

It's Only Rock and Roll

Babe Ruth fails to meet expectations

By RICK BASTON

Well I've been away for awhile from these pages due mainly to various other commitment, however I'm back with some new albums and an exclusive. First the exclusive — the new Babe Ruth Album — Stealin Home.

Babe Ruth is an English band which has scored big in Canada with their first album, first base.

However, subsequent efforts have failed to live up to the promise of that album. The new album unfortunately continues the string of losers.

It's not that the group doesn't try on the album, for try they do; but the whole album just lacks the right feeling. They should have taken a vacation rather record this album. They would have been better off for it. The main problem

with the album is Jenny Haan's voice. It come through with very much force and power, perhaps too much force and power, for the band doesn't really seem to know what to do with it. When they're not playing around it, they're trying to matter it or drown it.

The new album is the new Eric Burden Band album — Stop. Eric Burden was considered to be one of the very best if not the best white

R&B singer of the British Invasion of the sixties. After the Animals he fronted war for a while then went into retirement. Last year he came out of retirement to cut an album called Sun Secrets which presented the same R&B with a lightweight heavy metal sound. The new album STOP continues in this tradition. The guitar work in Henderix influenced in a minor way and is a throwback to the 1968 - 1971 period.

However this fits in nicely with the lyrics and song ideas for they too are backdated for the most part, especially "The Man" with its lyrics about police brutality, etc. However the album is worth it because no one sings quite the way Eric does.

The third album is a Yardbirds bootleg called I've been drinking again. This album contains tracks of varying sound quality. Some of them are early tracks of the Jeff Beck group featuring Rod Stewart on vocals. Some are rare tracks like "Good Night Sweet Josephine". On track is the Yardbirds classic "Stroll On", this particular version is from the movie Blow Up. Overall this album rates from fair to middling in sound.

You may ask what a bootleg is. I'll explain it briefly. A bootleg is an unauthorized release of material of a band. This may consist of an illegal recording of a concert, songs recorded in the studio but never released or outtakes thrown in the garbage. The quality can vary from extremely good in the case of studio recordings to down right awful in the case of some live recordings. It depends.

Well see you in a couple of weeks.

Babe Ruth and Eric Burden are from LITTLE RECORDS in the SUB. The Yardbirds came via the Vinyl Bootlegger.

HAVE YOU GOT 'THE

McConnell Hall Blues?

By ROGER WINSOR

Food? I used to eat food once. Those were the good old days (pre-college). Why at home it was enjoyable, even pleasurable to sit down for a meal. I suppose when you move into an institution of high education one has to make sacrifices and give up some of the minor things in life.

Some of the boys who eat at McConnell Hall are starting to get worried. The flies are all gone! If the food is killing them off, just think what it's doing to you. This may, however, have several built in advantages. Students living off campus will have an easier time getting into residence. Science may get more stiff to study, from which all of mankind can benefit. Also, enterprise in the city will get their fair share (undertakers, gravediggers etc. etc.).

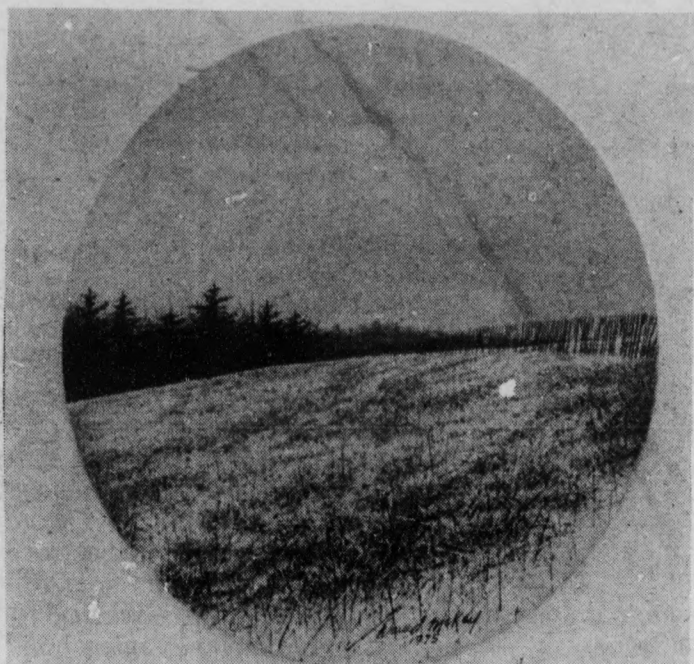
Have you wondered where all the McConnell Hall rats disappeared to? Inside reports have it that they were never seen after the day when the cook spilled supper on the floor.

Last weekend this guy came up from Nova Scotia, planning to spend the weekend here. He said there wasn't anything that could make him sick. Seeing how brave this young gent was, the boys took him to McConnell for supper. He went home the same night looking awfully pale.

