. And don't be unkind to your fellowmen because they would rather have you teach them to play than listen to

you play. That is very noble of them! They are admiring the best part of you. If they think you are a genius they wish they might be a genius, too. And if you can help them to be, to some degree, what you are in your art, that is your first duty, and you can play afterwards.

We are going to have a very musical country in the United States. You and I shan't live to see it. It is musical enough now. Perhaps it is going to be more musical, but it will take really several hundred years and that will be a short time, as arts develop in great countries. The people who have taught you in this school and other schools in our country, where people have taught other students like you, all those teachers themselves are artists in ambition, in their heart and spirit. They give their lives where their work is needed chiefly—to help others to be artists. And when we are all very great artists, we shall learn when to be merciful on the audience, when not to play or sing too much, when to let the other man have his hearing also, and if we clearly understand what the art is, we shan't ask to be paid for the things which we ourselves consider beyond price. We will ask to be paid for services to society but not for services to ourselves.

I know this seems a queer doctrine to preach from this platform where lucky men and women from generation to generation have come and played. That is an accident! And you can't make a profession out of accidents! You can make a profession out of being an artist, but not out of being a genius. I know there was that very well-known critic who said:

"Shakespeare was an Englishman of note,
Who lived by writing things to quote."

I feel that a great many young musicians hope to live by writing things to quote. You will be much better paid for your less distinguished remarks. The things which people will quote from your life, from your work, are the accidental things which you didn't quite intend, but which came to the top of your spirit in your best moments.

What I have said I know is in the tradition of the school. The doctrine is not hard to understand.

We wish you every possible success as craftsmen and as artists in music, and, for myself, and for the faculty, I express the hope that you will come back often to see us with no hard feelings (laughter), and we will courageously listen to you if you will wish to play to us or sing to us once more.

Now, the really handsome words of this farewell will be said by Doctor Damrosch (loud and continued applause).

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS AND ADDRESS BY DR. FRANK DAMROSCH

Now, I am going to have a little say, because now I come to that part of the exercises which gives me the greatest pleasure. That is, to distribute the prizes, chiefly in composition, of course, but others as well.

I am stepping outside of the limits which we have set in past years in awarding prizes in composition

only to those who showed, at the composition recital, special talent, special skill and ability, and those chiefly in the higher grades, of course.

The last composition recital started in with three very charming songs which were composed by three very small children from the preparatory centers, and I was so delighted with the effort which these children had made in saying something that they felt willing and able to say to express themselves, that I made up my mind whenever such things happened hereafter, I am going to give them a little prize. And now I would like to see Master Billy Masselos, and give him a nice, new, ten dollar bill (applause); and the same thing is going to Elsie Gray (applause); and Mary Ajemian (applause); Mary Jean Cash (applause).

Carolyn Urbanek—this is the Ellis Breen Memorial Prize of \$50 which I am empowered to give to the best student in the Department of Singing and I am happy to give it to you (applause).

Wallace Magnani—this is the Coolidge Prize in Chamber Music and as you wrote a very good fugue with a jazz theme which amused the critics—the faculty—very much, and as it was very skillfully done, I am happy to give you this prize of \$100 (applause).

The Isaac N. Seligman Memorial Prizes are awarded to the following: Francis J. Burkley, Gerald B. Tracy, Henry Brant and Erich Schaefer (applause). Erich Schaefer handed in, to the faculty of composition, a fully orchestrated symphonic overture which was unusually good in the judgment of the members of the faculty and they have therefore awarded \$400 to Mr. Schaefer (applause).

The faculty scholarships, or, rather, scholarship, is given to that student of the graduating class who has made the best record throughout and I found that this year two students were so close together that I wanted to recognize both of them, but I didn't like to split a cherry in two. However, I found that my faculty scholarship fund is much larger than I thought it was, and I therefore would be able to give a faculty scholarship to both students who deserve it and earned it—Doris Frerichs and Charlotte Murray (applause).

Now comes the silver medal which goes to that student graduating with an artist's diploma whose standing is above ninety-five per cent, and Arthur Christmann is the one who gets it (applause). Arthur Christmann has been in the course for orchestral instruments, wind instruments, for five years, and during that time he has not done what a great many of our wind instrument students, and others, too, have done—that is, merely do enough to get by. But he has worked hard, he has become not only a first class clarinet player but he has become a first class musician. He can write you a double fugue, if you ask him to, but I know you won't (laughter)—you don't care about double fugues—but he is a musician throughout, and an artist besides. And, therefore, I feel that he is entitled not only to the silver medal but also to the Morris Loeb Memorial Prize of \$1,000 (prolonged applause).

CLASS DINNER

(Continued from Page 2)

uating Class in a dual role—as musicians who have struggled and toiled to pass examinations, and—as budding operatic stars.

"The Mikado" is coming! Just think what that means.

Here is the Mikado himself. I have known him as an athlete striving to gain the mastery over double fugues, and I have had a strong feeling all along that "his object all sublime he will achieve in time." Robert Browning declared that "counterpoint glares like a Gorgon"; and I doubt whether even *he* ever finished a double fugue.

Then there's Nanki Pooh. He's an old operatic favorite; and I am sure you will like him just as well in his new role as you did when he was "Strophon."

Ko Ko is a dangerous fellow. You had better be careful, or he may have your head off before you have time to look around—"he's got a little list." But, anyway, I am sure that his name "*isn't* Willow, Tit Willow, Tit Willow."

Pooh Bah.—Well—bah! he may be "Lord High Everything Else," but *I'm* not afraid of him.

Pish Tush needs no introduction. He has won unfading laurels as the Lord Chancellor of an effete little island over the seas, and he retains his aristocratic position as "a noble lord."

As to Katisha! We shall see how she pans out as the "daughter-in-law elect." She's going to appear as a decidedly formidable female; but in real life she is kind and benevolent, so don't worry about her.

Yum Yum, Pitti Sing and Peep Bo have all been meek and mild members of my Singers' Class, but I didn't realize before that they had actually "come from a ladies' seminary."

Finally, we must not forget the president of the whole show—Walter Potter. His object for the last several weeks has been to make this event as good as any before. When he started a few weeks ago he looked back on last year's performance and heaved a sigh of mild pessimism, but he's now quietly saying to himself "There's lots of good fish in the sea."

Well—"Here's a pretty state of things—Here's a how-de-do." But I wish them all a brilliant success in the coming event; and, when it's over, we shall all exclaim—"You are right, and I am right, and all is right as right can be."

Now listen—

"The Grad Class of nineteen three one
Is the best of all classes, bar none;

For, to give The Mikado,

They're toiling so hard. Oh!

Just think—we shall have all the fun.

When it's over they all will depart,

Leaving—"Ach"—a sore place in our heart.

But we'll see some again

When they'll strive might and main
In the Ins'tute of Musical Art."

RAVINIA OPERA

Presented by Louis Eckstein

RAVINIA, the American synonym for the great Festival Theatres of Europe, will open its twentieth season of grand opera on June 20th to continue for ten weeks, closing August 31st. Situated in a forty acre estate on the shore of Lake Michigan, north of Chicago, it is known as "The Opera House in the Woods."

Lest the praise of one enthusiast seem too persistent, we quote a prominent music critic, Edward Moore, who writes: "In one of his visits to Ravinia, Otto H. Kahn once made a speech to the audience, in the course of which he declared that if Ravinia were plucked up from where it is and set down somewhere in central Europe, people would make pilgrimages from all over the civilized world to visit it. As a matter of fact, they come near to doing that now. The greater part of the patronage is naturally from Chicago and the north shore, brought there by steam, electricity, automobile, and on foot. But many come from great distances. Tourists from everywhere, native and foreign, make a visit there, and having made one, make others."

