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MUSIC

Compiied by THEODORE GILLETTE, Chemawa Student

The American people are the worst singers in the world, and we are missing a lot of fun. We flatter ourselves that we play more than Europeans. We do not. For instance, we don't all play football, and all of the other games, or sports; but we go to see them played.

Our boys and girls play; but once the American passes the hoop, the marbles and the leap-frog age, he settles down into the capacity of a spectator. He no longer plays, but he watches. He doesn't sing in church, as the Englishmen and Germans do; he hires a quartet to sing for him. He doesn't play the fiddle or trombone or clarinet; he goes to listen to hired men who work (not play) on these instruments for a living.

He doesn't take time to learn "Rigoletto" or the "Messiah," which would provide him not only with immense recreation, but with most enjoyable refreshment. This would enable him really to understand the music and unlock for him an infinite treasure of delights; but instead he tunes in his radio or goes to hear professionals perform such work for him. He is like the man who pays the preacher to study the Bible for him.

If, instead of this sad spectacle, we could have great choruses and orchestras where people could sing and play for the joy of it, then music would be a blessing and not a fever.

President Woodrow Wilson, one of our greatest presidents in history, said, "The man who disparages music as a luxury and non-essential is doing the nation an injury."

Music is more than a natural desire. It is a universal requirement. It has been said that the first four needs of man are food, shelter, raiment and music. This has been true in every stage of civilization, and increasingly so from the days of savagery right down to our own super-socialized existence.

Music is an outlet for pent up emotions. Fear, sorrow, anger, remorse, longing, discouragement, all yield to music. When we turn our troubles over and over in our minds, they often become unbearable. We must have relief from them. There are many ways of gaining this relief. Some people fly into a

rage, some say things they are sorry for afterwards, while others drown their feelings in alcohol. But almost invariably these forms of relief are harmful excesses.

Music, on the other hand, sweetens and ennobles the whole life. It brings happiness to all rather than unhappiness. It makes us bigger, better men and women, instead belittling us in our own eyes and in the opinion of others. It makes life a pleasure rather than a burden.

I believe there isn't a boy or girl, man or woman, living who does not enjoy music. If you want to test your own natural ability answer thoughtfully and honestly the following questions:

1. Do you enjoy music?
2. Can you remember tunes?
3. Do tunes ever run through your head?
4. Do you ever catch yourself humming, singing, whistling or thinking a tune?
5. Do simple, quiet songs of sentiment sometimes make you feel sad?
6. Does brisk, marching music, played by a military band, stir you and make your nerves tingle?

These questions may seem simple and easy to you, nevertheless they are the important fundamentals that reveal a natural talent. If life were just the drab repetition of petty joys and sorrows, success and failures, eating and sleeping, that makes us puppets of fate, it would be unendurable—not worth the living. But in each one of us there is something deeper and finer than this; something constantly demanding expression, an indefinable something that we call soul. Your longing for music is this still small voice. If it is a precious thing; cherish it. Give it expression, for it will enable your life to blossom into fuller beauty.

Every person recognizes within himself an inborn longing for music. It is rare, indeed, that we find a person who does not love music. Perhaps you can only listen, but to listen intelligently is in itself a great accomplishment. And the infinite yearning for harmony and for a knowledge of this fascinating art held by many of the so-called unmusical is in itself an indication of musical talent.

Music is the native tongue of Mother Nature, the song of the bird—the rippling brook—the thundering

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