

comparison to Canada and Canadians. They represented personalities and places about which many of us knew little. We learned through each other and with the help of our leaders; and at some future date RED and WHITE will bring you a close up of these people, their hopes and difficulties.

DOMINIC MacDONALD '52

MUSIC, MUSIC, MUSIC

On this planet, known to us mortals as the earth, much entertainment has been afforded by humanity. The Greeks and Romans were entertained by the gladiators and chariot races. Knights and archers electrified the audiences of the Middle Ages. In our own age of machines, atomic energy, and rumors of war, we have many sources of amusement and diversion. The motion picture industry is working twenty four hours a day for the purpose of keeping us occupied and for the painless removal of loose change from our pockets. Sport magnates, too, act for the same purpose. They provide us with games of baseball, football, hockey, basketball, tennis, and golf. They appeal to the animal in us with boxing matches, wrestling, bull-fights and other quasi-barbaric practices which they bodily catalogue as "sports."

The greatest form of entertainment does not arise from these diversions, however. No, it comes from the pen of the so-called poet and the musical mind of the composer. Indeed, no generation has been without this form of amusement. Orpheus, Thomas Moore, Stephen Foster, and John MacCormac have held audiences spell bound; for it has been said, and quite truly, that music hath charm to soothe the savage beast. There is quite some difference, however, in the merits of musical artists who have risen to fame in this particular field of entertainment. The evaluation of each may be justly judged on the fact that a song or musical composition, if it is good, will remain in the hearts and on the lips of each succeeding generation.

Now the songs of Foster and John MacCormac, the inspiring hymns of the thirteenth century, the musical compositions of Beethoven and Straus, have endured the test of time. These musical endeavours are true masterpieces; they are works of art. They are remembered by everyone who really knows and appreciates their value.

They were not composed hurriedly and without sufficient care. Many long days were spent in their composition and this diligence and thought have been a source of great enjoyment to mankind ever since.

The very contrary is true of the songs, if they may be termed such, composed in our "enlightened" generation. A person, while gazing at a beautiful scene, or looking at a beautiful girl, or listening to some "corny" comedian, suddenly becomes inspired. He comes up with a theme, finds a collection of words to describe it, races to a composer who sets what is often a ridiculous poem to a series of sounds which he terms music, and presto! we have a song. If the composition influences enough of the progressive and educated people, it is placed in a category known as "the hit parade". There it may remain for any length of time between two weeks and two months. It would seem, too, paradoxically enough, that the less sensible it is, the longer it stays in this select circle.

We must understand that the composer is influenced in his work by many things: His environment, his friends, his religious outlook if any, and his social status. If a generation is religious, zealous, morally good, patriotic, its songs have a good chance of being remembered and sung by successive generations. That is why the great songs of the past are still with us and will remain with us. If, on the other hand, a generation is materialistic, immoral, and indifferent, the songs composed during that generation will also be materialistic, immoral, and indifferent. And, because of such corruption, they will not live for any great length of time. If we would compare the music and songs of the Middle Ages with the music and songs of today, and if we would judge rightly, we should find that this is true.

This fact will be borne out in the years to come. Our songs of today, Cold, Cold Heart, Too Young, I Get Ideas, Come On a My House, are more ridiculous, if possible, than the songs we sang a few months ago, Mule Train, Good Night Irene, Enjoy Yourself. They will fade and sink into oblivion, while Beautiful Dreamer, Off In The Stilly Night, and Ave Maria will continue to be loved and sung by our children and our children's children.

—STAN. MOONEY '52