

First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

OUR FAVORITE speech of almost any month was one that George Gribbin, chairman of the board of Young and Rubicam, gave before the Advertising Club of Pittsburgh. In this speech, he compared the advertising men of today with yesterday's Renaissance men. Both, he said, had a "restless curiosity and a powerful drive to fulfil their whole human potential."

"So," Mr. Gribbin exhorted his underlings in conclusion, "be a modern Renaissance man."

Well, we got to thinking about Mr. Gribbin's man, and the more we thought about him, the more we thought he sounded good—like, of course, a modern Renaissance advertising man should.

We see him in the morning, for example, waking refreshed from a good night's sleep. Last night he may have had a splitting headache, muscular pain, neuralgia, nervous tension, sluggish liver, abdominal distress, and tired blood. But no matter. This morning he obviously got fast fast relief.

He takes his shower and rolls on something that takes away that fear of offending. He is now not just half safe and for the first time in his life he feels really clean. Brushing his teeth, he finds he has 22 per cent fewer cavities, not only because his toothpaste makes him wonder where the yellow went, but also because he uses it in conjunction with a scientifically approved program of oral hygiene and regular dental care. Shaving, he gets fourteen more shaves with his new blade than with a boop-boop. Afterwards, he uses an after-shave lotion that makes him irresistible to women—and okay for the office, too.

Our modern Renaissance advertising man has, of course, a breakfast of champions, rich in iron and protein and high in big, body-building energy. And it's all topped off with a cup of coffee that is so mmmm-mmmm good that it's heavenly. In aroma, fragrance, and flavor, its coffer coffee.

Getting into his automobile—which he chose by a 114-mile grueling test on a mountain road—he could, if he wished, put himself in the driver's seat, but prefers, instead, to ride in comfort and leave the driving to us. At sixty miles an hour, the loudest noise in his car is the clock, which reminds him to compare it with his watch, which he carries,

along with his fountain pen, under water.

Meanwhile, he's also comparing two newspapers, getting ahead faster by reading one and making himself more interesting by reading another. At his office, he is only No. 2, so has to try harder. He never carries more than \$20 in cash, but he has a friend at his bank and a tiger in his tank.

One of the people who likes people, he is also a particular person who takes particular pleasure in, among other things, doubling his pleasure and doubling his fun. He likes to live a little, and, although he's one of three out of four men who, every time, choose a bolder, richer, manlier brew, he also seems to know which one to have when he's having more than one. And, as long as someone else is up, he is perfectly willing to have them get him a whiskey.

Finally, though he finds that some things he likes separate him from the boys, they don't from the girls. Indeed, after work, he steps almost at once into a wonderful world of softness, and a wonderful world of freshness that is not only friendly to his taste, but also apparently contains no harsh irritants for his girl friend. In any case, he and she wander around brooks and waterfalls and horses' necks and scarecrows and he gets a smile every time just asking himself what do men look at second? Or is it true blondes have more fun? Or even does she or doesn't she?

Well, we'll never know because, though our modern Renaissance advertising man thinks young and would rather fight than switch — even at a time like this, he's thinking of estate planning.

• • •

If Mr. Gribbin's was our favorite speech of the month, our favorite article of the month was by F. Gordon Davis and Associates, of Birmingham, Michigan, in the *Public Relations Journal*. Mr. Davis, a public relations man, feels that, as he puts it, "the term 'public relations' is no longer adequate"—in other words, in a word, it's not good public relations for public relations.

"What we are concerned with," says Mr. Davis, "is bringing about a perfection of communication that enables people to obtain better understanding of one another. The assumption underlying this objective is magnificent, the fundamental driving force that has inspired

humanity throughout its long climb from the animal kingdom. It is the bedrock of religion, the wellspring of democracy. I would go further: it is the only hope for democracy's survival."

Well, sir, we never realized that public relations was all that—but if Mr. Davis says it is "the bedrock of religion" and "the wellspring of democracy," well, the way we feel about it, it's his bed, let him spring on it.

"On all sides," Mr. Davis continues, "misunderstandings [about public relations] flourish like poison ivy at a picnic site. Like strangers speaking different languages and in urgent need of communication," he goes on, "our society desperately needs interpreters. If we can meet that need and do so objectively and ethically," he declares, "our place is secure."