"It is the least formal of any operatic center, which is one of the reasons for its abiding charm. It has the potent achievements of fine art; it has the informal, comfortable atmosphere of a country club; it competes with no other operatic institution on earth. This has been Louis Eckstein's contribution to the musical art of America. How great a contribution it is, people are just beginning to realize."

Mr. Eckstein makes a practice of engaging the most famous artists in the most lavish manner. A company containing the names of Lucrezia Bori, Elisabeth Rethberg, Yvonne Gall, Florence Macbeth, Julia Claussen, Ina Bourskaya, Edward Johnson, Giovanni Martinelli, Mario Chamlee, Giuseppe Danise, Mario Basiola, Léon Rothier, Virgilio Lazarri, Louis D'Angelo and Vittorio Trevisan, as well as the conductors, Gennaro Papi, Louis Hasselmans, Wilfred Pelletier and Eric De Lamarter, has gone a marked distance beneath the surface of opera giving. Such names are to be treated by no means casually. The orchestra has from the beginning been taken from the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, always including the first desk men.

An editorial in the *Chicago Evening American* reads: "What the great master of Bayreuth and his late son, Siegfried, were to German opera, so is Louis Eckstein to Ravinia. . . . The beloved little 'opera house in the woods' is Eckstein's creation. He has tended and nurtured it. He has given without measure of his time, his energy, his money. If Ravinia is alive today, it has been through the afflatus of Eckstein's sincere zeal and devotion to this artistic cause. . . . And so we join with a thousand voices in rendering unto Caesar that which is Caesar's . . . and we say that Ravinia is Eckstein and Eckstein is Ravinia. And it will be so until Eckstein is no longer Eckstein."

THE MIKADO

By W. S. Gilbert and Arthur Sullivan

A large number of people attended *The Mikado* both Friday and Saturday nights, May 29 and 30. 'Nuff said! Except, of course, congratulations to all of you who participated, and our heartiest wishes for many hours of rest this summer. Having survived a class show ourselves, we know you need it!

The dramatis personae, in order of appearance, is as follows: Nanki-Pooh, Richardson Irwin; Pish-Tush, Guy Snell; Pooh-Bah, Bert Browne; Ko-Ko, Louis Kievman; Yum-Yum, Ethel Driggs; Peep-Bo, Mabel Berryman; Pitti-Sing, Gurnea Wiles; Katisha, Charlotte Murray; *The Mikado*, Carl Ditton; Gentlemen of Japan, Max Adamski, John Bernard, Arnold Clair, Keith Davis, Robert Gross, Saul Meirowitz, George Merrill, Carl Moore, Robert Penick, Norman Plotkin, Elwood Priesing, Erich Schaefer, Norman Schroer; School Girls, Mary Allison, Cornelia Basky, Evelyn Braverman, Greta Chasan, Leah Colker, Dorothy Kesner, Beatrice Lauener, Mary McIntyre, Ruth Marcus, Hannah Neviasky, Eunice Odrezin, Esther Schure, Christine Slezak, Helen Taylor, Peggy Walsh, Dvera Weiss, Frances Yerkes.

Arthur Christmann was Conductor; Walter Potter, Chorus Master and Assistant Conductor; Vivian Rivkin, Pianist. The operetta was staged and directed by the two faithful, unrelated Irwins, William C. K., and Richardson. Others who contributed largely to its success were Elwood Priesing, who had charge of the properties and costumes; Clara Blankman, who supervised the ushers, Albert Kirkpatrick, publicity director, and Victor Rosenblum, stage manager. To say nothing of the class officers: Walter Potter, President; Keith Davis, Vice President; Gertrude Schmitt, Secretary; and Charlotte Murray, Treasurer.

The Parnassus Club

605 and 612 West 115th Street

New York

The Class of 1931

Biographical Sketches of the Graduates

By Albert Kirkpatrick

SI può? Si può? Signori!—Signore!—Like Tonio, alone, but quite unlike him, *sans motley* and *sans orchestre*, we come bidding you hail and mayhap, farewell. If you will indulge an hereditary weakness for paraphrase, we can begin (moderato, 120 to the quarter) by announcing that it is our joyful privilege at this time rather to praise Caesar than to bury him,—this is presupposing that



ALBERT KIRKPATRICK

Who possesses a unique sense of humor, and is an indispensable member of THE BATON staff.

you as a class have most graciously consented to impersonate the corpse for a few minutes. Our purpose is possibly "all sublime" but otherwise purely literary, and you need fear no invidious comparison with the body of Julius. Though Caesar's wounds plead never so dumbly, all of you bear scars eloquent enough to start a sizeable revolution of their own among the loose masonry hereabouts; for have you not weathered, one way or another, the siege of the Dictated Three Part Song Form, embellished as only G. A. W. knows how? And have you not sung, moaned or otherwise intoned the alleged works of Bach, Handel, Haydn and points north? And have you not—but no more, please! It is enough that you and your hardy preceptors have survived these musical tribulations. Forget this, for a little space.

Dwell apart, serene in the contemplation of your high estate, you who have graduated from the Regular Courses of the Institute, deferring just ever so slightly to those who have risen to vertiginous degrees much higher than we can estimate with comfort. Summer passes swiftly by on the wings of comparative silence, and anon, the round begins once more, the long, slow, spiral climb up, up and still upward.

Before we part however, let us again turn down the house lights, flood the stage, and call each one in turn to tread the boards, granting us all, comrades in notes, a final solo glimpse of him who, like Childe Rolland, to the Dark Tower's search his steps addressed. *Andiam. Incomminciate!*

DEPARTMENT OF PIANO

Estelle Best

Modestest of all is she,
Cometh first unwillingly,
But her name begins with B,
So, it can't be helped, you see!

Please, *don't* throw it! We loathe tomatoes, 'specially ripe ones; and we promise never, never to versify again. Besides, Miss Best deserves more expert lyrics. She comes from Brooklyn where the sea air has given a delightful tang to her speech; or perhaps parentage has something to do with it. A Scotch-Irish father and a New English mother might be responsible for an English accent, mightn't they? If you catch her in an unguarded moment and then betray confidence, she will tell you about a trip to Europe, how she studied for a time in Vienna, and of a charming little hotel on the Rue d'Alger in Paris, where M. le Propriétaire welcomes each prospective customer with real French ecstasy. No, Lucius, ecstasy is *not* a beverage!

Irene Botts

After being tracked to her lair, admitted not unproudly, that her home is Florida. Fort Myron is the exact locale. There she shared ozone with Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford, of whom you may have heard. Irene's music lessons began at six years of age. Before coming to New York she studied with a pupil of Rafael Joseffy, Elsa Troetschel (as near as can be deciphered)! Here she studies with Mr. Friskin, and accompanies for Mr. Malatesta of the Metropolitan Opera. She has studied violin and voice too, and is interested in chamber music. Furthermore, she has a flair for composition, and one of her homophonic demonstrations rated the program this year.

Dorothy Campbell

gives us something interesting to read about from the very beginning. She was born in India of American parents, and began to study piano when six years old, but neglects to mention whether this was in India or the United States, where she later com-

pleted a college preparatory course, specialized in music for three years at the Hendley Kaspar School in Washington, D. C. and then transferred her allegiance to the Institute and Mr. Boyle. She has, by the way, taken two years of violin at the Institute. Her present home is Lynchburg, Virginia.

Harry Davis

is one of those fortunates whose winter efforts are to be supplemented by a summer session at Blue Hill, where his "two glorious years, years with Mr. Gaston Dethier," will be happily protracted. He entered the preparatory school in 1926 and followed through the intermediate years with Mrs. McKellar. Of the dim ages before that, little remains, but it appears to have been more musical in thought than deed.

