

Editor

...ame from Upper Cana-

maritimers in our own... going to allow the drop-... only native sport so... can't we choose our... all? They choose theirs... fact in the favor of... the league in which it... play and the fact that... stronger league was pro-... S.D.U., Mt. A. Saint... riners and a Charlotte-... n. Can the Canadian... st this? Surely a league... a paying proposition... e of the fact we had a... m last fall, we still had... w fans to our games both... away, so we couldn't... e too far in the red... who saw the game in... ll vouch for the fact that... ame has its merits and... many thought this game... night of the year... now what our fellows... before the game. They... ay let's win for U.N.B... "Let's play for Rugby"... matter what anyone may... s proud to walk off that... d say that I played on a... team... school" spirit, the lack of... e freshman realize is the... of our college is never so... ad as at present. So don't... bly purely on a monetary... s it will soon come back... for itself.

Yours truly,
BILL THORPE.

University of New Brunswick
Fredericton, N.B.
March 15, 1952.

Editor
Brunswickan
Post Office
Fredericton, N.B.
Congratulations to producer
Shaw and to all who help-
with the Red'n Black Re-
-he show was a striking
and a credit to the
concerned. I enjoyed it
sely.

Jack Murray

Brunswickan,
e Editor
"Red'n Black" Revue was
ceptionally mature student
tion. Most of the talent
a pleasing spontaneity and
ative skill in communicat-
-the audience — and evok-
-eir harmonious and homo-
-is delight. Staging was all
- kind — that is, showed
-ous unity of effect. It was
-ently planned and effect-
-executed.
s is the first "Red'n Black"
-en. I would say it matches
-ality the annual spring re-
-of Minnesota University —
- 25,000 students! — which
- seen twice. Patience and
-ont'd on Page 6, Col. 5)

the Best
late made

Writer's Workshop

By
★
JIM
CROCKETT
★

I remember reading in a book the other day that advertising was one of the great benefits of modern time. It went on to say that advertising indicates competition, the driving force behind business. It assures the public of quality in the products which it purchases. On the whole I suppose that this is true but sometimes I have my doubts. I've had a few eye-opening experiences with advertising lately and now I don't think it does much but prove how glibly the general public really is.

One of my favourite radio programs got a new sponsor recently and is now advertising a hair oil. It stresses the miraculous powers of a new kind of olive oil shampoo which is refined in an amazing new scientific manner. It's guaranteed to grow hair on anything and everything from your head to a pool ball. Well, I didn't want any hairy pool balls so I forgot about the whole thing. However, my sister happened to listen to the program one evening and was really convinced. The next day she went to the beauty parlor and had a new, scientific, specially refined, etc., olive oil shampoo. As soon as she got back to the house we all had to admit that it had done wonders for her head. Of course, I couldn't see one shade of difference but admitting it was naturally out of the question.

Finally I fell, a victim of modern advertising. I was downtown one day and decided that I had better get a haircut. After Tony had cut my hair and enlightened me regarding the atom bomb and world affairs in general, he tried to sell me a shampoo along with a lot of other things I didn't want. Unfortunately I got the crazy idea to try the new shampoo that had been advertised lately so I asked Tony if he had any. To my great misfortune he had and so I decided to expose myself to its amazing and of course guaranteed wonders. First of all he put a lot of smelly oil in my hair which looked exactly like the olive oil we have home. After he had rubbed my scalp until it was raw, I had to put my head under the

hot water. The olive oil was finally all washed out and Tony who was beaming with delight showed me the startling results. Personally I couldn't see any difference and the only thing which startled me was the price, four fifty.

I felt that I had been swindled despite what the radio, Tony and my sister said. On the way home I happened to pass an old friend of mine, Dr. Brown and during the course of conversation I asked him if the skin will absorb olive oil. When he told me practically none, I realized that I had been gyped. Let me analyse for you what had happened at the barber shop. To begin with olive oil had been put in my hair. No matter how much it had been refined it was still olive oil. The scalp as I had learned couldn't absorb it. It smelled bad and was very sticky so, of course it had to be washed out again. All this which amounted to exactly nothing had been given me for the trifling sum of only four fifty or as the radio said a nine dollar value for only four fifty. Well, I finally concluded that olive oil wouldn't grow hair on your head and, by the way have you ever seen hair growing on an olive?

As soon as I realized that this so-called hair shampoo was little better than a fake, I was going to go right back to Tony's and try to get my money back. However, after a moment's thought I decided that the only person to blame was me but of course that would never do so I blame advertising in general. When you hear something day after day on the radio and read it in the newspapers every evening, you finally come to believe in it no matter how foolish it really is. Repetition is a powerful force. The main thing which disturbed me in this case was that the company deliberately exaggerated the qualities of the hair oil but it said it would do things which in plain fact it would not do.

