

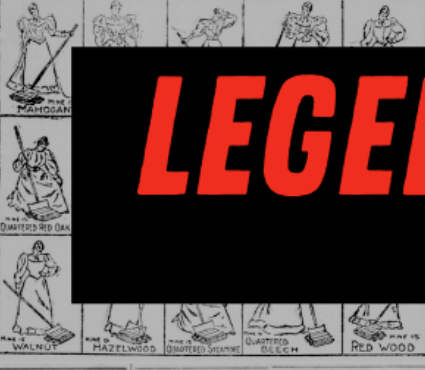
Write and See

How to Save Half on Your Tire Cost

W. D. 10100.000

LEGENDARY ADS VAULT

COPYLEGENDS.COM



what treatment makes with an other possible? simply state which best you want, and address Dr. Stock, Box 46, Racine, Wis.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., 86th St., Akron, O. Brochure and Agents in All the Principal Cities

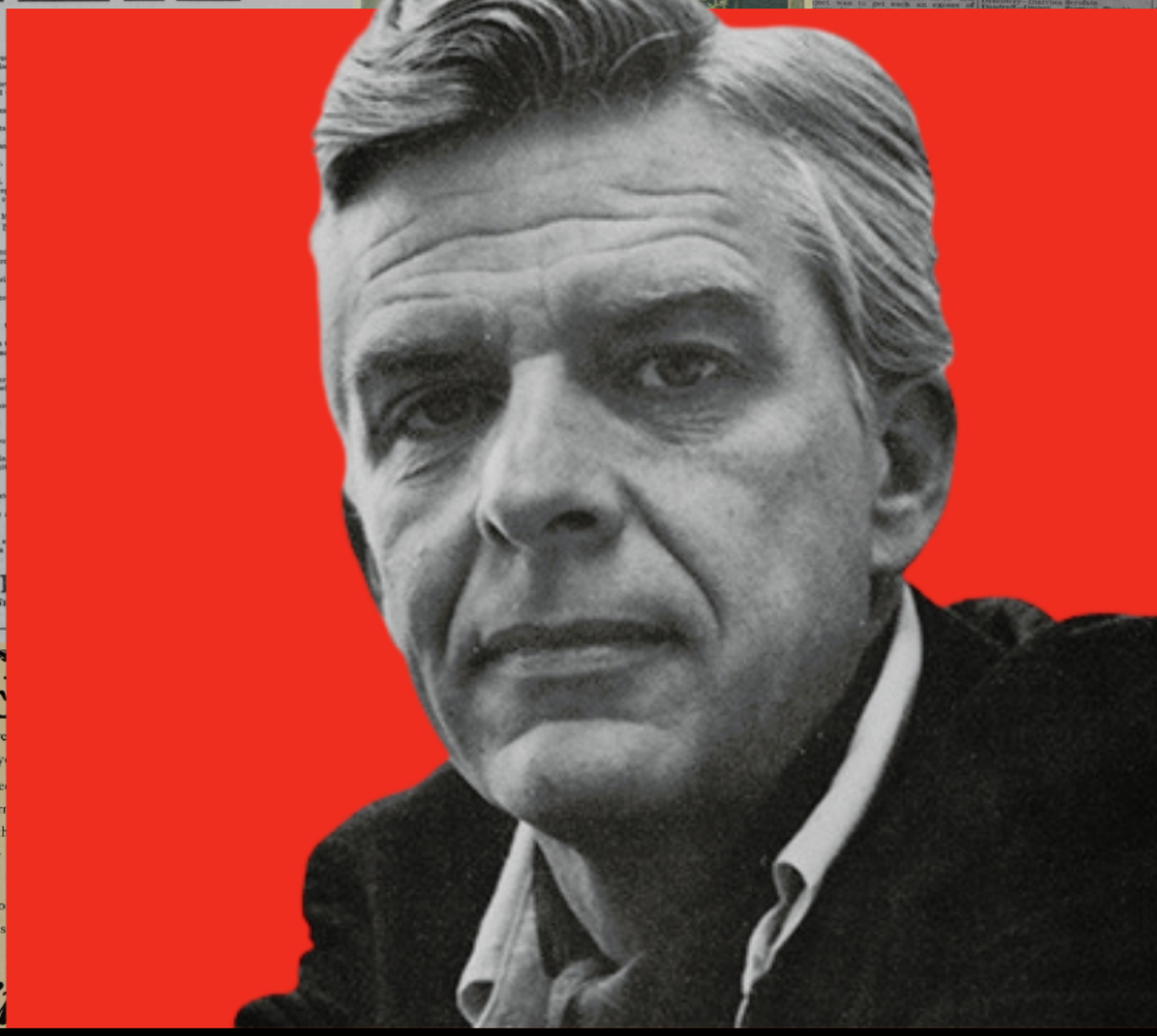
Liquid Oxygen. This is the only liquid oxygen... it is the only one that can be used in the home...

CUT OUT THIS COUPON. For this offer, you can get a full year's supply of Palmolive soap for only 10c...

Free. Free. Free. For this offer, you can get a full year's supply of Palmolive soap for only 10c...

How Fortunes Are Made

There never was a time when so many fortunes were made, in so many advertising lines, as today. So many advertisements are so well read now that people have learned their lesson. Never did good advertising win so easily. Never was pure advertising so certain to fail. Never was ability so much in demand as experience is essential. These are no times for the amateur. Success goes today to the qualified. That's why we spend more on our own department than on any other part of our business. The head of this department, Mr. Charles C. Hopkins, receives \$1,500 a month. A record salary in advertising. But Mr. Hopkins has made no money for advertisers, in more different lines, than any other man has done. His supremacy, as a salesman in print advertisement, is beyond question. Mr. Hopkins supervises all of the work which goes out from this agency.



used rs. Your tire sales troubled—jumped. This year '64 leading motorer contracted for these tires. A know them. Ask us for the low to cut tire bills in two.

We control this feature by patents. Others have tried a single wire-wire twisted wires. But the braided wires which contract under air pressure are essential to a safe hoodless tire.

The only desirable tire which can't rim cut is the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

10% Oversize. When the rim flanges turn outward the extra flare lets us make this tire 10 per cent oversize. And we do it without any extra charge. This means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent more carrying capacity. It provides overloading which, with ordinary tires, is almost universal. It takes care of the top, glass front, gas tank, extra tire, etc.—the extra weight which most men add to their cars.

Our Tire Book tells scores of facts which every motorist should know. It tells all we have learned in 12 years of tire making. You will learn how to cut your upkeep cost to the minimum if you write us to send this book. Write now.

16th St., AKRON, OHIO. We Make All Sorts of Rubber Tires

Say So. And you are sure that is good for you. There is pure beer—healthful and harmless to you as much as the pure beer is much as the other. Purity is all-important in a clean, filtered, soft beer with no germs.

Schli. That Ma

HOWARD LUCK GOSSAGE

Why Youth Discovers Now There's a Way. The Source of All. This Week Only. That Film.

Why We Recused. We have written a book about the... We have written a book about the... We have written a book about the...

Just Oxygen. We Will Buy. We Paid \$100,000. Germ Diseases. Let Us Convince You. OUT OUT THIS COUPON.

A Beauty Secret 3,000 Years Old. The Palmolive Creams, Lotions, U.S.A. The Palmolive Creams, Lotions, U.S.A. The Palmolive Creams, Lotions, U.S.A.

10c. PALMOLIVE. Palmolive Soap. Palmolive Creams, Lotions, U.S.A.

[OUR MOTTO]*

**“IF YOU’RE DRIVING
DOWN THE ROAD AND YOU
SEE A FINA STATION AND
IT’S ON YOUR SIDE SO YOU
DON’T HAVE TO MAKE A
U-TURN THROUGH TRAFFIC
AND THERE AREN’T
SIX CARS WAITING AND YOU
NEED GAS OR SOMETHING**
PLEASE STOP IN.”*****

* We know it isn't very pushy as mottos go, but it's realistic and Fina doesn't expect you to do anything that isn't reasonable or convenient.

** Like oil. And 1503 other items your car might need.

*** Meanwhile, if you're missing a valve cap (and you probably are) and would like a pink one we will be happy to send you one free and post paid. Just fill out the coupon. If you'd also like a Fina credit card application just put an X in the right box.

-----[COUPON]-----

American Petrofina, Dallas, Texas

Dear Fina:

Please send me a Pink Valve Cap.

Please send me a Fina Credit Card Application.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____



© 1982, AMERICAN PETROFINA, DALLAS, TEXAS

[A PEEK AT PREMIUM PINK, THE ADDITIVE OF THE FUTURE]



SEND FOR YOUR FREE SAMPLE OF PINK AIR!

(As we know, there is a strong trend in the gasoline station industry toward adding a coloring ingredient to the air which goes into your tires. Like blue, purple, green, crimson, and others. The reason is: additives have been added to everything else connected with your car. Now it is air's turn. But authorities estimate that it will be ten years before the switchover from ordinary air is completed and colored air is in the hoses.)

Meanwhile Fina, an alert young oil company, has staked out Pink Air.[®] And has started a crash program so they can beat everybody else by five years: the Fina Five Year Plan.)

WE are happy to report some progress. Our Pink Air Research Laboratory at Mount Pleasant, Texas is hard at work on the secret ingredient which will turn air pink. We are still confident that we will be able to get it to our more than 2,000 Fina stations by May 12, 1966. About 4:30 P.M., we figure; some of our trucks don't get around until late in the afternoon.

We will keep you posted.

However, a technical question has been brought to our attention: "How is anybody going to know what Pink Air looks like when it's inside a tire?"

That is a good question and to answer it we will send you a sample as we promised in our last ad. A Free sample.

Naturally, for security reasons* we won't be able to send you any *real* Pink Air. Besides, what would we mail it in? No, the best answer is a pink balloon,** so when you blow it up Regular air will look like Premium Pink.

And there'll be a Fina emblem on it so the next time you're driving down the road and you see it and the station is on your side so you don't have to make a U-turn and there aren't six cars waiting and you need gas or something, please stop in. And see for yourself that our products are just exactly as good as the best.

And when you're through looking at the Pink Air give it to the kids, they'll like it. How many children do you have?

**It might float into the wrong hands. Enough said.*

***Actually, TWO balloons, one inside the other. Don't worry, we'll send directions.*

Fina Pink Air Development Division
American Petrofina
Dallas, Texas

**FREE
PINK AIR
COUPON**

Dear Fina:

I would like to see what Pink Air looks like. I have _____ children.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____

© 1961, AMERICAN PETROFINA, DALLAS, TEXAS

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN 15 YARDS OF PINK ASPHALT

PINK ASPHALT?

Why not? As you may remember Pink Air, Fin's Additive of the Future, was invented to make the insides of your tires look prettier because everything else that goes into your car already has all the extra additives it needs; sometimes more. And we started our Five Year Crush Program so as to be sure of getting it to all of our thousands of big and little Finna stations by Pink Air Day, May 12, 1968.

WELL you know how it is in a company when one department gets something special; it's like with kids. Right away the TBA* Department wanted a Pink Program too. So the Pink Valve Cap ("the accessory to help you through the difficult withdrawal period from Regular Air to Premium Pink") was invented.

Then somebody in Trucking said: "How about painting a few of our trucks pink so people will know we're ready to transport the Pink Air from our Finna refineries in case the Pink Air Pipeline** isn't completed by P.A. Day?" And so we did.

Meanwhile back in the Asphalt Department people were feeling Left Out. It isn't an ordinary little old stick-in-the-tar asphalt department, either; we are one of the country's big manufacturers of asphalt. And it is good stuff, sort of an asphalt man's asphalt. But only in basic black - until our boys made some revolutionary experiments.

Which is why we now have 15 yards of very high-quality Pink Asphalt to give away to the one who can think up the best way to use it. (15 yards is a whole heap of asphalt; pink or otherwise it weighs about 30 tons and, if you win it, it'll take us two double-dual wheel dump trucks or semi-trailers to haul it to your house.) After we roll it out for you, it'll cover around 270 square yards which is enough to pave a pink driveway plus a pink badminton court plus a pink patio. Or about 5/8ths of a doubles tennis court; O.K., O.K., we'll pave the whole court.

Although nobody here knows how cows might feel about having their barn floor redone in wall-to-wall pink, we do know that asphalt is

gentle on their feet; and neat. We suppose it would also be swell for paving sundecks on roofs; if only we can figure out how to get the steamroller up there. So if you happen to have anything you'd like paved for free with Premium Pink Asphalt just fill out part one of the coupon below and tell us what you want it for, and why. The best answer wins.

Meanwhile if you're driving down the road and you see a Finna station and it's on your side so you don't have to make a U-turn through traffic and there aren't six cars waiting and you need gas or something, please stop in.

- * For Tires, Batteries, Accessories; Finna stations sell several things besides gas and oil; hundreds.
- ** This is so complicated it took us a whole ad to explain it last time; but if you'd really like to know, just drop us a note and we'll be glad to send you a copy.

[PINK ASPHALT COUPON]

Pink Asphalt Department
American Petrofina
Dallas, Texas



Dear Finna:

Why I want 15 yards of Pink Asphalt is (you needn't limit yourself to 15 words or less. Use another piece of paper if you want): _____

While you're at it, I would like an application for a Finna Credit Card. I understand I can use it to buy any TBA items with no money down and six months to pay; is that right?

Cordially,

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

P.S. Also, while you're at it, you might as well send me one of your Pink Valve Caps _____, too.



[FINA STAKES OUT ITS CLAIM TO THE ADDITIVE OF THE FUTURE.]



PINK AIR!

The following news item appeared in the San Francisco *Daily Commercial News* for March 21st, 1961:

Gasoline service stations will be filling your tires with tinted or brightly colored air in the foreseeable future, according to R. G. Lund, marketing consultant.

Detecting a strong trend in the industry, Lund said, "The oil companies are already adding additives to additives in their efforts

to win motorists' favor in this highly competitive field. They have added extra ingredients to everything connected with an automobile except the air that goes in the tires. An additive for air will definitely be the next major advance."

It will take ten years, the Portland, Oregon

marketer estimates, before the research and manufacturing problems are solved. Existing facilities will have to be converted to meet the public's demand for more colorful presentation of products. "But then," he concludes, "stations will feature air in decorator shades of green, blue, purple and even pink."

A word to the wise if we ever saw one. Fina's not the kind of company that has to be told twice. Pink sounds like as good a color as any and besides it's short and catchy. This is to serve notice we have settled on Pink Air.^o

Not only that, but as of right now we are starting a crash program: the Fina Five Year Plan. If it is going to take everybody else ten years we'll do it in half the time.

So look for Pink Air at the thousands of Fina stations on May 12th, 1966! Give or take a few days.

The reason we're in such a rush is, as the man says, if you want to stay on top you've got to have a little something new from time to time.

But Fina's gas, oil, and accessories are already just exactly as good as the best. We wouldn't want to add more things to them just so we could say we did. (Oh, we've got additives, all right, we just can't think of any good names or numbers for them.)

And that's why we're so pleased to have a brand new additive of our very own: Pink Air. If you see anybody else claiming it, just let us know and we will deal with them for sure. Keep your eyes open.

Meanwhile we'd like to be able to give you a better idea of what the air in your tires will look like on P.A. Day, May 12th, 1966. And right now we're trying to make up a few experimental batches of Pink Air. By the time our next ad comes out we'll be able to mail you a sample if we can just figure how to keep it from leaking out of the envelope.

Now, before we go here is a picture of our Fina emblem:



... so the next time you see a Fina station you'll recognize it. And if it's on your side so you don't have to make a U-turn and there aren't six cars waiting and you need gas or something, please stop in.

[N-M scoops Fina by 2 yrs., 1 mo., 12 days, and 7 hrs.!]

**SO IF YOU'RE WALKING
DOWN COMMERCE STREET AND
YOU SEE A NEIMAN-MARCUS STORE
AND IT'S ON YOUR SIDE
SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO
JAYWALK THROUGH TRAFFIC AND
THERE AREN'T 6,000 PEOPLE
WAITING AND YOU NEED
PINK AIR OR SOMETHING,
PLEASE STOP IN.**

YOU recall how Fina has promised to bring you Pink Air, the Additive of the Future, on May 12, 1966 (about 4:30 P.M.; some of their trucks don't get around to the stations until late)? Well, Neiman-Marcus is tickled pink to announce that we have beat Fina to it by 2 years, 1 month, 12 days, and 7 hours! Yes, as of 9:30 this morning you can buy PINK AIR, the Room Freshener of the Present, from us!

PINK AIR Room Freshener is delightfully scented with the fragrance of pinks (little-bittier carnations of a special species, *Dianthus Petrofnus*). So when you spray it around it will give your house a pink air!

PINK AIR comes in an aerosol container festooned with a sprightly sprig of pinks for \$2.00. Ask for it by name on the 1st Floor downtown; or at Preston Center, Fort Worth or Houston, or order by phone; or simply fill in the coupon. If you have a Fina credit card perhaps you'd like a Neiman-Marcus account opened for you also. Under the circumstances it's the least we can do!



Neiman-Marcus

PINK AIR ORDERING COUPON

Dear Neiman-Marcus,
Dept. N
Dallas 1, Texas:

Congratulations on breaking the Pink Air Barrier first!

- Please send me _____ PINK AIR Room Freshener(s) at \$2.00 each (please add 35¢ for delivery and handling).
 - Please put on your special Neiman-Marcus gift wrap at 65¢ each.
 - My check or money order is enclosed.
 - Please charge my Neiman-Marcus account.
 - I have a Fina credit card (just a minute while I look), No. _____ Please open a Neiman-Marcus account for me and charge this to it.
- Yours very truly,

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

©1964, NEIMAN-MARCUS

[FINA ANNOUNCES THREE IDENTICAL PRIZES
OR
IF A THING IS WORTH DOING IT'S WORTH OVERDOING]

MOTHER OF FIVE WINS 15 YARDS OF PINK ASPHALT



THE great Fina Pink Asphalt contest has ended in an unexpected three-way tie. We didn't say anything about what we do in case of ties so all three of the winners will each receive the Grand Prize, 15 yards of Pink Asphalt laid down where they want it. (This, you recall, is what the contest was about; to find the most interesting use for a batch of Pink Asphalt our asphalt division whipped up to match Pink Air – Fina's additive of the future coming May 12, 1966 – as well as our pink gas trucks, pink valve caps, etc.) The entries were so stimulating that the judges couldn't make up their minds, so we have had to scrape up an additional 30 yards to cover the other two winners.

GRAND PRIZE goes to Mrs. Bernie Rohling of 3407 Belmont Blvd., Nashville, Tennessee. This poses some problems, being outside our marketing area; we may have to smuggle the stuff to her. She says "For years I have been tying pink ribbons on bassinets, all to no avail, – I have five sons. Your contest has brought new hope into my life. How could old man stork miss leaving the right bundle if our house was plainly marked with 15 yards of beautiful pink asphalt driveway?" And she concludes, "Here's hoping, or should I say expecting?" Good luck, Mrs. Rohling!

Consolation Prize goes to Valley Center High School, Valley Center, Kansas – a new suburb of Wichita – 86 of whose students wrote rousing letters. Several wanted a pink tennis court. "Which we badly need," says one, "since there isn't a tennis court, or swimming pool, or park even in the whole town – yet." Another states: "We have done so poorly at football this year there must be *something* we can excel

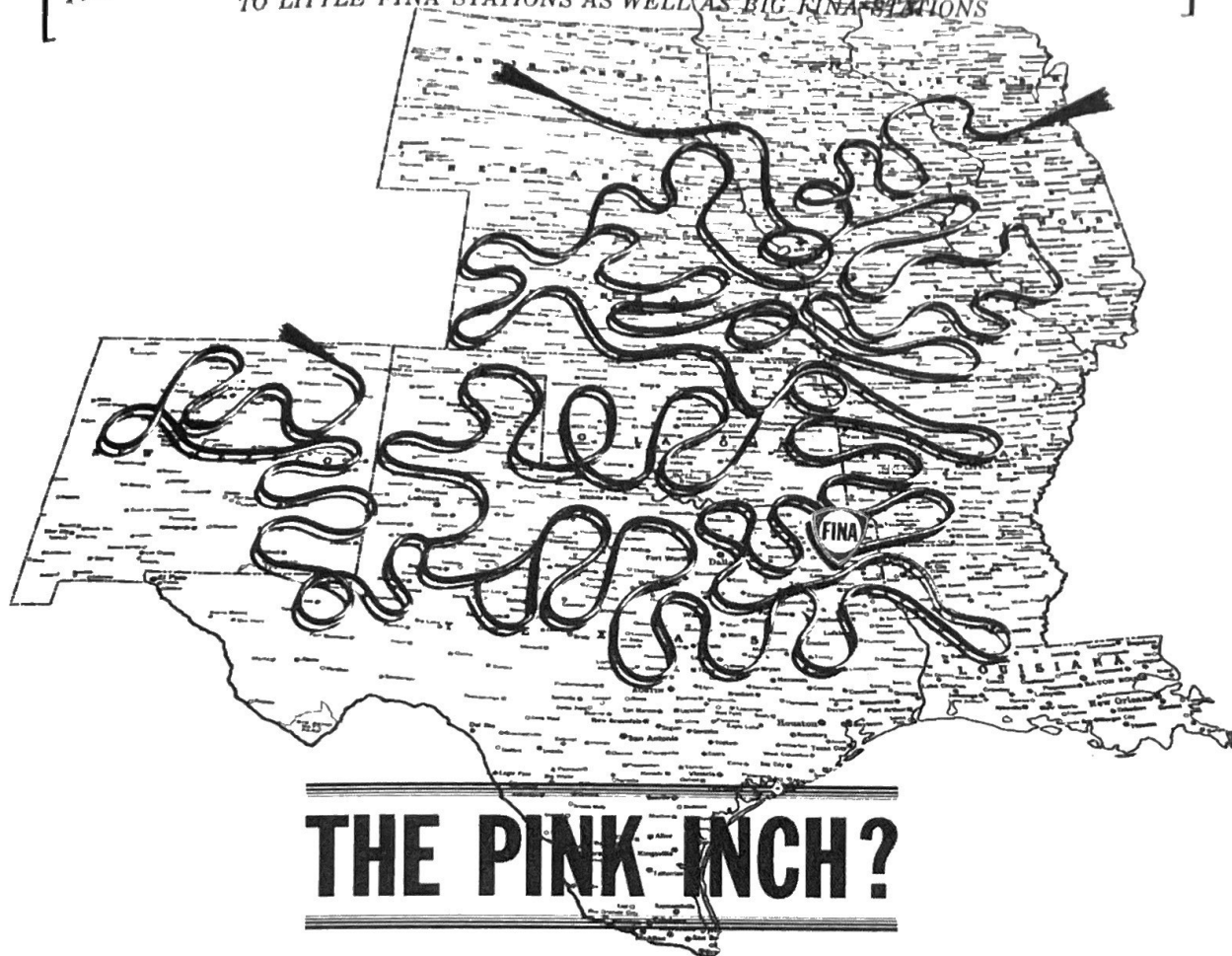
in; maybe it is tennis." Still another: "The old school spirit at V.C.H.S. (established 1958) can't be beat. But we haven't ever done anything anybody has heard about. It is hard to brag under such conditions. A pink tennis court would make us famous. Also it would match the trim of our building, which is pink. Maybe we will even change the school colors from purple and gold to purple and pink." Four of the 86 thought they needed a pink drag strip more, however. Well, fight it out among yourselves and congratulations all!

A Special Pink Prize goes to Mr. W. H. Moseley of 3901 Sockwell Blvd., Greenville, Texas. We found Mr. Moseley's entry especially noteworthy since he happens to be a Fina dealer; the first known instance of a company man winning a contest; we forgot to make a rule against it. You may remember that one time we mentioned in an ad that not all Fina stations were big super-stations? That some Fina stations were more modest? Mr. Moseley's is one of them, but he is anxious to improve himself. He was about to repave his driveway when he heard of our contest. He has stalled off in the hopes that his could be the first Fina station paved pink; with the result that the drive is beginning to collect a bit of water in the wet weather while he waits to find out whether to go to pink or black. He ends on a somewhat familiar note, "Meanwhile if you are driving down the road and you see this station and it is on your side and there aren't six cars (or rowboats, if you don't hurry) waiting please stop by." So, congratulations to you, Mr. Moseley, and best wishes for a dry, Pink 1962!

Our sincere thanks to all of you who wrote in; we enjoyed the fun and we hope you did, too; and that we will hear from you again sometime.

© 1962, AMERICAN PETROFINA, DALLAS, TEXAS

[FINA CONSIDERS THE LOGISTICS IN GETTING PINK AIR, THE ADDITIVE OF THE FUTURE, TO LITTLE FINA STATIONS AS WELL AS BIG FINA STATIONS]



The question has come up: How are we going to get Pink Air to the more than 2,000 Fina stations by May 12th, 1966?

(Pink Air, if you recall, is Fina's additive of the future; the secret ingredient which will color the air in your tires. It is the only possible additive left; everything else in your car has already been taken care of. So Fina can be first, we have started a crash program, The Fina Five Year Plan.)

There are two answers:

1. *That we transport Pink Air the same way we do our gasoline; from our refineries in Mount Pleasant, Wichita Falls, and El Dorado to distribution points where our trucks would pick it up and deliver it to Fina stations who would then put it in your tires. This is impractical because the pink air might mingle with and color the gasoline. Our gas doesn't need any more additives; it is already as good as the best and we wouldn't want to gild the lily - not even pink.*
2. *That we build a special pipe line for Pink Air: The Pink Inch. (See map above.) This isn't as easy as it sounds; it would be a lot of hard work and would probably cost a pretty penny. You know, you don't just get out there and lay pipe across the countryside. You've got to ask people's permission and pay them something to boot. Still, if we have to do it we have to do it.*

Maybe the easiest thing would be to make it a *hose* line, out of air hoses like we use in our stations, only thousands of miles long. And a little bigger: The Pink Inch Hose Line. We don't suppose people would mind so much having a hose strung across their front yards except they might trip over it.

The real advantage to the proposed Pink Inch Hose Line is that it would be fair. It would make Pink Air available at the big Fina stations and the little Fina stations at one and the same time, without fear or favor.



[BIG FINA STATION]

would be no problem at all to them.



[LITTLE FINA STATION]

But a little Fina station might be just two pumps in front of a general store and the proprietor not only has no extra storage space but is plenty busy as it is, what with slicing bacon and all. You might have to honk twice, not that he doesn't give you good service once he knows you're there. So you can see that a direct hose from the refinery would be a real help to him.

There are still a few details to be worked out in laying that much hose; such as how to get it across highways. Maybe when we come to a road we could string it between poles. If the telephone company people will cooperate. Well, we have five years to iron out the kinks and we'll probably need every minute of it.

Meanwhile, if you are driving down the road and you see a Fina station and it's on your side so you don't have to make a U-turn through traffic and there aren't six cars waiting and you need gas or something, please stop in.

(We've said this so often now that it's gotten to be sort of the Fina motto. It isn't very pushy as mottos go but it's realistic. We don't expect you to do anything that isn't reasonable or convenient.)

[A WORD ABOUT THE
ADJOINING FOR
THOSE OF YOU WHO
ARE EXCLUDED
GEOGRAPHICALLY FROM
DABBLING IN THE
MAINSTREAM OF
AMERICAN CULTURE,
SECRET INGREDIENTWISE:



WHILE you living in the Far West and Far East of the U. S. will recognize the adjacent Neiman-Marcus advertisements as a parody, you may not know what we are parodying, or why. Perhaps if you know you will enjoy your Pink Air Freshener even more.