Jacob Feuerring

of the flaming hair. His birthday remains an exciting mystery but we are confided of its whereabouts, New York City. His parents are Viennese and his first piano teacher was Arthur Wechsler, a Joseffy pupil. Before entering the Institute he devastated the local school system and wrote music on the side, both sides, maybe. These primogeniti joined the waste basket on entrance to Mr. Wedge's class. His future study will be serious and private. And then? He appends the significant hiatus and firework symbols.

Doris Frerichs

winner of the Faculty Scholarship, lived in New York until six years ago, but still comes back for her musical education. Her present home is Ridgewood, New Jersey. During her high school days she accompanied the boys' and girls' glee clubs and the orchestra, and also a production of Pinafore, and has been accompanist for the Women's Choral Organization of her community for the last three years. In April, 1930 she was awarded the Bamberger scholarship for two years of study at the Institute, which enabled her to continue her study with Carl M. Roeder. At present she is organist and choir director of an Episcopal church.

Mary Katz

is young enough not to mind revealing the date of her entry into the struggle for existence—June 2, 1914. Seven or eight years afterward she was seated before an immense piano and told, quite frankly, that she was to play "the alarmin' thing"—also that she was to graduate sometime from the Institute of Musical Art, become an artist and make enough money to take Aunt D. and Uncle B. and the kids on a trip around the world. In the meantime, she graduated—from high school—attended college for almost two years, and now at last she receives the prophesied diploma from the Institute. She is not just sure when the world tour will begin.

Albert Kirkpatrick

"On the Gulf of Mexico where time is an insignificant detail; yesterday we stopped at Miami for a day. I joined a small group to rent a car and see the sights. We had a glorious swim at the famous Venetian Pool in Coral Gables—and ate Pompano, which is a poem of gastronomy, on Miami Beach in

full view of a luminous, pale green ocean. The ubiquitous palm trees brought disturbing thoughts of the Editor (who has a weakness for this evidence of the tropics) and my unwritten biography.

"What are the facts of a lifetime among palm trees, anyhow? 'They never would be missed.' However, until palm trees spring from the marble floors of the Institute, facts are apt to flourish triumphant. Herewith I append me—

"I was born with an innate enthusiasm for Mt. Vesuvius and coloratura sopranos. Assisted by the victrola, I was able to graduate from the latter of these, at the age of sixteen. My early piano lessons were associated with a curious old Englishman, stooped and bewhiskered, who visited our home once a week, bringing each time a new piece, and remaining until I had read the thing clear through. It was generally two pages of large type, and the operation lasted *hours!* Later—much later—we added to this the W. T. C. at four bars per lesson. Naturally I should like to lay some tribute before the two teachers who bridged the time between this hardy gentleman's deposition and my arrival here; both left enduring marks on very blank clay, but no justice to either can be done in a few words. The Institute lay at the end of my quest for Something More. How much more it has proved to be, I can indicate only by saying that I long sincerely to return again and again, not only to regraduate but to demonstrate to Gaston Dethier my deep gratitude for his wonderful help in every phase of musical endeavor, and to express similar sentiments to THE BATON for many happy experiences and delightful friendships."

Editor's Postscript: It happened in this wise: THE BATON Staff needed a new member. The Editor, also of the Faculty, thought Albert Kirkpatrick, in one of her Keyboard Harmony classes, had the editorial ear-marks. More than that, he turned out to be the possessor of so marked a literary gift that were he not so talented a pianist he might easily follow a career of the pen. He views the world with a humor and enthusiasm which make both his personality and his writing a delight. In the darkest editorial moments, he inevitably appears to disperse the clouds. He interviews not only in English, but in Spanish, German and French, and so well does he adapt himself to the situations and so widely read and interesting do they find him, his subjects have been known to see him more than once for the pleasure of the acquaintance. All of which would prove to the discerning that he is a front curl in THE BATON's permanent wave!

Margaret Kopekin

is another of those from across the ocean—Vienna is her birthplace, but she deserted it for the Institute on the strength of a Juilliard scholarship. Her acquaintance with languages other than English has made her a necessity to THE BATON staff in times of stress.

William Krevit

is a native New Yorker who reveals nothing of his past except that his "serious study" really began at the Institute with Mr. Harold Morris, to whom he is very grateful.

Betty Lasley

has a Steinway scholarship to Fontainebleau for the summer. No wonder she could not concern herself about such prosaic matters as a biography for THE BATON! This is her second year at the Institute under James Friskin, we learned, and also found out that she is from Aberdeen, Texas.

Virginia McCarthy

commutes from her native city of Glen Cove, Long Island. Soon after her first birthday, she states, on September 14, 1909, she began to study piano. Her other talents include horseback riding, golf and dancing (variety not mentioned). After being graduated from high school in 1926 she still had enough spirit left to enter the Institute, where she toiled and struggled for four more years. But, she says, virtue brings its own reward, or something to that effect, and now, "thanks to the sympathetic nature of Doctor Damrosch and of the Faculty," her old age is brightened by the reception of a diploma.

Ralph McFadden

was born in Dillon, Montana, that year of grace 1904, and the greater part of his training and work has been pursued on native soil. At the Dana Musical Institute he studied piano, theory and orchestral instruments; and after being graduated became a member of the Montana State Normal College as an instructor in piano. He studied with Sigismund Stojowski during the summer of 1926 and at the Institute with Friskin this last year. He will resume operations in Montana on June 15, teaching piano and theory at the aforementioned college.

Loie Nickerson

"Queen City of the Sound" is her birthplace. We won't keep you in suspense any longer; its common name is New Rochelle. At an early age Loie showed her love for music and has been showing it ever since, having had full charge of the musical program when she was graduated from grammar school. She has served as accompanist for the orchestra in high school, and has become a favored accompanist for many of the popular local artists in her home town. She has a large class of pupils and is now preparing them for her annual students' recital.

Gertrude Perlman

from Newark, N. J., was graduated from high school in 1926 and two years later was awarded the Bamberger piano scholarship for four years. She has since been studying with James Friskin.

Robert Riotte

Originally from Union City, N. J., he now lives in East Orange, where he was graduated from high school in 1922. He is also a graduate of Dartmouth College. In 1929, having won a Bamberger scholarship, he came to the Institute where he continued the study of piano, begun in high school days, with Carl M. Roeder. Here, he says, endeth the story up to the present moment.

Vivian Rivkin

Wearied by incessant prayers from this department, Vivian says, "Well, here's how"; born in Canton, Ohio, moved to Cleveland where music study, or at least lessons, began. After coming to New

York she studied with Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Hughes. Then three years ago, she entered I. M. A. and expresses the pleasure of having studied with Miss Epstein, and the desire to continue next year.

Bella Schumiatcher

asks us if we want her biography. She *asks* us!—Yes, thank you, much better now. We can proceed. "Of course, I was born, though I would not be a normal species of the feminine gender if I were to tell you when; but I can say where—Russia. The age of three weeks found me bound for Calgary, in Alberta, Canada. I was happy there until eight years confronted me and with them the black and white crossword puzzle of sound." Bella participated in all sorts of festivals and contests, dragging home such an array of cups, shields and medals that mother must have wished sometime that the dear girl wouldn't play *quite* so well! In New York she has continued her studies under Miss Augustin, "who has been a great source of inspiration and help."

Sadye Slatin

Born on Columbus Day in 1910, she has been discovering things ever since; for example, how to play the piano, harmonize a scale, sight-sing, and gain all the other accomplishments which have been considered necessary for a graduate of the Institute to possess. She has studied with James Friskin for three years.

Collins Smith

was born in Toronto, Ohio, "long, long ago." He wrestled there with the tough old angels, Piano, Organ, Harmony and Counterpoint, and threw 'em. Then he went to Pittsburgh to improve his grip with Vincent Wheeler. After that the Institute and the tutelage of Friskin. He hopes to return in the fall.