The average person isn't aware of the effect of advertising. For instance, if you go into the store to buy razor blades you usually don't ask for razor blades but for

Gillette or Pals. Just to see what would happen I went into the neighbourhood corner and asked for a package of razor blades. As I expected the first thing that the clerk said was, "What kind?"

The power of advertising was impressed on me a little while ago when I was buying a car. Being restricted to the low price field, I had finally decided to buy either a Chev or a Ford. This was the first time that I had ever brought a car so I thought it might be a good idea to get a few opinions about Fords and Chevs from people who owned them. I asked a friend of mine who had always driven a Ford what he thought about them. "The Ford," he said, "is beyond doubt the best car on the road today. It's got everything." Then he proceeded to enumerate a host of advantages. "Do you know," he went on, "that the Ford is the only car on the road that has the new Fordomatic drive?" From the name I judged that he was probably right, at least I didn't expect to hear of a Chev with a Fordomatic drive.

I asked him, "What is this Fordomatic drive anyway?" "Well," he said, "it's some kind of new automatic drive. Makes driving a lot easier and smoother too. Not only that but it saves on engine wear."

"How does it work," I asked? "I don't know exactly," he replied, "but I'll tell you this. It's the newest thing in cars and of all the cars this year, even in the three thousand dollar class, the only car that has Fordomatic is Ford."

After this I learned that the Ford is the smoothest running,

has the fastest pick-up and the best engine of any car in the country. Not only this, but according to my friend its design is without question the best. I must have looked doubtful because he added, "If you don't believe me just ask anyone in town who was smart enough to get one and they'll tell you the same thing."

"What kind of a car did you drive before you got your Ford," I asked him? "Been driving a Ford ever since I could afford a car," he replied. From all this I assumed that there was no other car worth considering except a Ford. However, I happened to run into another car owner I knew and we started to talk about cars. Essentially he was the same as my other friend with one slight difference, he drove a Chev. Our conversation was exactly the same except that now the only car in the world was the Chev. The Chev, of course, didn't have a Fordomatic drive. As a matter of fact it didn't even have a Chevomatic drive but it did have Jumbo-drum brakes and Central-point steering along with a multitude of other revolutionary features.

All this left me exactly where I started so I decided to see what the local auto dealers had to say on the subject. The Ford dealer convinced me that the Ford was the car for me but so did the Chev dealer when I went to see him. When I came home that evening I happened to tune in to the Ford Theatre which swept away all doubts. However, the full page ad in the morning paper put me right back at the beginning once more. I finally concluded that except for design, the essential differences in the two cars was nil, so I bought a Plymouth.

As far as I could determine the Ford probably had Jumbo-drum brakes like the Chev but preferred to advertise its Fordomatic drive which, incidentally is nothing but an overdrive which may be installed in any car for a price. However, don't let me bother you if you know perfectly well that the Ford is the better car. After all anyone who can read the newspaper knows that.

If advertisements were only half true we would certainly have some

Centre Plans Continue

Progress has been made with the planning of the Memorial Student Centre, according to Alumni Secretary Jack Murray.

Last week Dean J. Miles Gibson and Mr. Murray, who are members of the alumni student centre committee, met with a selected group of students to discuss the project. Bob Spurway, Stig Harvor, Mary Lou O'Brien, Kay McCallum and Colin Harrowing were the students in question. Don McPhail, Betty Lou Vincent and Dave Fair were unavoidably absent.

The needs of the students for such facilities as common rooms, cafeteria, committee and meeting rooms, offices, dark room, etc., were considered — with an amazing degree of agreement.

Campus organizations and individual students have another ten days to make suggestions, if they choose to do so.

Husband to exasperated wife: "Of course I told you that if you married me you'd be wearing diamonds. Haven't you ever heard of campaign promises?"

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Quick Lunch
Visit Our
Luncheonette
Fountain

Kenneth Staples
Drug Company

For your dancing pleasure...

MUSIC BY
DICK BALLANCE
AND THE
— ORCHESTRA —

PHONE 6538

FEEL THE DIFFERENCE

IN FLEET FOOT THE SHOE OF CHAMPIONS

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FEEL THE DIFFERENCE WHEN YOU PLAY!

... AND LOOK FOR THESE OTHER FEATURES:

- Non-chafing toe
- Wide, felt-lined tongue
- Scientific foot-fitting last
- Suction grip outsole • Healthful—hygienic

DOMINION RUBBER

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Lady Anne
SWEATERS & SPORTSWEAR

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