The parodyee here is American Petrofina, an oil company (and a neighbor of ours in the next block up Commerce Street). Fina, as it is called, advertises in the Midwest and Southwest because that is where its gas stations are. The ads are, well, *unusual*. And well read, too.

About three years ago Fina announced that their research showed that as far as additives were concerned there was nowhere to go but down. Thanks to scientific know-how, "everything in your car is already chock-full of secret ingredients... except tire air!"

That was for them. But since there wasn't much one could do to tire air except maybe make it pink, they set out on a crash program to produce "Pink Air, The Additive Of The Future," with a target date of May 12, 1966, about 4:30 P.M.; "some of our trucks don't get around until late."

As you can see, we beat them, even if we did have to cheat a little. That's gas biz.

And that's the story except to explain our headline. Their hard-sell slogan, at the end of every ad, is: "Meanwhile, if you're driving down the road and you see a Fina Station and it's on your side so you don't have to make a U-turn through traffic and there aren't six cars waiting and you need gas or something, please stop in."]

Neiman-Marcus

DALLAS HOUSTON FORT WORTH
COLLECTED BY COPY LEGENDS

(If they can turn Grand Canyon into a "cash register" is any national park safe? You know the answer.)

Now Only You Can Save Grand Canyon From Being Flooded... For Profit

Yes, that's right, *Grand Canyon!*
The facts are these:

1. Bill H.R. 4671 is now before Rep. Wayne Aspinall's (Colo.) House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs. This bill provides for two dams—Bridge Canyon and Marble Gorge—which would stop the Colorado River and flood water back into the canyon.

2. Should the bill pass, two standing lakes will fill what is presently 130 miles of canyon gorge. As for the wild, running Colorado River, the canyon's sculptor for 25,000,000 years, it will become dead water.

3. In some places the canyon will be submerged five hundred feet deep. "The most revealing single page of the earth's history," as Joseph Wood Krutch has described the fantastic canyon walls, will be drowned.

The new artificial shoreline will fluctuate on hydroelectric demand. Some days there will only be acres of mud where the flowing river and living canyon now are.

4. Why are these dams being built, then? For commercial power. They are dams of the sort which their sponsor, the Bureau of Reclamation of the Department of the Interior, calls "cash registers."

In other words, these dams aren't even to store water for people and farms, but to provide *auxiliary* power for industry. Arizona power politics in your Grand Canyon.

Moreover, Arizona doesn't need the dams to carry out its water development. Actually, it would have more water without the dams.

5. For, the most remarkable fact is that, as Congressional hearings have confirmed, seepage and evaporation at these remote damsites would annually *lose* enough water to supply both Phoenix and Tucson.

As for the remainder, far more efficient power sources are available right now, and at lower net cost. For the truth is, that the Grand Canyon dams will cost far more than they can earn.

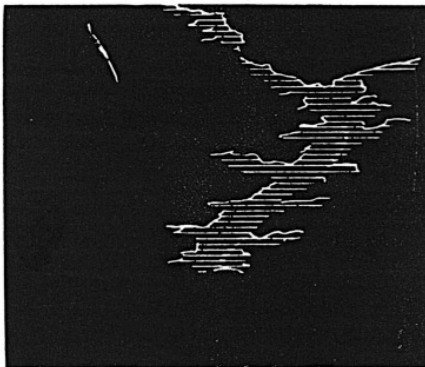
6. Recognizing the threat to Grand Canyon, the Bureau of the Budget (which speaks for the President on such matters) has already suggested a moratorium on one of the dams and proposed a commission consider alternatives.

This suggestion has been steadily resisted by Mr. Aspinall's House Committee, which continues to proceed with H. R. 4671. It has been actively fought by the Bureau of Reclamation.

7. At the same time, interestingly, other Bureaus within Secretary Udall's domain (notably National Parks, Fish and Wildlife, Indian Affairs, Mines, Outdoor Recreation, Geological Survey) have been discouraged from presenting their findings, obtained at public expense. Only the Reclamation Bureau has been heard.

8. Meanwhile, in a matter of days the bill will be on the floor of Congress and—let us make the shocking fact completely clear—it will probably pass.

The only thing that can stop it is your prompt action.



The Grand Canyon: How man plans to improve it. (Newsweek, May 30, 1966)

9. What to do? Letters and wires are effective, and so are the forms at right once you have signed them and mailed them. (You will notice that there is also one in the box below to the Sierra Club; that's us.)

10. Remember, with all the complexities of Washington politics and Arizona politics, and the ins and outs of committees and procedures, there is only one simple, incredible issue here: This time it's the Grand Canyon they want to flood. *The Grand Canyon.*

WHAT THE SIERRA CLUB IS FOR

The Sierra Club, founded in 1892 by John Muir, is nonprofit, supported by people who sense what Thoreau sensed when he wrote, "In wildness is the preservation of the world." The club's program is nationwide, includes wilderness trips, books, and films—and a major effort to protect the remnant of wilderness in the Americas.

There are now twenty chapters, branch offices in New York, Washington, Albuquerque, Seattle, and Los Angeles, and a main office in San Francisco.

This advertisement has been made possible by individual contributions, particularly from our Atlantic, Rocky Mountain, Rio Grande, Southern California and Grand Canyon chapter members, and by buyers of Sierra Club books everywhere, especially the twelve in the highly praised Exhibit Format Series, which includes books on Grand Canyon, Glen Canyon, the Redwoods, the North-corn Cascades, Mount Everest, and the Sierra.

David Brower, Executive Director,
Sierra Club
Mills Tower, San Francisco, California

- Please send me more of the details of the battle to save Grand Canyon.
- I know how much this sort of constructive protest costs. Here is my donation of \$_____ to help you continue your work.
- Please send me a copy of "Time and the River Flowing," the famous four-color book by Philip Hyde and François Leyde which tells the whole story of Grand Canyon and the battle to save it. I am enclosing \$25.00.
- I would like to be a member of the Sierra Club. Enclosed is \$14.00 for entrance fee and first year's dues.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Note: All contributions and membership dues are deductible.

PLEASE CLIP THESE AND MAIL THEM

No. 1

THE PRESIDENT
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON 25, D.C.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR STAND. THROUGH THE BUREAU OF THE BUDGET, PROTECTING GRAND CANYON. WOULD YOU PLEASE ASK CONGRESS TO DEFER BOTH GRAND CANYON DAMS PENDING INVESTIGATION OF THE ALTERNATE POWER SOURCES. THANK YOU AGAIN.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

No. 2

SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR STEWART UDALL
WASHINGTON 25, D.C.

ALL YOUR SPLENDID CONSERVATION WORK OF THE PAST WILL BE BLIGHTED IF YOU ALLOW THE LIVING GRAND CANYON TO DIE AT THE HANDS OF YOUR BUREAU OF RECLAMATION. WOULD YOU PLEASE ALLOW THE FINDINGS OF YOUR OTHER BUREAUS TO BE REPORTED FULLY TO CONGRESS BEFORE THE VOTE ON H.R. 4671? THANK YOU.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

No. 3

REPRESENTATIVE WAYNE ASPINALL
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
WASHINGTON 25, D.C.

I URGE YOU TO HALT PROCEEDINGS ON H.R. 4671, NOW IN YOUR COMMITTEE, AND TO SEEK EXPERT TESTIMONY FROM THE MANY INTERIOR DEPARTMENT AGENCIES THAT HAVE NOT YET APPEARED BEFORE YOU. THANK YOU.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

No. 4 (To your Congressman)

REPRESENTATIVE _____
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
WASHINGTON 25, D.C.

PLEASE JOIN IN THE FIGHT TO SAVE GRAND CANYON BY URGING DELETION OF BOTH DAMS PROPOSED IN H.R. 4671. THANK YOU.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

No. 5 (To one of your U.S. Senators)

SENATOR _____
UNITED STATES SENATE
WASHINGTON 25, D.C.

PLEASE JOIN IN THE FIGHT TO SAVE GRAND CANYON BY URGING DELETION OF BOTH DAMS PROPOSED IN H.R. 4671. THANK YOU.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

No. 6 (To your state's other Senator)

SENATOR _____
UNITED STATES SENATE
WASHINGTON 25, D.C.

PLEASE JOIN IN THE FIGHT TO SAVE GRAND CANYON BY URGING DELETION OF BOTH DAMS PROPOSED IN H.R. 4671. THANK YOU.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

SHOULD WE ALSO FLOOD THE SISTINE CHAPEL SO TOURISTS CAN GET NEARER THE CEILING?

EARTH began four billion years ago and Man two million. The Age of Technology, on the other hand, is hardly a hundred years old, and on our time chart we have been generous to give it even the little line we have.

It seems to us hasty, therefore, during this blip of time, for Man to think of directing his fascinating new tools toward altering irrevocably the forces which made him. Nonetheless, in these few brief years among four billion, wilderness has all but disappeared. And now these:

- 1) There is a bill in Congress to "improve" Grand Canyon. Two dams will back up artificial lakes into 148 miles of canyon gorge. This will benefit tourists in power boats, it is argued, who will enjoy viewing the canyon wall more closely. (See headline). Submerged underneath the tourists will be part of the most revealing single page of earth's history. The lakes will be as deep as 600 feet (deeper for example, than all but a handful of New York buildings are high) but in a century, silting will have replaced the water with that much mud, wall to wall.

There is no part of the wild Colorado River, the Grand Canyon's sculptor, that will not be maimed.

Tourist recreation, as a reason for the dams, is in fact an afterthought. The Bureau of Reclamation, which backs them, prefers to call the dams "cash registers." They are expected to make money by sale of commercial power.

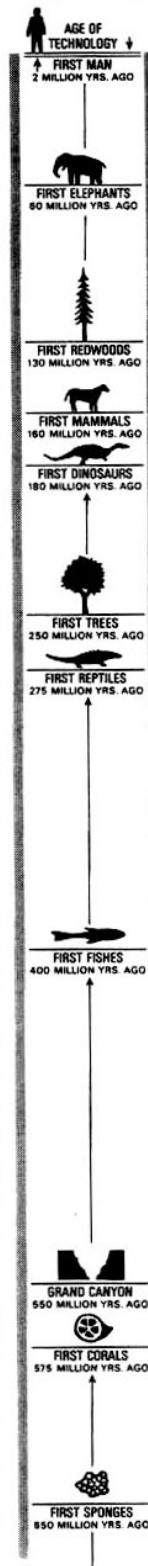
They will not provide anyone with water.

- 2) In Northern California, four lumber companies are about to complete logging the private virgin redwood forests, an operation which to give you an idea of its size, has taken fifty years.

Soon, where nature's tallest living things have stood silently since the age of the dinosaurs, the extent of the cutting will make creation of a redwood national park absurd.

The companies have said tourists want only enough roadside trees for the snapping of photos. They offer to spare trees for this purpose, and not much more. The result will remind you of the places on your face you missed while you were shaving.

- 3) And up the Hudson, there are plans for a power complex—a plant, transmission lines, and a reservoir on top of Storm King Mountain—destroying one of the last wild and high and beautiful spots near New York City.
- 4) A proposal to flood a region in Alaska as large as Lake Erie would eliminate at once the breeding grounds of more wildlife than conservationists have preserved in history.
- 5) In San Francisco, real estate developers are day by day filling a bay that made the city famous, putting tract



houses over the fill; and now there's a new idea—still more fill, enough for an air cargo terminal as big as Manhattan.

There exists today a mentality which can conceive such destruction, giving commerce as ample reason. For 74 years, the 40,000 member Sierra Club has opposed that mentality. But now, when even Grand Canyon can be threatened, we are at a critical moment in time.

This generation will decide if something untrammelled and free remains, as testimony we had love for those who follow.

We have been taking ads, therefore, asking people to write their Congressmen and Senators; Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall; The President; and to send us funds to continue the battle. Thousands have written, but meanwhile, the Grand Canyon legislation has advanced out of committee and is at a crucial stage in Congress. More letters are needed and more money, to help fight a mentality that may decide Man no longer needs nature.*

David Brower, Executive Director
Sierra Club
Mills Tower, San Francisco

- Please send me more details on how I may help.
- Here is a donation of \$_____ to continue your effort to keep the public informed.
- Send me "Time and the River Flowing," famous four color book which tells the complete story of Grand Canyon, and why T. Roosevelt said, "leave it as it is." (\$25.00)
- Send me "The Last Redwoods" which tells the complete story of the opportunity as well as the destruction in the redwoods. (\$17.50)
- I would like to be a member of the Sierra Club. Enclosed is \$14.00 for entrance and first year's dues.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

*The previous ads, urging that readers exercise a constitutional right of petition, to save Grand Canyon, produced an unprecedented reaction by the Internal Revenue Service threatening our tax deductible status. IRS says the ads may be a "substantial" effort to "influence legislation." Undefined, these terms leave organizations like ours at the mercy of administrative whim. (The question has not been raised with any organizations that favor Grand Canyon dams.) So we cannot now promise that contributions you send us are deductible—pending results of what may be a long legal battle.

The Sierra Club, founded in 1892 by John Muir, is nonprofit, supported by people who, like Thoreau, believe "In wildness is the preservation of the world." The club's program is nationwide, includes wilderness trips, books and films—as well as such efforts as this to protect the remnant of wilderness in the Americas. There are now twenty chapters, branch offices in New York (Biltmore Hotel), Washington (Dupont Circle Building), Los Angeles (Auditorium Building), Albuquerque, Seattle, and main office in San Francisco.



Dinosaur and Big Bend. Glacier and Grand Teton, Kings Canyon, Redwoods, Mammoth, Even Yellowstone and Yosemite. And The Wild Rivers, and Wilderness.

How Can You Guarantee These, Mr. Udall, If Grand Canyon Is Dammed For Profit?

1) A bill will soon be voted in Congress (H.R. 4671) which would put two dams into Grand Canyon, maiming for all time the wild river that has been the canyon's sculptor for 25,000,000 years.

2) If the bill passes, two artificial lakes will back up into 133 miles of canyon gorge. And hardly a century later, silting will have created wall to wall mud and tangled growth.

3) In some places, the inner gorge will be submerged five hundred feet. A vital part of "The most revealing single page of the earth's history," as Joseph Wood Krutch has described it, will be drowned.

4) It is argued that artificial lakes will be an "improvement" because tourists will be nearer the walls.

Should we flood the Sistine Chapel, so tourists can float nearer the ceiling?

5) Between the lakes, the Colorado's depth will vary fifteen feet from day to day, depending on hydroelectric demand.

Shoreline campsites will become suddenly dangerous. Wildlife will be disrupted, as will the ecology of one of history's treasures.

There is no part of the Colorado River within Grand Canyon that would not be affected.

6) The dams will not be used for water. They are called "cash registers" by the Bureau of Reclamation. They are expected to make money by sale of commercial power.

7) But for even the making of money, Grand Canyon dams will soon be as obsolete as they are unnecessary. Congressional testimony established they are fantastically expensive and wasteful of water. Still the alternatives are ignored.

8) The real push for the dams is political—an attempt by the seven states in the Colorado Basin to finance diversion of water from the Columbia River to the Colorado, at a cost of an undetermined number of billions of dollars to the other states.

9) If the bill does pass, no national park will be safe. With the unthinkable precedent set in Grand Canyon, it will be simple to approve dams or other commercial projects *already proposed* in a dozen national parks.

10) If the bill passes, America will have violated a treaty obligation signed at the International Convention on Nature Protection and Wildlife Preservation, that it would never subject a national park to exploitation for commercial profit.

Our entire National Park System, so brilliant it has been a model for every nation in the world, would suddenly be meaningless.

11) Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall could do much to save the day.

Taking advantage of the important new evidence presented in the House hearings, he could urge the dams be deleted from H.R. 4671. He could urge that Congressional committees at least hear the findings of his National Park Service, Bureaus of Recreation, and Mines and Geological Survey, instead of only Reclamation.

By failure to act, Mr. Udall is assisting the demise of the great park system he was pledged to protect.

12) It is an accident of history, but it is this generation which must assure that something untrammelled and free remains in the American earth as testimony that we had love for the people who follow.

13) It is for all the above reasons that we ran the two advertisements on June 9th—protesting the destruction of Grand Canyon—that produced an unprecedented reaction by the Internal Revenue Service.

By 4 P.M. the next day, an IRS messenger delivered a letter to us in San Francisco. It cast a cloud over our tax deductible status, effectively stopping major financial assistance for our public service program.

IRS read the ads as a sudden attempt to "influence legislation" in a "substantial" way. (They do not define those terms, leaving organizations like ours at the mercy of administrative whim.) *And they do not even raise the question with organizations that favor the dams.*

14) The Sierra Club has been in the business of helping people enjoy and save natural beauty for 74 years. Nothing new has been added to this goal in that time, except that the battle to save Grand Canyon is now in its critical phase.

If the IRS succeeds in slowing us down, it will also have slowed every organization which chooses to work for the saving of our resources. And this is no time to slow down.

15) Therefore, tax deductible or not, we intend to continue. After all, as astonishing as it may seem, it is the Grand Canyon that's in danger this time. *The Grand Canyon.*

16) Possibly within the next two weeks, the House Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs will have reported out the bill and it will be ready for a floor vote in the House.

You can stop it by adding your coupons to those that have been sent already, or better still, your own letters.

And while we cannot now promise that any contributions you send us are deductible, a determination still in the hands of IRS, we *can* promise the funds will help fight the remaining battles against a technology that feels it no longer needs nature.



Vasey's Paradise at Marble Gorge, where a fantastic natural spring gushes out of the sheer rock canyon wall, will be submerged by 270 feet of water. The Statue of Liberty and its base, placed at this spot, would have only its upper arm and torch showing above the water. If the dams are built in Grand Canyon, 133 miles of inner gorge will be submerged by water as deep as 500 feet, and later by that much mud.

WHAT THE SIERRA CLUB IS FOR

The Sierra Club, founded in 1892 by John Muir, is nonprofit, supported by people who sense what Thoreau sensed when he wrote, "In wildness is the preservation of the world." The club's program is nationwide, includes wilderness trips, books, and films—and a major effort to protect the remnant of wilderness in the Americas.

There are now twenty chapters, branch offices in New York, Washington, Albuquerque, Seattle, and Los Angeles, and a main office in San Francisco.

This advertisement has been made possible by individual contributions, particularly from our Atlantic, Rocky Mountain, Rio Grande, Southern California and Grand Canyon chapter members, and by buyers of Sierra Club books everywhere, especially the twelve in the highly praised Exhibit Format Series, which includes books on Grand Canyon, Glen Canyon, the Redwoods, the Northern Cascades, Mount Everest, and the Sierra.

David Brower, Executive Director
The Sierra Club
Room 1050
Mills Tower Building
San Francisco, California

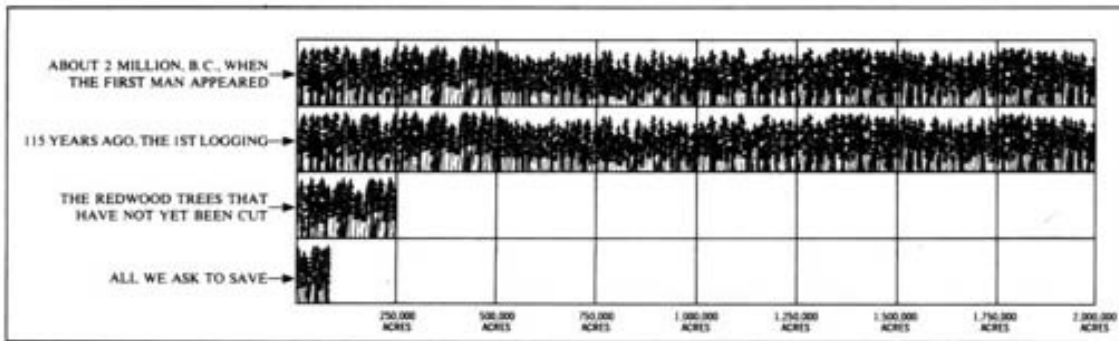
Please send me more of the details of the battle to save Grand Canyon.

I know how much this sort of constructive protest costs. Here is my donation of \$ _____ to help you continue your work.

Please send me a copy of "Time and the River Flowing," the famous four-color book by Philip Hyde and Francois Leydet which tells the whole story of Grand Canyon and the battle to save it. I am enclosing \$25.00.

I would like to be a member of the Sierra Club. Enclosed is \$14.00 for entrance fee and first year's dues.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____



“History will think it most strange that America could afford the Moon and \$4 billion airplanes, while a patch of primeval redwoods—not too big for a man to walk through in a day—was considered beyond its means.”

EARTH BEGAN four billion years ago, and Man two million. The Age of Technology on the other hand is hardly two hundred years old, and to give you an idea of just how little relative time that is, imagine a line an inch long, and then one from New York to Japan.

Yet, during this inch of time, Man has become so impressed with his brand new power as to alter his world irrevocably.

For instance:

- 1) By the time Man appeared on this planet a forest of giant redwood trees already covered about two million acres of Northern California. (See chart.)
- 2) They were there in the age of the dinosaurs and when Rome was built. They were there when Christ was alive, and when Columbus discovered America. They were still there during the Gold Rush just a hundred fifteen years ago; a reminder, to those who've walked through them, of how we all started.
- 3) But in the last 115 years (a half-inch on your mental chart) nearly all of the forest has been logged.
- 4) Of that which remains a few are in small state parks. The rest is scheduled for cutting.
- 5) A national park has been proposed for Redwood Creek which could, at any rate, save 2% more of the old trees.
- 6) But lumber interests, having cut so much and taken the rest for granted, are eager to get on with business. They see little reason why they should not.
- 7) Tourists, they point out, want only enough old trees for the snapping of photos, and they have offered to leave "enough." (The result would remind you of the places on your face you missed while you were shaving.)
- 8) The companies add that redwood forests are dark and gloomy, and furthermore clearing out old-growth trees is good for the forest. "Overmature" timber they like to call it.

*It's hard to say how the forest grew so well before the loggers were there to protect it.**

9) The real heart of the matter is simply this: A logger will resist his job being changed from logging to running a park; a local businessman will fear a decline for a time, and the companies believe they've an inalienable right to cut down trees for money.

But this planet is all we non-loggers have, and any other will forever feel strange.

It seems to us, therefore, we should not be so hasty about removing all our natural environment; the element which makes Earth feel like home.

Deciding what is too much destruction in the name of commerce is not always easy, but in the case of the redwoods it is.

By default, the world has given up the rights to 97% of what has been growing for 2 million years. That is surely more than enough. Buying 2% back ought hardly be thought much to ask, on behalf of our children's children.**

History will think it most strange that America could afford the Moon and \$4 billion airplanes while a patch of primeval redwoods—not too big for a man to walk through in a day—was considered beyond its means.***

This generation will decide this question and hundreds of others just like it; questions that will determine whether or not something untrammelled and free will remain to prove we had love for those who follow. To impress people with that, and to suggest they do have some say in what happens, the Sierra Club (now with 47,000 members), has been taking ads such as this.

We have been asking that people write letters, mail coupons and that they send us funds to continue our efforts.

Thousands have written, but meanwhile, in this session of Congress, a bill which will propose a park at Redwood Creek—the only possible location for a meaningful, varied redwood park—will face its greatest and probably its last test.

More letters expressing your view are needed, and more dollars to help fight the notion that man no longer needs nature.

*Lumber companies who own the redwood forests have spent tremendous sums to suggest that even when the land is cut completely clear of trees, as is often the case, no permanent harm is done the forests; as the cut-over area is immediately reseeded, and is then designated a "tree farm." However, because the special growing conditions that redwoods require are often impaired by modern tractor logging, the "tree farms" are most often not seeded with redwoods, but Douglas fir, spruce, and Monterey pine.
 **The redwoods on the average grow this way. At present, 85% of the two million virgin acres has been cut. 2% of the original virgin acreage is held in two museum-like California state parks, while the other 12% that is scheduled for cutting would make a total of 87% of the redwoods grown over in that purpose. A Redwood National Park at Redwood Creek would save, in one forest, an additional 2% of the virgin growth as well as a lovely, remote beach area, a number of spectacular wooded hills where redwoods are dispersed in the variety of growth conditions in which they thrive, and a mangrove river which includes The Emerald Mile, a stretch of huge redwoods running along both sides of the stream. The net effect, then, would be that instead of 87% of the original redwoods going to cutting, only 85% would be gone and we would then have a real strip of forest big enough for people to walk in without disturbing like a parking lot outside a baseball game.
 ***A redwood national park of 90,000 acres in the Redwood Creek area would cost \$150 million. That is, about 75 cents per American. Or, if amortized into the future, a few pennies from our children as well. Considering it will last their lifetime, and THEIR children's and grandchildren's and so on, it would seem to qualify, in economic terms, as a "deal."

HERE ARE SOME STEPS YOU CAN TAKE:

HON. RONALD REAGAN
 Governor, State of California
 Sacramento, California

Dear Governor Reagan,

I urge that you join in support of a meaningful redwood national park in your state—90,000 acres at Redwood Creek, saving but 2% more of what once grew.

It is an accident of geography that the redwoods are in California. They are the property of every American, even of every person in the world, and of future generations as well. And you are the steward of this inheritance.

I ask that you do your utmost to assure that they are preserved not only as isolated museum-like groves, but in their original magnificent sweep; so that walking through them will remain among Man's most moving experiences.

Yours sincerely,

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MR. C. DAVIS WEYERHAEUSER
 Chairman of the Board
 Arcata Redwood Company
 Tacoma Building, 1015 "A" St., Tacoma, Washington 98402

Dear Mr. Weyerhaeuser,

Yours is one of the two companies that presently own almost all the virgin redwood forests within the proposed Redwood Creek Park.

Therefore, you are in a rare position to singlehandedly assure that one of Mankind's great heritages will be preserved.

Considering that, 1) a meaningful redwood park would return to public hands only 2% of the forest that once grew, and 2) the government would then reimburse your shareholders more than amply, I urge that you join in supporting a 90,000 acre park at Redwood Creek.

Future generations will thank you even more than I do today.

Yours sincerely,

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

MR. OWEN CHEATHAM
 Chairman of the Board
 Georgia-Pacific Corporation
 Executive Office, 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Dear Mr. Cheatham,

Yours is one of the two companies that presently own almost all the virgin redwood forests within the proposed Redwood Creek Park.

Therefore, you are in a rare position to singlehandedly assure that one of Mankind's great heritages will be preserved.

Considering that, 1) a meaningful redwood park would return to public hands only 2% of the forest that once grew, and 2) the government would then reimburse your shareholders more than amply, I urge that you join in supporting a 90,000 acre park at Redwood Creek.

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EDGAR WAYBURN
 Vice President, Sierra Club
 Mills Tower, San Francisco

Please send me more details on how I may help.

Here is a donation of \$ _____ to continue efforts such as this to keep the public informed.

Send me "The Last Redwoods" which tells the complete story of the opportunity as well as the destruction in the redwoods. (\$17.50.)

I would like to be a member of the Sierra Club. Enclosed is \$14.00 for entrance and first year's dues.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Also, write:
 The President, Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall,
 Your Senators and Congressman.
 Urge them to support a 90,000 acre national park at Redwood Creek, in this session of Congress.

The President
The White House
Washington 25, D.C.