Myra Tyson

is from Arkansas and has a B.A. from Hendrix College and an M.A. in French from Columbia, according to Mary Woodson, her biographer. It was only by waylaying Miss Woodson in the halls of the Parnassus Club that information could be obtained about Myra, and also about Betty Lasley. Miss Woodson is not to be blamed for paucity of details; she did not suspect that she was to be cast in the role of a second Boswell!

Harold Weiss

was born, but "never mind when." Bethlehem, Pa., was the scene of his earliest activities. He came to the Institute in 1928 with serious intentions and has been working happily with Gaston Dethier during the last three years.

Mary Woodson

has done the difficult stunt of juggling two majors (just as difficult as if it were spelled with a capital M!) at the Institute; voice with Mrs. Toedt, in which course she was graduated last year, and piano with Mrs. Fyffe, in which she received her diploma this year. Although she is from Phoenix, Arizona, she expects to go to Los Angeles next year to teach.

DEPARTMENT OF SINGING**Mable Berryman:**

Beep-Bo of the class operetta comes from Port-

land, Maine, and has always been interested in music. After being graduated from King's Academy in Portland she went to Boston to attend the New England Conservatory. Having to give up studies for a couple of years, she entered the business world, but found it not to her liking. Later the discovery of a voice and the desire to develop it brought her to the Institute. This, she says, has been the brightest period of her life to date. She leaves us hoping for bigger and better things; f'r instance, another year here.

Ruth Diehl

is from Danville, Pa. She warbles in the soprano keys, has been here four years with Madame Sang-Collins, and is now singing at All Angels Church.

Ethel Driggs

Here we have another stellar personage of the Mikado—none less than Yum-Yum. Ethel comes from Trinidad, British West Indies, and her stage-wise performance is perhaps due both to natural proclivity and to previous participation in all sorts of amateur theatricals. In operettas she often sang leading roles and was always ambitious to study singing, but had no opportunity through lack of competent teachers. The American Consul in Trinidad advised her to come to New York and secured a number for her on the student quota so that she might be admitted to this country. Two weeks after arriving, she heard of the Institute, had an interview with Dr. Damrosch, and acquired a scholarship which she has held four years. Madame Walther has been her teacher here, and Ethel hopes to return to her next fall.

Elizabeth Druckenmiller

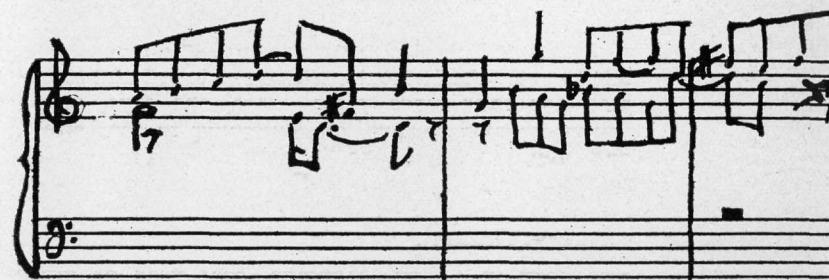
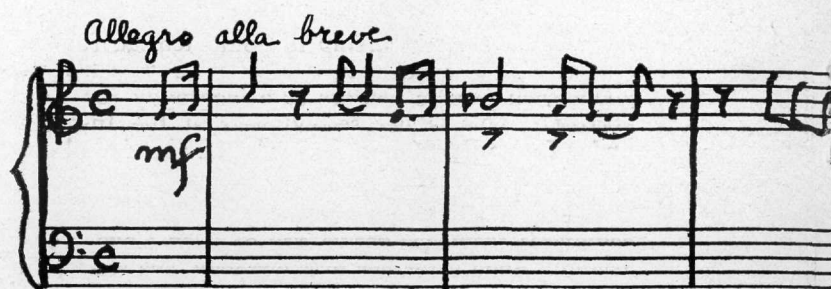
was born "many, many long years ago on Long Island." She recalls, on looking back over her long, long career, that the latter part of her youth was spent in East Orange, where she was graduated from high school in 1926. Since then she has been singing (she appends a question mark) at the Institute of Musical Art, and expects to come back to take the Teachers' Course next year.

Josephine Moomaw

was born in Virginia. She studied for one year at Randolph-Macon College, but decided to specialize in voice after a trip at the age of sixteen to New York, where she sang for some prominent teachers. Two years later she entered the Institute, where she has received her entire musical training. She intends to continue next year, and is especially interested in opera.

Charlotte Murray

Katisha of the miraculous shoulder blade, and of unmentioned but palpably evident vocal charms. She comes from South Carolina and is the daughter of a Methodist preacher. Her education was carried on in Washington, D. C., where she taught public school music for a time. After her family moved she engaged in recital



Part of Wallace Magnani's prize-winning composition called
written for two clarinets

work, realizing all the time that something very important was missing. She entered the Institute and found the pearl of great price, suspended within sight, but only attained after three or four years—the more the better, she thinks! Having had long and varied experience in church work she has developed a great love for sacred music and hopes some day to compose something worth while in that line. She has coached with Frank La Forge and Walter Golde, and studied at the Institute with Mrs. Toedt. She also acted as class treasurer, and won the Faculty Scholarship!

Gertrude Schmitt

is secretary of the class. She is from Minnesota, any reference to the color of whose water is to be considered as strictly tabu, whether with or without music. Miss Schmitt won the Minnesota Atwater



Fugue in C major. It is based on a jazz theme and is for violin, flute and two bassoons.

This last attempt has been made possible by a McGill scholarship, and she hopes that it will prove the most successful of them all. Her future plans very much include singing.

Carolyn Urbanek

studies with Madame Walther. Her present home is in Lowell, Mass., but her birthplace was Boston. Madam Adamowski, head of the piano department of the New England Conservatory, induced her to study voice. Caroline is also an organist, and has directed children's and adults' choirs. A few months ago she sang in "Chimes of Normandy," at Mecca Temple, a performance given for the benefit of the unemployed. At present she is soloist in the White Plains Presbyterian Church. She won a fifty dollar prize for being the best student in the department of voice.

Doris Wetmore

hails from Buffalo, but that doesn't necessarily mean that she indulges in rolling jaunts over Niagara Falls! After three years at the Institute, she is convinced that she would like to study indefinitely with Mrs. Dunham, and not for just the singing, either, exclamation point.

Gurnea Wiles

First of all, get the name right. The accent must be on the **ne**, or your life is not worth much. After that it is easy to proceed. Gurnea was Pitti-Sing in the operetta, and a cheerful sight to see, regardless of one's mental condition. Stony Point on the Hudson was stormed long ago by one Mad Anthony, and Miss Wiles gave it another severe shock by being born there on November 13 an indefinite but not very great number of years since. She has always gone in for dramatics, but her ambitions in this direction have been cruelly stepped on. She has been church organist and soloist for the last six years, and teaches music in summer school. Her vocal studies here are with Madame Sang-Collins.

DEPARTMENT OF VIOLIN

Cornelia Basky

is a "New Yorker to the very marrow," but says we'd never think it of her. Her first fiddle was chosen in preference to a package of chewing gum; Wrigley's it was to have been, too! Careful thought persuaded her that the fiddle would last longer and make more noise; it has and does. Under doctor's orders she put off lessons until eleven years of age. Study ever since has been regulated by physicians and more physicians. She remembers with what fluttering of the heart and shivering in the boots she first entered Room G at the Institute to be examined musically instead of anatomically for a change. She was admitted to the intermediate course and has been a pupil of Conrad Held from the first. In spite of ill health she managed to attend High School, and to spend one glorious summer at the music colony in Pittsfield, Mass., and she hopes to return there this summer. As to next year, "Well,

Kent Audition for 1928, attended the State University for two years, and studied pipe organ for three years under George Fairclough, F. A. G. O., before coming to the Institute.

