

which the popularists and classicalists may meet in peace. They are better examples of composition than many popular selections. The waltz with its graceful three-quarter melody appeals to the ear and to the imagination; the spirit is uplifted. The Broadway musical, which one might well call the folk opera of our own day, provides one with more worthwhile listening. Though they are associated with the baubles and bangles of the Great White Way, many selections of genuine worth are to be found here.

Speaking for myself, the overture to "South Pacific" ranks high in the field of modern music and provides sound listening pleasure.

If you don't like a piece at first hearing, be not like the man who feels that no one anywhere in history has ever felt like this; such a reaction has been the experience of many. Don't launch into the depths at the beginning! It is a taste that is gradually acquired. Music is all things to all men, for what may fill one man's soul with nobility of purpose may not touch another. While I am dwelling on this facet of the musical jewel, I must refer to the fact that much rubbish has been written and will be written, concerning what pieces are supposed to mean. Those in the know say it means this and that; there are certain features which can be pointed out, but you, the listener, are the true judge. What meaning does Beethoven's Fifth have for you? This powerful work presents a myriad of emotions to our minds. I roundly denounce the view that there is, or ought to be a nice tidy explanation, neatly catalogued and bound, for a musical selection. Many of the great composers, Chopin for example, objected to titles that were attached to their works. Chopin's "Raindrop Prelude" was not so named by the composer. This is not to say that there is not a descriptive element in the piece, but rather that such tags do not indicate the entire spirit of the work.

JOHN CONRAN '57

ON LEAVING ST. DUNSTAN'S

(with apologies to Gray)

The oft heard bell rings out its warning chime,
The tired students settle down to pray,
The sun marks out another step in time
And night descends to meet the dying day.

The green shod campus settles down to night
And dreams of peace and sun the summer through

Content that in the fall, with step so light,
Back to its walls will troup the motley crew.

But we no more those hallowed walls will roam,
No more the morning classes will attend,
No more shall she be called our second home,
Or try her hand our weakling brains to bend.

The hockey games, the football games are done,
The trips to town, the games of cards — no more
A homesick longing fills each college son.
O God! what does the future have in store?

— O'FLAHERTY '56