Mr. President: There is one great forest of redwoods left on earth; but the one you are trying to save isn't it.

...Meanwhile they are cutting down both of them.

The lumber industry has already cut nearly two million acres of redwoods down to two possible sites for our much-talked-of Redwood National Park.

One of them—Redwood Creek—is magnificent still. The other—Mill Creek/Wall, it is less acceptable to the lumber companies.

Soon Congress will decide which to save from the saws—which in the meantime buzz on, despite a so-called moratorium on cutting.

It's an old story, Mr. President. In the 1920's there were four great forests left: 1) that along the Eel River and on the Bull Creek and the Dyerville Flats, 2) along the Klamath River, 3) along Redwood Creek, and 4) on the Smith River at Mill Creek.

Considering these as possible sites for that year's Redwood National Park, Madison Grant, a founder of the Save-the-Redwoods League, said: "Each has its peculiar beauty and it is difficult to choose among them." And so they did.

The lumber companies did, however: I have just seen the rip-rapped banks of the Eel, and its slash- and gravel-choked side streams. I saw the high, steep slopes pitifully scarred and eroded by logging. I drove through the great groves left along the Eel—on a high-speed freeway that has effectively and forever ruined the integrity and peaceful beauty of this place.

I walked in the Rockefeller Forest, among the sky-scraping pines, and then saw the glacier of gravel up Bull Creek—the product of catastrophic logging and floods—moving inexorably and lethally toward them.

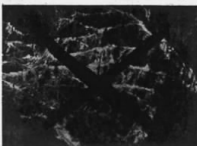


There is no longer a chance for a great Redwood National Park on the Eel River.

I have just seen the final throes in the destruction of a superlative landscape on the Klamath.

The waters of this river—only a short time ago among the most gorgeous in the northwest—are muddy and roiled and swollen with silt. The high hillsides through which they travel, once clothed in dark, magnificent forests, are now shorn and scraped bare. They are shaking off huge fans of topsoil in a classical display of erosion.

Side streams, long beloved of fishermen, are now gusted and filled with slash—their bright fish gone.



No one talks about a National Park on the Klamath any more.

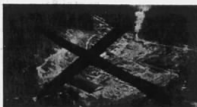
A few exquisite fragments of the Smith River groves at Mill Creek still remain. They are already protected in California's Jedediah Smith and Del Norte Coast State Parks.

I walked through these in a few hours. Outside these state parks less than 1,100 acres of superior old-growth redwoods remain in Mill Creek. More than half its forests have been logged.

The proposed park is girdled along the Smith River by summer homes, motels, gas stations and grocery stores. The heart of it has been completely cut out, and now boasts a splendid multi-million dollar industrial complex.

Hardly the stuff a great National Park is made of. Yet Mill Creek would cost an estimated 60 million dollars.

Much of that would go to buy developed private property. The rest would add only 7,500 acres of virgin redwoods to the existing state parks. (Consider Olympic National Park: nearly 900,000 acres. That, indeed, is preserving the marvelous Douglas Fir forests of Washington for the enjoyment of people for all time. Can we seriously be talking about adding only 7,500 virgin acres to our present state parks to preserve the incomparable redwoods? And this for \$60,000,000?)



Yet this is the site that the Secretary of the Interior has expounded on behalf of the Administration, because he "wanted to pick a park, not a fight." Not a fight with the lumber industry, anyway.

One last chance remains: Redwood Creek.

In 1920 Madison Grant called it "peculiarly adapted for a national park." In 1964, after fifteen months of study, National Park Service planners called it the finest large block of redwoods left, in terms of park values.

This was confirmed, at one time or another, by conservation groups throughout America. And it was re-confirmed this year by the Hammon, Jensen and Wallen report to the Secretary of the Interior.

I was four days exploring Redwood Creek and its drainages this trip. Even then I saw only a fraction of the area I and other Sierra Club members have been looking into for four years. For there are great reaches of it not yet penetrated by logging roads—a unique circumstance in what is left of the redwood country.

The last long stretches of virgin acres in all the redwood region are at Redwood Creek: 20 miles and 34,000 acres of them. And there are more than 10,000 acres of superior old-growth stands. Ten times what is left at Mill Creek.

The last virgin forests on both sides of a river are at Redwood Creek; over four miles of them, including the magnificent Emerald Mile.

In short, the last chance to preserve the entire ecological variety of the redwood species—from the ocean shore at Old Bluffs Beach through inland stands of near rain-forest luxuriance to 3,000 foot high mountain ridges, is at Redwood Creek.



And it is here that the National Geographic Society discovered the tallest tree on earth—and where the second, third, fourth, sixth, eighth, ninth, and tenth tallest trees were subsequently discovered.

Clearly then the \$60,000,000 mentioned as the price of a park at Mill Creek would buy far more at Redwood Creek. It's almost the equivalent of but 2 days' work on federal highway construction projects—it is all the money available, \$140,000,000—but 3 more days of highway building—would give us the great national park we ought to have.

Meanwhile they are cutting it down. The area the National Park Service recommended for preservation in 1964; that named at Senate hearings as the best possible Redwood National Park by 94% of those who favor any park at all; the subject of Senate and House Redwood National Park bills sponsored by 17 Senators* (S. 514) and 41 Congressmen** (H.R. 2849, for example) is being cut down.

Mr. President, the Sierra Club and most of its 53,000 members, the 58 Congressmen listed above—and we believe all conservationists, were some of them not afraid that lumber interests had ruled it out already—are convinced that Redwood Creek is the only national park this wealthiest nation in history can afford to establish.

Speaking for them, and for future generations with every interest in the creation of the park—but no voice in it—I urge you to reconsider the site of the Administration's proposed Redwood National Park, while there is still time.

Yours sincerely,
Edward Wayburn, President
Sierra Club, Mills Tower, San Francisco

P.S. to other readers: Your letters, giving the President and the following Congressmen your opinion in the Redwood National Park crisis, could just do it.

- Senators Henry M. Jackson, Chairman
Committee on Interior and Insular Affairs
Senate Office Building, Washington 25, D.C.
- Members:
Clifton F. Anderson, New Mexico
Alan Bible, Nevada
Frank Church, Idaho
Edward Gurnea, Alaska
Frank E. Lautenberg, New Jersey
Quentin N. Burdick, North Dakota
Carl Albert, Montana
George H. McGovern, South Dakota
Edward Brooke, Wisconsin
Lee Harvey, Missouri
Thomas H. Luciani, California

- Gordon Abbott, Colorado
Lou B. Jordan, Idaho
Paul J. Fierste, Arizona
Clifford P. Hansen, Wyoming
Mack H. Ewing, Oregon
- Representatives Warren Anderson, California
Hiram Boren, Oklahoma
House Office Building, Washington 25, D.C.
- Members:
John P. Taylor, Pennsylvania
John A. Healy, Florida
Ed Edwards, Oklahoma

- Walter E. Baucus, Nevada
Earl A. Taylor, North Carolina
Harold J. Jones, California
Hugh L. Carey, New York
Morris E. Udall, Arizona
Philip Burton, California
John W. Tunney, California
Thomas F. Bryant, Washington
Richard C. White, Texas
William W. Roth, Wisconsin
James H. Eastman, Wisconsin
Patsy T. Mink, Michigan
James K. Eastman, New York
Lloyd M. Bentsen, Texas
Abraham Ribicoff, Connecticut

- Samuel Pataki-Ahron, Puerto Rico
V. Berry, South Dakota
Chag Hassen, California
Joe Klein, Kansas
Lawrence J. Burdick, Utah
Eugene C. McCarthy, Maryland
Washburn W. Pack, Oregon
George W. Brown, California
Ed Rumsfeld, California
Theodore E. DeLoach, New York
John H. Kefauver, Iowa
Sam Rosten, Arizona
Howard W. Pritchard, Alaska
John A. McClellan, Idaho

The Sierra Club, founded in 1892 by John Muir, is supported by people who like Thoreau, believe "in wilderness as the preservation of the world." The daily program is outdoors, including wilderness study, hiking and films—as well as such efforts as this to protect the remains of wilderness of the American West. For more facts, contact the Sierra Club, 1500 Broadway, New York 10036; or the National Park Service, 1200 L Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004. For more information, contact the Sierra Club, 1500 Broadway, New York 10036; or the National Park Service, 1200 L Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20004.

Edge Wayburn, President
Sierra Club, Mills Tower, San Francisco
 I like the letters.
 Please tell me what else I can do.
 Here is a donation of \$_____ to continue your effort to keep the public informed. (I understand that you can't promise this will be returned.)
 Send me "The Last Redwoods," which explains the complexity of the opportunity as well as the destruction in the Redwoods. (\$17.99)
 I would like to be a member of the Sierra Club. Enclosed is \$14.00 for entrance and first year's dues.
 Name _____
 Address _____
 State _____ Zip _____

COLLECTED BY COPY LEGENDS

[*Scientific American Calls For Entries: Can It Be There's A Paper Plane Which Makes The SST 30 Years Obsolete?*]

1ST INTERNATIONAL PAPER AIRPLANE COMPETITION

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN primarily concerns itself with what Man is up to these days, and our readership is known for travelling more than that of any other magazine. So it is little wonder we have spent considerable time studying the two designs for the supersonic SST airplane recently announced by Boeing and Lockheed. (See Fig. 1 and Fig. 2.)

Soon we'll all be flying around in thin air at Mach 2.7, i.e., from New York to London in 150 minutes. Quite a prospect!

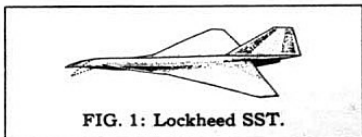


FIG. 1: Lockheed SST.

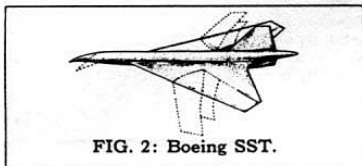


FIG. 2: Boeing SST.

Still, at the close of our inquiry there remained this nagging thought: Hadn't we seen these designs somewhere before?

Of course. Paper airplanes. Fig. 3 and Fig. 4 illustrate only the more classical paper plane designs, in use since the 1920's or so, having a minimum performance capability of 15 feet and four seconds.* (See over)

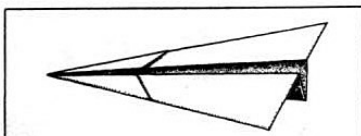


FIG. 3: Paper plane circa 1920, the classic paper plane. Smoothness of flight, grace.

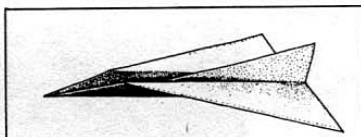


FIG. 4: First developed among paper airplane designers in the 1930's. Known for spectacular darting motions. Note hooked nose.

We do not mean to question the men at Boeing and Lockheed, or their use of traditional forms. But it seems to us unjust that several million paper plane designers around the world are not also given their due, a credit which if it had been extended some years ago would have saved the pros quite some straining at the drawing boards.

Well anyway, with design having caught up with itself, we can now postulate that there is, right now, flying down some hallway or out of some moviehouse balcony in Brooklyn, the aircraft which will make the SST 30 years obsolete. No?

Consider this: Never since Leonardo da Vinci, the Patron Saint of paper airplanes, has such a wealth of flight

research and experimentation remained untouched by cross-disciplinary study and publication. Paper airplane design has become one of those secret pleasures performed behind closed doors. Everybody does it, but nobody knows what anyone else has learned.

Many's the time we've spied a virtuoso paper plane turn the corner of the office hallway, or suddenly rise up over

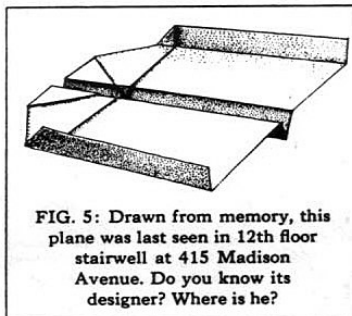


FIG. 5: Drawn from memory, this plane was last seen in 12th floor stairwell at 415 Madison Avenue. Do you know its designer? Where is he?

the desk, or on one occasion we'll never forget, veer first down the stairs to the left, and suddenly to the right, staying aloft 12 seconds in all. (See Fig. 5.)

But who is its designer? Is he a Board Chairman or a stock boy? And what has he done lately?

All right then. In the interests of filling this information gap, and in light of the possibility that the future of aeronautics may now be flying in a paper plane, we are hereby calling for entries to the 1st In-

ternational Paper Airplane Competition.

RULES

1. Scientific American has created The Leonardo (see Fig. 6) to be winner's trophy in each of these four categories: a) duration aloft, b) distance flown, c) aerobatics, and d) Origami.

2. A silver Leonardo will go to winners not involved professionally in air travel, and a titanium Leonardo (the metal being used in the SST) to professional entrants, that is, people employed in the air travel business, people who build non-paper airplanes, and people who subscribe to Scientific American, because they fly so much.



FIG. 6: The Leonardo.

3. We have left the page nearly blank so you would rip it out and fold at will. If this paper is not suitable to your particular design, feel at liberty to use your own paper of any size or description. (Rag content and water marks will not, however, have any bearing on the final decision.) Or, send for your free Official Entry Form Pad — reprints of this ad, padded, which you can stand on your desk, or hang near it, and with which you and your associates can make literally dozens of Official Entries.

4. You may enter as often as you like, being sure to include your name, address, employer, if any, and the classes in which you would like your entry to qualify.

5. Send your entry to us, somehow, at this address: Scientific American, Airplane Design Dept., 415 Madison Ave., New York 10017, postmarked by January 16, 1967. On January 21 all entries will be test-flown down our hallways by a panel of distinguished judges whose identity we'll announce at a later date (so as not to influence anyone's design).

6. Except that we will publish scale drawings of the winning designs, all other rights to same remain reserved to the designer. We, however, will do our bit towards assuring immediate production. Thank you.

*(In paper plane circles, of course, a better time is a longer time. If a plane can stay aloft, floating on the air as it were, for 15 seconds, that is a virtue, as indeed it was for the Bros. Wright. One would assume that today's commercial designers, who seek planes to get from here to there and down as quickly as possible, would not have been much interested in the study of paper planes, or the Bros. Wright. In light of the illustrations, our assumption appears to be wrong.)

1ST INTERNATIONAL PAPER AIRPLANE COMPETITION; A LAST BACKWARD GLANCE



Fig. 1. Six members of the Panel of Jurors at the 1st International Paper Airplane Competition shown during Final Flyoffs observing one of 43 finalists launched for their study and the press. The particular entry they are watching was entered in the distance category, and flew some 87 feet before crashing into a CBS camera, at one foot three inches above ground. It was reflexes.

By now, most of you are acquainted with the names, performances and other details of the Final Flyoffs held Washington's Birthday Eve at the New York Hall of Science. (As one news account put it, the event "drew international press coverage not seen since the visit of Pope Paul.")

For ready reference, however, we record the winners elsewhere on this page, together with performance data where applicable.

Our primary purpose now, is to review with you what we have learned from this experiment.

This much is certain. At long last the hitherto uncelebrated and uncatalogued achievements of aircraft design's "underground" have had their day in the sky.

And, there's this: A mere eight weeks after our competition was formally announced the long lost notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci, the Patron

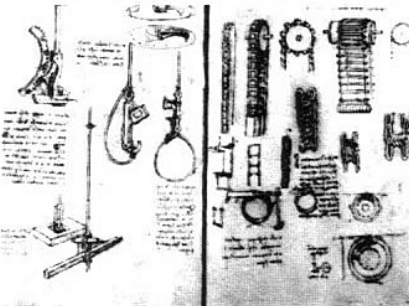


Fig. 3. Two pages of drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, Patron Saint of Paper Airplanes, discovered eight weeks after competition was announced. This development alone is said to have made the entire project worthwhile.

Saint of Paper Airplanes, whose name graces our winner's trophy (see Fig. 2 and Fig. 3), were suddenly discovered.

If no further benefit accrued to science during this project, would not this discovery be ample?

But, going on...

One of our distinguished panel of jurors, Prof.

David Hazen of Princeton's Aeronautics Dept., when asked if indeed we had found the key to the SST of the year 2000 flying about in a paper airplane, stated categorically, "No, we have learned nothing new at all."

BERKELEY PROTEST

Not wishing to excite controversy within academia, we must yet observe that another juror, Prof. Edmund Laitone of Berkeley protested, believing Prof. Hazen may have spoken hastily.



Fig. 4. Entry from Mr. F. W. Swift of Xerox Corp., considered by Prof. Edmund Laitone, Chairman of the Aeronautics Dept. at the Univ. of California, Berkeley, as interesting aerodynamically, as to warrant "serious additional study."

Several of the entries need further study, Prof. Laitone indicated, particularly one dart-like object distinguished by flight-perpendicular ring air foils (hoops) both forward and aft. (See Fig. 4.) Prof. Laitone felt "it raises important questions concerning an aspect of aerodynamics that has had virtually no study."

"I would like to know," he added, "exactly what the optimum diameter-length ratio for cylindrical lifting surfaces would be at various Mach and Reynolds numbers? We may find it demonstrates lift characteristics and stability potentials applicable to both supersonic and subsonic speeds."

An exciting prospect to be sure.

And now on to the statistical data.

U. S. GOVERNMENT

In all, 5,144 people entered 11,851 airplanes. They came from 28 countries including Liberia and Switzerland, though the largest number of foreign entries were from Japan (some 750), mostly in origami categories. The U. S. government, while not admitting that it considered the winning of this competition vital to national interests, was represented by entries from 18 of its agencies.

Fig. 5. Actual size study of smallest entry. Entered in the distance category with instructions to drop straight down from upstretched hand. It was decided, however, that distance would be judged on horizontal rather than downward vertical, as that measure would be limited by the inherent size of the individual dropping it. Furthermore, entry was discovered to be made from foil, not paper.

The smallest entry received measured .08 x .00003 inches (see Fig. 5) submitted by the Space Particles and Field Dept. of Aerospace Corp. The largest entry was 11 feet. Entered in the distance flown category, it flew two times its length.

DR. SAKODA

The most interesting statistic, we believe, is that against an estimated 5,000 entries from children, the seven winners were all grownups and between them have devoted 314 years to paper airplane design and experimentation. All seven are engaged in science and engineering, even the ori-

gami winner, Dr. James Sakoda, a professor of anthropology who specializes in computer programming.

Frederick Hooven, of Ford, whose flying wing (see Fig. 6) won in duration aloft, learned his aerodynamics as a student of Orville Wright's, using Mr. Wright's own wind tunnel for early testing.

And Capt. R. S. Barnaby, an aerobatics winner, was founder of the N. Y. Model Aero Club back in 1909.

ENGLAND, 1934

Captain Barnaby presented us with the startling news that the very model that won him first place in our competition won him second place in a paper plane competition in England, 1934.

Does this suggest that aerodynamics has retrogressed over the years? It is hard to say since who knows what won first place in '34?

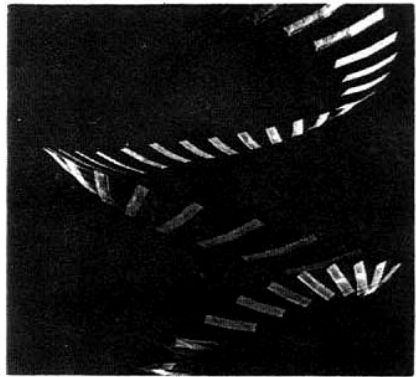


Fig. 6. Flying wing which won duration aloft category. It is shown here in stroboscopic illumination taken at 17 images per second.

You see, without continually available data, we have merely our imaginations to guide us, which brings us to this special good news:

Commander Richard Schreder, another of our jury who is also national Soaring Champion, has suggested that the American Soaring Society will be pleased to keep our effort aloft, as it were, by sponsoring the 2nd International Paper Airplane Competition, a suggestion we heartily endorse.

For, even as a magazine whose readership is devoted to technological advance and for whom air travel is a way of daily life, we still remain convinced that there is a world of discovery, pleasure and satisfaction in all manner of subsonic activity, from the walking through forests to the flying of paper airplanes. Or as Capt. Lee Cermak, still another of our judges and pilot of the Good-year blimp Mayflower put it:

"I don't care how much you fly, you won't ever see a jet stop, just to take a better look at the sharks."

WINNERS OF THE LEONARDO

Duration aloft Nonprofessional*	Jerry A. Brinkman Assistant Sales Manager Globe Industries, Dayton, Ohio	9.9 seconds aloft
Duration aloft Professional**	Frederick Hooven, Special Consultant to the General Manager, Ford Motor Co., Detroit	10.2 seconds aloft
Distance flown Nonprofessional	Louis W. Schultz, Engineering Group Manager, Stewart Warner Corp., Oak Brook, Illinois	58 feet, 2 inches
Distance flown Professional	Robert B. Meuser, Lawrence Radiation Lab., Univ. of California, Berkeley	91 feet, 6 inches (At this point, while still aloft entry hit rear wall of Hall of Science.)

Aerobatics
Nonprofessional

Edward L. Ralston, University of Illinois,
(and Clark, Dietz & Associates,
Consulting Engineers) Urbana, Illinois

Aerobatics
Professional

Capt. R. S. Barnaby, USN (Ret.), Exhibits
Consultant to the Director, Science Museum,
Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, Penn.

Origami
Nonprofessional

Prof. James Sakoda, Professor of Sociology
and Anthropology, Brown University,
Providence, Rhode Island

Origami
Professional

The judges did not consider that any entry in
this category was worthy of The Leonardo.

NOTE: All entries were pre-tested by students of the NASA Goddard
Inst. of Space Studies who reported that entries performed consider-
ably better in preliminary testing than in the finals. The reason for this
was not nervousness before the judges, but rather that the TV lights
created severe thermals invariably hazardous to paper plane flight.

**Nonprofessionals* were defined in our rules as those not involved professionally in air travel.

***Professionals** were defined as "people employed in the air travel business, people who build non-paper airplanes, and people who subscribe to Scientific American, because they fly so much."

“WHAT GOOD IS FREEDOM OF THE PRESS IF THERE ISN'T ONE?”

—A. J. LIEBLING

TODAY, Friday January 24, 1964, is a sad day: another newspaper has died. “I wouldn't weep about a shoe factory or a branch-line railroad shutting down”, Heywood Broun once wrote, “but newspapers are different”.

Well, it's happened before and I'm afraid it'll happen again, soon. But this newspaper was quite different. The New York Times, Western Edition represented a genuine effort to publish a national newspaper and get it to you before breakfast the same day. (A paper isn't quite the same thing if you get it four days late; a morning paper isn't at all the same thing if you get it after breakfast.)

90,000 OTHER DEAD

More than that, the New York Times is unique in our nation; there is nothing like it for either authority or sheer volume of information. If “All the news that's fit to print” isn't always as fit to read as one might wish, that's a small beef. Part of the Times's inestimable value is that, in a time when most papers are scared stiff of boring somebody, they have dared to be dull in the interest of thoroughness.

But that, as of today, is all gone, at least as a living part of my daily life. So while we are mourning the death of the New York Times in the West I hope you won't mind if I shed a few tears over my own corpse before I start the inquest. For I, as a Times reader, have died too, along with the other 89,999.

EPITAPH NICELY WORDED

The inquest then. The worst of it is I didn't even know I was sick. Just last week I paid the bill for the next month's Times. And then the following day I learned that there wasn't going to be any next month. It was a very nicely worded notice, regrets and all that sort of thing; and did anybody know of jobs for all the reporters, printers, stenos, punch card operators, etc.? Sadly, decently solicitous.

I know it's a nasty thing to lose a job in a dwindling industry; still, there are other jobs. But what about us, the 90,000 readers? What we've lost is irreplaceable: the peculiar community of a great newspaper and its readers. Why didn't somebody ask us before they threw us away, before it was too late? Maybe some of us out of 90,000 could have thought of

something if the facts had been squarely presented. Was it money? (It was money.) How much? (Didn't say.) How much more would a subscription have had to cost to make up the difference? I would have been willing to pay it.

COULD HAVE ASKED

As a matter of fact I got my chance, after a fashion, the next morning. A mimeographed insert in Saturday's paper said that if enough of us showed interest the New York Edition would be delivered the *same day* for around \$7.00 a month. I accepted with alacrity.

It was only after the wonder of it wore off that I asked myself why, if they could offer me the Eastern Edition at twice the price the day after, then why the hell hadn't they filled me in on the facts and offered me the Western Edition on the same terms the month before, or whenever it was they were weighing the decision? They could have at least asked. I'm a reader, I'm the one they put the paper out for; readers are the only reason for a newspaper's existence, aren't they?

...THAN A BILLY GOAT

Before we get into that, let me say that I have the greatest admiration for the Times's brave try, and the greatest sympathy for them now.

If I am critical, it is of an industry-wide system that has no more real notion of where its basic responsibility lies than a billy goat. It is my belief that it simply would never occur to a big publisher to take the readership into his confidence about whether a paper should live or die.

Perhaps publishers feel that they are conducting a private enterprise, and that such things are properly private. This I feel to be a highly dubious assumption. Freedom Of The Press must imply the public interest, otherwise why bother to guarantee it? If not for the citizenry, for whom is it guaranteed? The publisher? Then why circulate a newspaper? Just run off one bold, fearless copy for him to regard fearlessly. No, I think the Founding Fathers must have had the Freedom Of The Reader in mind, too. Maybe that's *all* they had in mind.

BUBBLE GUM CUSTOMERS

As it stands, though, the subscribers to a paper have less voice as to its conduct or policies than do the customers of a given brand of toothpaste, or hair oil, or

bubble gum. And for a pretty obvious reason: whereas the customer's money means everything to a product's economy, the subscriber's money has very little financial significance to a newspaper compared to advertising revenue. That's why we can buy a 25¢ paper for 10¢. Some bargain! To get it, the reader has traded away the economic power to keep our newspapers alive. With the rise in production costs in the face of inadequate advertising revenue they are dying like flies — even though they have huge circulations.

You see, if a paper is losing money on each copy it sells (because it doesn't have enough ads), then the more readers it has the worse off it is. Isn't that ridiculous? If it's unlucky enough to have 800,000 readers, like the late New York Mirror, it loses so much money on each of them it has to fold up.

ADVERTISING CHANCY BULWARK

It seems quite wrong to me that a newspaper should go under while its readers still want it; what is a newspaper for if not for them? And yet, over half of our big dailies have shut down in the past generation, leaving monopolies in their wake. Only four major cities still have competing morning papers.

What to do about it? Well, two things seem to be evident: 1) On the record, advertising seems a mighty chancy economic bulwark for a free press; 2) Newspapers ought to belong to their readers.

PROPOSAL:

Since our press needs to be subsidized to survive, why don't the readers do it? Actually, it's not a matter of subsidy as much as paying for value received. Who says a paper should cost a dime? Why not a quarter? Why not 50¢? Surely a newspaper is worth more than a pack of cigarettes.

Unless we are willing to pay for the freedom of *our* press, the Constitutional guarantee isn't worth a damn. We will continue to have less and less press to be free.

But before we can do anything to help, some paper has got to give us a chance to be something more than circulation figures. Do you suppose one will?

Howard Gossage
451 Pacific
San Francisco



TWA SUPER-G Constellation



QANTAS SUPER-? Constellation

BE THE FIRST ONE IN YOUR BLOCK TO WIN A KANGAROO!

WE ARE pleased as Punch with TWA, and we are sure that Henry Dreyfuss is, too. For TWA have chosen for their domestic service the same splendid *super* Super Constellation that Qantas flies across the world to 26 countries on 5 continents. Dreyfuss designed interior and all.

