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A Great Philosopher Once Said . . .

The teen-agers have another idol. This time the object of servile worship is a set of side-burns, double-jointed hips and demented mewing. Taken in whole, this not too pretty picture, is entitled "Elvis Presley". The latest "cat" differs very little from those previous, except perhaps, in that he's much worse. Mr. Presley has successfully completed his bid for juvenile popularity and is now enjoying all the fame attached therein. There are Presley Fan Clubs—Presley guitars—Presley tatoos; in short, the "Pelvis" is now a national institution.

If one examines the phenomenon of which Presley is the latest example, a rather disturbing pattern will become evident. Popular music fans, of whom the teen-ager is the largest part, appear to adopt a performer, build his popularity up to fantastic heights, and then discard him for another. The period of popularity usually lasts only one year. Thus the last years have seen Johnnie Ray, Frankie Lane and others of the same timbre, decline and die as a result of the unstable taste of today's teen-ager. Young people seem to veer and stagger from one extreme to another, never finding a mode, or style of music that suits them. The trend in the past ten years has been consistent though, in that the singers have been getting progressively worse. But the fact remains that we can not seem to find any value palatable enough to adopt for any length of time.

An implication that could be drawn from this is that Youth cannot adhere to any set of values, and must be forever looking for something new. This desire for something new does not emanate from any desire to improve what is already here. It is motivated by a longing to adopt for ourselves, something different, for the sole reason that it is different. Thus the pattern of popular Song Idols follows a declining plane, because we have run the gamut of pleasant vocalists, and so now must plunge to the depths to discover those singers, who, five years ago, would have been considered harmful to the teen-aged, devastating in their complete negation of all principles of music and voice, and whose popularity, if conceived of at all, would reveal a decaying influence in our young people.

However, Mr. Presley is now top dog. How long he stays there is in no way dependent on his own latent talents, if any. He is the victim of an unstable market. Perhaps we can take consolation in this after all. For a few more months at least, "Elvis" can advise his fans, rather insultingly, it would seem, that they "ARE NOTHIN' BUT A HOUND DOG."

Art for the Majority

There has been a great deal of controversy lately concerning policies of the federal government regarding the acquisition of Old Masters. The Federal administration decided to set aside a certain amount of money for the purchase, from Europe, of the recognized painting master-pieces. Objection has been raised in the House of Commons because some members feel that we should not spend the tax-payers money on European Art, but should promote instead, Canadian Painting, which, it is felt, has not the recognition due its merit. Some critics have gone so far as to state that revenue should not be allocated to articles that only a portion of Canadians will see. This issue was revived recently, following the government's announcements of the forthcoming purchase of a Rembrandt.

Surely this is a completely unrealistic attitude, narrow minded and provincial in its expression. True appreciation of great paintings can only come when we have witnessed something that experts through the ages have designated as such. If Canada is to have a fine art gallery in Ottawa, it must contain representative art from all parts of the globe. At the present time it is practically impossible for most Canadians to view any original masterpieces. If the government purchases a few, it will at least be within the scope of most of us to see them. Nearly everyone visits the Nation's Capital once in their life.

That these pictures will be lost to the majority of Canadians is a ridiculous statement, and rather naive. Is it to be supposed that if the National Art Gallery purchased quantities of Canadian Paintings, that the major portion of our citizens would flock enmasse to see them? Do the majority of people visit Art Galleries when they come to a strange city? It is doubtful. The acquisition of Art Masterpieces from Europe would be worthwhile if only those people who are interested in painting saw them. To the others, who, unfortunately are the majority, they would mean little more than the Saturday Evening Comic strips. The critics of this policy in the House of Commons must appreciate comics.

