

There seems to be an advertising man in every foxhole.

Advertising Has Gone to War

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Art Directed by Sgt. RALPH STEIN

THIS is a good time of the year, just as we are getting into a holiday glow, for every GI to pause for a few moments of silent wonder at the advertising profession. There is a moot question in this war (it has been a moot war all along, too) as to which has done more for the other, the dogface or the advertising copywriter. A fair examination will reveal that, next to his rifle, GI Joe's best friend is the type-writer tycoon of the advertising agency.

For the advertising profession not only knows what we are fighting for; it knows exactly, down to the last uplift bra, what we want when we come home. And it also knows precisely how we live on the various fighting fronts.

It is the copywriters of advertising who nurse the carefully guarded secret that this war is, in reality, a luxury cruise. They know we aren't alone in our foxholes. Everything from Aunt Elinor's radio to Uncle Eben's toothbrush has "gone to war" with us.

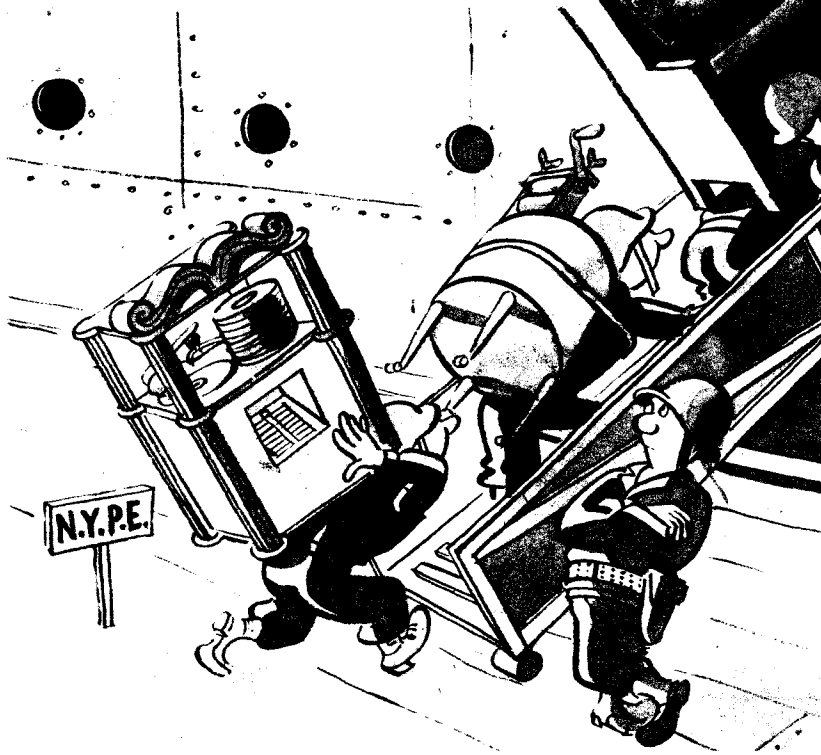
If you don't believe this, look at the ads. On page after page you will see a picture of a hungry civilian asking for a rib roast, a new convertible, a crushproof necktie or some nylons for his honey. And, on page after page, you will see the advertising man brush him off rudely for his lack of patriotism with the stirring slogan: "Meat has gone to war! Superdupermo-

bile has gone to war! Kravatko has gone to war! Honey has gone to war!"

It's nice to know that our more abundant life in ODs is getting some recognition. Dawdling over a cafe royale in our fur-lined slit trench, we can depend on advertising to keep the home folks up to date on combat conditions.

As to what we are fighting for, that's even simpler to the agency idea man. The soldier who doesn't know by now that he is fighting for blueberry pie and the right (no doubt written into the Four Freedoms) to boo the Dodgers is a dry stick indeed. Shunned by his friends, he has become an object more of pity than blame.

Picture, if you will, the life such an outcast leads. It's after the battle and his buddies, arms interlocked and facing a Technicolor camera, are



relief it gives to your parched throat. Think of the premiums with each big bottle. That's how to get into the swing of this war, laddie buck."