And we admire the special name TWA have chosen for their version of this ultra Super Constellation. Super-G just, well, *fits* as a designation. We wouldn't mind using it ourselves, seeing they've done such a bang-up job of advertising it, but would that be playing the game?

What we really want is a name of our *own*, neat, evocative, alluring; a name calculated to send hordes of tourists to their Travel Agents. Tourists brandishing fistfuls of large notes and

demanding to be sent via Qantas Super Constellation to Sydney, London, Johannesburg, Tokyo, or wherever. Wallowing in Henry Dreyfuss luxury at several hundred miles an hour. We need a name, and *your help*.

So we will be much obliged if you will fill out the attached entry blank and send it to us. Neatness and legibility will count for next to nothing, but please try to spell Qantas without a "u". You pronounce it* but you don't write it.

First prize is a real, live Kangaroo; second prize is a stuffed Koala Bear (*live* koala bears are very picky eaters—you wouldn't want one); and 98 prizes of one boomerang each. In addition, *every entrant* will receive, absolutely free, an explanation of why there is no "u" in Qantas. All set?

NEXT WEEK . . . *an idyllic domestic scene!*

*As in Quality.



AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS
AIRLINE

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK

QANTAS

Union Square, San Francisco, California

MENIIII

I think it is a shame that your speedy, sybaritic Super Constellations do not have as nice a name as TWA's. In an effort to correct all this, I suggest that they be called:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

NEW YORK CHILD WINS KANGAROO, HER FIRST!

THE gigantic Qantas Super Constellation naming contest is history and things just couldn't have worked out better, about the winning name we mean. It's got everything: class, verve, brevity! Especially brevity and class. And when you come right down to it, there's too much verve in the world today anyway, we say.

We won't keep you on tenterhooks any longer, the name is SAM! Not "Super Sam Constellation," just plain old Sam. And don't try to read any hidden meaning into the letters S-A-M, for it's no use. Sam. Oh, there's consternation at TWA tonight you can wager.

Of course there *may* be a little difficulty working this gracefully into our advertising. (Fly Qantas to the South Seas, Australia, the Far East, South Africa; or conversely from London to Rome, Cairo, Singapore, and around that way. All by Sam, splendid, speedy, Henry Dreyfuss-decorated Sam.) We'll think of something. If you think of something first please feel free to write. We insist on it, if it comes to that.

So, to you, Dena Walker Seibert, small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Seibert, 17 Stuyvesant Oval, New York 9, N. Y., our Grand Prize Kangaroo and gratitude. Good show.

Now, in the travel trade category Norma Davis of the San Jose (Calif.) Travel Service wins a kangaroo as well. There'll be hopping in the streets of San Jose, one feels sure. And a kangaroo to Mr. Warren Lee Pearson, Chairman of the Board of TWA, so they can start their own contest. We personally feel that they're stuck with "Super G," though. After we started our contest, they were nice enough to say we could use "Super G" if we wanted to. Well, maybe we will from time to time, if it just happens to fit. And they can use Sam.

If you're wondering why all the kangaroos, the fact is we got carried away. And after all, it's that first kangaroo that's tough; the ones after that come easy. Winners of didjireedoos, stuffed koala bears, Qantas ties, and boomerangs will be told by mail. Congratulations, all!

Well, there are probably some die-hards around who think that Sam is an absolutely terrible name. Although we're a big corporation (Ltd., but not very) we're willing to listen. We're not querulous*, so if you want to toss in your two bob's worth, pro or con, even at this late date, go on ahead. A simple "Sam!" or "Sam?" scrawled on a post card will do nicely. Qantas, Union Square, Sam Francisco.

**Pronounce the Q
as in Qantas.*



QANTAS

AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE

[Rainier Ale Strikes a Blow for Culture; a Public Service Advertisement]

BE THE FIRST HIGHBROW IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD TO OWN A BEETHOVEN, BRAHMS, OR BACH SWEATSHIRT



BEETHOVEN



BRAHMS



J. S. BACH

In accordance with our policy of bringing culture to the masses, Rainier Ale sponsors an hour-long program seven nights a week on a San Francisco classical music FM station, KSFR (94.9 mc). That this sort of entertainment is a trifle too starchy for our own taste is unimportant compared to the pleasure it gives others. Besides, we are a thousand miles away in Seattle, so we couldn't hear it if we wanted to.

(Do you want to know the real reason? O.K., the real reason is we did a survey that shows the people who like Our Product the most are either highbrows or lowbrows. It costs a lot of money to reach lowbrows because there are so many of them, and they aren't a particularly grateful bunch, either - probably because everybody wants to do something for them. You ask them to run down to the store and buy some, but do they?)

Nope. Highbrows, on the other hand, are pitifully grateful for any little thing you do for them; it sort of gets you. They may not be numerous, but by golly they can sure sprint down to the store. In the old mercantile track meet give us highbrows every time.)

Which is why we have been offering Beethoven, Brahms, or Bach Sweatshirts over KSFR. The response was so enormous that we are extending the offer to music lovers the country over; even though Rainier Ale is at present only available on the West Coast.

They are in "athletic gray" and two large sizes only - men and women.* They fit anybody in a roomy sort of way if you shove the cuffs up. Now, on the front is a life-sized head of either Beethoven, Brahms, or Bach, exactly as pictured, each with his name below to identify him to uninitiated passers-by. The price - a mere \$4.00 each. We would like to give them away, but state laws and our own prudence forbid it. \$4.00, postpaid; no C.O.D.s or any of those tricks, please. **SEND FOR YOUR CLASSICAL SWEATSHIRT(S) TODAY!**

THREE B's SWEATSHIRT COUPON

Sweatshirts
Rainier Ale
Box 3134c
Seattle 14, Washington

Dear Sweatshirts

Please find check or money order to cover the following sweat-shirts at \$4.00 apiece. I understand that since it's so late they might not get here for Christmas. However, please send them as soon as possible. I will stall.

- Beethoven Sweatshirt No. desired _____ Sex _____
- Brahms Sweatshirt No. desired _____ Sex _____
- Bach Sweatshirt No. desired _____ Sex _____

Name _____ Address _____
City _____ State _____

© 1961 by the Rainier Brewing Co., Seattle, Washington



*Rainier Ale itself is for men only, at least no woman has ever been known to drink it. They apparently don't care for it. Our Product has a good male color and a good male flavor, it is for men. But music and sweatshirts are for everybody. WARNING: Don't try to swim it down like beer. Rainier Ale is more substantial; it should be drunk like, and given the same respect as, a highball.

[*Another Public Service Venture By Rainier Ale*]



COACH STAHL WANTS YOU TO WALK TO SEATTLE!

Yes, this is your chance to win a free trip to Seattle's Century 21 World's Fair! And the beauty of it is you will be able to enjoy the great out of doors every step of the 1000 miles from the Opera House in San Francisco

to Seattle and the Space Needle. What finer way to reassure man that he will still be able to fill his lungs with fresh air amidst the marvels of the 21st Century?

However, man does not live by breath alone.

In line with Rainier Ale's policy of combining the cultural with the vigorously masculine, you will, of course, be wearing one of our Beethoven, Bach, or Brahms Sweatshirts* as the glorious miles trudge by. Expenses en route will be paid; you will be fully equipped from sweatshirt to shoes. On arrival at the Fair each of you will receive a crisp \$1000 bill from an official (at the very least) of the Seattle Fair in recognition of your services to music.**

All this if you can qualify as one of the three man team to leave San Francisco the day the fair opens, April 21, 1962, and arrive whenever you get there. Applicants must be between 21 and 65 and have about three months to spare so they won't have to hurry; this is no race. Coach Stahl, shown at left, is against walking for any reason except pleasure and physical improvement. He moreover feels that this project, in line as it is with the President's fitness program, would be self-defeating if the walkers arrived too pooped to have a nice time at the Fair.

We are fortunate indeed in having John F. (Old Iron Legs) Stahl, Rainier Ale's Athaletic Director, as mentor of our squad. Coach Stahl, the dean of American walkers, has already made the arduous trip himself in a "dry run" (a figure of speech, since he gratifyingly believes Our Product to be an adornment to the training table). Mr. Stahl, 79 — he intends to spend his 80th birthday on the road to the Fair — has made walking his career since being retired from the Postoffice for physical disability in 1935. He has covered 17,832 miles the hard way during the last 27 years. His

walking feats on three continents include a 3000 miler from the Canal Zone to Austin, Texas and from Fatima, Portugal, via Lourdes, to Rome. He has received many honors in recognition of his prowess, viz., he is a Papal Knight of St. Gregory and an Honorary Texas Ranger. He credits his longevity and excellent physique to walking and is anxious to inculcate an appreciation of its pleasures in young people. "The Twist is no substitute," says he, "the action is faulty."

Of the Seattle Walk Coach Stahl says, "Hitch-hikers need not apply; we do not need their sort." Those of you who are interested in joining him at the San Francisco training camp should have your applications in no later than April 9th. Write: Mr. John F. Stahl, c/o Rainier Ale, Seattle, Washington. Coach Stahl will require the data customary in affairs of this sort — age, occupation, photograph, shoe size, previous experience in long distance walking, if any; and, without seeming to pry, a report on the general condition of your health. In a pinch he would be willing to accept your say-so in this area, however a report from your personal physician would be preferable. We like to acknowledge the primacy of the medical profession in corporal matters whenever we can. It only seems fair. Oh, one other thing: men only.*** Happy Walking!

*You may still buy one — and we now have Mozart, too — by sending \$4.00 plus 50c postage and handling to: Sweatshirts, Rainier Ale, Box 53134N, Seattle 14, Washington. Specify composer and size; either Male or Female.

**Since you are making the trip anyway perhaps you won't mind doing a service for us, too; return a Rainier Ale empty to the brewery; a purely symbolic gesture to remind you who put up the \$1000.

***Rainier Ale itself is for men only, or so we like to think. It has a strong male flavor and a strong male color. Therefore it should not be swilled down, but drunk with the same respect as a highball. Our Product is now available on the West Coast only, but soon N.Y., and after that who knows?

© 1962 SICKS' RAINIER BREWING CO., SEATTLE, WASHINGTON



OUR PRODUCT



COACH STAHL AND TEAM OFF AND WALKING!

Yes, by now the three man team headed by its playing Coach John F. "Old Iron Legs" Stahl, Rainier's Athaletic Director, is well on the long walk from San Francisco to the Seattle World's Fair, "Century 21."

Chosen from over 700 applicants who answered our appeal, the three finalists selected by Coach represent a broad if interesting cross-section of American manhood.* They include a Scots bagpiper, a millionaire, and a soldier

of fortune. They are:

CHARLES KNOWLES, 28, 6 feet 4 inches tall, Secretary of the Clan Campbell and Pipe Major of the Fraser Highlanders. Charles, not an inhibited man, will play your favorite selections at the drop of a *piobreach*. Since he habitually wears kilts anyway he is marching northward in them at a stalwart gait. At last report he was in the lead by several furlongs.

Not too far behind, however — and we must repeat that this is no race, the Coach feeling strongly that walking is for healthful, manly enjoyment — is **HERBERT HASCHE**, 62, a millionaire whose fortune is based on an invention which gives solace to each of us who rides in a car since it apparently has to do with the springing system and no American car is without one or however many it takes of whatever it is. Herb, as he has asked us to call him, is also the father of 5 children under 10 years of age. They (Gina, Nina, Tina, Herbert, Jr. and Henry II) and his pretty blonde wife (Evelyn) were at the Golden Gate Bridge to wave a cheery, teary goodbye on getaway day, May 9. (Oh, the excitement! The press was out in force and all the TV stations and newsreels; it was glorious.)

Our third man, **ROBERT LE MAIRE**, 38, is a professional adventurer-explorer who has spent his life seeing the world the hard way. Immediately he reaches Seattle

he will head an expedition to certain lost cities in Central America, an area he knows well from previous scientific forays.

And, of course, there is **COACH STAHL** of whom we talked in detail last time. The Coach has done more walking than all the rest put together and will have totalled over 18,000 miles by the time he reaches the Fair; this exclusive of his pre-retirement U.S. Postal miles.



He plans to coincide his arrival with his 80th birthday on August 13. Projected individual schedules by the others will have them coming in the 27th of June (Knowles), Fourth of July (Hasche; his and the nation's birthday), and the 15th of July (LeMaire). However, the road is long and who knows what hardships and adventures may await our boys and alter their well laid plans?

They are each proceeding alone and by different routes as we see by the accompanying strip map. We hope that any of you living along, or driving along these roads to Seattle will wave or honk a friendly hello should you see any of the four. But please do not offer them a ride; it would only embarrass them since they have taken the pledge.

This concludes the news, now on to our footnote:

*We received many, many applications from well-meaning women who wished to join the expedition. However, the Great Walk, like Rainier Ale itself, is for men only. The latter has a manly color and a manly flavor; men like it. Lest we be accused of prejudice please understand that it is not a drink that most ladies would prefer anyway.

© 1962 SICKS' RAINIER BREWING CO., SEATTLE, WASHINGTON



[OUR PRODUCT]

SHOULD WOMEN BE DEPRIVED OF THE VOTE?

Have you noticed that most things don't taste the same any more?

Some authorities hold this to be part of a general trend. They say that the character of *everything* is changing, and for the worse. They have even fixed the date when this decline started: August 26, 1920, the day the 19th amendment became law and women got the vote.

Since then everything has been going downhill, and will keep on as long as women are allowed to vote. That's what they say.

At first we were inclined to pooh-pooh this, but now we're not so sure. Maybe there's something in it.

Because just the other day a prominent professor was quoted in the newspaper as saying that we must get back to "determining what is masculine and what is feminine so that the sexes may keep their mutual regard for one another and their self-respect."

*Well, we are in favor of that. We determined a long time ago that our ale is masculine. It has a male color and a male flavor and we'd like to keep it that way. Aren't we afraid of losing our female trade? No. We don't have any.**

Back to the authorities. Is everything going to blazes in a hand basket just because women got the vote? Perhaps. Their reasoning is as follows:

1. You shouldn't ask women questions about things that don't concern them. Because . . .
2. Women *hate* to be asked questions about things that don't concern them. So . . .
3. The answers will be just about what you deserve. They will do you no good at all. And . . .
4. Once you start asking women uninteresting questions there is no end to it and eventually everything becomes a great big mess. Which it is now. Therefore . . .
5. Man's mistake was in ever asking women uninteresting questions in the first place. Like . . .



OUR PRODUCT

ASSOCIATE COLLECTOR DISTRICT OFFICE OF COLLECTIONS First Collection District, Division One		
YES	SHALL	NO
Elwood R. Fenstermacher be elected to the office for term prescribed by law?		

or:

YES	PROPOSITION	NO
Amends Section 111.4 and adds Section 111.4.1, 111.4.2, 111.4.3, 111.4.4, 111.4.5 and 111.4.6 relating to employee annual vacation. Makes no change in amount of vacation. Provides for partial accumulation, prorata payment and method of charging vacation against work days.		

a bad state that the only thing to do is to go back and start over again: repeal the 19th amendment.

There is some merit to this idea but we don't think anyone should go off half-cocked before the subject has had a good airing. So we are throwing our advertising space open to discussion of this vital matter. Our next will feature a guest contributor who will go into it much deeper.

But still, it wouldn't be a bad idea if we did a little research to find out how *you* feel about it. To reward you for your interest we would like to send you one of the badges pictured below, depending on which way you vote. We welcome any other comments you might care to make and may possibly include them in a future advertisement.

Thank you.

*As one well-wisher so succinctly puts it: "Rainier Ale is for men. I don't know that I ever saw a dolly drinking it."



BALLOT

Rainier Ale, Box 3134S
Seattle 14, Washington

SHOULD WOMEN
BE DEPRIVED OF THE VOTE?

YES ___

NO ___

Remarks _____

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____

And their feeling is that things have gotten to such

SICKS' RAINIER BREWING CO., SEATTLE

WOMEN ARE DIFFERENT FROM MEN!

by ANONYMOUS

(The 19th amendment, as we know, became law on August 26, 1920 and gave the vote to women. This was a poor idea, according to some authorities. They feel that, as a result, masculine and feminine roles have become so confused that everything else has become confused too. Things don't even taste the same any more. We are not confused, our ale is male, just the way it always has been; it has a male flavor and a male color. We feel that the whole subject deserves a good deal of thought, so today we have a guest contributor who asks that his name be withheld.)

"Many people believe that it used to be a man's world and now it is a woman's world. This is not so.

"The truth is that it used to be a man's *and* a woman's world. Why? Because in those days even idiots knew that men and women were different from each other, they liked different things. Some things were for men and some for women.

"She felt womanly and he felt manly—not that either one of them felt there was a choice.

"And then one day (August 26, 1920) everything started to change. The idea got around that women were not really so different from men after all. So a lot of things that used to be made to please men *or* women are now made to please both. And *nobody* is very pleased.

"Automobiles, for example. It used to be that a woman could enter a car gracefully. She stepped on the running board (after the man had opened the door for her, remember?) and *walked* in, like a lady. Nowadays, no running boards, and a girl has to sort of skooch in, especially in a tight skirt. It's the most pitiful thing you ever saw.

"Not that men get much out of it either; the roof is so low they can't even wear hats any more. All because some well meaning mfr. got a thoughtful idea one day and said, 'Hey, let's ask women what *they* like.'

"You can imagine the answers he got.

"The fact is that women hate to be asked questions about things that are none of their business. Still, in spite of all they have endured, they are quite anxious to please men. So, a woman will tell a man what she thinks he wants to hear, whether it makes any sense to her or not. The very least we can do is quit bothering them with foolish questions.

"Like: 'Who do you want to vote for?'

"So here we are, at the very heart of the matter: should we repeal the 19th amendment? I say yes, because it is the only way to rectify the injury men did women by inflicting suffrage upon them.

"And men *did* inflict it on women; not one woman sat in the 66th Congress that enacted the law. Was this fair? What chance did the pretties have to defend themselves?

"I demand that the 19th amendment be repealed!"

These are strong words, indeed, in the defense of American womanhood. Our next public service advertisement will offer the masculine side of the question. Meanwhile, if you would care to express your opinion on the subject fill out the ballot below and send it to us. We will send you one of the badges shown, depending on which way you vote. And we hope that the men in the audience will continue to buy Rainier Ale if for no other reason than that, as far as is known, no woman has ever been known to drink it. A remarkable record.

BALLOT: SEND FOR YOUR FREE BADGE!



Rainier Ale, Box 3134N
Seattle 14, Washington

PROPOSED:

THAT THE 19TH AMENDMENT BE REPEALED.

FOR _____

AGAINST _____

Comments _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



OUR PRODUCT

SICKS' RAINIER BREWING CO., SEATTLE (At present our Ale is only sold in the West but we feel this to be a matter of national scope)

(This "Subjective value" analysis pertains to another remarkable, if controversial, feature of KLH stereo equipment.)



KLH & LOVE

A recent survey sponsored by KLH has proven beyond doubt that when you buy KLH stereo equipment you will love your wife (or husband) more.

Admittedly this is a flamboyant claim. However, let us review the facts:

This survey asked each respondent to assume that he was for some reason to be deprived of his wife (or husband), and to assume that dollars could somehow prevent the catastrophe.

We asked *how many* dollars it would be worth to keep her (him). Well gentlemen, the findings showed that owners of KLH equipment said, on the average, \$541,616.23.

Owners of other sorts of equipment said a mere \$362,615.59. There is, then, a difference of \$179,000.64 in favor of the average KLH spouse.

Now if this difference in marital value

is not attributable to the fact that KLH owners become more loving people, then what is it attributable to? The statistics offer us no other answer.

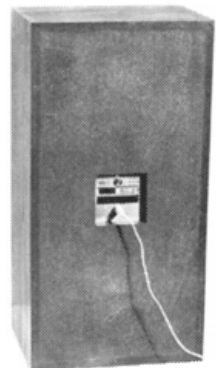
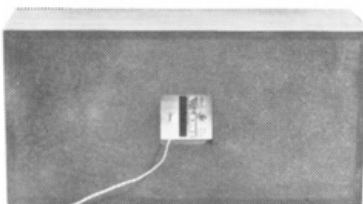
Oh, there will be cynics who will rationalize that these scientific findings are inconclusive.

But to us it is abundantly clear that when you buy a Model Twenty Four three piece stereo system at \$320†, or a Model Twenty at \$400†, and the full dynamic range of a symphony orchestra or a rock and roll group, as the case may be, or a crooner, even, is heard, as if for the first time, throbbing out from our famous speakers, you are bound to be a happier and more loving person for it, aren't you? You certainly are.

Yes.

ADDENDUM: For complete survey data (scientific findings on other things: toothpaste, wives, mechanics, tv programming, etc.), drop us a line, saying, "Love," at KLH, 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Mass., 02139. (If you also would like a catalog, put it this way: "Love" "Catalog.")
Yes.

†SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICE



(Interrupting our "subjective value" survey in order to tally things up, we present meanwhile the first in a series of regular ads.) †

The reason KLH doesn't catch your eye in a Hi-Fi showroom is: we never supposed you were planning to live there.

STEREO EQUIPMENT IS ordinarily designed to stand out in the home-like atmosphere of your department store's living-room setting.

TEST

- 1) Does your living room have four French Provincial consoles ?
- 2) 83 Hi-Fi components (with 3½ miles of wire) ?
- 3) Twelve television sets tuned to the same channel ?

No? Then maybe this will make some sense to you: We make KLH equipment to look good in your home. Actually it blends so well you will hardly notice it at all; so you can imagine how it disappears in the store.

We haven't sold you yet, eh? O.K., here's how you sell yourself (let's say that they won't let you take it home until you buy it).

Try this TEST:

- 1) Bring a record you know and like to a store that sells KLH's.
- 2) Peer around until you find a KLH somewhere among the authentic 18th Century electronic furniture.
- 3) Play record.
- 4) Listen.



[KLH Model Twenty; at home with friends. Its speakers? Across the room, of course.]

Like toothpaste (which comes in several different sizes—Large, Extra Large, Jumbo), KLH puts out its three-piece stereo systems in several different sizes (Small, A Little Larger, and Portable). The reason for the "a little larger" size is that we built it before we figured out how to do it almost as well in "small."

Still, they say a "full line" is a good thing, so if the salesman talks you up to the "a little larger" size, well, for one thing you can get more sound for the times when you're sunbathing on the roof and the music has got to make it all the way up from the living room.

Anyway, if you'd like to know more than prices and sizes, use the coupon and we'll tell you about our dbs, woofers, and tweeters, and where there's a store near you that sells them. (Small Model Twenty-Four \$300. A Little Larger Model Twenty \$399.95. Portable Model Eleven \$199.95; all these, suggested retail prices.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Kindly send me KLH catalog, etc. ; Survey report .

Mail to: Henry M. Morgan, Pres., KLH Research and Development Corp., 30 Cross St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139

†Those who've been with us the past few weeks will remember we've been asking people how much they "value" things they have at home, from tv to spouses. (1st returns: Many businessmen pledge "entire net worth" for wives...toothpaste returns mixed...Other early readings: Steinway pianos strong...N. Y. Times same...telephones shaky...toasters hot and cold.) We are proceeding with tabulation of the some 4,000 responses. If you'd like your own copy of the report we'll issue, just check the coupon. Thank you.

*("No gauges, flashers, and dashers
on the KLH Radio!")*

What's this about you wanting to fly it?

TAKE YOUR basic FM radio manufacturer: As far as he's concerned, you're some kind of repressed airline pilot, irresistibly drawn, glory-eyed, towards Instrument Panels.

Or are those dials, meters, twinklers, blinkers, and numbers meant to suggest some higher maybe secret purpose? (Captain Audio knows!)

Maybe it's to remind us how much in life we've still to learn. (See Footnote.)

FOOTNOTE: The canny thought has probably entered your mind by now that the real reason we don't have many knobs, buttons and sirens on the *outside* of our radio may be that we just don't know how to do it. Okay. Okay.

Use the coupon and we'll send you enough data about the *insides* that you'll think we're secretly financed by the National Science Foundation. We just don't like to make such a display. But we know all that stuff, really. *You* don't have to, is all.

And now back to the ad, proper.

Men! We are for everyone fulfilling himself, but we'd rather start with ears. The dazzlement of an FM radio—a KLH, at any rate—is how perfectly it sounds; at home; in a room; at low volume and high. Whether it takes off is secondary.

All right. The next time you're browsing through your nearby Hi-Fi Mart, or whatever it's called, poke around behind all those cockpit dashboards until you see a little brown walnut box marked "KLH."

Then try this simple test: Turn the knob and *listen*.

(If you don't know which Hi-Fi Supermarket near you is carrying KLH use the coupon and we'll tell you. If you can't find it once you get there, keep looking, keep looking. It's there somewhere.)



Suggested retail price \$89.95.

KLH, where do I look for it? *KLH, what's inside it?* *KLH, you make record players?* *KLH, what on earth happened to that survey you were running, where people told how much they liked things they had at home? Very glad you asked. We've had 5,000 responses and we can tell you right off that people like their wives a lot better than razor blades or book-of-the-month selections. When we get it all collated, we'll publish the details and send you a copy, if you will kindly return to the beginning of this thought and check the box. Thank you.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Henry M. Morgan, Pres., KLH Research and Development Corp., 30 Cross St., Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139.

“Pongileoni’s blowing and the scraping of the anonymous fiddlers had shaken the air in the great hall, had set the glass of the windows looking on to it vibrating; and this in turn had shaken the air in Lord Edward’s apartment on the further side. The shaking air rattled Lord Edward’s *membrana tympani*; the interlocked *malleus*, *incus* and stirrup bones were set in motion so as to agitate the membrane of the oval window and raise an infinitesimal storm in the fluid of the labyrinth.

The hairy endings
of the auditory nerve
shuddered like weeds
in a rough sea; a vast number of obscure
miracles were performed
in the brain, and Lord Edward ecstatically whispered ‘Bach!’”

(Aldous Huxley, *Point Counter Point*)

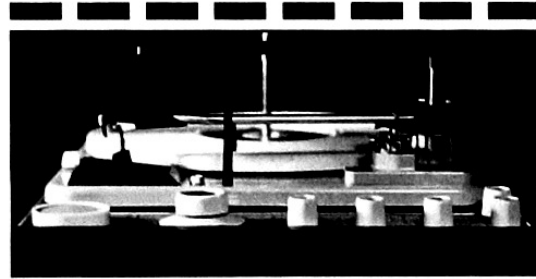
LUCKY FOR LORD EDWARD, he didn’t know all that or his experience would have been something like what happens when you feel yourself smiling. Things go a little pasty and somehow the joy goes out of it.

Likewise, we at KLH try not to discuss our three-piece stereo set by listing the wattage, cycles-per-second, dbs, and all the other hi-fi gubbins manufacturers try to impress you with. The statistics, after all, are beside the point (though ours are as impressive as the next fellow’s). The thing about a KLH is how it sounds; which is great, believe us, just great. Just ask someone who has one.

Then too, our 3-piece packages are a lot simpler than hunting around fitting this speaker with that tuner and that amplifier and this record changer; and then connecting them all, following the manual clearly, with 39 feet of plastic covered spaghetti while standing on top of an eight foot ladder.

That’s work best suited for people who have Doctorates in Electronics which you probably don’t. We do. Relax. Enjoy.

