

MUGWUMP JOURNAL

# They're burying us with Xmas advertising already

By EDISON STEWART

Good morning folks. Glad to see you're up so early. (Those of you who may be reading this in the afternoon or evening may skip to the next paragraph).

By my count (which may, I admit, be off somewhat as math was never my forte) Christmas is 39 days away. A week ago Thursday it was 47 days away. And that's my problem.

I was deep in the middle of the latest Ironass episode last Thursday, when some well-dressed chick comes on the tube telling me what to buy for Christmas. Now that's not so bad. I mean, it's not illegal to advertise that it's coming, now is it?

What perturbed me was the background music and the setting for the commercial. The music — Christmas carols. The setting — a typical living room with a typical beautiful Christmas tree on a typical Christmas morning. Here it is, almost seven weeks away, I thought, and they're singing Christmas carols and playing around the bloody Christmas tree.

There was no snow outside my window. It was a bit chilly, but Christmas, with all the gift-buying and wrapping and running around seemed ages away. Well, perhaps I exaggerate. But at least I knew there were still seven weeks to go.

Until Pollyanna Primrose came on with her advertising.

I suppose we're all aware of the sales-job advertisers do at Christmas time, but now it seems they've taken on Remembrance Day as well.

For those of you who hadn't noticed (and doubtless there were some) Nov. 11 was Remembrance Day. (Maybe you didn't notice because while everybody else in town had a holiday, we had to go to school.)

Now it's customary for us to pay our respects to the war dead at some point during the 11th of November. Granted, few of us take the time any more, but that's not what I want to talk about.

Anybody read the local papers just before the 11th? I did, and I wonder why all the local merchants felt it necessary to

advertise some simple message like "Remember the dead", and then have their company name underneath.

Now they may have wanted to show everybody that the 11th was, indeed, Remembrance Day. But more likely, they wanted to identify their store with this solemn occasion. In other words, they were selling clothes, jewelry, or what have you simply by being tied in with the war dead.

And to me, that's a pretty crummy way to sell a product.

Parking problem got you down? A university employee who works with the personnel office seems to have solved his problem: perhaps you can learn something from his experience.

Someone phoned this week to say that this person couldn't find a place to park in the staff parking lot, so he parked in the visitors' lot. As it happens, the security cops check all these lots daily to make sure nasty people (read: students) don't park in the wrong places. Our informant says the cops completely ignored this fellow's

parking infraction, even though he was clearly parked in the wrong lot.

Perhaps we've got one law for the staff and another for the students around here. What's more likely, though, is one law for the higher-ups on staff, another law for the staff, and still another for students. (These people must learn to stay in their places, now mustn't they?)

Red and Black was the hit it should be this year. I saw the performance Monday (opening) night, and it went rather well. The cast deserves congratulations for their fine efforts. One other thing is notable about Red and Black this year, and that was the introduction of someone new to the case.

President John Anderson played the part of Mr. Big in the Mafia skit, and completely took the audience by surprise. Anderson's participation in the skit is commendable. While he was by no means the star of the show, his appearance gives students the opportunity to see the president let his hair down and become reachable. And that's not a bad idea at all.

POLITICS

# Here's how a party handbook says to get elected

By CYCLOPS

There is a lot of talk about a federal election next spring and maybe even a provincial one too. This has got me thinking about election campaigns and a candidate's handbook that I ran across a few months ago; it was published by one of the major political parties.

Here is what the handbook says about issues:

- "An issue is anything which concerns the voter to the extent that it will influence — the way he votes."
- "The candidate's appearance is an issue to some voters, and it will likely be a key factor in their voting decision. For fanatical dog lovers the candidates canine policy will decide their vote."
- "Issues exist in the minds and hearts of individuals, not in the rhetoric of party ideologies."

Here are some words of wisdom for the candidate:

- "Every move you make is a political act."
- "If you hold an elected municipal office...retain it... (otherwise you lose) the publicity value of the post."
- "Have a head and shoulders photo taken professionally."
- "Prepare your biography with the aid of a professional writer."
- "You must begin to meet the opinion

leaders — newspaper editors, radio and tv station managers, clergymen, heads of service clubs, union and farm group leaders, municipal officials, leading businessmen, barbers, real estate brokers, and service station operators."

"The canvass goes faster if someone precedes you, so that the voter is at the door when you arrive."