You can't say all the food there is bad. Some of it has no taste at all and therefore you can't tell if it's good or not. I am even considering feeding the steak to my pet piranha fish, after all, I'm going to have to do something to curve their appetites.

I would personally like to commemorate all those brave souls now engaged in self-extinction at McConnell Hall. May you rest forever in that great cafeteria in the sky without indignation.

'Acquisition 75' display in Mem Hall



This painting, entitled "First One Up" by David McKay, is on display in Memorial Hall with the Acquisition 75 exhibit.

For four years now the Board of Governors of the University of New Brunswick has set aside a fund to purchase works of art for public areas of the two campuses. The selection method used by the Acquisition Committee has been that of organizing an exhibition from which choices are made. The first exhibition of Atlantic painters searched particularly for large works suitable for the dining rooms; the second looked for smaller works by New Brunswick artists to be hung in areas like departmental offices; the third time we invited established dealers to submit prints of leading Canadian printmakers. By this method fifty-one works were purchased, together with a few attractive works which became available. They have been circulating constantly.

This "art bank" at UNB is a major element of New Brunswick's cultural life.

The exhibit "Acquisition 75" is on display at Memorial Hall until November 2, 1975.

'The Other Side of the Mountain'

Audiences are moved to compassion

By LYNETTE WILSON

Hello there folks. How're things going? Better for you than for me, I'll lay odds. You see, I've got this review to write on a super movie I saw last night and I really don't know where to start. If you've already seen 'The Other Side of the Mountain' you should know my problem. If you haven't seen it, well, you should.

Can someone tell me how you go about describing a movie that stirs up such a strangely forgotten emotion as compassion? That's what this film did. It has been compared to 'Love Story' in varying degrees but (my own opinion being imposed here) it's

far better. Like, this is a true story! It's not fiction, although I do believe some of the facts were dressed up a bit. And there is nothing that can snap the tears from you like a real sad true story especially when developed and presented as this one was.

The major role was played by Marilyn Hasset as Jill Kilmont. Beau Bridges, son of Lloyd Bridges, is the love of her life and boy wonder to boot. Both played their parts effectively, superbly, artfully, etc. etc. I mean, these two were perfect choices, they make the story a little more credible.

Sad? Oh yes, very sad. The story is of a young woman, full of vim and vigor, dreams and promises, a life

to envy, until her downfall. For down she fell. Everything was set up so nicely. You watch the attractive young athlete on her way to stardom both in her sport of skiing and her love life, and you want to encourage her. She had everything going for her. Lady luck was being good. But then like all fickle women, lady luck went bad.

Oh boy, did she go bad. Hospital scenes, rehabilitation centre confrontations and the ever present snow capped mountains build upon the idea of defeat. The dormant emotion of compassion cannot be suppressed. Sure, sympathy ranks high on the responses of the audience but I like to think

compassion brought the tears. And there were a lot of them.

I myself cannot believe that anyone could have so much stubborn conviction while losing everything. If I had gone through what Jill Kilmont went through I am positive I wouldn't be here to tell about it. She obviously had spunk, and guts, and fortitude (what ever that means), etc. etc. etc.

To be truthful, there hasn't been a movie like this to cause as much nose blowing and eye drying since 'Ole Yeller'. One should equip oneself with a box of kleenex before going to see this show. I promise there won't be a dry eye in the house, but it is a fantastic movie.

Penny or Venny- Who Cares?

Trudeau and the economy spell — HELP!

By THE PENN

Monday, October 13. A date economists ought to remember for many years to come. On that date, Pierre Elliot Trudeau revealed his economic plan. It's not taking in our belts a notch or two. We're putting the stranglehold on big business in a way David Lewis never thought of in 1972-74 when he bugged Pierre about 'corporate tax bumps.'

Big businesses can't raise prices in an un-restricted way, nor can

giant unions press for big 30 percent-plus wage hikes any more. Unions are limited by law to 10 percent! 10 percent!! Bravo!

Everyone knows that unions brought on a vicious circle from the first time they struck for better wages. When the big company gave it to them, they also quietly jacked up prices. Now, the union members couldn't afford things anymore, so... vicious circle.

It's not that I don't like unions. I do, in their moderation. But when the auto unions, who really keep

the economy on the move, go for ridiculous wages, and everyone else's prices go up, it's destructive. Who gets left out in the cold? Not pensioners. They have an income, of sorts. Not the incapacitated. They also have things to fall back on. Who? STUDENTS!!

Students are unable, for the great part, to work at studies and a part-time job at the same time (although there are those who just manage). Furthermore, the money earned in July and August isn't worth itself along about December,

and that's crippling. Loans cost more all the time, and it begins to dawn on us that we're strangling ourselves by being involved in the economy. It's another point on the circle.

Perhaps, if Mr. Trudeau's measures work, everyone will notice a decrease in the inflationary rate. Either that, or our tightening belts will strangle us poor petitioners as we beg for bread and Trudeau says: "Let them eat money."