Crossings . . . The Two Doxies

You will have noted a letter in the *Gleaner* recently from a UNB student, who recounts a near accident on the Regent Street Railroad Crossing. One evening last week, he approached the tracks, and after peering both ways for trains, drove across one set of tracks. Just as the car cleared the tracks, a train boomed over the tracks, just missing the car. The student claims that he paused sufficient time to assure himself that no trains were coming. Why, then, did it happen? There is no control on that crossing at all. In addition there are several sets of tracks. During the day, a commissioner is one duty. During the night there is no one. The Railroad is obliged to provide a safety measure at that crossing. It should be done now, before someone is killed. It is not only university students who come that way, but school children. We realize, of course, the difficulties entailed in erecting any sort of signal system on a crossing which is used mainly by shunting freights. But something must be done.

"I have heard frequent use", said Lord Sandwich, in a debate on the Test Laws, "of the words 'orthodoxy' and 'Hetrodoxy'; but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean."
 "Orthodoxy, my lord," said Bishop Warburton, in a whisper, "orthodoxy is my doxy — hetrodoxy is another man's doxy."

In My Opinion . . .

University has been under way for two weeks now, yet there is little or no indication of this. Classes have been held—true—but nothing else. None of the organizations have so much as drawn a breath to show there is any life in them. Where is the debating Society? Where is the Forestry Association — to say nothing of the Engineers — I don't imagine any of the new students are even aware of their existence. Let's get on the ball!

UNB Red Bombers played their first game in Moncton Saturday. They won. It was lucky. Even to my untutored eye, the line looked ragged. The boys did try their best and credit is due for this. In addition it was their first game. There is another game tomorrow against "Tantram Tech" where the line will have to hold.

A rather interesting sight was the numbers of UNB students hitch-hiking to Fredericton after the game. All along the road, to all hours of the night, red jackets could be seen. It's a shame that UNB students have to rely on this unstable type of transportation to and from games. A bus should be provided for fans. It was gratifying to see all the support at the games. There would be plenty more had we decent transportation.

The Right of Way

A few days ago, a car was preceding up towards the Lady Beaverbrook Residence. When it had reached the corner opposite the Civil Engineering Building, another car shot out of Albert Street, and only quick thinking averted a nasty accident. The vehicle on Albert Street was not going to the university. It was going down the hill to University Avenue. In other words, university roads were being used for a freeway. This is not something new. For some time now, people have been using university roads for a shortcut.

The authorities should see that a stop sign is erected on the Albert Street corner. In this way the right of way would remain where it belongs—to cars proceeding to the University; not to cars who only use the roads as a shortcut to other parts of the city. The city has built a road for this purpose, joining the University Avenue crossing with Beaverbrook Street. If people wish to come from Maryland Heights and other districts in that area, they should use Beaverbrook Street and not the University. Approximately 1,200 students now attend UNB. There is enough congestion now, without citizens of Fredericton using University roads as a freeway and endangering lives of the students.

Fifteen Men on a Dead Man's Chest

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
 Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
 Drink and the devil had done for the rest
 Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
 The mate was fixed by the bos'n's pike,
 The bos'n brained with a marlinspike,
 And Cookey's throat was marked belike
 It had been gripped
 By fingers ten;
 And there they lay.
 All good dead men,
 Like break-o'-day in a boozing-ken—
 Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men of a whole ship's list—
 Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
 Dead and bedammed, and the rest gone whist!
 Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
 The skipper lay with his nob in gore
 Where the scullion's axe his cheek had snore—
 And the scullion he was stabbed times four.
 And there they lay,
 And the soggy skies
 Dripped all day long
 In up-staring eyes—
 At mark sunset and at foul sunrise—
 Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

More was seen through the sternlight screen—
 Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
 Chartings no doubt where a women had been—
 Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
 A flimsy shift on a bunker cot,
 With a thin dark slot through the bosom spot
 An the lace stiff-dry in a purplish blot.
 Or was she wench . . .
 Or some shuddering maid . . .?
 That dared the knife
 And that took the blade!
 By God; she was stuff for a plucky jade—
 Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
 Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
 Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
 Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!
 We wrapped them all in a main'sl tight,
 With twice ten turns of a hawser's bight,
 And we heaved 'em over and out of sight—
 With a yo-heave-ho!
 And a fare-you-well!
 And a sullen plunge
 In a sullen swell
 Ten fathoms deep on the road to Hell—
 Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!

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