"Hop-scotch around the riding — give the impression of being everywhere."

"Keep moving, the person who tries to keep you talking may work for another candidate."

Here is some advice for the all-candidate meetings.

"If you are not at ease on a platform, you can arrive in time for your speech, then leave — in extreme cases, you can be represented by someone else."

Bus Stop Advice:

"You can meet a great many people at the bus stops in the morning, who will appreciate your early rising — the first morning be at the bus stop nearest the point of origin. On subsequent visits work your way down the busline — hand out literature which people can read on the bus."

Cavalcades:

"These require only a group of decorated cars, a few convertibles, a P.A. system with music tapes, pretty girls — and you — have some young

people along. They're enthusiastic and can pass out literature."

The use of t.v.:

"THE GOOD LOOKER. This candidate is attractive, pleasant, knowledgeable, and can handle an audience or a camera with ease. He radiates honesty and integrity. There are precious few of these people around. If elected, they will all be assigned perilous cabinet posts. Whatever his future may be, there is one answer to the immediate question — this candidate should go on t.v."

"THE QUESTION MARK. This candidate knows what he's doing, and has many good qualities, but he just doesn't stand out. He may be a trifle bland. He may use t.v. — but only in carefully-controlled formats."

"THE NON-VISUAL MAN. This candidate may be a great organizer, and he may come across perfectly well in face-to-face voter contact. On camera, however, he looks like a cross between a child molester and a used car salesman. He will ruin himself if he sets foot on t.v. Don't let him."

The use of "youth" as campaigners: "These are some tasks they succeeded in doing extremely well in the past election."

— Planning the candidate's "Saturday activity" — laying out his route through main streets and shopping plazas, and

planning the cavalcade.

— Putting up signs and handing out pamphlets.

— Preceding the candidate during blitz canvasses in apartment buildings (only if over 17).

— Running the silk screen operation for making signs.

— Forming sign crews.

— Planning special events — rallies, etc."

And some final advice for election night: "Once the polls have closed spend most of the evening with your workers in the committee rooms. Have a number of statements written out for every eventuality. These would be

— if you win and the party wins nationally.

— If you win and the party does not win nationally.

— If you lose and the party wins.

— If you lose and the party loses. "Should you lose go to your opponent's headquarters and congratulate him."

When the next federal election is called almost 1,000 candidates will be dragged through this kind of campaign for six weeks at a cost of several millions of dollars. That is one of the prices that must be paid for democratic government — but, of course, there is an enormous entertainment benefit for the public as well, isn't there?

ALONG THE TRACKS

# Stanley Judd, Canada's lonesome lover, is missing

By STANLEY JUDD

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Stanley Judd's column for this week was not in our office by the appointed time so we tried to get in touch with him. He was nowhere to be found. There is speculation that he was chosen as the League representative to attend the wedding of Princess Anne. Another possibility is that he is on a business trip in the North Pole, attempting to sell stuffed frogs to Santa Claus. In search of him we visited his home and entered through a window (his door was locked). In his home we found a bed

(unmade), a desk and chair, a typewriter and two large bowls, one marked 'Mine' and the other 'Yours'. In his typewriter we found the column printed here. We are not sure if Stanley meant this to be printed. We think that perhaps it was meant for his personal diary. However, we decided that anything is better than blank space. We hope you agree. Only the obscenities have been deleted. All else is intact.)

so she said go home and I said I am home and she said you're not home and I said

remember we live together now and she said but I'm tired of sleeping with your dog and I said what's the matter with my dog he's the best friend I have and she said well get rid of your best friend and I said if my dog goes so do I and she said so go so we went and we haven't been back since. She had fleas anyway.

Love, love, love. Were we in love? She certainly couldn't cook eggs. (Not like my mother could anyway.) She never made the bed. She hardly ever came to bed! She certainly wasn't much fun, but I do think I loved her. But not enough to get rid of my dog! I remember well the words my

grandfather whispered just before he died — "Be kind to your dog, Stanley. He's probably the best friend you'll ever have." I still don't know if my grandfather was reflecting on man's inability to achieve lasting friendship with another human or simply on my inability to get friends. Whatever the case, he was right. My dog is the best friend I've ever had!

Love, love, love. How terrible it is to be in love! Nothing but pure heartache. Women just don't understand the inner workings of a man. (Not like my mother did anyway.) The first woman whom I

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