"That's all right, you may say," he goes on, "but, still, does it sell soap?"

"Of course it does," Mr. Davis answers himself. "To sell soap you have to create understanding of its merits. But public relations does not just advertise the product, or publicize it, or otherwise glorify it. The public relations approach begins with an effort to analyze what the public wants and needs from soap. It seeks to understand the public and it communicates this understanding to management, which in turn commissions the development of a product suited to public taste and orders action to make its nature appreciated and its availability known."

Well, as in the case of Mr. Gribbin, we got to thinking about Mr. Davis's idea—and what we, the public, want and need from soap. And however we tried to get around it, we couldn't escape from a gnawing little feeling that we were getting *more* soap than we wanted or needed. The way we figure it, every washing machine in this country has got to be so full of so many different kinds of soap that get clothes softer and whiter, and every dishwasher has got to be so full of so many different kinds of suds and flakes that go get even that deep-down frypan dirt that, if we're not careful, what we're going to get in this country will be a shortage of dirt. Pretty soon we're going to have a whole new generation that is going to grow up so scrubbed and spotless that it isn't even going to know what dirt is. This generation will go through life never having known that priceless American heritage of being dirty.

Here, the way we see it, is the logical place where Mr. Davis and his PR boys ought to come in. Never mind the hard sell, the soft soap, even the soap operas. Banish our washday worries. Spot us an occasional spot. Give us back our grease and grime. It's a dirty business, we admit, but don't, don't clean us out completely.



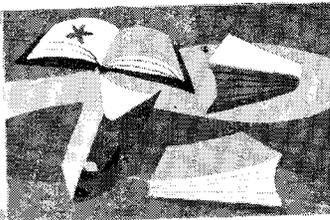
A COMPUTER 3,000 MILES LONG

Pick up your Bell telephone and a "computer" is at your service. Twirl the dial and you set it in motion. The problem to be solved: find the one Bell telephone you want out of 70 million. □ This unique computer, at the command of millions of phone users across the country, is the nationwide Bell telephone network. Calling on the astronomical amount of information stored in its memory units, it guides your voice to distant places, using thousands of interconnections for each call. It picks the best available route to the number you want, then makes the connection — all within seconds. □ This can happen because, for all its complexity, this telephone network is built to operate as a single, integrated unit. Western Electric's responsibility: make certain that every one of the billions of vital components we manufacture and assemble into the network will function perfectly with every other — and will operate long and reliably, some for up to 40 years. □ Close people-to-people teamwork of Bell Telephone Laboratories, the 21 Bell telephone companies, and Western Electric has made this dependability possible. Decades of working together has developed in each teammate the unique skills that provide you with telephone equipment and service that you can count on day-in, day-out. That's why Western Electric has been, since 1882, the manufacturing unit of the Bell System. 

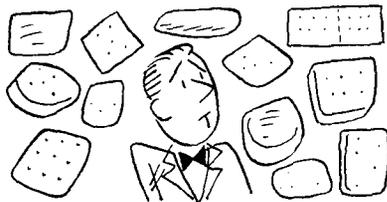


WESTERN ELECTRIC

Trade Winds



A biscuit, as described by Webster's *New Collegiate Dictionary*, is a kind of unleavened bread, plain, sweet, or fancy, formed into flat cakes and baked hard. A soda biscuit, according to the same source, is leavened with sodium bicarbonate and sour milk, or buttermilk—certainly not too attractive a prospect when



you think it over. The word *soda* is said to be derived from the Arabic *suda* meaning "splitting headache."

In a wild state of generosity in this column several weeks ago, we were rash enough to offer ten pounds of soda biscuits to anyone who could supply a new sentence to replace the tired and dog-eared typing exercise "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog."

Never let it be said that the readers of TRADE WINDS are slow to take up a challenge.

Our latest calculations indicate that we are now in the soup for approximately three-quarters of a ton of soda biscuits, a fact that provides a rare, personal insight into why the Arabs link the whole thing with splitting headaches. We hasten to add that the contest is now closed.

Because of our solemn obligation to TW readers, we are leaving no biscuit unturned to supply the etymological athletes, who responded so heroically, with their just reward.