Elizabeth Sinkford

is another Toedt pupil. She has been fortunate to the extent of scholarships for three years, and hopes to do postgraduate work and to become a concert singer. Bluefield, W. Va., is her home. She is a graduate of the Oberlin Conservatory in Ohio, and has taught at the Hampton Institute in Virginia. She is very grateful for the scholarships and the splendid training received here.

Fan Tow

says that going to school has been her vocation and avocation for years. (Some of the rest of us feel the same way about it!)

that depends on many things, don't you know?" *Don't we, though!*

Clara Blankman

we almost said she was a "little Old New Yorker," and would yet, but we are addicted to the truth whenever possible, and Clara is not old. She made her first public appearance in the world of music on the grand and glorious occasion of graduation from grammar school, after having studied the violin for one whole year, including Sundays and holidays. "After graduation from high school and a performance of Saint-Saen's infamous 'Rondo Capriccioso'" it was unanimously agreed, by all interested parties, that Clara must have a famous teacher. Mr. William Kroll was the pedagogue chosen for the task of musically bringing up the aforementioned violin prodigy. After a year's study with the gentleman in question, including a summer of fiddling and hiking in Pittsfield, Mass., our violinist hopefully entered the Institute. The last year she has spent under the guidance of Mr. Naoum Blinder, with whom she expects to resume her studies.

Keith Davis

Vice-President of the class (accept our sincere sympathy), comes from Des Moines, Iowa, where he was concertmaster of the high school orchestra for three years and concertmaster of the Iowa State High School Orchestra. He expects to come back for further study.

Judson Ehrbar

took his first lessons from a Professor Bubardt, now the proprietor of a dry goods store in southern Ohio. He adds, "so much for my early education (?) on the violin." Tiffin, Ohio, is his birthplace, A. D. 1908. "During high school days I occupied my spare time with a dance band. And while attending classes at Heidelberg College in the same town, I spent my evenings directing an orchestra in the local vaudeville house." He arrived *chez nous* in the fall of 1928.

Morris Gomborg

has a mysterious past, though not necessarily wicked, even though he does come from Chicago. He has been here for four years, studying with Mr. Conrad Held.

Leonard Grossman

was born in New York on February 23, 1910, and says he had no musical background, nor any musical intentions! However, he began to study violin at the age of twelve, and has been practising faithfully ever since.

Louis Kievman

Oh, Muse, lend us a strain! This is the infectious nut whose Ko Ko almost stopped the show. Even his town has a name fraught with interest, Naugatuck, which is Indian for "Little Tree on the River Bend." Bend and tree are both in Connecticut. Louis studies fiddle with Jacobsen, but prefers to play Bach inventions on the piano! Music studies have pursued him since childhood's hour. He says he has been at the Institute since its foundation, so he must have attended his first dictation classes in a

perambulator. He is going to college some day, and expects to teach in a private girls' school in Waterbury. Name of school will be furnished on request but is to come under the head of State Secrets.

Beatrice Launer

had an unusual ambition when she was a youngster. When she was ten years old (having been born in New York in 1913) she intended to become a Hebrew School teacher. But she took up the study of violin at \$.25 per lesson, and a year later, having been graduated from the Hebrew High School, definitely gave up a teaching career for one in music. This season she was gold medal winner of the New York Music Week Association. At present she is studying with Harold Berkeley.

Ralph Matesky

has spent most of his life in the West, though he was born in New York. His home is in San Francisco. In 1930 he was graduated from Modesto Junior College, and now, to cap the climax of a career begun under the instruction of his father, he is receiving the coveted diploma from the Institute. He adds, "Good luck to all future, present, and past graduates!"

Mary McIntyre

entered this vale of musical striving in 1912. She studied at Kidd-Key College in Sherman, Texas; Ward-Belmont College, and in New Orleans before she decided to try still another variety and forthwith entered the Institute. While living in New Orleans she gave a series of recitals in the larger Louisiana towns with a pianist who was an artist graduate of the New Orleans Conservatory. She intends to return here next year for post-graduate work.

Joseph Monush

was born 23 years ago in South River, N. J., where he was graduated from high school. He has been employed in theater orchestras for the past seven years and has done some orchestral arranging. His teachers here were Louis Edlin and Conrad Held. Striving ever to please, he would have written more but the point of his pencil broke, curse it, and he had only time to conclude with, "Good luck to my friends and classmates." Thanks, we may need it!

Bernice Singer

"Many admirers thrust a pen in my hand, and the sacred sense of duty urges that for the sake of posterity I add a few lines to THE BATON—long may it wave! Life has not been so replete with interest that any elaboration is necessary. Buffalo shoved me out; the Institute took me in. The years here have been thoroughly enjoyable, and the privilege of having known the faculty will always remain a cherished memory.

DEPARTMENT OF VIOLONCELLO

Marian Noyes

"Of course the most important years are those spent at the Institute, and three wonderful summers at Pittsfield, studying with Mr. Willeke. And the other years?—Away up in northern New Hampshire in the little city of Berlin, nestled down among the glorious White Mountains, there I played dolls, went to school, studied 'cello with George Stevens,

and occasionally went prancing over those mountains of mine, until one day, I found an Institute catalogue and Mr. Willeke. Then I lengthened my skirts, packed my tooth brush, *et me voici!*"

Walter Potter

has the distinction of being sole occupant of a noteworthy position this season: he is the only president of the class of 1931! His home is in Iowa City, Iowa, in which state it is evident that tall gentlemen, as well as tall corn grow. This particular tall gentleman confesses that he played at various instruments—violin, piano and flute—when a small boy, but none of them were satisfactory. When he was eleven his family gave him a 'cello, but he had to practice for a long time without a teacher. For one year he travelled sixty miles every time he took a lesson! Then for four years he studied only in the summer; during two summers with Engelbert Roentgen in Minneapolis. Walter has a brother and two sisters, all of whom are musical; the family could really form a symphony orchestra, for among them they play the flute, bassoon, clarinet, piano, violin and 'cello! What did they do about practicing? Oh, says Walter, each shut himself in some room or other and played to his heart's content. Luckily, they lived near the edge of town, and the nearest neighbors were a block away! Walter came to the Institute three years ago, and has studied here with Mr. Belousoff. The month of May, 1931, has been one of the busiest in his life, although he always does a good deal of playing in addition to his work at school. He has not only had the task of organizing the graduating class and supervising all of its festivities, but that of preparing the class show and training the orchestra for it. Only those who attended the "Mikado" can appreciate how well he succeeded!

DEPARTMENT OF ORGAN

Robert Penick

This rangy Texan comes from Austin. He was born in 1909 and on June the fourth, which is our favorite birthday. His father is Professor of Greek and Latin at the University of Texas, but is better known to those not participating in the divisions of Gaul, as the school tennis coach. Robert reluctantly agreed to piano lessons at the age of ten. After a two year struggle his teacher had a nervous breakdown, and advised him to take up organ. He emerged from the University of Texas with a B.A. and a Kappa key (Phi Beta, you understand; not a token of affection from the girl friend); and was driven out of Texas by his family (in a Ford), and placed under his sister's wing in New York. He has studied organ here for two years, and has played in fourteen churches of eight different denominations—which certainly ought to put him in a fair way to demand justice when the trumpet sounds.

DEPARTMENT OF ORCHESTRA

Clarinet

Sidney Keil

having lived ten years in New York City, blew his way via the clarinet to the position of band leader of the New York Hebrew Orphan Asylum band, in which he had the "extreme pleasure of helping to

win lots of contests." He was a member of the National Orchestral Association during the last year, and expects to come back for post-graduate work at the Institute.

John Messner

Born October 13 (he puts a ring around it), 1910, at 11th Avenue and 43rd Street in New York, he moved to Ridgefield Park, New Jersey, as soon as he was able to walk out of this city. "I started music on the violin, as is usual, finally winding up on the clarinet, with which instrument I hope to get into some first class symphony orchestra." He has played over every radio station in New York and points west since he was fifteen years of age, he claims!