(As for where you find KLH, in case you don’t know, use the coupon and we’ll tell you. And if after all the preceding, you still want to know what’s on the inside, check the box and we’ll send you enough pictures, data and words to keep you busy until Bach’s birthday.)



[KLH Model Twenty center section. Includes FM radio, Garrard turntable. This unit plus two speakers, all walnut finish, suggested retail price \$399.95.]

- Kindly forward a KLH catalog
 Also the location of a KLH dealer near me

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Dr. Henry M. Morgan, President, KLH Research and Development Corp., 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02139.

KLH launches an inquiry into "Subjective Value."

(SURVEY)

Question #1

How much would you pay to keep your wife one more year?

DO YOU REMEMBER the game kids used to play in school where you were asked how much money it would take to get you to sell your country's secrets? (Assuming no torture.) Or your dog?

It was a way of thinking about the value you *really* placed on a thing.

One of the first things you learned was that "features" had very little to do with it. (For example, if your country had had 20 more rivers, or your dog's tail wagged at 86 Per Minute—six less than an "average" dog's—the answer would hardly have changed.)

When KLH began making stereo equipment ten years ago, our founders (K., L., and H.) noticed that grownup manufacturers talked as though features had *everything* to do with value. We hated that. We still do.

"Feature:" Injecting 380 horsepower into cars that have no plausible market save those who commute back and forth over the Bonneville Salt Flats.

Or Again: Advertising 300 watts of power in a high priced stereo console unit to give it the *appearance* of value. (Neglecting to mention that large numbers of watts have nothing to do with hearing the music accurately, or even loudly, both of which depend on what kind of equipment you've squeezed the watts

into. 35 watts in good equipment will do far better.)

42-22-36

To define worth solely in terms of features is like determining the "market value" of a wife from her height, age, weight, width of smile, tendency to suntan evenly, and the number of pounds of food she is capable of cooking up in an evening.

It's true enough we all like to have *something* explicit to help our thinking. Even Consumer Reports will sometimes find itself detailing competitive features and statistics; akin to Playboy's 42-22-36 ratings.

But studying the centerfold and accompanying data simply doesn't give us all the information we really need. What does? Well, probably nothing short of a few years in the same house together.

BASEBALL PLAYER

Packard had it right, way back in the twenties, when its advertising rested on the confident slogan "Ask The Man Who Owns One."

(It was a new kind of "testimonial" but it's been watered down since. How is a man today to depend on testimonials to choose, say, his cigarette brand when dozens of equally beloved baseball players can't get together about which is best?)

Still, the principle of determining value through testimonials makes very good sense:

Economists, for instance, say value can be understood as "some measure of the sense of loss one experiences after being deprived of a commodity or service," or, ask the man who owns one how much he'd dislike losing it. (The boy contemplating his dog's worth figured it out the same way.)

Any other way of measuring value, like establishing a ratio between features and price, is at best only a guess, made *before* anyone could possibly know.

DEPRIVED OF YOUR WIFE

What we propose, then, is a technique of *measuring* the sense of loss as a way of thinking about "Subjective Value;" i.e., what a commodity means to someone who has it.

So. Assume for a moment that you are about to be deprived of your wife. (Substitute

husband or "good friend" where applicable.) How much would you pay in dollars to keep her one more year? When you're through thinking about that one, fill in No. 1 and have a look at the rest of the questionnaire.

You see what we're up to here.

We began on this idea because we already have evidence (based upon a comparison of the number of hours owners sit listening to KLH phonographs as opposed to other brands) that our \$300 stereo system is cherished somewhat more than at least one \$400 system we could name; and perhaps twice as much as another \$300 set.

Doubtless the same situation exists among magazines—some are surely valued more than others—or sewing machines, or autos, or toothpaste. Toothpaste? Well, we'll soon see, and if you're interested we will be pleased to let you know what we learn.

QUESTIONNAIRE

If one or more of these questions interests you, then kindly fill in the blank spaces that apply and mail to the address we have listed at lower right. For our part, we will gladly send you a tally of the results of this questionnaire, and others we are doing in subsequent ads, if you also add your name and address. Thank you.

- 1 (See Headline) _____
- 2 Are you a subscriber to this publication? _____
If not, do you read every issue of it? _____
If your answer is yes to either of these, and you were informed that because of financial difficulties the publication might discontinue publishing, how much would you be willing to pay for one more issue rather than be deprived of it? _____ One more year's subscription? _____
- 3 Do you have telephone service at home? _____
If yes, assume you now pay an average of \$20 monthly for this service. How much additional would you pay, rather than be deprived of it? _____
- 4 The automobile you now own was purchased in what year? _____ At what price? _____ What make? _____ Assuming it's in good running order, and that you couldn't get another one like it, how much would you pay to keep it during the upcoming year? _____
- 5 Do you own a piano? _____ What kind? _____ How much did you pay for it? _____ How long ago? _____ How much would you pay to keep from being deprived of it? _____
- 6 Do you regularly use a particular brand of toothpaste? _____ If yes, which brand? _____ Assuming you were informed that because of financial difficulties your brand of toothpaste might go out of

business. How much would you be willing to pay, above its present cost, to have one more tube, rather than be deprived of it? _____

- 7 Assume for the moment that an offer was being made for your wife's wedding dress. How much would you be willing to sell it for? _____ What does your wife say? _____
- 8 Do you own stereo equipment at home? _____
A console? _____ A one-piece table model? _____
A three-piece system? _____ Components? _____
Which makes? _____
How much did it cost you to buy? _____ How long ago? _____
If you were about to be deprived of the set you now own, and knew you could not get another of the same kind, how much would you be willing to pay to keep it? _____

(If you worry that by putting your name below you may be subjecting yourself to a barrage of KLH literature, or that we may send a salesman around, or sell your name to some "list house," rest easy. We won't. Though if you would like to have a catalog and the name of the store near you that sells our equipment, please so indicate in the appropriate box.)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Please send catalog Forward survey results
Mail to: Henry M. Morgan, Pres., KLH Research and Development Corp., 30 Cross St., Cambridge, Mass. 02139

(COUPON)

PLEASE
POST
THIS

DEAN SWIFT LTD.,
Box 2009, San Francisco 26

Gentlemen, I should very much like the following:

[] of your Snuffing Sampler(s): A balanced selection of three DEAN SWIFT SNUFFS in ½ oz. Snuffbox-tins, plus Paisley Snuff Handkerchief, plus Limited Edition "Discourse" in Presentation Box @ \$5.00 each.

[] of your Compleat Offering(s): All nine DEAN SWIFT SNUFFS with Paisley Snuff Handkerchief and Limited Edition "Discourse" in Presentation Box @ \$10.00 each.

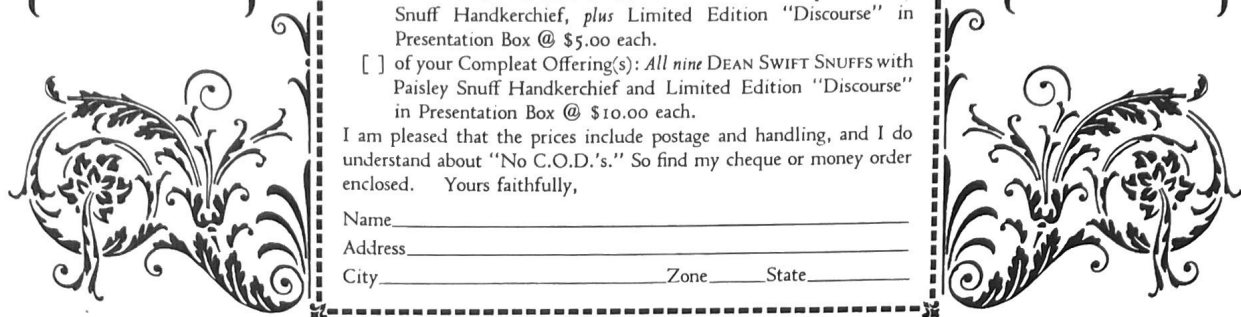
I am pleased that the prices include postage and handling, and I do understand about "No C.O.D.'s." So find my cheque or money order enclosed. Yours faithfully,

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

SPECIAL
INTRODUCTORY
OFFERING



YOU WILL FIND DEAN SWIFT® SNUFF TO BE AT ONCE ELEGANT, ASTONISHING, AND REWARDING



FEW of this age have known the ineffable pleasures of snuffing.

We of DEAN SWIFT LTD. think this a propitious time to reintroduce fancy snuff, hence the offering above. But first the points below:

[1] DEAN SWIFT SNUFF is *sniffing* snuff: dry, floured, aromatted tobacco. Do not, we implore you, confuse fancy snuff with the unfortunate, orally-induced "snuffs."

[2] It is the most exhilarating form of tobacco ever devised. In the words of Coleridge, "... snuff! Perhaps it is the final cause of the human nose."

[3] Because it is extremely satisfying, and much more socially acceptable than smoking, fancy snuffing quite eclipsed it for over 200 years! People simply gave up smoking for something more rewarding. Perhaps they will again.

[4] (Smoking's comeback in the 19th Century was apparently due to two phenomena: [A] The revolt against the aristocracy. Recall that snuff was the hallmark of the aristocrat; [B] The invention of the "Lucifer" or sulphur match. The heady novelty of "instant fire" demanded conspicuous use. In light of this, the psychological reasons for smoking appear to be balderdash. It is a fad pure and simple.)

[5] As to healthfulness, we cannot suggest that snuff is actually good for you, of course. However, there is this: if we are to credit the Surgeon General's remarks, most unpleasantnesses are not present in the tobacco leaf, but are formed during the burning process. So much for that.

[6] While, for the present at least, the graceful, cleanly procedures of fancy snuffing could attract you quite an audience at a cocktail party, it can be accommodated without notice anywhere; even at an investiture, one imagines. And one simply sneers at "No Smoking" signs.

•Trademarks of DEAN SWIFT LTD.

[7] DEAN SWIFT SNUFF is not only convenient, it is economical. A half-ounce tin should last the average ex-heavy smoker well over a week!

[8] If you are not presently a snuffer you may not be aware of the enormous range of taste DEAN SWIFT caters to. At the moment we import nine fancy snuffs into this country: DEAN'S OWN*, MRS. SIDDONS'S NO. 3 & 4*, DR. JOHNSON*, CAMELEOPARD NO. 5*, BEZOAR FINE GRIND*, INCHKENNETH*, BOSWELL'S BEST*, WREN'S RELISH*, and SPECIFIC NO. 1*. All are exceptionally agreeable. Since space forbids detailing the properties of each here (and since they possibly wouldn't mean much to you anyway until you have compared at least three snuffs), we shall include descriptive material and reorder forms when we fill your present order. The offerings then:

[9] The \$5.00 SNUFFING SAMPLER, in an exceptionally comely presentation box, brings you three assorted mixtures in half-ounce lacquered snuffbox-tins plus an imported paisley snuff handkerchief plus a numbered copy of the limited edition "A Discourse On Snuff or Its Nature Revealed;" with precise instructions in the modes of elegant sniffing.

[10] (It should be mentioned that a proper snuff handkerchief is highly desirable going in.)

[11] The \$10.00 COMPLEAT OFFERING is a magnificent unabridged presentation of all nine DEAN SWIFT SNUFFS in their extraordinary variety, plus the imported paisley snuff handkerchief and the "Discourse"! A truly great adventure in snuffing. Definitive.

[12] We shall also send with each order a Free Illustrated Catalogue of snuffboxes in gold, silver, pewter, horn, and precious woods; variously priced.

Thank you for your kind attention. Now back to the coupon; what better way to find out whether you are up to snuff?

©1964, DEAN SWIFT LTD.

Howard and his merry band teamed up to reintroduce a new habit - snuff! Then he wrote 314 an 18th Century brochure, "A Discourse on Snuff or Its Nature Revealed."

Whatever became of back yard fallout shelters? Remember? They were *the* topic for years. It was big business, remember the ads? Banks offered E-Z credit. IBM gave employees interest-free loans. Companies were formed with names like Surviv-All. Clergymen argued the morality of shooting your neighbor if he tried to get in, and TV was filled with dramas on the theme. Remember them? "Life" published details on How to Build Your Own Survival Shelter. And every one of us, for at least a moment, thought maybe it *was* a good idea. Remember? What happened? It was only seven years ago. How many of those back yard shelters still exist, stocked with condensed milk, stale water, and army cots? Are they playrooms now? When did we stop believing we could ever be "safe" in fallout shelters? We were all taken in, for an

instant anyway. It was a mass delusion, but we wanted to believe we could still do something. Remember? Well, now, what do you think about the ABM?

Please fill in and mail to Cass Canfield, Harper & Row, Publishers, 49 East 33d Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016. We will tally the results and forward them to Congress.

I REALLY BELIEVE MY FAMILY AND I WILL BE SAFE ONCE WE PROCEED WITH THE "SAFEGUARD" ABM AND OURSELVES.

YES NO



Just published, and in your bookstore now:

"ABM: An Evaluation of the Decision to Deploy an Anti-Ballistic Missile System"

BACK IN THE DAYS of back yard fallout shelters, seven years ago, there remained the delusion that each one of us could do something individually to protect our families and ourselves.

Never mind that most of us didn't actually build a shelter, we considered it. That showed our vulnerability to "security" appeals right there. And ever since then, whenever the Pentagon announced some new multi-billion dollar "safety" system we tended to go for the "experts" word that it was just the thing. It is certainly understandable. A man has got to believe in something. And in this, the nuclear-computer age, the forces that control a man's life or death have been pretty much removed from his own decisive-making power. The data is so complicated and so much of it is classified, how are we to know what to think about it, one way or the other? Most of us laymen haven't yet figured out if it's a good idea to get into airplanes, or how they ever manage to stay up in the air!

With no way even to start thinking intelligently about today's "security" problems, we tend simply not to think about them at all. The result is that our safety is truly in the lap of the gods, or, to put it more accurately, in the lap of the Pentagon.

Experts in high places "with greater access to information" tell us that for our safety we need this or that. And we implicitly give quarters into the insurance machine before getting onto an airplane. It won't keep the plane up, but at least it's doing something. Which brings us to ABM.

The ABM (Safeguard-Safeguard) is probably the most complicated electronic system ever attempted.

Each of its elements—missiles, computers, radars—is at the extreme of sophistication for its type. The computer programming alone, for example, presents problems not yet solved even on the theoretical level.

The computers will be used simultaneously to steer the radars, identify potential targets, predict trajectories, distinguish between warheads and the thousands of possible decoys, eliminate false targets, reject signals from earlier explosions (some of which may be deliberately diversions), correct for blackout effects, allocate and guide interceptor missiles, and automatically arm and fire them if an enemy missile is interpreted as being in range.

All of this must be done continuously and with 100% precision of impact. That time attaching missiles first appear and their moment of impact. That time may be as little as 10 minutes.

The whole operation, in other words, is just too rapid and complex even to allow for human checking or more than a last second okay by the President.

The computer will do the checking itself.

Well, if everyone knew for sure that Safeguard would work, then there might be some (stinky) confidence about turning our lives over to it. But a look at the chart shows the gap between expected performance and actual performance in the case of systems many times less complex than this one. Performance is nearly always below promise, even when there is a lot of time and the possibility for testing.

There is no such margin of error with Safeguard. It must work first time out. There is no reason to believe it will.

The possible consequences of its not working just so may be illustrated by this Newsweek story, December 19, 1960, concerning the Pentagon's previous "security" creation, Ballistic Missile Early Warning System:

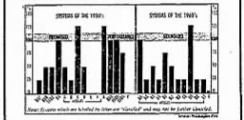
"The Air Force selected last week that the giant radar picked up a [hostile] signal, and the 'missile's' position [30 minutes from a U.S. target] was instantly flashed on a screen at the underground SAC headquarters in Omaha."

Fortunately for the world, the radar, which was supposed to be nearly instantaneous upon sighting of such an enemy missile heading our way, did not operate on this day, simply because the scientists who worked on BMEWS radar, and who supervised and knew its real capabilities had in their

heads no confidence that it had yet been made to work with any reliability. They realized the much too frequent fallibilities of such inventions as these. It is a good thing they did. For as Newsweek concluded:

"The 'missile' that had reflected the radar signal turned out to be the moon."

MODERN WEAPONS SYSTEMS—PERFORMANCE MEASURED AGAINST ORIGINAL EXPECTATIONS



The chart compares actual performance with original expectations for 30 modern weapons systems. The chart shows that in 20 out of 30 cases, performance was less than 50% of original expectations. In 10 out of 10 cases, performance was less than 25% of original expectations. This is a very poor record for systems that are supposed to be state-of-the-art.

Misfeasance of such new equipment as BMEWS is more the rule than the exception. And yet now, some scientists at the Pentagon say we should proceed with a far more difficult project, and, what's worse, one that does not allow for ultimate human analysis and control.

At a certain point it is necessary for the people in whose names these creations are introduced to remind government that we do not wish to abdicate our rights of control and approval merely because we don't understand the technology right off. We do understand the consequences.

And simply taking the "expert" word, while it may relieve the anxiety (as with back yard fallout shelters), all too often leaves us with the feeling that we've just had one more turn around the track after the rabbit we never catch.

It is the ultimate conclusion of the authors of "ABM: An Evaluation of the Decision to Deploy an Anti-Ballistic Missile System" that Safeguard, for all its tens of billions of dollars, will produce at best a false sense of security, and at worst, an increased prospect for nuclear war.

They explain why, point by point, cutting through the technological rhetoric, denouncing the distortions between Pentagon fantasy and simple fact.

The book is, therefore, the first full scale attempt to provide, in lay terms, and while the Congressional debate still rages, the non-Pentagon side of this issue.

You will find it in bookstores now. (Harper & Row clothbound, \$5.95; New-American Library paperback, \$3.95.)

ABM

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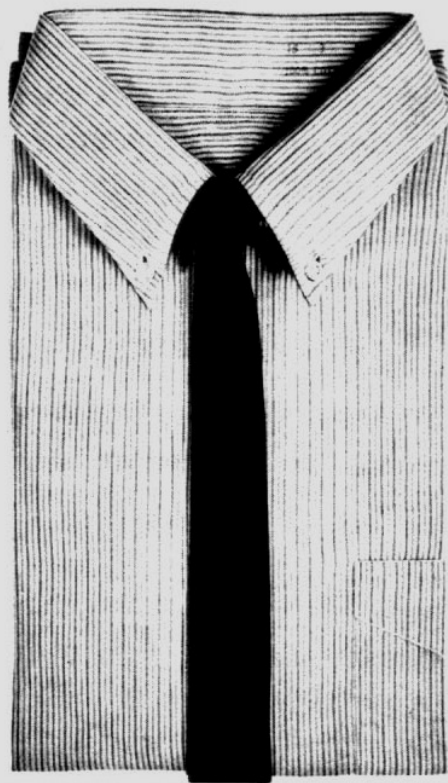
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The book also contains extensive notes, a glossary, bibliographic documents, and a summary of the full case against ABM deployment at this time.

IS THIS YOUR SHIRT?



If so, Miss Afflerbach will send you

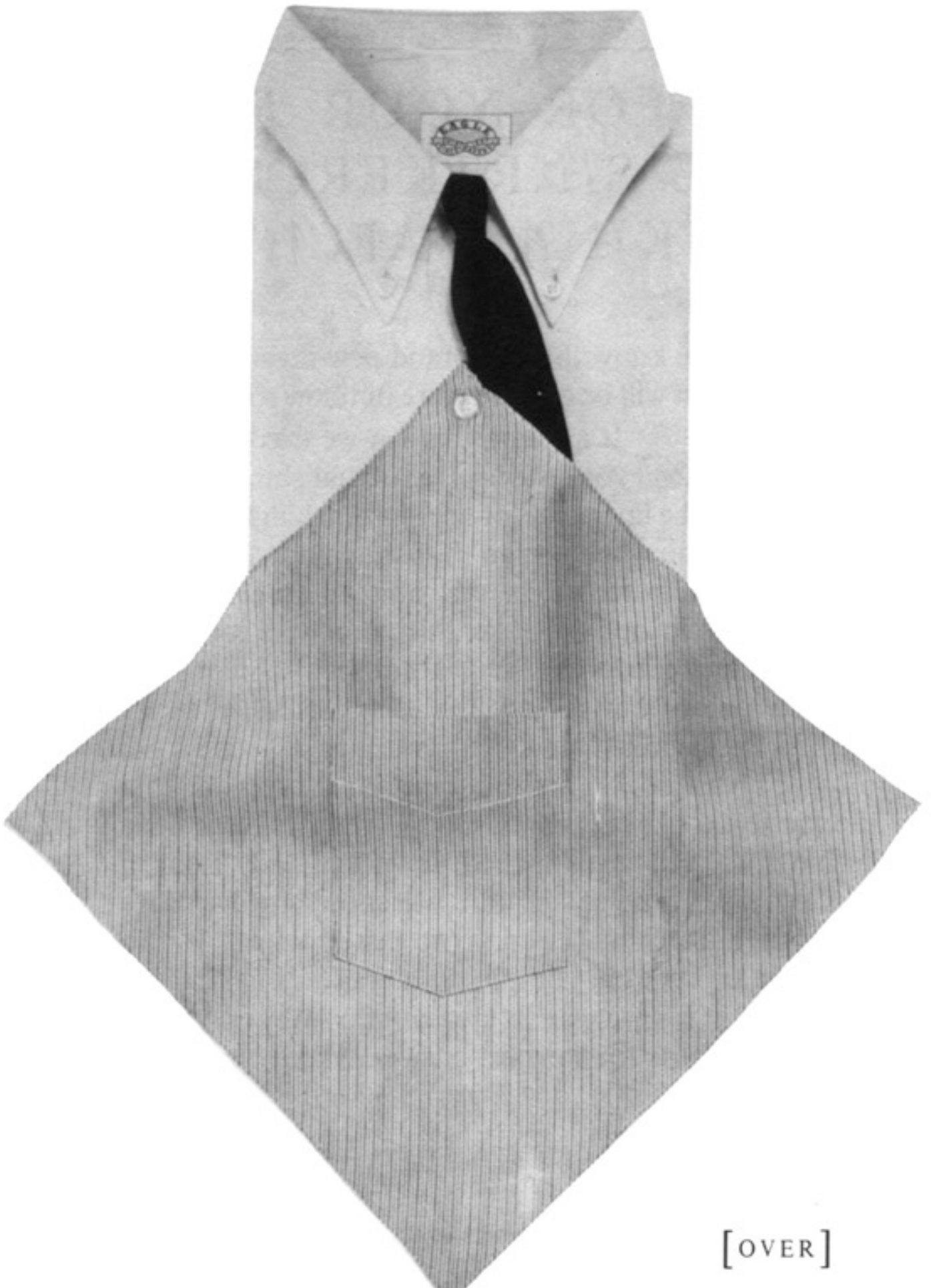
your [



] label

THIS is a two-color striped button-down shirt designed and tailored by Eagle Shirtmakers and sold everywhere by fine men's stores. Many of them admire our shirts so much they sell them under their own names. High praise indeed, and we should like to reciprocate by advertising their (our) shirts. But it's hard to know just where to start. Obviously we can't say things like "None Genuine Without This Label" when they are all quite genuine, you know. And it would be silly to say "Try An Eagle Shirt Today!" when it is likely you already have a drawerful; even though you didn't know it until just this minute. So all we can suggest is that you send in for your Eagle label. Write Eagle Shirtmakers, Quakertown, Pennsylvania; Attention Miss Afflerbach.

[ADVERTISEMENT]°



[OVER]

SEND FOR YOUR FREE
EAGLE SHIRTKERCHIEF
(SHIRTKIN?) (NAPCHIEF?)

AS far as we know this is a brand new invention. Perhaps you will be able to figure out how to realize its full potential. ✨ It all started when we tried to devise something to send you—short of an actual shirt—to illustrate a few of the fine points of fine shirt making. A sample to take with you when you go shirt shopping. ✨ So first we hemmed a piece of fine shirting; *20 stitches to the inch*, just like in our shirts. At this point you could still call it a handkerchief. ✨ But it did seem a shame not to show one of our threadchecked buttonholes, so we did. It makes a pretty good shirt protector: just whip it out of your breast pocket and button it on the second from the top to avoid gravy spots. Good. And tuck your tie in behind it. ✨ But then somebody in Pockets said, “Look, if you let us sew a pocket on it, it will show how we make the pattern match right across, no matter what.” ✨ So if anyone knows what you can use a pocket in a handkerchief/napkin for we will be glad to hear. We will give a half-dozen shirts for the best answer. Make it a dozen.

Eagle Shirtmakers, Quakertown, Pa.

Gentlemen :

Please send me whatever it is. (Signed) _____

Address _____ City _____ State _____

THE MALACHI HOGAN SCHEME

DOES anybody here recall the old Eagle Laundry gag? Maybe the only reason we do is because we are 94 years old. First Man: My sister works at the Eagle Laundry. Second Man: What does she do? First Man: She washes Eagles. ★ So much for the warm-up. Malachi Hogan, the Eagle (shirt) salesman out of Kansas City, has come up with an idea to show you how beautifully our shirts are finished. He contends that no man is *really* happy about the way his shirts are laundered; and that this is because laundries (or wives) just don't have the skill, equipment, experience, time, or love of shirts to do them up the way the ladies in Finishing do. ★ Therefore, Mr. Hogan—being a salesman and interested in such things—also contends* that we could at one time show up the competition and gain your goodwill by fixing your shirt up something like new; if we wanted to. O. K., we want to: the Eagle Laundry is in business. For the moment. ★ We can't make a regular thing of this, understand, so just send us your favorite shirt in good condition. If by some chance your favorite shirt isn't yet an Eagle, send



it anyway. Whatever it is, we'll launder it, iron it, fold it, pin it, and then put an Eagle label in it—unless it has one already. But we won't be sad if it doesn't. Many Eagle shirts have other labels put in by the fine stores that sell them.**

And even if yours isn't an Eagle, the vicarious pleasure of owning a Mock Eagle*** may eventually lead you to the true joy of wearing the real thing. ★ In any case, stuff your favorite shirt in a big manila envelope and send it off to Barry Boonshaft, our Production Mgr. He'll bring it down to the Finishing Department and stand by while the ladies give it the 8-step new-shirt treatment. Better pin the coupon with your name, address and mark to the shirt so he can get it back to you as soon as it's done. Any shirts left at the end, he'll give over to charity—except maybe the 16-35's.

*He also contends that Ray Squire, our man in New England, had the idea first and that we should mention him too. All right.

**i.e. an Eagle shirt with a non-Eagle label.

***i.e. a non-Eagle shirt with an Eagle label.

Dear Barry Boonshaft, Eagle Shirtmakers, Quakertown, Pennsylvania:

I endorse the Malachi Hogan scheme which I understand expires November 15, 1961. Here's my favorite shirt. Do it up.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____
Laundry Mark _____

© 1961 EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS QUAKERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA



MISS AFFLERBACH'S GOLDEN JUBILEE: HURRAH!



