

Musical Appreciation

(Contributed.)

Dear Fellow Students,
If I may, I would like to give you a short talk on "Musical Appreciation." Yes, I know, most of you are expecting this to be the usual run of the mill article which informs you that jazz and boogie woogie stink and that because you are in college you should seek out the more cultural side of music such as the symphony perhaps. Well, chum, just relax, because that's not what I'm here to talk about.

Jazz, the symphony, and boogie woogie all have their places in the world of music and I think college students should cultivate tolerance, dispense with the barriers of prejudice, take a broader view and learn to appreciate all types of music.

I sincerely believe that if you make an honest attempt to read this article with an attitude of sympathetic consideration you will definitely benefit from it. But, on the other hand, if you intend to read it with an attitude of resentment and prejudice you will derive nothing from it, so just turn the page and look at something else.

The type of appreciation I wish to discuss with you is a type which directly concerns the majority of you, yes, every Friday or Saturday night to be exact.

Your committees and campus organizations pay seventy-five or more dollars to provide you with music that seventy-five per cent of you cannot derive one half the pleasure from that you should be able to. Dancing in itself is a lot of fun but to know something about the melodic strains you're dancing to increases that enjoyment that much more.

The added enjoyment I speak of might be termed "joy of recognition." The hockey enthusiast receives a great deal of satisfaction from being able to recognize good players and being able to appreciate their skill. Also other individuals find much satisfaction from reading good literature and being able to analyse its good qualities and bad ones. Similarly, you can develop this practice with music.

Before continuing, I would like to ask you a few questions. When you hear a dance orchestra are you able to tell what instrument or instruments are carrying the melody? Are you able to distinguish between a trumpet, a trombone and a clarinet, or is it just a big confusion of notes and sounds to you? As has been pointed out before, three quarters of you will say yes to the latter. Such a situation is disgraceful, for any person at the age of eighteen who cannot distinguish the instruments of the popular dance orchestra is in a sad state of ignorance of elementary musical knowledge.

I don't mean to imply that anyone's life depends upon such knowledge, but I do contend that if this country, and especially the Maritime provinces, doesn't wake up and cultivate

talents or knowledge of the arts from painting to sculpturing it is going to find itself far below the artistic levels of other nations.

At this point, in an attempt to satisfy the symphony and classical fanatics, I will explain why I discuss music appreciation from a standpoint of jazz.

At the age of fourteen a more ardent lover of jazz than myself couldn't have been found. Jazz was the essence of my whole musical world. The symphony was something which made the windows rattle and the house shake, as far as I was concerned. I detested it. But as I grew older and acquired more knowledge of the mechanics of dance music I found strong connecting links between the two, similarities which became more and more obvious with increased musical knowledge and interest. At fourteen I wanted music which appealed to my rhythmic instincts. Now, at eighteen, I like music which satisfies my intellectual instincts as well. Advanced forms of jazz and symphony are the answer.

It has been my experience to be subjected to many lecturers and teachers speaking on this very subject, and all have made the same mistake of plunging the listeners far into the realms of symphony long before their elementary knowledge is rounded out. We don't read Shakespeare in grade three and have a hard enough time with it in junior high school. The great architects of today were building castles out of mud yesterday. Similarly, when learning to appreciate the higher forms of art we must go step by step with a strong foundation to stand on.

The preparation of this foundation is a slow one but a comparatively simple one. It is accomplished through the use of the ears, the eyes, the mouth and the brain. The ears hear, the eyes observe, the mouth asks questions and the brain adds it all up. While listening to music on the radio try to name the predominating instruments. If you are unable to do so, or are unsure of your choice, ask someone. While watching an orchestra on the screen, at a dance or on a stage learn to recognize the different instruments in sound and appearance. In this way you will eventually be able to determine the instrument that is playing your favorite tune, and the ones which are providing the harmonic backgrounds. After a little while you will automatically associate musical sounds with the instruments which produce them.

The next step in rounding out your musical education, and equally as important as the first, is to be able to recognize the harmonious or unison sounds of grouped instruments; for example, five saxophones playing together, three trumpets, trumpets and saxophones, trumpets, saxes and trombones playing together, and so on.

All these combinations produce many varied and beautiful effects. When you have mastered the preceding suggestions recognition of the instruments employed by the symphony will follow as a natural consequence.

In conclusion I hope that my remarks may benefit some of you and that all of you will give the matter a little thought and consideration. The Major and the Minor. Sincerely,

Lest You Forget

There is a college on a hill Where co-eds go each day, Surrounded by so many men, A Paradise, some say— But, if you only knew the facts, It's not at all that way!! We see them every day in class, In the Tuck Shop we're just great,

We gladly help them with their math, But still we do not rate— For when a dance is drawing nigh We wait and wait and wait . . . We hide our looks behind some books,

From posters turn aside We say we do not give a darn But still we have our pride— Some say, "Forget a social life," It doesn't work—we've tried!! The Bunnies and the Beavers, too,

Had failed to help our plight, And so we kept our fingers crossed Till Alexander Night. We sallied forth—our charms displayed— There were only ten in sight!! Our college spirit they admire But there we've reached our peak,

Forgotten Co-eds, that's our case— When Varsity men dates seek— The moral of this story is: Beware of Co-ed Week!! — Co-ed.