The world we come home to will be largely laid out for us in advance by these same thoughtful moguls. It's none too soon for us to get down on our knees and start thanking them.

We haven't had to make a single peep as to our preferences. Advertising has figured them all out in advance. Our girls, guided by scintillant copy, will have become such paragons of charm that Hedy Lamarr will look like a barracks bag

beside them. They will bulge alarmingly in the proper places and will have removed all unsightly body hair with Whizzo, the safe, odorless, colorless, laughing-eyed depilatory. Some of the girls will have taken this last treatment too literally and included the hair on top of their heads; every war has its casualties.

The homes that wait for us will be a tidy combination of Hans Christian Andersen and Jules Verne. They will be inch-thick with glass and plastic, but they will have all the allure of the rose-covered cottage of honeymoon dreams. Television receivers, thinly disguised as tiger-skin rugs, will disgorge fried chicken from a hidden glove compartment.

It will be a world like you've never seen this side of a Section VIII ward. It will be homey and new, and shiny and soft, and robust and restful, and cheap and expensive, and thick and thin, and sharp and dull. It will be everything and nothing.

It will be just one more addition to the list of thoughtful things for which the GI has to thank sweet old advertising.

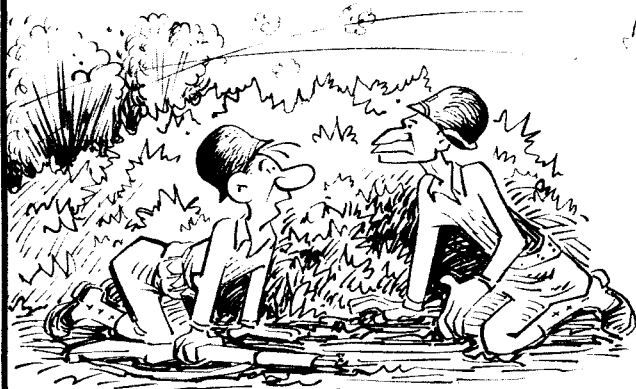
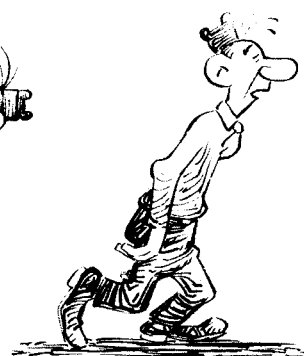
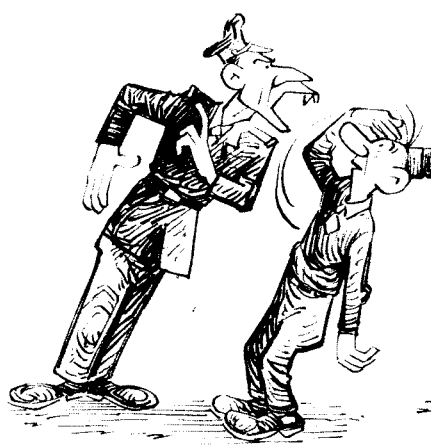


"Nix, Toots. I only play with girls who use Whizzo."



"Stop, Gwendolyn! Desist! How can I boo the Dodgers if you keep stuffing me with blueberry pie?"

THE SAD SACK



Sgt. GEORGE BAKER

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WATER



By Pvt. WILLIAM SAROYAN

"If there is one thing a man is apt to do the minute he gets into the Army," Pvt. Push Delaney said to his pal, Pvt. Brick Stumblefeather, "it's to remember." The two men were again stretched out on their backs on the far side of the new latrine pit coming up in Camp Oglethorpe, Tenn. The day was sweet and summery.

Pvt. Delaney's only disciple answered this remark with the one word which expressed his constant devotion and his everlasting interest. "Correct," he said.