YOU have heard us mention Miss Revera Afflerbach who has been Forelady here at Eagle Shirts since 1918. It is not often that one sees such allegiance, and we appreciate it. Also, she has been very nice to allow us to bandy her name about in ads, books, etc. So we would like to proclaim something to honor her and also give us another excuse to bandy her name: The Afflerbach Golden Jubilee Year. ★ Now, ordinarily this wouldn't occur until 1968, but why wait until the last moment? Besides, we have already struck a medal (see above). The cloth in the shirt upon which the medal is hanging is also named after her: Afflerbach Cloth. It is made in Switzerland to her specifications, which are 20% wool and 80% cotton. Her reasoning is interesting. She wanted enough wool to make it very soft, but enough cotton to make it light and washable. Any more wool than that and it's not a shirt so much as a nice, if bulky, garment for woodchopping or other hearty activities. ★ Additionally, it is mothproof; if for no other reason than that no moth would be willing to go to all that work for such scant nourishment. Afflerbach Cloth is the moth equivalent of pomegranates. The Afflerbach Jubilee Shirt comes, complete with medal as shown, in solid colors (flame red, midnight navy, loden green, winter white, smoke blue) at about \$13.00; and tartans, district checks and blazer stripes at about \$14.00, wherever Eagle Shirts are sold. If you're not sure where that is in your town, write Miss Afflerbach, Eagle Shirtmakers, Quakertown, Pa. It might be nice if you said congratulations.



[Flavor-Of-The-Month at Howard Eagle's]

THE TUTTI-FRUTTI TROMBLEE!



THIS shirt is so nice we could have called it Max. ★ However, since it is for summertime, when ice cream sells like hotcakes (and hotcakes sell like Max), it's Tutti-Frutti all the way. ★ The colors are, hold on: Tutti-Frutti (shown here), Lemon on Pistachio, Burnt Almond on French Vanilla, and Dill Pickle on Blue, if you can imagine those last as ice cream flavors. The neo-Spumoni brick there will give you an idea of the other three. ★ The fabric we call Oxfjord Voile, though a Viking would probably freeze to death in it. ★ Like all Tromblees it has a button-down pocket and collar. It comes in short sleeves and goes for about eight dollars where Eagle Shirts are sold. If you don't know where that is write the Good Humor Lady, Miss Afflerbach, at the below.

© 1967, EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS ("We Churn Our Own Shirts"), QUAKERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA 18951



[...stripes so true, made with DACRON® too]

DURABLE PRESS
50% DACRON POLYESTER - 50% COTTON

BUTTON CUFF



If you can make out a figure 8
in this tie you're color blind;
but look at that shirt for 9.50!

® Dacron is Dupont's registered trademark.

© 1968, EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS (a buttoned-down subsidiary of Hat Corporation), QUAKERTOWN, PA. 18951.

[The G----- G----- Tromblee]*

Do you recall that Great 1920's novel, the passage where the hero shows the girl his shirts? And she cries because she never saw such beautiful shirts? Sometimes we cry too.



COPYRIGHT 1967 [Our 100th anniversary and we are swept into nostalgia. The shirt above, made of chambray, also comes in Zelda Red (a poignant cinnamon) and West Egg Grey; and with our lovable, bulgy button-down collar if you'd rather. About \$8.50. If you don't know where Eagle shirts are sold write Miss Aflerbach at] EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS, QUAKERTOWN, PA. 18951

*We had this all spelled out but Whosis's estate said nix.

THE NEW HUE IN EAGLE BUTTON-DOWNS: FORESEEABLE FUCHSIA

LOOKS pink, doesn't it? ★ We chose the name for this color from among the entries in our recent competition for new color-names because of its aptness: we predict great things. Remember you heard it here first. ★ What makes our solid pink new is that it isn't solid pink: the vertical yarn (or warp) is somewhere between a Robert Shaw Coral and a Lowsy Miss Scarlet; whereas the horizontal yarn (or woof) is a sort of 'Enry 'Iggins Just You White. ★ Thus creating an illusion, but of the finest oxford cloth all the same; with button cuffs and our dear, old bulgy collar, about \$7.00. If you don't know where to buy this and other Eagle Shirts in your town, please write Miss Afflerbach who does; at the address below.

© 1964, EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS, QUAKERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA



[Eagle introduces its Durable Press shirt* with Dacron®; about \$9]



We are 100 years old and the last time we made striped shirts that didn't have to be ironed was during the 1920s Florida land boom when the Real Estate Promoters were making so much money they bought \$20 silk shirts and, although land had been discovered on some of their land, no laundries had; so they wore the shirts until they were soiled and then threw them away. Those were the days, hey Charlie?



*Durable Press means that you can wash the shirt in a washing machine and dry it in a dryer and put it on and it will look like a brand new shirt (that has been washed in a washer and dried in a dryer). This shirt of 65% Dacron® polyester and 35% cotton oxford comes in several dandy stripes, and if you want to pick one out we advise you to rush around to wherever you buy Eagle shirts. If you don't know where you buy Eagle shirts, Miss Afferbach at the address below will be more than glad to remind you.

Dacron® is DuPont's registered trademark.

©1967, EAGLE SHIRMAKERS, QUAKERTOWN, PA. 18951

COLLECTED BY COPY LEGENDS



[An Eagle Naval Spectacular]

TRAFALGAR SQUARES



IT appears that we are eight years too late to celebrate Vice-Admiral Horatio Lord Viscount Nelson's 200th birthday, but a nice shirt is welcome any-time. ★ His mother's maiden name was Catherine Suckling, which is almost the last light-hearted thing we read of him. At age 16 (acc. Encycl. Britt., 11th Ed.) he prophesied, "I will be a hero, and, confiding in Providence, I will brave every danger." ★ On this authentic note we inform you that Trafalgar Squares come in Navy Blue, Navy Red, Navy White, and Navy Silver.

★ The colors themselves are from the Haywood portrait in the Trafalgar Room at Trader Vic's, San Francisco. The shirts themselves are of fine gingham and are for sale with button-down collars and short sleeves for about \$10.00 wherever Eagle Shirts are sold. ★ If you're not certain where that is in your port, write Miss Afflerbach at the F. P. O. below.

© 1966, EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS, QUAKERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA



[Or, The Eagle Also Rises]

THE STRIPES OF KILIMANJARO; *OR,* FOR WHOM THE PIPE BOWLS

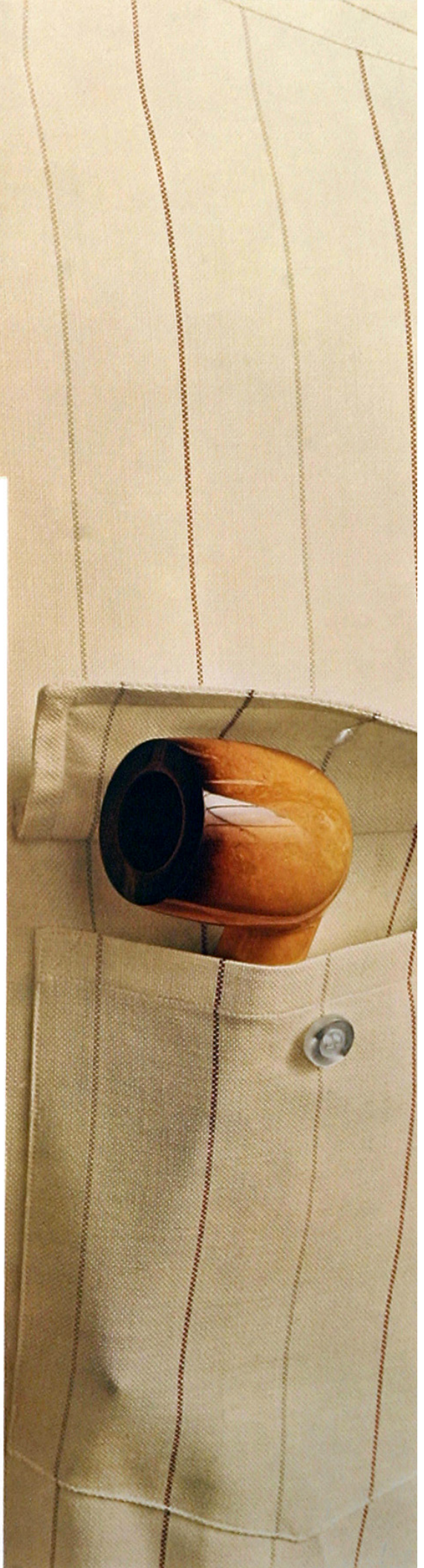
Kilimanjaro is a snow covered mountain 19,710 feet high and it is said to be the most popular mountain in Africa. Close to the western summit there is the striped and button-downed carcass of an Eagle. No one has explained what a shirt company was seeking at that altitude.

AT THIS POINT it is necessary that you see a meerschaum pipe. Some *aficionados* try to imagine one, but either the imagine-ing is not good and true and honest or they imagine something else entirely, a calabash perhaps, which is the wrong color.

Where the bowl sticks out did you notice that its color is that of the oxford shirting, and that the inside is that of the stripes running up and down vigorously? This is the why of Eagle's Meerschaum Trombles.

A *Tromblee* is like this: buttoned-down at collar and cuff and at pocket-flap too. Men find security where they can. It costs about \$8.00. It is true that some men who can't find security can't find Eagle shirts either. So they write Revera Afflerbach, the Pennsylvanian, at the address below. It seems to work out, clearly.

What may not be clear to the reader, or *consumero*, is how Africa comes in here as implied unless dragged by its heels. In this fashion, Señor; do not the celebrated Amboseli Block Meerschaums, of which this twenty dollar pipe is one, come from Lake Amboseli in the shadow of Mount Kilimanjaro? A far-fetched tie-in, Bwana, but is it not damned manly? And look at that shirt.





IS IT PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT TO WEAR BUTTON-DOWN SHIRTS AT NIGHT?

SURE. ★ But perhaps you're looking for a more motivational-researchy sort of answer? O.K., try this: ★ Some men feel positively uneasy with nothing to tack down their collars except gravity and starch, two of the most dreadful contributions of science. ★ It is in response to this demand for security in a free-floating age that most Eagle Shirt collars are button-downs. We are merely doing our part in the fight to Help Stamp Out Gravity; and get starch back where it ought to be, in low cholesterol diets. ★ Now, as to why you should have wondered about the propriety of button-downs at night: It probably stems from our society's innate conviction that it is not quite moral to enjoy yourself without *something* gnawing at you; even if it is only a collar button or the suspicion that your tie knot has migrated East for the evening. ★ But there is something else, too: the button-down collar had humble beginnings, if you call polo humble. That's right, the first ones were on polo shirts. Well, the horse has largely vanished from the scene, leaving only nostalgia in his wake; and button-down shirts. ★ Speaking of button-downs, we have a new model, this one without Eagle's famous sloppy bulge. It has shorter points. ★ Speaking of horses, we call it the Derby collar. It comes with button cuff, tapered body; in broadcloth: White, Blue, and Oyster. Speaking of Oyster, it is our own color; a versatile off-white with a twist of lemon. About \$6.50, and if you don't know where to find Eagle Shirts please write Miss Afflerbach, Eagle Shirt-makers, Quakertown, Pennsylvania.

© 1963 EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS, QUAKERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

WPL 10968!

AT LAST: DIGIT EAGLE SHIRT BUYING!

FOR years now we have been reminding you that not all Eagle Shirts have Eagle labels; that many fine stores prefer to sew in their own. So, even when you go to the store in your town to which Miss Afflerbach has directed you, how can you be absolutely sure you are getting the real McEagle? True, a meticulous man with a long lunch hour, sharp eyes and a magnifying glass might go over the merchandise to see that it has Eagle's twenty stitches to the inch, pockets matched right across no matter what, and (in the case of button-downs) a slightly bulge at the collar. But, short of that, how can one be *certain*?

★ At last there is a solution: Digit Eagle Shirt Buying! ★ The Federal Trade Commission (FTC), requires all shirtmakers whose goods sometimes appear without the manufacturer's label to imprint in every garment an assigned number. This is so the FTC can trace any shirt, regardless of its label, back to its maker. ★ You may have noticed up above the strange device "WPL 10968." That is Eagle's number. You will find it printed on the neckband of all Eagle dress shirts, and on a little extra label in all Eagle sport shirts. *All* shirts with WPL 10968 in them are Eagles, and *no* shirts without WPL 10968 in them can be Eagles. ★ If you suspect a violation, notify your local FTC Enforcement Officer or wire Miss Afflerbach at once.



[Eagle Brings Back A Show Of Linen At The Cuffs]



REMEMBER WHEN YOU COULD BUY A LONG-SLEEVED SHIRT IN THE SUMMERTIME?

HHEY, remember palm fans? Ice Cream pants? And hopping on the back step of ice trucks to snatch those little slivers? You don't? ★ Well, back in the olden times, men used to wear the bottom of the sleeves, too, because they liked a brave show of linen at the cuffs. Which is why Eagle is bringing back the long-sleeved summer shirt. ★ The collar is Eagle's old-fashioned bulgy button-down, but the shirting is new-fangled, cool Oxfjord Voile, very big in arctic circles. ★ It comes in Iceland Blue, Iceland Yellow, Iceland Ice, and, as shown here, either Iceland Green or Greenland Ice. ★ About \$7.00. ★ Hey, remember where Eagle Shirts are sold? Miss Afflerbach at the address below does.

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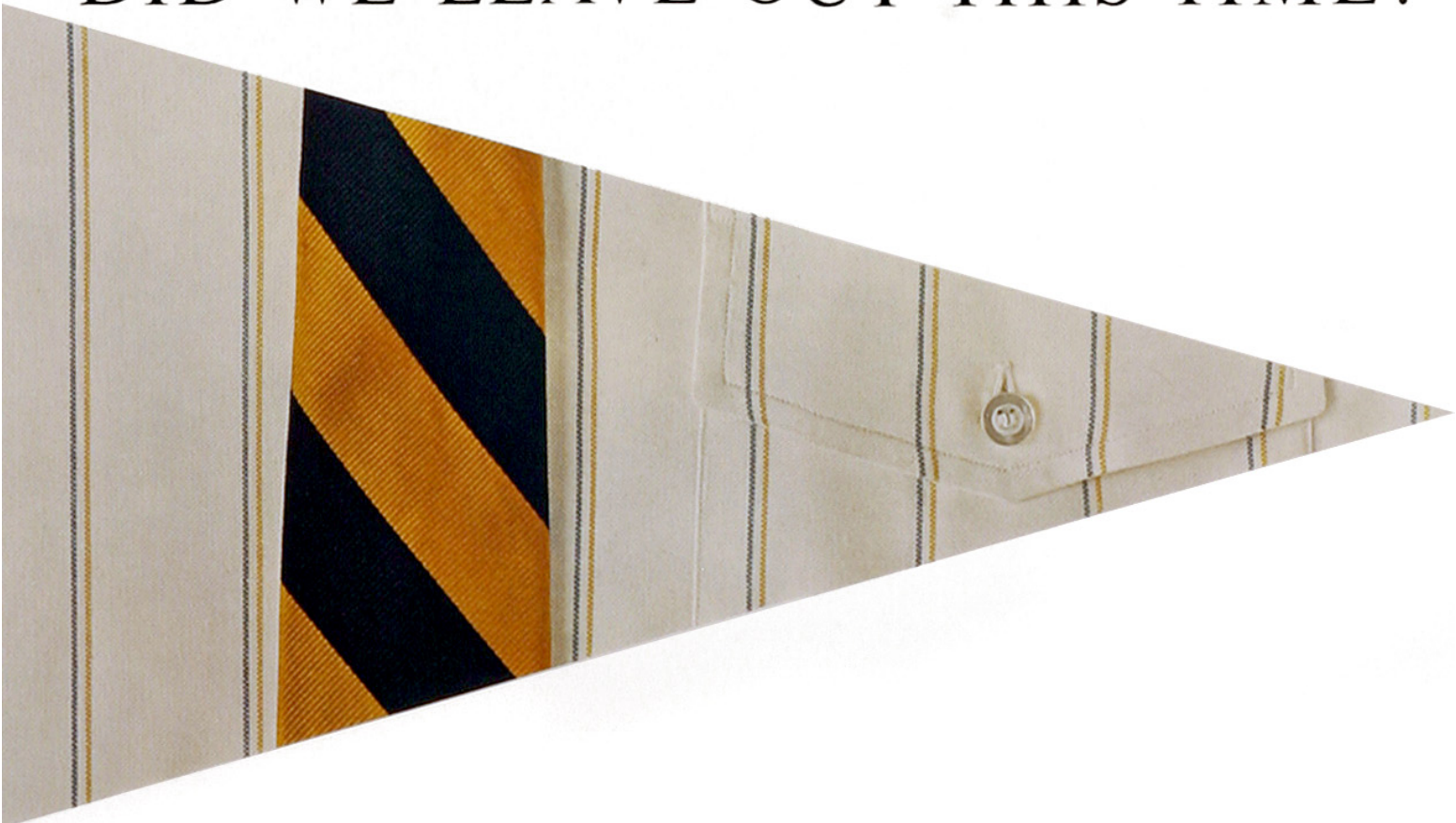
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Abilene Christian	Brooklyn College	Concord	Franklin & Marshall	Lafayette	New Hampshire	Rhode Island	Texas A & M
Air Force Academy	Brown	Connecticut	Fresno State	Lake Forest	New Mexico	Rice	Texas Christian
Akron	Bucknell	Cornell College	Furman	LaSalle	New York Giants	Richmond	Texas Tech
Alabama	Buffalo	Cornell University	Gannon	Lebanon Valley	New York Jets	Richmond P. I.	Texas Western
Alabama State	Buffalo Bills	Creighton	Georgetown	Lehigh	New York University	Rochester	Toledo

[Quakertown Eagles Field Heftier Squad; Coach Hopeful But Not Very]

Allbright	Alfred	Allgeheny	Allen University	Alma (Michigan)	American	American Int'l.	Amherst	Appalachian	Arizona	Arizona State	Arkansas	Arkansas State	Arkansas Tech	Army	Auburn	Ball State	Baltimore Colts	Bates	Baylor	Birmingham-Southern	Boston College	Boston Patriots	Boston University	Bradley	Bridgeport	Brigham Young	Brockport	Buffalo State	Butler	California	Calif. State Poly.	Caltech	Carleton	Carroll College (Wisconsin)	Catholic University	Chattanooga	Cheyney	Chicago	Chicago Bears	Cincinnati	The Citadel	Clark University	Clarkson	Clemson	Cleveland Browns	Cleveland State	Coast Guard	Coe	Colby	Colgate	Colorado	Colorado State U.	Columbia	Dallas Cowboys	Dartmouth	Davidson	Dayton	Delaware	Denison	Denver	Denver Broncos	DePaul	DePauw	Detroit	Detroit Lions	Dickinson	Drake	Drew	Drexel	Drury	Duke	Duquesne	Earlham	East Carolina	Emory	Fairfield	Florida	Florida Southern	Florida State	Fordham	George Washington	Georgia	Georgia Tech	Gettysburg	Green Bay Packers	Grinnell	Hamilton	Hampden-Sydney	Harvard	Haverford	Hawaii	Hofstra	Holy Cross	Houston	Houston Oilers	Howard	Idaho	Illinois	Illinois Wesleyan	Indiana	Iowa	Iowa State	Johns Hopkins	Juniata	Kansas	Kansas City Chiefs	Kansas State	Kent State	Kentucky	Kenyon	Kings Point	Knox	Los Angeles Rams	Louisville	Loyola (Chicago)	Loyola (Los Angeles)	Loyola (New Orleans)	L.S.U.	Maine	Manhattan	Marietta	Marquette	Maryland	Massachusetts	Memphis State	Miami (Florida)	Miami (Ohio)	Michigan	Michigan State	Middlebury	Minnesota	Minnesota Vikings	Mississippi	Mississippi College	Mississippi State	Missouri	U. M./K. C.	Montana State College	Morgan State	Morris Harvey	Muhlenberg	Navy	Nebraska	Nevada	North Carolina	North Carolina State	North Dakota	North Dakota State	Northeastern	Northern Arizona U.	Northwestern	Norwich	Notre Dame	Oberlin	Occidental	Ohio State	Ohio University	Ohio Wesleyan	Oklahoma	Oklahoma State	Oregon	Oregon State	Univ. of the Pacific	Pennsylvania	Penn State	P.M.C.	Philadelphia Eagles	Pittsburgh	Pittsburgh Steelers	Pomona	C. W. Post	Princeton	Univ. of Puget Sound	Purdue	Randolph-Macon	Rensselaer Poly.	Rollins	Rutgers	San Diego Chargers	San Diego State	Univ. San Francisco	San Francisco 49ers	San Francisco State	San Jose State	Santa Barbara	St. Joseph's (Philadelphia)	St. Louis Cardinals	St. Louis University	St. Mary's	Seton Hall	Sewanee	South Carolina	South Dakota	South Dakota State	Southeastern Louisiana	Southern California	Southern Illinois	Southern Methodist	So'western at Memphis	Springfield	Stanford	Swarthmore	Syracuse	Temple	Tennessee	Tennessee Tech	Texas	Trinity College	Trinity University	Tulane	Tulsa	U.C.L.A.	Union (N.Y.)	Upsala	Utah	Vanderbilt	Vermont	Villanova	Virginia	Virginia Military Inst.	Virginia Tech	Wagner	Wake Forest	Washington	Washington College	Washington & Jefferson	Washington & Lee	Washington Redskins	Washington State	Wayne State	Wesleyan	Western Reserve	West Virginia	Wichita	William & Mary	Williams	Wisconsin	Xavier (Ohio)	Yale
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O.K., MEN, WHOSE OLD SCHOOL TROMBLEE DID WE LEAVE OUT THIS TIME?



Copyright 1966, Eagle Shirtmakers [So as not to offend Alma Mater, or anybody else, we doubled the list of old school colors and tossed in the pros, too. ★ The Old School Tromblee (button-down collar and pocket) is Oxford Cloth and costs about \$8.00 wherever Eagle Shirts are sold. ★ If you don't know where that is Coach Afflerbach will put you in the game. Please write her]. Quakertown, Pa. 18951.
COLLECTED BY COPY LEGENDS





[A Tromblee Is Born; In Glorious Color]

NO, FANS, HEATHER COVERT IS NOT A NEW STARLET

NO, Heather Covert is a new Eagle shirting in both solids and stripes. It is so named because it has the mixy character of cottage spun yarns—by which we don't mean once-upon-a-time, but right now. ★ Yes, you can buy a Heather Covert Tromblee, with button-down collar *and* pocket, for about \$8.00 wherever Eagle Shirts are playing. If you can't find the box office write Louella Afflerbach on location below and she will send you an Exclusive. ★ The ground colors are named Heather Blue, Heather Yellow, and Heather Green. ★ If these shades do not seem as poignant as, let us say, Heather-and-Yawn or Thou Shalt Not Covert, at least you know where you stand, hue-wise. ★ The stripes appropriately, are in Keeler Ruby, Diggers of 1933 Gold, and Cat Ballou.

© 1966, EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS, QUAKERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA 18951





[Stroll down Memory Lane, wing in hand with Eagle]

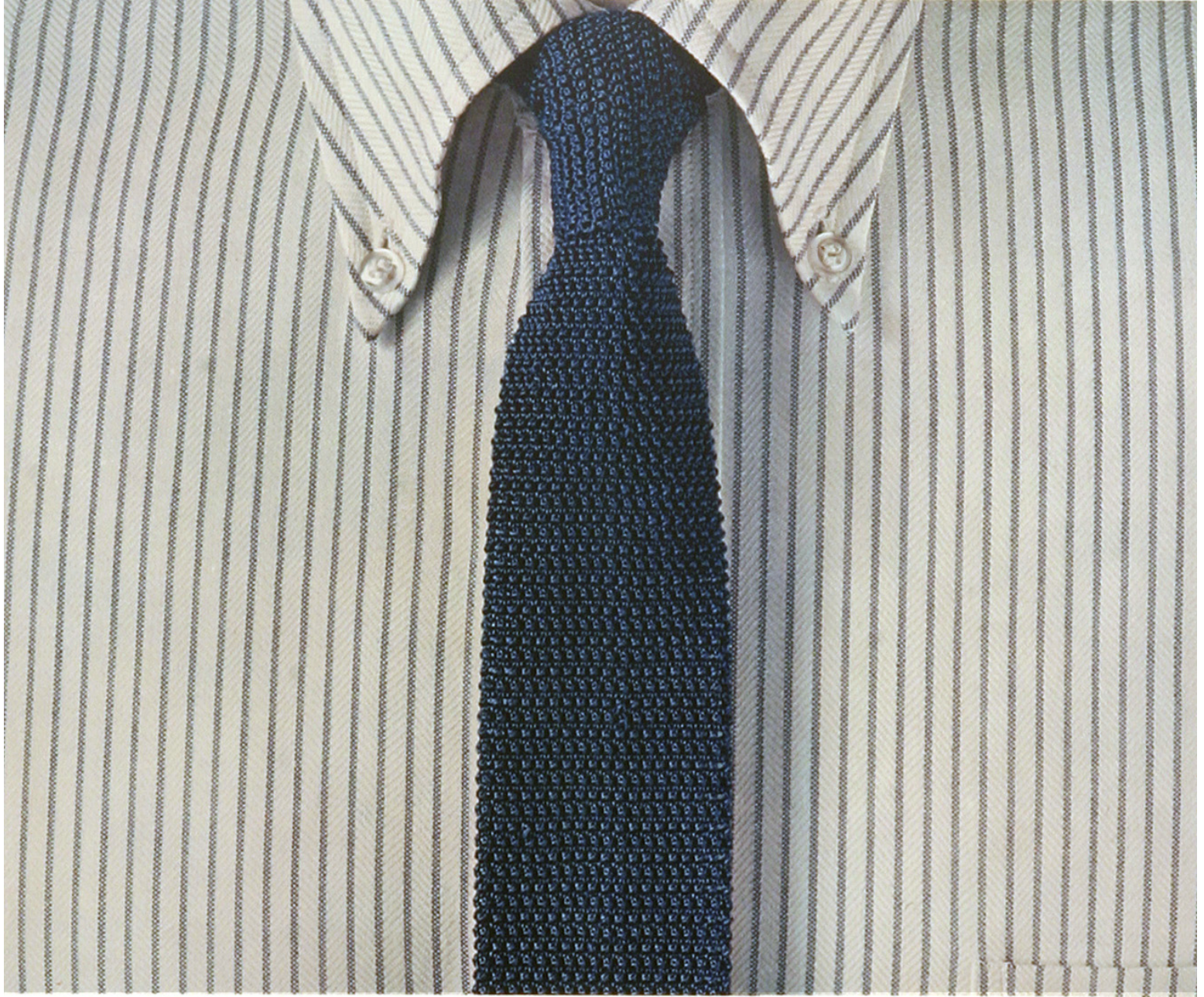
First, rip off the collar...

YOU people who are on the shady side of 90 will remember this Eagle fabric from the first time around. ★ This being Eagle's 100th anniversary we roamed nostalgically through our pattern archives and found this authentic British stripe *circa* 1885. ★ Of course, it is not *absolutely* authentic. If you old shirt buffs want to restore it to mint condition, first rip off the collar and install brass studs fore and aft; and that Tromblee flap pocket has got to go too. Also, the original was bunchier around the middle, slimness not having been invented then. ★ The Memory Lane Tromblee is made as before, of fine, long staple cotton broadcloth. About \$10 where Eagle shirts are sold. If you don't know where that is, write Miss Afferbach at the address below. ★ About our birthday, if you want to buy a little something, make it a shirt.