But you don't simply walk to the nearest corner grocery store, as we laughingly thought we might do, and ask the clerk to wrap up three-quarters of a ton of soda biscuits. In fact, one wholesale baker, in responding to our query, said, "What are you—some kind of nut or something?" and promptly hung up. Another suggested that soda biscuits went out when the flanged wheel came in. A third made some generally uncomplimentary remarks and asked us to hold out until Mental Health Week rolled around. From bakeries, we were able to elicit genuine concern and considerable sympathy, only to learn that there is no such thing as soda biscuits, *per se*, on the

open market today. What's more, we've learned, the whole biscuit-cracker-cookie hierarchy is fraught with dangerous lexical disturbances, pitting brother against brother, executive against executive. No one, it seems, can decide just what is a biscuit compared to a cookie or a cracker. One of the largest biscuit companies in the nation was forced to admit that it didn't make biscuits—it made only crackers or cookies.

We are now in the process of working out secret negotiations with one of the country's leading bakers to provide the winners with a full measure of ambrosia. By the time our next fortnightly column rolls around, we'll report on this in full. In the meantime, let's examine a sampling of some of the results.

It can only be a sampling. A gentleman by the name of Ellsworth Geist, for instance, has come up with sixty-seven sentences containing each letter of the alphabet, including one that reads: "Overjoyed pix king thawed by cozy film queens." Roger F. Williams sends: "By jove, my quick study of lexicography won a prize" — and it will.



G. M. Ostrander brings in current Hollywood gossip with: "Dick, quoth Liz, 'beware of sexy, vamping jades.'" Herbert Harvey has arranged a commentary on the television scene with: "Quiz show vexed by lack of rating jump."

Photographer Ivan Dmitri has taken time out from his tripod long enough to put together the thirsty sentence: "Hey, Jack, I'm frozen. Mix up, chill, and serve a big quart—wow!" "This story suggests," he goes on to say, "that there may be something in the offing more exciting, more delectable even, than the accomplishment of eighty words per minute."

No self-respecting psychoanalyst can ignore sex, and Dr. Mason Rose of Hollywood keeps up the tradition with his sentence: "Sexy zebras just prowl and vie for quick, hot matings." "This should

lend zest to learning the keyboard," he adds.

But there are others, Chuck Haydon suggests: "The quixotic women find love's zest by joyous parking." And Betty Barndollar joins the chorus with: "Many-wived Jack laughs at probe of sex quiz."

TRADE WINDS and SR come in for a share of attention with: "*Saturday Review* magazine quips by far excel the jokes" (Pauline Engel), and "J. G. Fuller, by hacked wit and moxy, quiets zippy nerves" (Stan Wenner).

Mrs. Roger Blanchard signs her entry "Alex Z. Waverly Q. Buckingham Stopford, Jr." and closes with a notation that she'll settle for five pounds of soda biscuits and a quart jug of vodka.

She is not alone. Joseph Fagan asks for his biscuits soaked in Scotch; Don Kanabay would like us to throw in a couple of cans of soup; Cecil Goff protests that he's on a diet; David Adler would have us send the biscuits to his mother-in-law; Mac Teplitz wonders if he could get peanut butter, too; Charles Olasky, Captain, U. S. Navy, Retired, would prefer hardtack or sea biscuits; Mrs. Herbert Browarsky would rather have a left-handed moustache cup with matching saucer; and C. D. Firestone concludes his note with: "By the way, what is a soda biscuit?"

We regret to announce that some TW readers are sneaky. Lilyn Carlton supplies the sentence: "Baby knows all his letters except: d, f, g, j, m, q, u, v, and z." Then she adds: "'Quick, man! The X-ray!' cried Dr. G. J. Blooms to Dr. V. W. Zof." And, in addition, she joins several other below-the-belt biscuit winners with: "The quick brown *dog* jumps over the lazy *fox*."

Many readers supplied a sentence that turns out to be an old standard: "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs." They will receive token awards, not quite as much as those for original contributors, but just as tasty.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1590)

(P. G.) WODEHOUSE:

BIFFEN'S MILLIONS

He looked considerably more like a dachshund than most dachshunds do. Seeing him, one got the feeling that Nature had toyed with the idea of making a dog of this breed, and on second thought had decided to turn out something not so horizontal and with no tail.