Flute

Frances Blaisdell

was born in Telecoplanes, Tenn., in 1912, but moved to Red Bank, New Jersey, at the age of six. She had so much leisure time, not having to ponder over the spelling of her new abode every time she wrote a letter, that she began to study flute. After four years she came to New York to take lessons from Ernest F. Wagner of the N. Y. Philharmonic, and in 1928 entered the Institute to become a pupil of Georges Barrère. She hopes to see a field for women develop in large symphony orchestras, but meantime wants to become a soloist.

Robert Bolles

"In the year 1908, out on the great western plains of Nebraska in a little town called McCook, my folks got a real Hallowe'en scare because on the 30th day of October I made my appearance. A few years later I grew fond of the flute and in the course of time I began to study the intricacies of flute playing. After studying in the middle west I went out to the Pacific coast for a while, and to make it better yet I came to the East to study with Mr. Barrère and to attend the Institute."

POST GRADUATES DEPARTMENT OF PIANO *Teachers' Course*

Hugo Bornn

was born Bornn in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, off Porto Rico. He has had six wonderful years at the Institute where he has studied piano with Mr. Lewis and Mr. Sieveking, and composition with Mr. Brockway. During this time he has been teaching, and will continue to do so next year at home, taking the Institute gospel back with him. In the meantime, he has already given a highly successful recital at the Grace Congregational Church, on June 7th, which included his graduation program and a composition of his own and one by Mr. Sieveking.

Michael Brodsky

is a New Yorker. His musical studies began at the Malkin School and later were continued at the Seymour Musical Foundation. When he played for Mrs. Seymour she advised him to come to the Institute which he did in 1922. Michael has also studied at C. C. N. Y.

Sylvia Glasser

has lived most of her life in Springfield, Mass., though she was originally from New York City. Her

teachers have been Mr. Boyle and Mr. Sieveking. Modesty, we think, becomes all but members of the graduating class. Sylvia, we wish you had been a little more anxious to talk about yourself!

Maurice Goldstein

was labeled a "reticent lad" when he graduated from the regular course because THE BATON was able to learn only that he was born and educated in New York and that he had studied with Mr. Lewis and Mr. Newstead. Now, however, he divulges his chief ambition for the future: to attend Columbia and specialize in music education.

Henry Nelson

was transported from Sweden to Wisconsin at the age of three, and some time later migrated to the Institute where he studied with Miss Michelson and Miss Epstein. He has had experience in professional accompanying, theatre and radio work and has taught for a couple of years at a private music school in Duluth, Minnesota. Last June Columbia University made him a Bachelor of Science; in August it will make him a Master of Arts. He has received the regular diploma and the teachers' diploma from the Institute, so you can see he has already been through the third degree.

Hannah Neviasky

claims London-town as her birthplace, though she did not stay there long. Her first five years were spent travelling abroad. Like most wanderers, she probably enjoyed the process at the time, but, *ahimé*, unlike most of them, she can't remember anything to tell about it. She began her study at the Institute with Miss Mayo, has been studying for the last two years with Mr. Herzog, and intends to come back to him next year. Hannah has been one of the peppiest members of the chorus of the class shows for the last two years, and no doubt will lend her enthusiasm a third time.

Esther Ostroff

Odessa, "The Beauty of Southern Russia," cradled her. After living there through the war and the most exciting part of the revolution her family escaped to America. Her musical training, begun at an early age in Odessa, has had many interruptions. The longest and almost fatal period of musical stagnation lasted three years, and was due to their wandering almost all over the world until they reached New York. Even after they arrived they could not consider buying a piano on account of financial difficulties; but at last, at the age of fourteen, Esther renewed her studies. She feels that she has been very fortunate in being guided by Miss Quin, first at the Yorkville Music School and then at the Institute. Miss Quin gave her over to Mr. Friskin for the Teachers' Course, and she cannot stress sufficiently how indebted she is to both of them for their "patient, friendly and kind teaching." Last summer Esther was sent to Fontainebleau to study with Philipp, and says it was a broadening experience. She intends to continue study not only next year, but probably as long as she lives!

Libbie Lewis Techlin

was merely Libbie Lewis when she received her diploma from the regular course. She was born,

"Well, why not? in Pittsburgh a certain? number of years ago." When she was thirteen she came to New York, gave a recital at the Princess Theatre, and then entered the Institute for study with Mr. Morris. One year of journalistic endeavor at Columbia convinced her that "Music hath its charms." (We think so too, especially just about the time the June issue is in preparation!)

Sarah Teraspulsy

And still they come from Russia! Sarah has spent most of her life in New York, however. She has studied with Miss Augustin at the Institute.

Dorothy Wagner

is one of those ambitious people who take no vacations; she teaches during the summer, directs glee clubs, plays for folk dancing, and so on. Perhaps it is the Brooklyn air, to which we have referred before, which gives her so much vim, vigor and vitality. She has had a Juilliard scholarship for five years, and expects to come back for more.

DEPARTMENT OF VIOLIN

Teachers' Course

Virginia Coy

Phoebus is no myth to Virginia—to neither the state nor the person. The state claims it as a city, and the person claims it as a birthplace. The person's first love was the clarinet, and she tooted on it so long and vigorously in her younger days that her teeth began to give way under the strain and to stick straight out. So for beauty's sake she forsook the clarinet and annexed a fiddle to which she has been faithful ever since. She has been studying at Teachers' College, "not enough to count, though," in addition to working at the Institute, and "intends, expects and hopes" to return next year. We forgot to say that Virginia's father was in the army, and that consequently their home changed frequently. Her teachers, before she came to the Institute, were bandsmen in the army. No doubt she knows her geography so well that she could name the capitol of every state!

Florence Duvall

from Claremont, California, to Claremont Avenue—only a matter of a few thousand miles or so to go for an education! Florence has been teaching at the Neighborhood Music School and Christodore House this year, and hopes to continue work at the Institute.

Harold Elitzik

Another reticent creature! He has studied with Mr. Bostelmann, we learn on consulting a BATON of former years, *et c'est tout!* . . . We beg your pardon, Harold. We have just discovered some notes about your career, in a certain person's (we mention no names) handwriting. Here they are: BATON readers can misinterpret them for themselves! "Harold Elitzik—Brooklyn—Blue Hill—scholarship. Edouard—quartet. 2nd year. Hopes to proff. E. B. Int." Sorry not to be able to translate, but the author of those notes is already far removed from the tribulations of the June issue!

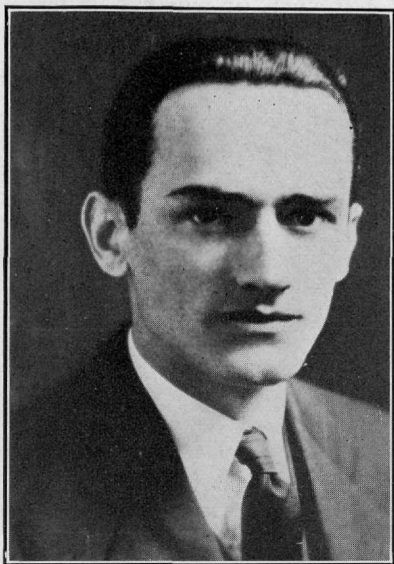
Hermann Krasnow

says, "Well, here goes one more diploma to add to my collection. I shall spend the summer (and per-

haps the winter, too) wondering what to do with it. I wish my dear colleagues a very pleasant summer, etc., etc." Why, Herrman, don't you know what to do with it? You can spend the summer having it autographed by your dear, dear colleagues, and other famous musicians.