Haven't I Met You?

Here I am standing half frozen— I can feel the numbness in my fingers and the cold ache in my feet. Why do buses have schedules? My bus should have been here five minutes ago. Maybe if I try to think of something else—

Last summer it was so warm here. It would be nice if the temperature was spread a little more evenly through the seasons. Gads my feet are cold! I wonder if the bus company could be sued for letting a fellow freeze his feet waiting for a bus that isn't on time.

Damn that bus! Twenty minutes already. Maybe if I said a little prayer—Why should I be punished so? How can a fellow have patience when he is freezing to death? Buses, buses, buses—May the curse of the Lord be on all buses, buses, buses.

Let me see, what do I have to do tomorrow? Oh, it's no use—I'll just have to wait here in torture. No, I'm not hysterical; I'm just mad, that's all, mad!

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QUICK REVIEW OF THE LATEST, BEST NON-SELLER

"Artemus Laidlaw Stanchion, His Life, His Works, and the Fellows He Ran Around With", by Homer G. Askew, Oromocto Business College Press, Oromocto-761 pgs. \$1.75 (2 for \$2.00)

The long awaited monography of the no doubt world renowned poet, author, Polar Explorer, and stud farmer, A. L. Stanchion, has finally arrived! The Oromocto Business College Press has published Dr. H. G. Askew's scholarly and illuminating text in a very readable print, and bound with an attractive Mongolian Mohair cover that will look well on any library shelf.

A legendary figure in the world of letters, Artemus Laidlaw Stanchion has been held in the highest esteem by those who have been brought under the charm of the inimitable Stanchion style. In the world of letters, Stanchion ranks on a par with anagrams, Campbell's Vegetable Soup, and one horse parlay.

The reviewer's sole criticism of Dr. Askew's treatment of his subject is that, if anything, it is almost too scholarly and thorough. He has evidently assumed and informed the reader is an intelligent and informed as himself, which is, of course, quite absurd. In the last chapter, to give an instance, he deals entirely with a subtle comparison between Stanchion's "A Child's Garden of Curses" and E. H. K. Puxley's "Audopholous Imperfect," and since the reader has probably read neither of the two, the chapter seems rather dull. Thus the book

S-a-y! Where did she come from? Wonder if I could date her? She's got everything, everything. . . Better not rush! Take your time kid. She won't fade away even if she does look like a creature out of this world. Guess I'll say "Bus is late"—No! She might think I was fresh or something. I know. I'll say something new and different, something to make her interested. I've got it. . . "Haven't I met you somewhere before?" That's what I'll say. Curses! . . . Here's the bus.

becomes at times a rather genteel argument between Dr. Askew and Stanchion, and the reader is left out in the cold, which may account for the Mohair cover.

However, Askew has delved deep into the past of his famous subject and relates several episodes, hitherto unrevealed, giving the reader new insight into Stanchion's personality. The episode in the Crudd Hotel, at Pisquamsis Junction, which Dr. Askew admits may be apochryphal, reveals nonetheless what many Stanchioniacs already suspected—that the old boy had his moments. As Dr. Askew remarks, in an unusually humorous vein, "Hubba hubba!"

Dr. Askew has attempted, and successfully I think, a calculating and frank evaluation and appraisal of the great man's novels. The reader will agree, I am sure, that his two greatest prose efforts are "Wind in the Whiffle Tree" and "Rome Didn't Fall—It Was Pushed," the latter one of the greatest allegorical epics of the Sanskrit language.

The good Dr. Askew points out certain deficiencies in the Stanchion style, and advances several plausible explanations for them. For example, the revelation that Stanchion completed the last ten chapters of his historical novel, "Punting On the Penobscot," while the roof of his house was on fire, is I believe, a credible explanation for the novel's heated prose and rather hurried style. It may also account for the fact that the copy of "Punting" which I have smells quite strongly of creosote, and always did.

Stanchion's contemporaries, or "the fellows he ran around with," as Dr. Askew so fetchingly puts it included the popular minor poet, A. A. Tumley, and the late, beloved novelist, Charlotte Nausea.

Dr. Askew relates again the great intellectual romance between Miss Nausea and Stanchion. These two were, for a time, inseparable, and were frequently to be seen feeding the pigeons in King's Square, a charming little park in Saint John, which is in New Brunswick, or enjoying tea and buttered scones at the exclusive Dog Cart. This romance came to an untimely and

(Continued on Page Eight.)

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