



Advertising Has Gone to War

Copywritten by Sgt. AL HINE

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! Superdupermobile 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 endorsing their favorite cigarettes and singing "Good-bye, Mama, I'm Off to Yokahoma!" He edges up and tries to start a conversation. "We done awright today," he says. "Pretty soon we'll be cleaned up on all these stinkers."



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

ADVERTISING AT WAR

The good-natured singing and banter die down as a tactful sergeant takes him aside. "We'd rather you didn't talk that way, old son," he says. "It's better you should forget all this bitterness and concentrate on our war aims. Think of a nice big glass of Popsi-Whoopso. Think of how it sizzles and crackles and what 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.

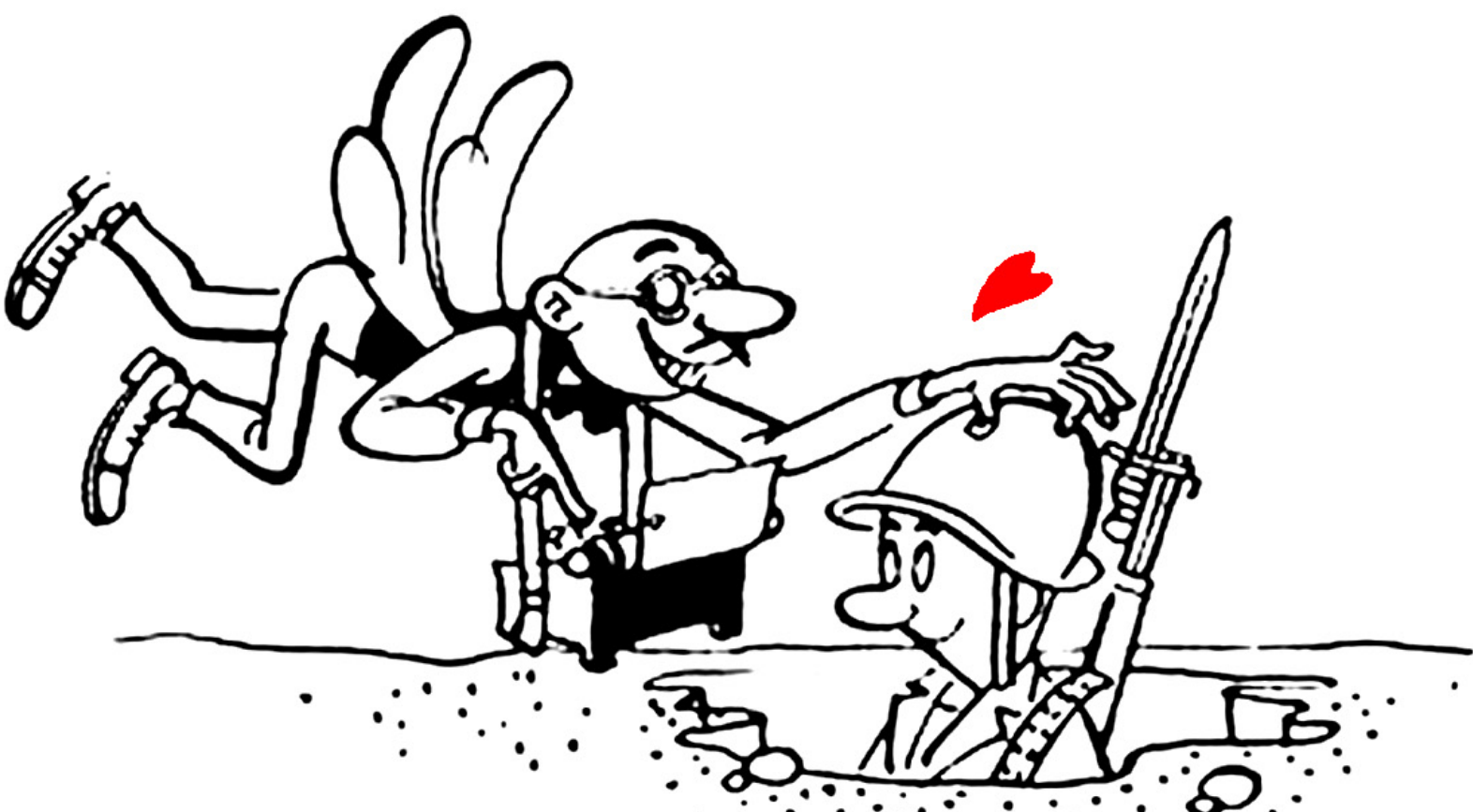
The homes that wait for us will be a tidy combination of Hans Christian Andersen and Jules Verne. They will be inch-thick with glass and plastic, but they will have all the allure of the rose-covered cottage of honeymoon dreams. Television receivers, thinly disguised as tiger-skin rugs, will disgorge 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 thingies for which the GI has to thank sweet old advertising.



There seems to be an
advertising man in every foxhole.



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