Pvt. Delaney continued. "And the things a man remembers are the things nobody would believe are worth remembering," he said. "They tell you a man who is drowning remembers everything that ever happened to him, but I think they are mistaken, because the time I was drowning the only thing I remembered was that I was drowning. I was 9 years old at the time and hadn't lived the rich life I've lived since then, so there wasn't much to remember. But I didn't even remember that.

"The most important event of my life up to the age of 9 was my coming face to face in the streets of my home town with a full-grown bear, but I didn't remember the bear while I was drowning. I kept remembering the water, and the terrible danger it is to anybody in a lot of it. Water is all that I could think about.

"Well, how much water does the average man need? A glass now and then to drink, a tub of it now and then to bathe in, and a couple of hundred gallons of it to come out of lawn sprinklers in the summertime. The way the stuff's supplied you'd think it was the most important thing in the world. First they cover three-quarters of

the earth's surface with it, then they send 20,000 or 30,000 rivers of it racing all over the place, and then, on top of that, they keep pouring the stuff out of the sky on you."

"What was the bear doing there?" Pvt. Stumblefeather asked.

"It was lost," Pvt. Delaney said. "It had come down from the Coast Range mountains to Hanford, right on into town as if it knew somebody there, and that's the reason I was the only man in town at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Everybody had run off and locked themselves in their houses and stores."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing. I thought it was somebody from out of town."

"I keep remembering the time I fell out of the magnolia tree," Pvt. Stumblefeather said.

"What did you do that for?"

"I never did like Osric."

"Well," Pvt. Delaney said, "some people a man likes, some he doesn't. Take Hawaiians."

"I don't like Hawaiians."

"That's exactly what I mean," Pvt. Delaney said, "and yet has it ever occurred to you that they are Americans and very courteous?"

"I didn't know that," Pvt. Stumblefeather said. "I just thought they did the hula-hula all the time."

"No," Pvt. Delaney said. "How long do you think you can do the hula-hula? Half a day at the most. I'd say the greater part of the life of the Hawaiian is spent sleeping."

"I thought they just danced."

"The Indians are the dancers if you want to get right down to it, but they like to lie down and call it a day, too. People get tired, but when you're in all that water, tired

or not tired, you're in no mood to rest. I wasn't. I kept hollering."

"Help?"

"How did you know?"

"That's what I hollered when I fell out of the tree, but Osric just stood there and laughed."

"It's a funny thing about hollering for help," Pvt. Delaney said. "Hollering for help when you're in a lot of water with nobody around isn't going to get you any help, but when you've got all kinds of people all around you, you never think to holler for help."

"Where did the bear go?" Pvt. Stumblefeather asked.

"Back to the Coast Range mountains where it belonged. Equal rights are all right up to a point, but after that they get unequal. Treat a bear like a man and he'll take your money."

"Oh," Pvt. Stumblefeather said. "How about a coke?"

"You going to the PX?"

"I was thinking of it."

"Make it two."

"Oh-ah," Pvt. Stumblefeather said. "I believe you mentioned money."

"It's a fabulous theme," Pvt. Delaney said.

"I haven't got any," Pvt. Stumblefeather said. "Have you got a quarter I can borrow?"

"The East Africans," Pvt. Delaney said, "wore their money in their noses."

HE took a long swig of water from his canteen. His pal took a long swig of water from his canteen. Pvt. Delaney smacked his lips, looked up at the fleecy white clouds overhead and said: "I remember an East African who came to Hanford when I was 11 years old with a \$10 bill in his nose. He lived in Hanford seven years and never spent the money. We called him Dough-in-the-Nose Mose. He never took out citizenship papers, but he was a good janitor down at the SP Depot, and the year Herbert Hoover's train stopped for two minutes at Hanford they brought the fellow out of the smoking room to look at Hoover. When the train pulled out the old fellow turned to Joe Ryan the fireman and said, 'Who?' He wanted to know who Hoover was. Ryan said: 'Mose, you old miser, when are you going to blow your nose?'"

Pvt. Stumblefeather blew his nose, and Pvt. Delaney began to tell about a train down home—the local line—with a damaged whistle that made an awful funny noise in the old days.