

MUSICAL FESTIVAL

A write up, to all music lovers, of the Musical Festival held at Worcester, Mass., this fall.

The opening night of the famous music festival is always a gala event for the citizens of Worcester, Mass., but this year it was even more so because, for the first time in its eighty-two years, the festival was introduced by an evening of Opera.

Two one-act operas were presented, the first being an American work, "The Devil and Daniel Webster". The opera combines the colorful music of Douglas Moore, lively witticisms of the famous poet Stephen Vincent Benet with the The action takes place in a New Hampshire farmhouse where the neighbors are gathered at a chivoree in honor of a newly married couple. The whole thing is saturated with New England philosophy and humor and it has been said that such works point the way to the perpetuation of American opera. Such lives as Daniel Webster's "and frankly, Madam, in a very short time this is going to be no place for a lady" are a far cry from intelligible foreign librettos and are indeed very refreshing.

The second opera to be presented was "The Spanish Hour" by Ravel, the composer of the well known "Bolero". The part of the heroine was taken by Leota Lane, one of the Lane sisters of screen fame who has gone in for serious music. This opera was a fantasy, and no one in the audience seemed to know what it was all about. The singing however was excellent, the stage settings and costumes very colorful, and on the whole it was a very enjoyable work, though not as well received as its American predecessor.

When the curtain fell on the "Spanish Hour" the conductor Mr. Stoessal called a young man to the stage—a very modest young man who bashfully inclined his head once and then beat a hasty retreat into the wings. It was Douglas Moore, composer of the "Devil and Daniel Webster" and who had been sitting all evening in Mr. Stoessal's family box apparently unknown.

Tuesday night's concert was opened by the festival chorus of 450 voices accompanied by the 65 piece Symphony Orchestra singing "Hail Bright Cecilia" from the Ode to St. Cecilia's Day by the 17th century English composer Harry Purcell. Although he lived at a time when very little was being done in England in the field of music, Purcell is regarded as that country's greatest composer. The particular work performed was a very colorful piece of music, with the sopranos and tenors taking very high long notes, and the basses and altos singing difficult runs. It was truly one of the most magnificent things I had ever heard. The chorus also provided a beautiful spectacle. The ladies, all dressed in white floor length gowns were placed on each side and across the back of the stage, with the men in evening suits forming a square in the centre.

Following "Hail Bright Cecilia" came a group of 16th century unaccompanied choruses which I found very interesting as well as enjoyable because I had studied about them in my History of Music course the summer before. The chorus sang them in Latin and made one realize how beautiful mediaeval Catholic music really was and how little it is heard outside the Church.

In sharp contrast, came next a chorus by the contemporary Brazilian composer Hector Villa-Lobos, called "Serenade" but which to me sounded more like a Native War chant. It was a very unusual work containing brilliant

May We Present



MANZER L. BUNKER

Here he is, Manzer Bunker, president of the Senior Class. As if that were not enough Manzer is also President of the A. A. A. He has previously been both Secretary-Treasurer and Vice-President of this association as well. He has been very prominent in boxing for his three years up the hill and will no doubt add another victory to his long list of titles this year. Manzer was Intercollegiate Featherweight Champion in his Freshman year, runner-up for that title in his sophomore year, and last year won two titles, New Brunswick Amateur and Maritime Intercollegiate. He was captain of the boxing team in his Sophomore year and is holding that position again this year. Manzer has been on the S. R. C. for three years and an officer in the C. O. T. C. for the same length of time. This year he is Company Commander. Aside from all his other activities Manzer has been Assistant Sports Editor, Sports Editor and Co-Editor of the Brunswickan and last year he was sent as representative of the M. I. A. U. to Halifax. Manzer has stated there are no women in his life, but we have seen him reap the profits of that engaging smile of his more than once.

passages for the orchestra, particularly the brass section. I must confess however, that I felt rather relieved when the last chord was struck.

The guest artist of the evening was Jesus Maria Sanroma, Puerto Rican pianist who played MacDowell's Piano Concerto No. 2. He is a brilliant artist, and so handsome that I began to wonder if some of the ladies in the audience whom I saw with their eyes so intently fixed on the stage were really listening to the music!

Two classical numbers were also included on the programme—Bach's Fantasia and fugue in G Minor originally written for organ transcribed for Orchestra by Mr. Stoessal and the Overture to Die Meistersingers von Kleinberg by Wagner.

The third chorus was much like the second containing performances by the chorus and orchestra, and a guest artist, Anna Kasleas, Lithuanian contralto. The main work for the orchestra was Beethoven's Fifth Symphony chosen because the opening four notes of the first movement have become a world symbol of the V for Victory Campaign. This symphony is one of the highest achievements in the whole realm of musical art and I think playing it at the festival was an appropriate and welcome expression of the drive for freedom.

(Continued Next Week)

Nurse: It's a boy, Professor.
Prof: Ask him what he wants.