Pauline Michel

from Bethlehem, Pa., is back "after years of teaching, absorbing inspiration with which to whisk away the rust of routine!" She has been teaching in the violin department of the Moravian College for Wo-



ERICH SCHAEFER

Winner of \$400 of the Seligman Composition Prize

men, and has a large private class in addition. (No, not arithmetic!)

Hyman Shlomowitz

"(1909-?) Noteworthy achievements—received Teachers' Diploma from Institute of Musical Art in 1931, thereby proving that he lived at least 22 years. Hopes to prove his existence for 23 years if he is allowed to live." Do you get the idea, gentle readers?

DEPARTMENT OF PIANO

Certificate of Maturity

Anna Auerbach

hails from New York. She studied at the Institute with Mrs. McKellar and Mr. Herzog, and was awarded the Faculty Scholarship upon graduating from the regular course two years ago. She was also offered the Steinway Scholarship for study at Fontainebleau, but declined because she feared an attack of nostalgia, should she get on the other side of the water! She wants to come back next year: her eye now rests longly on the Artists' Diploma!

Michael Brodsky

See biography under Teachers' Diploma.

Mary Jean Cash

Though she is among those fortunate people who could get into movies for children's prices if they were not quite so honest, was born all of twenty-two

years ago in Pueblo, Colo. The first proof of her great talent lay in the fact that she played "Alexander's Ragtime Violin" upon the piano, by ear—no, not with her ear, she assures us. Her serious devotion to the pianistic art began when she was eight and was nourished in Joplin, Missouri, Dallas, Texas, and the Institute of Musical Art where she has acquired the Certificate of Maturity and a prize for composition.

Norman Plotkin

says "Biography! (?)! I was born some time ago, And I'm still alive, you know"—strange, as he reported his demise at the graduation exercises on June 2nd, last.

Milford Snell

No, he and Guy are *not* related, excepting through the musical fatherhood of Mr. Newstead. Milford is from Middleport, New York. Another blushing violet!

Libbie Lewis Techlin

See biography under Teachers' Diploma.

Sarah Teraspulsky

See biography under Teachers' Diploma.

Alfred Thompson

Comes from Mount Vernon, New York. He entered the Institute with a Juilliard Scholarship in 1928 and has held it ever since, studying with Gordon Stanley. He won the Hutcheson scholarship at Chautauqua last summer.

Dorothy Wagner

See biography under Teachers' Diploma.

DEPARTMENT OF VIOLIN

Certificate of Maturity

Aaron Hirsch

says that in 1921 at the age of twelve, he awoke musically to the extent of enrolling at the Institute to receive his first real instruction in music. To be sure, he continues, at kindergarten he had had some training for, at five, he was solo accordion player! He has studied at the Institute with Mrs. Seeger and Mr. Gardner.

DEPARTMENT OF VIOLONCELLO

Certificate of Maturity

Harvey Shapiro

was born in New York City in 1911, but soon moved to California. When he was five he began to take piano lessons, but the 'cello caught his fancy when he was about seven. He studied with Stanlius Bem, of the San Francisco Symphony. When he was still a lad, his family came back to New York so he could study with Mr. Willeke. First he was sent to Marie Rosanoff for four years' preparation, but he has been with Mr. Willeke ever since.

DEPARTMENT OF SINGING

Certificate of Maturity

Carl Diton

who hails from the Quaker City, is fast becoming a New Yorker. "Another year has passed at the Institute," says he, "during which time I have added new acquaintances and pleasant associations. I am a much better musician than I was at this time last year, thanks to my teachers. And you know, I am

really beginning to believe that 'My object all sublime I shall achieve in time!' " He paused and added, "I beg your pardon, I don't think you quite caught that remark." We did. But for fear all of our readers may not get the point, we will interpret. Mr. Diton played the title rôle in the class show, and it was his ambition that a "more humane Mikado should never in the Institute have existed." At least we are certain that a more regal one never did!

DEPARTMENT OF PIANO

Artists' Diploma

Helen Windsor

Coldwater, Michigan, added another member to its population in 1906. This member's musical education began at the age of ten years. She studied with Miss Overhiser in Milwaukee until 1923 when she went to Oberlin Conservatory. In 1926 she emerged with a B.M. degree. A representative from the Juilliard Foundation had heard her play in Oberlin, and this served as an introduction to the school when she came to New York. Since then she has studied with Mr. Friedberg, both at the Institute and in Baden-Baden, Germany.

DEPARTMENT OF SINGING

Artists' Diploma

André Cibulski

a Russian by birth, a German by education, an American by naturalization, a tenor by profession, and an Artist Graduate of the Institute by hard work! About twelve years ago he came to New York. He claims that there was too much noise at that time in Russia and he was too often disturbed in his vocalizing. Now he does most of his practicing in Brooklyn. Before coming to the Institute he studied at C. C. N. Y., where his professors were affected to such a degree (B.S.) that they graduated him with honors and elected him to Phi Beta Kappa. André sang at the Commencement exercises this year with the Institute Orchestra as accompanist.

DEPARTMENT OF CLARINET

Artists' Diploma

Arthur Christmann

has been at the Institute for the last five years and says that he enjoyed every minute of it. He was graduated from the regular course in 1929 at which time he was president of the senior class. He is a native New Yorker of long musical ancestry. His father was a member of the New York Philharmonic for nearly twenty years and his grandfather and great grandfather were also clarinetists. Arthur has a B.S. degree from Columbia University and is to receive his M.A. at the coming Columbia Commencement. He is anxious to do symphony work for a few years at least, but thinks that in the end he may become a teacher. He has already done some teaching at Stuyvesant High School in New York City. All this in addition to being an invaluable member of THE BATON Staff, with never a waning interest in his part of the responsibility and with ever a fine sense of duty in his work for it. He conducted the orchestra at both performances of the Mikado on just a few days' notice! We wish we could think of some eulogy good enough for him!

DEPARTMENT OF COMPOSITION

Composition Certificate

Eugene Kuzmiak

is from across the river, Clifton, N. J. When he was graduated from the regular course in 1927 he said it was his intention to make piano teaching his profession, despite much advice to the contrary on the part of—piano teachers! For his own peace of mind, he said, he was going to continue his work in composition. His mind ought to be very peaceful now! He does not inform us whether he still intends to become a teacher, or whether he has succumbed to the lure of composition.

Composition Certificate

Erich Schaefer

says, "I was born in Krefeld, Germany, in 1903, 'which has nothing to do with the case.' I first studied composition with Dr. Karn of England and then decided to enroll at the Institute, where I completed the composition course, absorbing some of the knowledge of George A. Wedge, Wallingford Riegger, Dr. Richardson, Leopold Mannes, and Howard Brockway. I also studied piano with Sigmund Herzog." He was awarded the major portion, \$400, of the Seligman Composition Prize.

Practical Theory Certificate

Benjamin Swalin

Another ambitious musician from the Land of—pardon us—Minnesota. He has been a member of the Minneapolis Symphony, has studied at the Institute and Columbia University, and has spent the last year attending classes at the University of Vienna. While at the Institute he was a member of THE BATON staff.

ADDENDA

Department of Piano

Mary Calbi
Regina Freudenthal
Lily Grossman
George Merrill
Ethel Mincoff
Ruth Norman

Department of Violin

Alfred Lustgarten
Bernard Robbins
William Schimpf

Department of Violoncello

Elizabeth de Blasii

Department of Orchestra

Harry Keller, Clarinet
Leonard Posella, Flute

Department of Public School Music

Priscilla Heindlhofer
Lauretta Hawk
Jean Manley

EPILOGUE:

That closing flourish of our prologue about "calling each one in turn," was a verity, however ineffective. The editorial throat, quite parched with stentorian effort, and the editorial knees, all bruised from abject pleadings—these we offer as mute evidence of true and faithful service. The average Institute graduate is more elusive of our office than the fame that flees before him—so if you don't know where Seidu Owghym came from, or why—don't blame us. We done our darndest, or even worse!