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COLLECTED BY COPY LEGENDS



EAGLE'S FIRST HERRINGBONE OPINION POLL; A REPORT

O.K., our unbiased opinion is that we guessed right in introducing solid color Herringbone oxfords. ★ [You can do consumer research three ways: 1) Employ a Motivational Sage (a sort of grayish green?); 2) Or ask several people a question; 3) Or anxiously ask one person several times. We chose the third way and asked our Forelady, Miss Afflerbach, how Herringbones were doing, and she kept saying good.] ★ So this year, our Herringbone-Inishowen-Cheviot-Button-downs, in addition to being a hyphen manufacturer's dream, will also come in stripes. ★ As follows: in white with stripes of either True Blue, See Red, or Favor Curry; or in blue with stripes of either Free Loden, Willy Maize, or Holler Copper. All with our beloved bulgy collar and at about \$8.00. ★ We hope that this scientific research aids you in your decision. If you don't know where to find Eagle Shirts in your town, please poll Miss Afflerbach at the address below. Eagle, claw in hand with science, marches on.



O.K. MEN, ITS NAME IS: “THE ASHES OF ROSES WITH, UH, BABY BLUE STRIPES TROMBLEE” ★★★★★★★★

A FRAID that they are going to laugh at you in the locker room, is that it? ★ Look at it this way. After you buy it (for about \$8) you can call it anything you want to; it's a free country; as long as you have about \$8. ★ The shirting itself is Chambray, which we'll grant you isn't terribly butch sounding either, but it is some nice, manly cloth all the same; *really*, ask anybody. ★ Say! not to change the subject, did you notice the distance between the stripes? Very far. To give you an idea, if ants played football these would be five yard lines . . . ★ Look, it's a *swell* shirt, a Tromblee (button-down pocket and collar), with short or long sleeves, and everything. And if you don't know where Eagle Shirts are sold Miss Afflerbach at the address below will be *glad* to . . . ★ Hey, you didn't turn the page did you?

[An Eagle plaid so true, and in gingham, too]

Urquhart



WE deny that Urquhart (pronounced “irk heart,” more or less) is an ugly word. Strange looking, certainly, but not necessarily ugly. ★ To us, it is beautiful, conjuring up misty Scottish glens, skirling pipes, and so forth. But then we have all these beautiful shirts to fortify our imagery. We are willing to let a few of them go to fortify yours at about \$8⁵⁰ per copy. ★ The colors then: Urquhart Rose, which by any other name would sell as sweet; particularly if the other names are Urquhart Blue (shown here) and Urquhart Gold. ★ We suspect that the last word has not been said about the pronunciation of Urquhart. If any of you wishes to toss in his two groats worth or, failing that, wishes to know where to buy Eagle shirts, please write Miss Afflerbach at the address below.

© 1967 EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS, QUAKERTOWN, PA, 18951



HELP YOUR FRIENDS SHAKE THE CIGARETTE HABIT THE **EAGLE** WAY: WEAR A TROMBLEE!

ONE school of motivational theory holds that the popularity of button-down collars stems from fear that somebody will steal your necktie. If that is so, what better way to keep friends from snitching your cigarettes than a button-down pocket, too? ★ Our newest model, the Tromblee, is the answer, *especially with friends who are trying to shake the habit!* ★ It is the man who is striving to quit who resorts to hard core bumming; i.e., simply plucking one out as he murmurs, “Do you mind?” ★ Sure you do, but it is too late; he is already lighting it with shaking fingers—and your matches, like as not. A button-down pocket is a great deterrent. So don’t delay; “A Tromblee in time saves nine,” and occasionally the whole pack. ★ If you yourself are still trying to stop or cut down, try a Tromblee. It beats the hell out of will-power. ★ The first step is to buy a triple* button-down Tromblee, for about \$7.00; in white and various conservative colors (here shown in Barrywater Gold) and stripes. ★ As to the name, it is to honor Mr. Douglas Tromblee of Baytown, Texas, where it is no-coat weather oftener than not. Over the years he has become an authority on using shirt pockets to carry things in. We therefore sought his opinion on button-down flap pockets. He thought it was the worst idea he had ever heard of. Having decided to fly in the face of his judgment the least we can do is name it for him. So there’s a Tromblee in your future if not in Tromblee’s.

*We got the extra button from the back of the collar; buttons don’t grow on trees, you know.

© 1964 (If you want to know where to get Eagle Shirts in your town, write Bunny Aflerbach, EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS, QUAKERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA.)





[Eagle Goes Along With The Law Of Gravity]

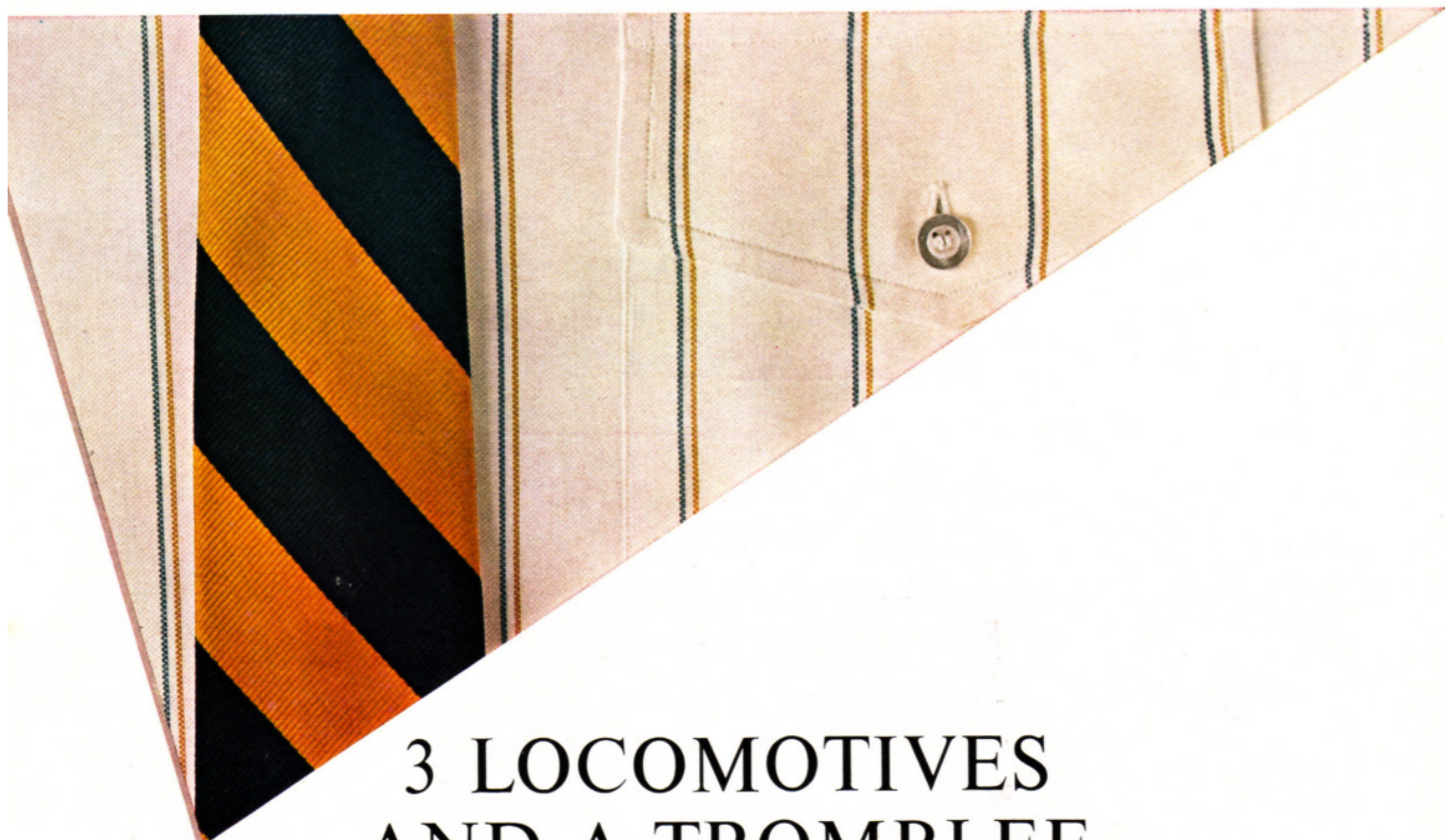
WINDOWPANE CZECHS



EVERYBODY talks about the Defenestration of Prague but nobody does anything about it. ★ Therefore Eagle has decided to commemorate the 547th anniversary of the First Defenestration—or throwing people out the window—in which both the people and the windows were high up in City Hall. ★ (The Second Defenestration, in 1618, was of Ambassadors from the Hradčany Palace, and started the Thirty Years War; which is too long to go into here.) ★ The lesson is clear: When in Prague do as the Czechs do; and do it low down. ★ Now, in addition to Blue on Greenish, these checks also come Blue on Yellowish, and Yellow on Bluish. The shirting is our very own Oxfjord Voile; the sleeves short; the collar, Eagle's beloved, bulgy button-down. ★ If you'd like to get in on the ground floor, you may buy Windowpane Czechs for about \$7.00 wherever Eagle shirts are sold. Please write Miss Afflerbach at the address below if you aren't sure where that is in your town.



[Brings You 136 Old School Tromblees 136]



3 LOCOMOTIVES AND A TROMBLEE FOR DEAR OLD LISTED BELOW!



IF you are feeling guilty because you ignored the last five appeals from Alma Mater and would like to show her that as long as it can be done inexpensively you would give her the shirt off your back, here is the shirt to do it with: The Old School Tromblee. ★ A Tromblee is a button-down shirt with a button-down pocket. An Old School Tromblee is in Oxford cloth in the school colors of your choice provided you chose to go to one of the 136 schools below. If not, we're sorry; it's been a tough season. Coach Afflerbach says just wait till next year. ★ O. S. T.'s sell for about \$7.00 wherever Eagle Shirts are sold. If you aren't sure where that is in your quadrangle, please write Coach Afflerbach here at Quakertown. The 136 lucky schools, then:

- | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------|---------------------|-------------------|-----------------|----------------------|--------------------|---------------------|------------------|
| Akron | Chicago | Drake | Iowa State | Minnesota | Oklahoma State | St. Mary's | Tulane |
| Alabama | Cincinnati | Drexel | Iowa U. | Mississippi College | Oklahoma U. | San Diego State | U. of Pacific |
| Arizona U. | The Citadel | Duke | Johns Hopkins | Mississippi State | Oregon State | Seton Hall | Utah U. |
| Arkansas U. | Colby College (Me.) | Duquesne | Kansas U. | Mississippi U. | Pennsylvania | South Carolina U. | Vanderbilt |
| Army | Colgate | Emory | Kansas City U. | Missouri | Penn State | South Dakota | Villanova |
| Auburn | Colorado State | Florida U. | Kentucky U. | Montana State | Pittsburgh | South Dakota State | V. M. I. |
| Bates | Columbia | Fordham | Lafayette | Nevada U. | Pomona | Southern California | V. P. I. |
| Bering Straits U. | Connecticut | Fresno State | Louisville | New Hampshire | Princeton | Southern Methodist | Virginia |
| Boston College | Cornell | Georgetown | Loyola | North Carolina State | Purdue | Stanford | Wake Forest |
| Boston U. | Dartmouth | Georgia U. | Maine | North Carolina U. | Rensselaer Poly. | Syracuse | Wash. & Jeff. |
| Brigham Young | Davidson | Harvard | Marquette | North Dakota U. | Rhode Island State | Temple | Washington & Lee |
| Bucknell | Dayton | Hawaii | Maryland | Notre Dame | Rice | Tennessee | West Virginia |
| Buffalo | Delaware | Houston | Massachusetts | Oberlin | Richmond | Texas | West Virginia U. |
| Butler | Denver | Howard | Memphis State | Ohio State | Rochester | Texas A & M | Western Reserve |
| California | De Paul | Illinois | Miami (Florida) | Ohio U. | Rochester Tech. | Texas Tech. | Wichita |
| Catholic U. | Detroit | Illinois Wesleyan | Michigan State | | Rutgers | Toledo | Wisconsin |
| Chattanooga | Dickinson | Indiana | Michigan U. | | St. Louis | Trinity | Yale |

[Advertisement]

WHY WEAR LESS INTERESTING SHIRTS IN EUROPE THAN YOU WEAR AT HOME?



Now that spring is here and you're planning your trip to Europe or somewhere, Eagle suggests that you give a thought to the logistics of shirt-planning, too. Unless you're going on one of those see 58-countries-in-3-days tours, you'll probably need more than *one* shirt. And unless you want to pay overweight on your baggage, you *can't* take more than 103 (154 first class). ★ Eagle recommends that you strike a comfortable medium—perhaps five or six. Then you'll have room for the cameras, Berlitz books, and currency converters going over, and the lederhosen coming back. ★ But what *kind* of shirts to take? Share with us the results of a recent survey: Every year between April Fool's and Columbus Days, approximately 522,983 shirt-wearing men travel to Europe. With them go many wives*, several children, and 3,137,898 *solid white* drip-dry DACRON** and cotton shirts. ★ We find the lattermost datum particularly interesting. And since Eagle makes a wide array of handsome striped, checked, colored, and printed drip-dry DACRON and cottons, we simply cannot understand why men wear less interesting shirts in Europe than they wear at home. (Say, that would make a catchy headline—a little long, though). ★ So when you pick those five or six shirts for your next European jaunt, give a thought to including a few from among Eagle's drip-dry stripes, checks, etc. They're guaranteed to drip *and* to dry just as well as the whites, but they sure look prettier. ★ Would you drop Miss Afflerbach a note and tell her where you're going... she likes to keep track of everybody. In return, she'll tell you where you can buy Eagle DACRON and cottons in your neighborhood—they don't always have the Eagle label in them, you recall.

*Note that we've included one lady's blouse among our lavish display. It's one of several DACRON-cottons we make.

**DuPont's trademark for its polyester fiber.

© 1962 EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS, OUAKEARTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA



SEND FOR YOUR FREE EAGLE WARDROBE WATCH STRAP

HERE are two matching questions we feel may be of interest to shirt-wearing men. Also our answers. (1) Does the shirt now on your back match the shirt you plan to wear tomorrow closely enough to give you a feeling of continuity in an otherwise disjointed world, *but not so close people will think you're economizing on your laundry?* ANS: Probably not, unless they both come from an Eagle Wardrobe Shirt set. (2) Does the shirt on your back match your watch strap? ANS: Probably not, unless you're given to wearing leather shirts; or chromium expansion shirts. ★ Eagle realizes that many men buy their shirts three or so at a time. So we've taken three short sleeved shirts—a stripe, a check (in broadcloth), and a solid (Pima Batiste Madras)—and boxed them together at only three times the cost of a single shirt.* ★ Now, each of the three patterns comes in three



colors, blue, green, and flax, so when you reach the store (we'll tell you which one—many fine stores like our shirts so well they sew in their own labels), you'll have nine shirts from which to choose your three. ★ To improve the odds that you will actually so choose, we've had a strapwright fashion our blue, our green, and our flax checked shirting into three Eagle Wardrobe Watch Straps for you. ★ Your Eagle W. W. Strap will (a) show you our quality shirting, (b) show you our unique pattern and colors, and (c) keep your watch from falling off your arm. ★ We'll be glad to send you one in the color of your choice or, if you faithfully pledge to buy an Eagle Wardrobe Shirt set, we'll send you all three watch straps gratis. If you cannot find it in your heart to so pledge, we shall have to ask for three dollars. On your honor, then, here is the coupon:

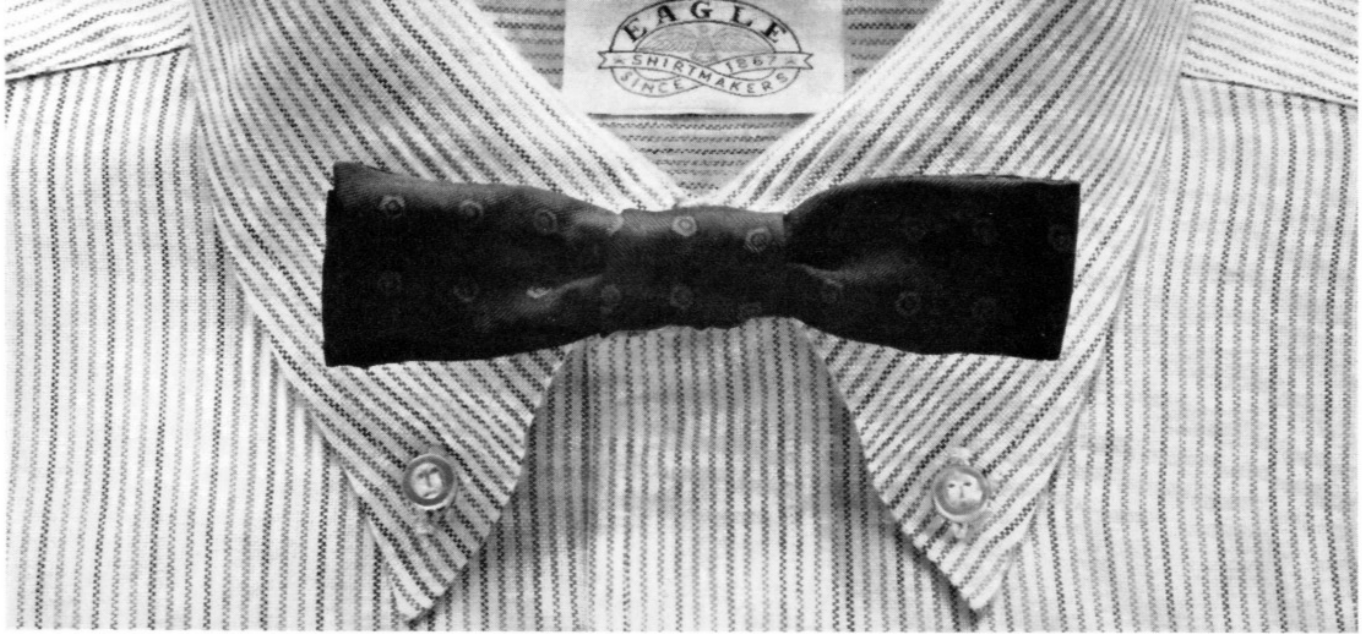
*about \$6.50 each

EAGLE WARDROBE WATCH STRAP ORDER FORM AND HONOR PLEDGE

Dear Eagle Shirtmakers, Quakertown, Pennsylvania:

- Please send me one free Eagle Wardrobe Watch Strap in blue green flax. Please send me three free E.W.W. Straps. I pledge, on my honor, to buy a matching Eagle Wardrobe Shirt set as soon as you tell me where.
- Please send me three Eagle Wardrobe Watch Straps. I cannot promise to buy the three Eagle shirts, so I am enclosing \$3.

Name _____ Address _____ City _____ State _____



SHOULD YOU WEAR A BOW-TIE WITH A BUTTON-DOWN?

WHY NOT? ☆ Having disposed of that question, let us go on to what happened about the Shirtkerchief. We were going to give away a dozen shirts for the best suggestion as to what a napkin/handkerchief with a pocket and an Eagle Label was good for. A good deal happened, so much that we prepared a special ad which we were going to run instead of this one. But a cooler head—it might have been Miss Afflerbach's—pointed out that since this is the very heart of the button-down shirt buying season it would be shrewd to capitalize on it, and we have. It is a two-color stripe of oxford cloth. Notice the bulgy flare of the collar—shared by all our button-downs. You can buy them at fine men's stores throughout the country under their label or, occasionally, ours. If you will send in the coupon below we will tell you where in your community. ☆ So, we have moved up the other ad, titled "Dear Miss Afflerbach, or Shirtkerchief Revisited," to November. Those of you who are too curious to wait can send for our November ad now; don't be afraid of rushing the season, just fill in the form below. When you get it please don't show it to anybody else in the shirt game. This is a very competitive business and a scoop like this might give them a two month lead in their own Shirtkerchief plans. Thank you for your discretion.

REQUEST FOR PRE-PUBLICATION COPY OF EAGLE SHIRT NOVEMBER AD

Miss Afflerbach, Eagle Shirtmakers, Quakertown, Pa.

Dear Miss Afflerbach:

Please send it to me and also where I can find Eagle Shirts in my town.

Mum's the word about that other.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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AT LAST: THE NRA TROMBLEE!



WE thought of bringing out our own Blue Eagle 32 years ago. Perhaps it is just as well we waited, for in those days a man had less need for a button-down pocket. If he lost anything it was his entire shirt. ★ It comes in Oxford

EXPLANATORY NOTE FOR YOUNGER CITIZENS

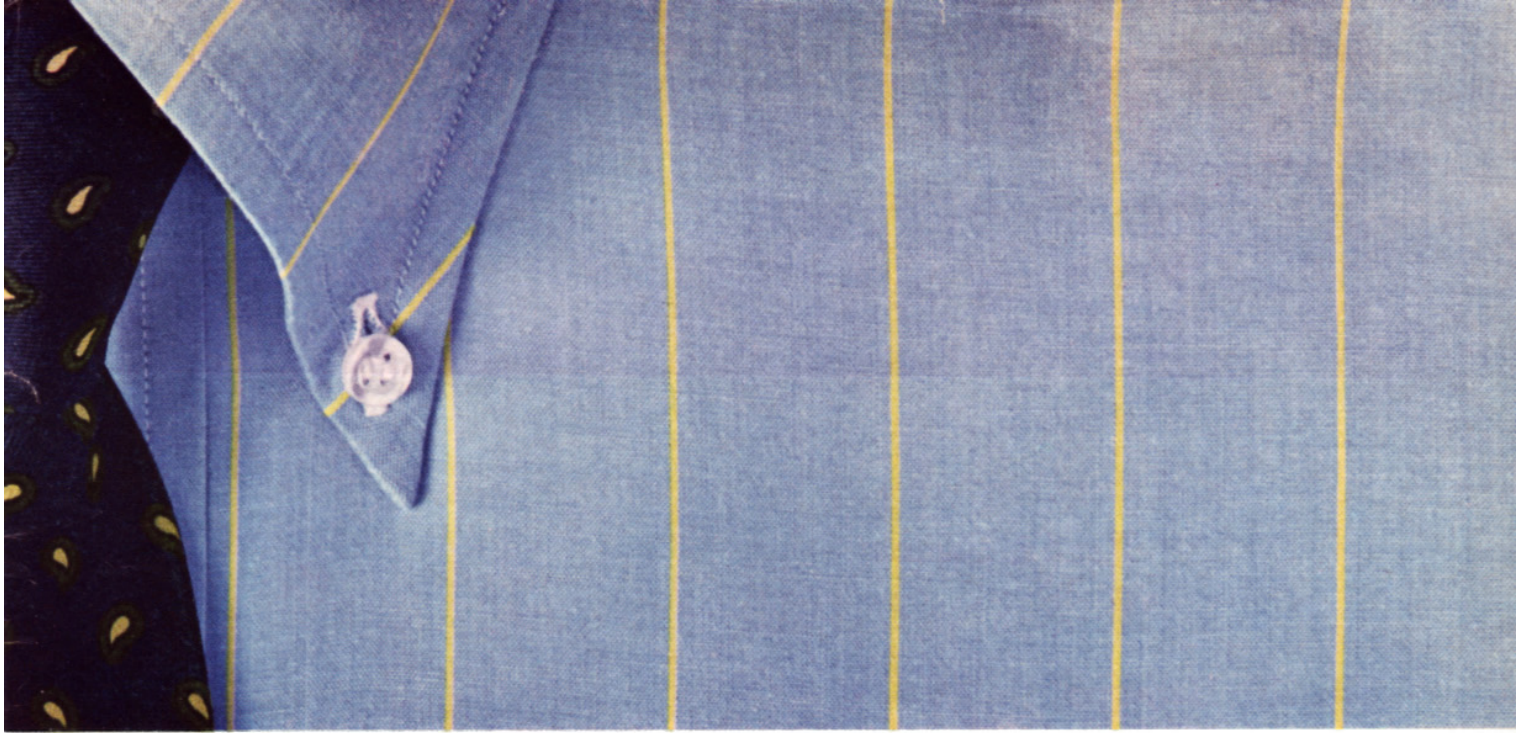
Many people tend to lump the Great Depression in with the Charleston, Calvin Coolidge, Jean Harlow, and the St. Valentine's Day Massacre as ways to pass time between World War I and World War II. If so, the Depression was the most widespread fad you ever saw, and it lasted 10 years. ★ In 1933 the National Recovery Act came in; its symbol, the Blue Eagle, its slogan, "We Do Our Part". We also did jigsaw puzzles and played Monopoly. Hotels on Park Place and Boardwalk—now there was Security, kids.

cloth of a new, more profound (Deep Depression?) blue, both as a Tromblee (button-down collar and pocket) and a Half-Tromblee (only the pocket buttons down; however—get this—the collar stays bulgy (as shown) anyway! ★ Those lusting for an NRA Tromblee should pass "Go," proceed directly to wherever Eagle Shirts are sold, and pay about \$7.00. If you don't know where that is in your town write Miss Afflerbach at the address below. ★ Write her anyway and she will send you a genuine NRA Button as shown. While they last.

© 1965, EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS, QUAKERTOWN, PA. "We Do Our Part."



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GEE...

IT'S A TROMBLEE IN BLUE CHAMBRAY WITH UNREGIMENTED STRIPES! ★★★★★★

CHAMBRAY, that fine shirting, is named for Cambrai in France where it was first woven. One wonders how they found the time. Consider just these *introductory* words from the Encyclopedia Britannica (14th Ed.; Brain to Castin): ★ "Fortified by Charlemagne, (Cambrai) was captured and pillaged by the Normans in 870, and besieged by the Hungarians in 953. During the 10th, 11th, and 12th centuries it was the scene of frequent hostilities between the bishop and the citizens." Nor was the news much cheerier during the next 800 years. ★ Until now. Here in unfortified, unpillaged, unhostile Quakertown, Eagle Shirtmakers are using a specially woven chambray to make Tromblees. ★ A Tromblee, as we know, is a button-down shirt with a button-down pocket. This one comes in Collar Worker Blue with or without stripes of yellow, red, or white; about \$7.00 where Eagle Shirts are sold. If you don't know where that is, besiege Miss Afflerbach at the address below. Better write first.

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[An Eagle Never Forgets]

LET'S HEAR IT FOR GEO. WASHINGTON; HE'S 233 YEARS OLD!



WE have been criticized in some quarters for forgetting Washington's Birthday again. ★ We didn't forget; we just wanted to avoid the holiday traffic. Besides, who ever heard of sport shirts in February? You have? ★ Well, not like Eagle's four new Revolutionary Plaids (Washington Squares?). Their authentic colors have been taken from the Pine portrait at Independence Hall (near Quakertown). We hold these hues to be self-evident. ★ However, for the Continental Congressional Record they are: Of-Their-Eyes White, Saratochre (shown here), Wallis Corn, and Unroyal Blue. All

with short sleeves and Eagle's traditional, Early American button-down collar ("First on the necks of its countrymen"), about \$9.00. ★ If you don't know where to find Eagle Shirts in your colony, write Goody Afflerbach at the address below.