Impression of U.N.B.

A man's impression can be put down in different ways. Some write in poetry, others in prose. Some, however, write as they feel, unmindful whether it be in poetry or in prose. The last I have done here. Call it what you will, I am satisfied that I have jotted down my impression.

To that lumbering land I at last came

To study not forestry, but zoology
But the wonder of it all becomes
A great intellectual center there is.

In a city called Fredericton it stands
A great institution with no formality

The pride of men and women of Canada

Who believe in the betterment of posterity.

Here, in an idyllic atmosphere—a campus

In an environment of intellectual freedom

The corps of academicians and professors

Fire the imagination of their youth to wisdom.

Yes, University of New Brunswick it's called

For here the old and the young alike

Gather in a cloistered hearth with all

Dreaming dreams for the superstructure of Canada.

With courage and with faith they look on

For their era is a mad torn world
Their common tongue is only activity

For that is U. N. B. in this shore of humanity.

The most tragic drama of their life they face

In a university when the world is full ablaze

But on they plow, with the only hope

That their life on this earth is a mission.

On the hill that memorable architecture

The name Arts building well given
There hangs a memorable picture, yes

The cartoon of that great leader, Winston.

It is eight-thirty in the morning
Alas! many of them rush up and down

As if to a game they are all going
O, no to classes they are now rushing.

Behold species of humanity all in action

Lovers and friends, brothers and sisters

All clad in invisible intellectual garb

Gracing the innermost heart of Fredericton.

Yes, they drink from the fountain of knowledge

They speak not in a strange tongue at all

But in one melodious tongue, chanting hymns

Reciting the lore of their Alma Mater song.

A heart they have which can be read searchingly

A principle they have which is not common

Their time to live and die is not passed

They haven't been sleeping, their head unbent.

Up, U. N. B. to the mountain top
Up to all that is good

Rest not in sorrow's wasteful lap
But reach the heights where gods once stood.

Okechukwu Ikejiani

"You are a little goose," remarked a young M. D. playfully to the girl he was engaged to marry.

"Of course, I am," was the laughing response. "Haven't I got a quack?"

"I can read my husband like a book."

"Then be careful to stick to your own library, my dear."

Epitath

Here's to the memory of Silas Gray, Who died defending his right of way.

He was right—dead right—as he sped along,

But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong!

Sheaf



Mercury sped far above fatigues
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● Students also must cover much ground—academic if not terrestrial. In their arduous journeys through the realms of learning, they find that Picobac gives them "winged feet of thought". For the pick of Canada's Burley crop is always a mild, cool, sweet smoke—a *vade mecum* incomparably satisfying and financially undemanding.

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MARY'S TALE

One of the most interesting things that I saw in Malartic was Sladen Gold Mine. I saw the ore from the time it came above the surface until it was refined. The sorting of the ore, the crushing, the chemical processes, the electrical eye, the electric ear and the compressed air machines were all very interesting, but too complicated for me to understand. They wouldn't take me underground, for there is a superstition that if a woman goes underground there will be an accident. I offered to put on some overalls, whiskers and moustache if they would take me down, but all to no avail.

About 10.30 one morning Jack came home from work bringing with him the manager of the mine. Mr. Hall was also president of the Rotary Club. The Rotary Club had heard about my trip and they informed me that the Club had voted that I be asked to sell tickets on a car at the annual celebration to be held on September 1st.

The "celebration" was much the same as what we would call a field day. The field was enclosed by a high board fence. Around the field just inside the fence were canteens, bingo stands, beer stands and gambling stands, which are known to every mining town. In the centre of the field were the grand stands, from where one could see the ball games the "mucking" contests and the tug-of-war teams.

Mr. H. had parked the "New Ford Special Sedan" near the grand stand. It was my job to dis-

play the car and sell as many tickets as possible. There were a great many ticket sellers around the ground but I had to stay near the car unlocking it occasionally for people to see. The profit on the ticket sellers was one dollar per book. During the afternoon I sold twenty-one books and the Rotary Club paid me two dollars for selling. I was quite astonished to find that I had actually made twenty-three dollars in one afternoon.

The Jugo-Slave people seem to go in for a lot of celebrating or at least those in Malartic do. They would congregate in some house or several houses, have some home-made beer, and then they would begin to sing. It certainly was a joyful noise.

I spent two and a half weeks in Malartic. One morning as I was walking down street, I noticed a sign in the window of a car "Driver wanted to Ottawa and Montreal." I immediately made inquiries and soon I landed the job.

On Wednesday, Sept. 10 we left Malartic for Ottawa, taking the new highway which runs through Quebec province. There wasn't much of interest for quite some distance, just miles and miles of reserve, muddy roads and sharp curves. Speaking of crooked roads I think that was the worst that I ever saw. It sometimes kept me guessing whether or not I was going to be able to make some of those turns. We had dinner along the shore of Lake Victoria. It

(Concluded Next Week)

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