Private Lives

Of Some of Our Graduates

By Joseph Machlis

ON another page of this issue of THE BATON will be found the official biographies of the members of our graduating class, assembled with much zeal and painstaking care by our associate editors. Official biographies, however, like family portraits, often do not reveal the whole story; in fact, they sometimes cover up a multitude of sins. And so we, knowing that our readers would properly appreciate some inside information on the private lives of some of our geniuses, have spared ourselves neither trouble nor work, and have, as a result, obtained a mass of valuable data, which we are hereby making public for the first time. After all, to be curious is human; to satisfy that curiosity—Divine!

Sascha Boop

Born in New York at the very height of the Sascha—Jascha—Golosha heat-wave. At the tender age of two he fell out of his cradle and said: "Goo!" Which was taken by his loving mother as an indubitable sign of his musical genius. When he received his first fiddle he broke all the strings which was taken by his loving mother as an indubitable sign of temperament.

At ten years of age Sascha made his first public appearance at the Annual Coffee Klotch, Entertainment and Ball of the Ladies of the Falling Star Benevolent Association. He played the "Ave Maria" of Schubert, and, of course, "Humoresque." At the very height of the recital his accompanist, an elderly lady whose false teeth moved about in her mouth when she played fortissimo, lost her place. Sascha showed amazing presence of mind. He neither batted an eyelash nor missed a note. Not Sascha! He went straight on, through two pages of the most wandering harmonies, with the steadiness of an armored tank. His mother took this as an indubitable sign that he was born for the concert stage. Mr. Wedge, however, discovered a more scientific reason for this remarkable self-possession when Sascha failed his ear-training for the fourth time: Our young genius was simply tone-deaf, and never knew the difference.

Simfonietta Rash

Simfonietta sings. What's worse, Simfonietta, like Barkis, is always willing. At parties and gatherings she keeps herself very much to herself. Until the inevitable moment when the hostess, with a slightly resigned or apologetic glance at her guests, chirps:

"Simfonietta darling, won't you please sing something for us. Oh, just anything!"

Whereupon Simfonietta smiles coyly and with a grim thin-lipped air of determination stalks to the piano.

Somebody once promised Simfonietta an audition at the Opera. This, unfortunately, has not yet taken

place. The reason, according to Simfonietta, is not hard to find. Everyone knows that Madame L——, the old hag, who cannot really sing a note, has been keeping all promising young singers like Simfonietta out of the Opera through her infernal machinations.

Wallace Ingleton

Wallace has dreamy eyes, a delicate pianissimo touch, and an even more delicate profile. As a youngster he was that most odious creature, a Model Boy; which means that all other fellows on the block used to call him "Mamma's Darling" or "Sister Mary," and torment him in divers ingenious ways, with that devilish ingenuity which is known only to the young.

Wallace is utterly artistic. He paints a little, he writes sonnets in the early Italian manner, and the sight of people's finger-nails unmanicured makes him ill. But positively ill! His great moments at school are in the Keyboard Harmony Class, when it's his turn to improvise. Then he lifts his profile dreamily over the keys; with a swish of the hand he tosses back a stray lock of his tawny hair, and begins—in a series of far-away chords. How annoying that one must also transpose, read four clefs, and decipher string-quartets. Ah, if life could only be an Improvisation, how noble our young dreamer would be.

Wallace doesn't yet know what he's going to be. He may play a bit, he may compose, he may write, he may paint; he must—you know—he must still find himself!

Until that happy time, Wallace plays daily at a dancing school where fat ladies come to reduce, and thin ladies come to put on. It doesn't pay badly, and meanwhile our hero is free to drift on, into this strange mysterious business of living.

Dream on, charming impractical boy! Perhaps, like Barrie's Tommy—Sentimental Tommy—you'll "find a way!"

Dora Klump

Dora is a hard worker. Does that sum her up for you? She has a great deal of will-power; but, being a little too fat and a little too dowdy, she doesn't need it. She is conscientious, as steady as a brick wall, and on a hot summer day can practice six-seven hours. If only Wallace had her patience and perseverance! If only she had Wallace's general talent. But strangely apportioned are the gifts of an inscrutable Providence.

When Wallace will still be shifting between the multitudinous claims of his dreams, his desires, his frustrations, Dora will be having a large and excellently drilled class of piano-pupils carry off all the bronze medals of the Music Week Association Contests. For there is something about Dora that reminds you of one of those steam-roller machines used in flattening down cement roads.

Casimir Kuzma

Winner of the Memorial Composition Prize. Composer of the "Serenade in Four Keys," which as some of his more malicious friends assert, was written during a sleepless night after he had eaten pickles and ice-cream in too close a sequence.

One recognizes Casimir from the back because he is always needing a haircut. Over his stern beetling brows—the comparison to Beethoven's is almost inevitable—his shaggy tow-hair falls in a tangled mass. He is silent, sullen, mistrustful, moody as only a Czeck can be. He regards you with a loury stare while you speak of Michael Arlen, companionate marriage or Freud. But hum the opening theme of the Brahms "First," or the César Franck Symphony, and immediately his darkling eyes will light up with a spark of comprehension, of sympathy.

Perhaps Casimir is one of the very few amongst us who has been touched by the terrible, the fatal touch of genius. Perhaps that is why there is about him the strange elusive air of one who carries a secret, a secret he can neither share nor rid himself of. I have an inner feeling that we all, with our ceaseless chatter about ourselves, our gossip of exams, and jobs, our endless jawing of old love-affairs and new clothes and the latest show, must immeasurably annoy this silent, inarticulate, shy fellow. For his is a lonely road—that horribly lonely road that is reserved for him amongst us who must go ahead, a seeker, a precursor, a voice crying in the wilderness. Perhaps he will find that ultimate revelation which lures him on. More likely he will fail. But, whether he succeed or fail as a composer, Casimir will always remain of that strange distant race of men who have once heard a mysterious and fatal music and have spent the rest of their lives trying to recapture it. Besides—

But we hear a great shout of anger from our readers. "Fake! Sham! Robbery! You promised me scandalous gossip, intimate soul-confessions, amusing memoirs about the great ones of the class of 1931, and instead. . ."

Fear not, gentle reader. We have a whole marvelous store of private anecdote which we unearthed in the course of our personal investigations. And we were only kept from publishing them by considerations of editorial policy. After all, THE BATON cannot take a chance of losing subscriptions; besides, THE BATON if you please, is not a scandal-mongering sheet.

But—and there is always but—to all of our readers who really want to find out the inside stories, we make this really generous offer: We shall be in THE BATON office, at hours to be announced on the bulletin board, receive all applicants strictly confidential, by appointment only, for half-hour periods, during which all the facts that have been suppressed or censored from these printed biographies, may be exhumed and gone over; and we are certain that all callers will ascertain the most astonishing facts about themselves, each other, and all or sundry members of our graduating class.

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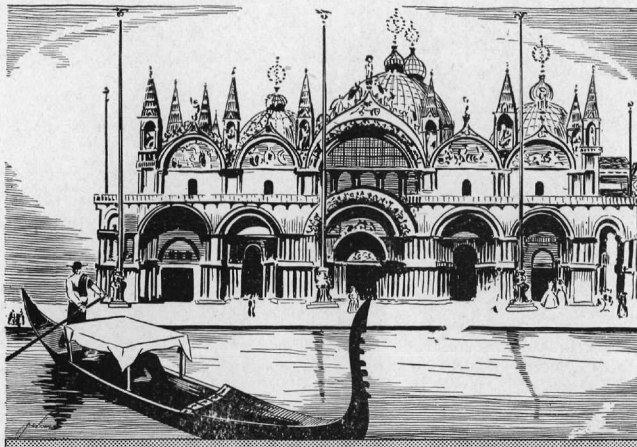
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