(What do you suppose General Washington is saying above? "Sure I said natural shoulders, but this is ridiculous"; "Martha is doing the whole house Early American"; or "I don't want a refund, Sam'l, just fix the lapels"? The 13 best answers by July 4th win all four Eagle revolutionary plaids.)
Send them to: EAGLE SHIRTMAKERS, QUAKERTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA 18851
CONNECTIONS BY COPY LEGENDS



FLAHOOLICK

[VOL. A Nº II]

FLAHOOLICK is an Irish word meaningopenhanded generous expansive and Oh much else. It is pronounced "Flahoolick," which we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] admit looks a bit earthy; English is a simply wretched language that way. However. ☞ Anything can be flahoolick under certain conditions. Even water, supposing you were crawling on your hands and knees across the desert and in the broiling sun and came upon a waterfall though what it would be doing there we are not prepared to say. Lemon squash can be flahoolick if you are nine years old or inordinately fond of lemon squash. Draught beer is flahoolick; large linen napkins are flahoolick; long nightshirts are virtually always flahoolick. ☞ Tea bags, on the other hand, are unflahoolick, and so is one lambchop. Wrapped sugar cubes, tiny glasses of orange juice, doormats without "WELCOME" on them, and wire coat hangers are, for one reason and another, not flahoolick. Irish Whiskey is flahoolick; O it is the acme of burnished, emphatic flahoolickness. And so is Irish Coffee with its luscious collar of chilled, frothy cream. ☞ People can be

flahoolick, as well. Still, bear in mind that:

*"All of the people are flahoolick some of the time
Some of the people are flahoolick all of the time
But all of the people are not flahoolick all of the time."*

—Anon

To this end we are putting out the very nice badge pictured below and in our next install-



ment we shall include a coupon so you may send off for one. Oh, we have a bit of room so it will do no harm to put it in here, too,

*The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland
Box N186T, Dublin, Ireland*

Gentlemen:

Please send me my Flahoolick/Unflahoolick badge.
I'll read next week's installment to find out what it's all about. (I am printing this so you can read it.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Country _____

and tell you more about it later. ☞ Now, those of you with sharp eyes will notice that

(concluded next week)

WHAT DOES IRISH WHISKEY TASTE LIKE

[VOL. III Nº IX]



WELL, obviously the best way to find this out is to taste it for yourself and see. But even that method has its shortcomings, we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] find, because so many things can influence the way something will taste to you and not the least of these is your preconceived ideas. In case you doubt this just recall it wasn't so many years ago that vodka was *believed by everyone* to be Russian fire-water and now, of course, we know it is so mild it has no taste at all. It is very hard to describe a flavour except in comparison to other flavours. So here we shall try to show more or less where burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskey falls in the taste spectrum:



AMERICAN
WHISKEY

IRISH
WHISKEY

SCOTCH
WHISKY

So if you know what Scotch and American Whiskeys taste like you can get some idea of what to expect from Irish Whiskey. But what cannot be shown on any chart or for that matter by any figures is how thoroughly you will enjoy the delicious differences of burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskey now you know what to taste for.

GOOD NEWS FOR WEALTHY DRINKERS

Please do not be put out by the heading if you are rich but are reluctant to discuss it. We [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] understand such delicacy of feeling and wouldn't broach the subject were it not for a devastating morsel of intelligence recently passed on to us: that certain of you buy Irish Whiskey by the case! Oh that is fine, and you save a little something, too, we should imagine. ☞ We suppose you ask one of the staff to carry it in for you? Considering the weight and all. Though just which one should do it poses a nice problem to our minds; servants are that jealous of their own provinces. Perhaps the Footman takes it only as far as the door where the Butler or his apprentice hoists it on down to the cellar where the *Sommelier* takes over. This seems sound theory but [as in so much else] practice probably varies from house to house and for all we know the Gamekeeper may take it the whole distance. ☞ Yes, if you would care to complete the questionnaire below it would be of immense help to us in gaining a clearer picture of the average affluent home. In return we shall pass back these findings to you as soon as we have compiled them. ☞ Now, if you are *wealthy but* are not truly acquainted with our burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskeys we have good news indeed! What better way to sample the magnificent differences between us than to buy a *mixed* case, one or two bottles of each; the man at the whiskey store will be helpful. You might check the list below against his stock and what he hasn't got, ask him please to order. ☞ If you are *not* wealthy but would not balk at being thought so it could do no harm that we can see were you to ask the man to pack your single in an empty Irish Whiskey case; taking care to center it so it won't carry lopsided.

[QUESTIONNAIRE]

Please return to:

Whiskey Distillers of Ireland

Box 186, Dublin (Postage: Air Mail, 1 5c; Surface, 8c)

Note: Please do not divulge your income as it will be more of a challenge for us if we have got to guess it.

Question: Who carries the case in?

Answer: _____

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ State _____ Country _____

							
TULLAMORE DEW	MURPHY'S	OLD BUSHMILLS	DUNPHY'S ORIGINAL IRISH	FADDY	POWER'S GOLD LABEL	JOHN JAMESON	GIBBEY'S CROCK O'GOLD

(*An Irish Whiskey Time & Motion Study*)

TO DRINK OR TO WAGER? A DILEMMA.



[*Winner crossing finish line at Leopardstown Race Course near Dublin*]

PLEASE understand that we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] have no wish to foster strife at the course between turf commissioner and drink purveyor; the bookie and the barman should be friends. ☞ And yet, in the normal run of things it is not easy to do justice to the both of them—or to one's self—for there is only so much time between races and the two things to do: A) have a drink; B) prepare for the next event. Both are time-consuming. ☞ Consider: the race being over one is either elated or depressed and in either case with tongue hanging out for refreshment of burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskey. But unless one is exceptionally fleet of foot the bar is six deep on arrival and the upshot is no time to visit the paddock, review the form sheet, exchange confidences with the jockey's brother, check the odds, or, in short, make thoughtful wagers. On the other hand if one works, works, works all through the intermission why then there is no time for refreshment, is there? Since man does not live by bets alone there is obviously no real answer here either. Is there *any* answer? ☞ Oh, to be sure there is; are: 1) You might station a female (your wife if you have got one and she is self-effacing or non-horse oriented; or an obliging lady friend who is more interested in the pageantry than the results) to hold your place at the bar *during* the race. 2) Make friends with the bartender, possibly developing a code whereby you, by waving something—a pound note, say—can attract his attention from afar and gain priority. 3) Regular roadwork in empty grandstands to improve your uphill sprinting form. ☞ Lacking confederates or speed you had best employ 4): The Alternate Doubles System; i.e., a large Irish Whiskey every other race. This is probably the best system ever devised for the ordinary man. If there are better we should like to know of them.



VOL. III Nº II

Continued: A Short Treatise on Irish Whiskey in America

LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED

YOU TOO CAN BE A COUNTER SPY.

FROM time to time we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] receive reports from those who, thirst-frenzied by our burnished, emphatic accounts of Irish Whiskey, have sprinted to the Whiskey store or bar to sample the eight grand brands. But when they got there the cupboard, while not exactly bare, had only five or six of them or three or four or sometimes two or one; and in one dreadful instance the poor creature found none at all. Now, this would seem to be easily remedied, wouldn't it? One might suppose that all one needed do was ask: "Will you ever mind putting in an adequate selection of Irish Whiskies?" Or even: "Would you ever be so kind as to keep so-and-so brand in supply?" No, we understand this simple stratagem does not work and you are better off saving your breath. Oh, the man will order a particular bottle for you and be happy, indeed he will, but he will not grant it permanent place on his shelves; not for just one person. It is something like the story of the calf whose boast it was they served any meat in the world so a man came in and asked for an elephant cutlet and the waiter said he was sorry but the man surely couldn't expect them to kill the elephant for just one chop. Well, how

many requests does it take? We do not know how many for elephants but in the case (or bottle) of whiskey we are given to understand the magic number is *three*. Presumably on receiving his third request for such-and-such a brand the man at the Whiskey store or bar will telephone his supplier with singular haste, particularly if you are adamant. How to put this intelligence to use? We suppose you could form into teams of three and synchronize your watches. Or, if you prefer the lone game, don false beard, smoked glasses, etc. and go around thrice yourself. This is chancey and if you are caught bur-nished-handed we shall, of course, blandly deny everything. However, should you care to work directly with us we would very much appreciate your going underground for the moment to provide us with some sorely-needed and specific information. If, your next trip to the pub or Whiskey store, you will kindly fill in the form on the page facing and mail it to us at Dublin we shall follow-through. Ah, please do not think we are proposing this lightly; in truth there is no other way at all for us to obtain such precise "consumer data", as they say. Yes, your efforts will be of great service to us and we thank you.

[IRISH WHISKEY COUNTER (OR BAR) SPY REPORT FORM]



The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland, P.O. Box 186, Dublin. (Postage: Airmail 15c; by surface 8c)

Gentlemen:

Using the above catalogue as my guide, I have lurked about the public house (or whiskey store) known as:

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____

- I asked for:
- Just "Irish Whiskey"
 - Gilbey's Crock O'Gold
 - John Jameson
 - Power's Gold Label
 - Paddy
 - Dunphy's Original Irish
 - Old Bushmills
 - Tullamore Dew
 - Murphy's

- They had:
- Gilbey's Crock O'Gold
 - John Jameson
 - Power's Gold Label
 - Paddy
 - Dunphy's Original Irish
 - Old Bushmills
 - Tullamore Dew
 - Murphy's

I don't mind if you use my name; I would rather you didn't use my name.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____

P.S. If I call on any more stores or bars I will write the information out on a plain piece of paper.



MISS MURPHY WINS BIG SMALL BOAT RACE

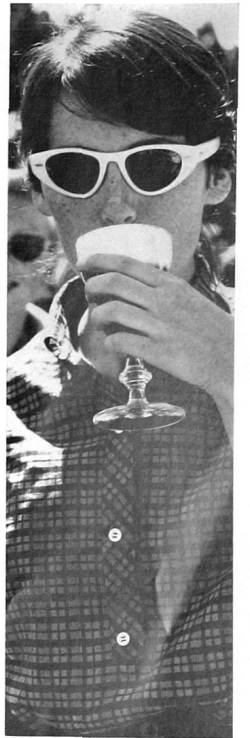
[VOL. III Nº VII]

YES, we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] are always pleased to foster nautical competition. Especially when Irish Coffee is served at the finish line as it is at the yearly race of El Toro Class boats—little bitty things they are but sturdy—on San Francisco Bay. It has become a tradition. So this year



[Miss Murphy winning race]

we were invited to officiate at their Seventh Annual Regatta and since we were in the New World anyway on our recent trip we detached one of our number, Mr. Desmond Williams of Tullamore, for temporary duty in the Far West. His report then: "To my delight and surprise a very pretty girl won handily over 84 other craft though it was her first time out. She was either most daring or quite unacquainted with ordinary prudence for when the others headed for the Golden Gate Bridge she took off for Alcatraz Island, caught a breeze straight away, and came in streets ahead of the pack. She is a Miss Lynne Murphy; her father, an old sailing buff, came in 18th or well enough under any other circumstances. Whereupon Irish Coffee was laid on for the multitude". It was apparently a grand day and for those of you who collect authentic Irish Coffee recipes here it is as served at San Francisco's Buena Vista Cafe: Pre-heat a glass with very hot water, fill and let stand a few seconds, then empty. 2. Fill glass three-fourths full of hot, black coffee before glass has cooled. 3. Drop three or less cocktail cubes of sugar into coffee. Stir until dissolved completely. 4. Add full jigger of Irish Whiskey. 5. By pouring over a spoon, top with a head of light whipping cream.

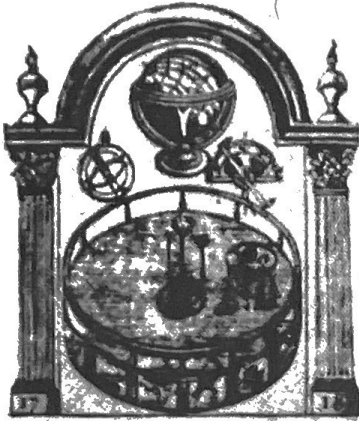


[Miss Murphy following race]



© 1990, THE WHISKEY DISTILLERS OF IRELAND, BOX 8180, DUBLIN

PHOTOS BY JESPER H2M



PROPOSING: THE IRISH GEOPHYSICAL YEAR

[VOL. II No V]

It's the old story: man's eternal thirst for truth. Since our problem defies the laboratory there's nothing for it but we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] must go to the field. Pure research. Even if we don't make a penny out of it the first three months. Our problem has nought to do with the whiskey itself, understand. Perfection there was arrived at long ago; progress is perhaps our least important product. And even if we *did* achieve unthinkable advances you'd wait with your tongues hanging out for some time; the burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskeys you so enjoy today were laid down years and years and years ago. No, we pursue another enigma: Yourself [The Irish Whiskey Drinker]. What are the solid innate qualities that turned you to Irish Whiskey? And how to encourage these traits in others? What is needed is geographical isolation from the distractions of competitive drink. Yes, and a scientific Control Group of *non*-Irish Whiskey drinkers. All under the aegis of the Irish Geophysical Year Expedition. Well, you'll appreciate that appropriate base camp sites are not to be found on every street corner. Only one seems to fill the prime requisites of cleanliness, vigorous climate, and unspoiled countryside: McMurdo Sound. Now, as to organization and indoctrination of the Expeditionary Party:

- [1] Irish Whiskey drinkers should A) Send in their I. G. Y. Expedition I. D. Cards: B) Immediately get in touch with other Irish Whiskey drinkers and arrange among yourselves about transport, projects, mittens, spending money, and so forth. Yes, and partake of a drop as you ponder; maintaining mood is important in the planning stage.
- [2] *Non*-Irish Whiskey drinkers who wish to join the Control Group will please do nothing at all beyond sending in the form below. Instructions will be forthcoming from Dublin with your I. D. Card.

IRISH GEOPHYSICAL YEAR EXPEDITION RECRUITMENT FORM

Whiskey Distillers of Ireland

Box A186, Dublin (Air Mail 15c; Ship 8c; Post Cards 5c)

I am interested in doing my part for the advancement of science and the propagation of Irish Whiskey. Please send me my I. D. Card and inscribe my name on The I. G. Y. Honour Roll which you will publish later.

— I am an Irish Whiskey drinker

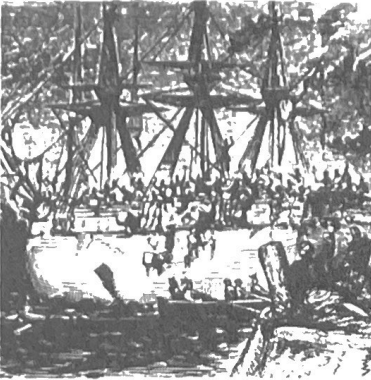
— I am a *non*-Irish Whiskey drinker *check one*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Country _____

Ah, were we free to join you on this great adventure! Alas, someone must stay behind here at G. H. Q. to guard the sales curve. Watch this space: from time to time there will be bulletins of significance.



[NUMBER VIII]

SHALL IT BE THE BOSTON COFFEE PARTY?

As we know, Irish Whiskey drinkers are divided into two more-or-less militant factions: 1. Those who take it in the Irish Coffee and 2. Those who relish its burnished emphatic flavor unadorned save for the usual additives, or "Upon The Rocks," as you say. Please appreciate that we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] are loathe even to *hint* that there is any strife between you. And yet, across the water have come reports of the harsh word, the bitter jest. Perhaps as a result of your being cooped up during the hard weather. It's neither natural nor desirable for people to stay indoors all the time and have no fun. So what we should like to propose is the first of what we hope will become annual outings in which both parties may participate, mingle, vent high spirits, and mend differences. Tuesday, December 16th, seems as good a day as any, coming as it does in the middle of the week when hearts need lifting. We find, interestingly enough, that this is also the 185th anniversary of the Boston Tea Party! Let ours be the Boston Coffee Party, then. ☞ While we shall have to leave the actual arranging of the affair up to those of you who are natural-born leaders, we can outline something of an agenda. The following is one which might be followed in Boston itself though we expect that celebrations in other cities could be arranged around whatever body of water is at hand.

☞ AGENDA FOR BOSTON COFFEE PARTY. ☞

Tuesday, December 16, 1958

- HIGH NOON: Assemble peaceably at Scollay Square wearing Pride, Profit or other identifying Badges. Hotheads may carry banners with appropriate inscriptions. Everyone bring a token quantity of coffee, say a spoonful, in a paper bag.
- 12:01: Listen well to exhortations by leaders.
- 12:02: Form ranks and march on Harbor. Allow ample time for stragglers, last-minute speeches, and for such side excursions as the occasion demands.
- 12:30: Irish Whiskey purists dump their coffee into Harbor as gesture of protest.
- 12:31: Irish Coffee buffs *cast* their coffee upon the waters in the hopes that it will return to them ten-fold.
- 12:32: All adjourn. The rest of the day will be devoted to unsupervised activity.

Now then, synchronize your watches.

A NEW & INGENUOUS SHOWING OF IRISH WHISKEYS

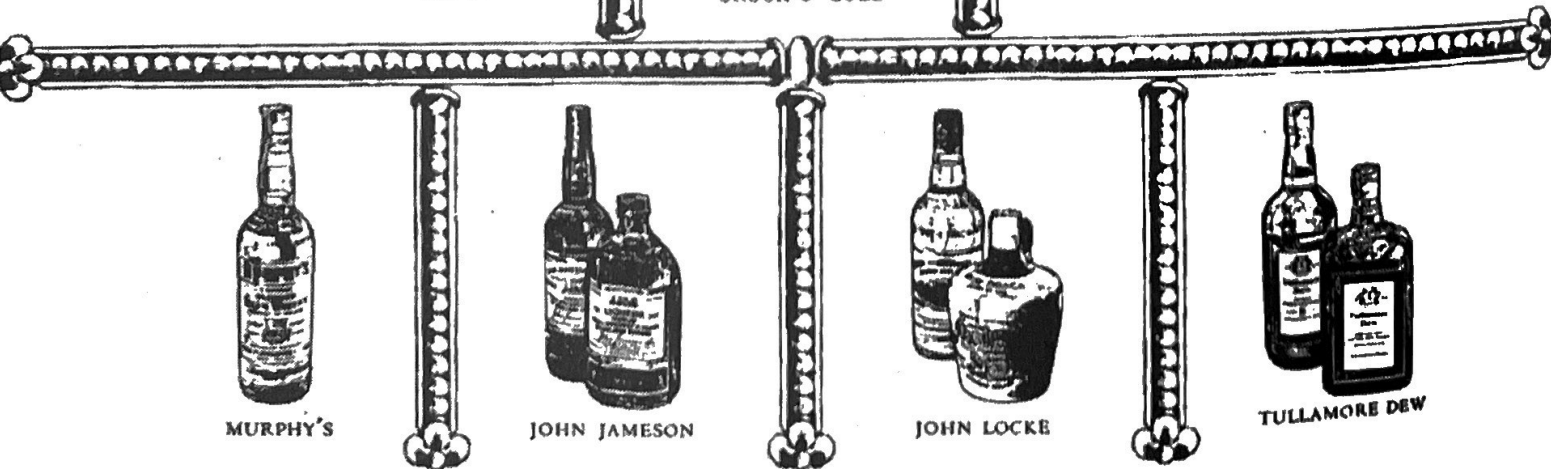
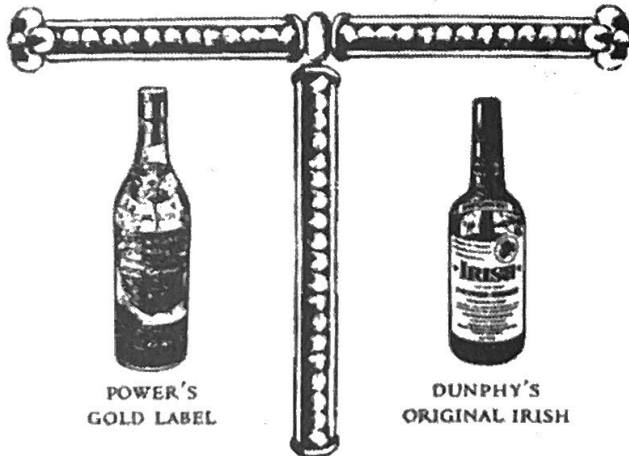
[NUMBER VII]

And don't we know the better part of a month has past since we have shown you pictures of themselves to feast your eyes on? It's not so much that we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] are thoughtless as that we too often become engrossed in "the hard sell" and fill up the page with words. But this week we have portrayed the bottles again the better to help you browse at the whiskey store. Bearing in mind that while there are splendid differences between Irish Whiskeys, all share an emphatic, *burnished* flavour. It was no easy task rearranging the lot to present a startlingly different but still attractive "lay-

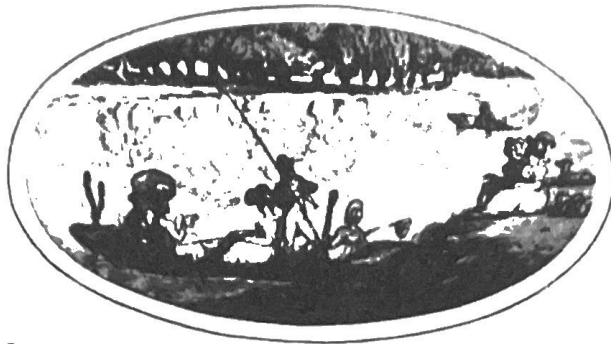
out". Moreover, a pyramid is sticky to build when you have but *nine* grand brands. In the end it worked out beautifully because none of us would allow any of the others to be on top anyway. Time was too short to sub-let the space.

The next issue but one, that of 6th December, will announce an outing. We have taken to announcing coming attractions because a nice woman in Plainfield, New Jersey, we think it was, wrote asking "Where was your page this week?". Well, bless her heart, if we published every week it would have us out in the street, advertising is that dear. But thoughtfulness costs nothing at all.

COMPLIMENTS
OF
A FRIEND



IS IT WORTHWHILE TO ADVERTISE IN THE SUMMERTIME ?



[VOL. II No IV]

After the many times that we [The Whiskey Distillers of Ireland] have been told by them [Those In The Know] that we simply must do or must not do such-and-such we decided this once to disregard them altogether, oh entirely, and perhaps we made a mistake. ☞ This time it was about the advisability of advertising in Dead of Summer: we were never to do that [they said] unless we wished to throw our money out into the street; not that there would be anyone to pick it up with everybody away on holiday and all. ☞ Well this made no sense to us. For even if you *are* gone away surely you will return one day soon and when you do you'll find a stack of journals there and this one among them and presently you will open it and eventually arrive at this very page and it being a hot day you'll make yourself a tall glass of something with burnished, emphatic Irish Whiskey in it [and the ice cubes clinking merrily away] and you'll settle down to read what we have to say here and nothing will be lost after all. ☞ So we believe. Still, we would feel easier if we could confront Them with the

evidence that you had indeed seen this piece. The report form below is so simple as to seem simple-minded, we'll grant, but how else to put it? ☞ Before we go we'd like to recommend Iced Irish Coffee. But please to omit the whipped cream; that is to say it is plain iced coffee with a noggin of old Burnished Emphatic. Delicious.

SUMMER READING REPORT FORM

Whiskey Distillers of Ireland, Box 186, Dublin
(Postage: Air Mail 15c; Surface 8c; Post Cards 5c)

I read it.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Country _____

ROVERSEAS DELIVERY PLAN

LAND ROVER continued on P.

LAND ROVER continued from P.

MARK II ROVER continued on P.

MARK II ROVER continued from P.



AS long as you're going to buy a car anyway—and you can hardly afford not to—you might as well get the best thing of its class. Rover has two classes:

The unique Land-Rover, unquestionably the finest and most versatile 4-wheel drive vehicle in the world. (With its all aluminum body and low center of gravity it can withstand the full charge of a bull rhinoceros; not that you're likely to run into a lot of those in Europe.) The Land-Rover comes in such a variety of body styles that yours is virtually custom-built. (A man in Connecticut ordered a Land-Rover on the Roverseas Delivery Plan with a *right-hand* drive because it was easier for him to get the mail out of his R.F.D. mailbox.) And, oh, they are fun to drive!

Passenger cars, including the Mk. II Rover 3-litre Sedan. Although not unique (there is one other car comparable to it in engineering and appointments), it is very good indeed.

You can pick up a Rover or Land-Rover either at the factory in England or in 166 other countries. If you would like to know more about either, and about our overseas delivery plan, please drop a note to: THE ROVER MOTOR CO., Overseas Delivery Dept., 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. As we said earlier:

Continued on P.

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How to
get your mother-in-law
to fasten her
Rover 2000 ()
safety harness:



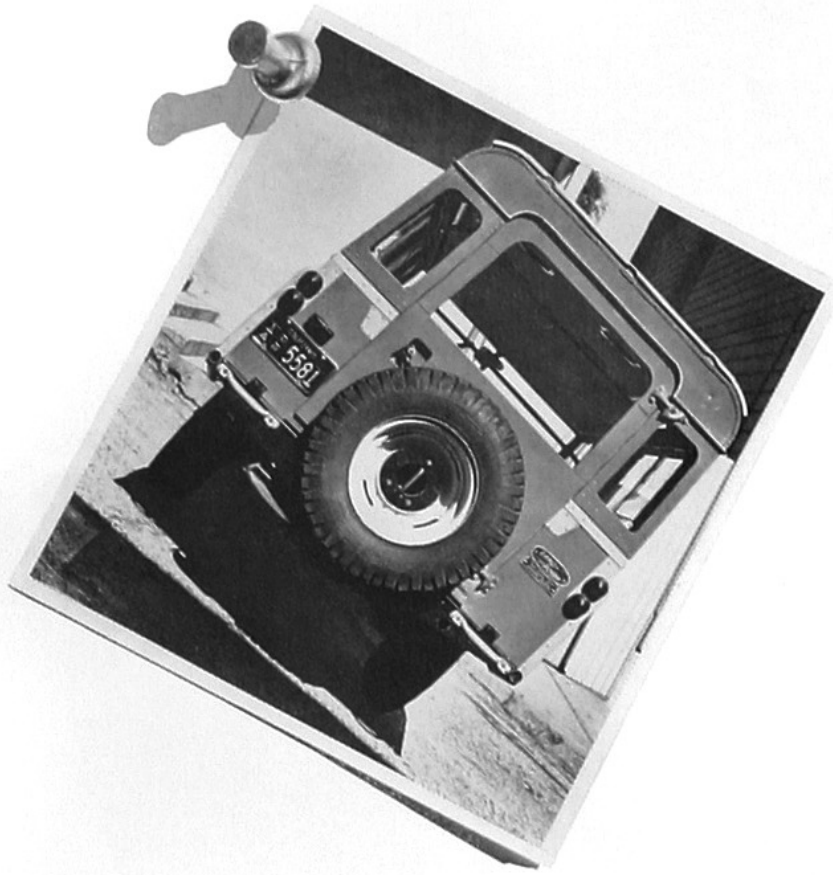


The Land-Rover Concours d'Elegance Entry for 1964

One imagines they're worried sick over at the Brand X Limousine Division.

©Rover Motor Co. of North America Ltd., 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. (should you wish to write for catalog or name of nearby dealer).

CREDITS: Wicker work by Charlie & Nellie Bernhardt; White side walls by Pirelli; Lacquer job by Wade Looper (on overtime); Bumper chroming and Technical Direction by Ken Sykes; Gold fine-stripping by Bob Funke; Coach lamps by Cost-Plus Imports; Carpeting color by Ace Dye Works; Mink lap robe by Neiman-Marcus; Flower vases by Michelob; The Two Pink Carnations by Podesta Baldoecchi; Silver flask in glove compartment by Abercrombie & Fitch; Pink valve caps by American Petrofina; Basic black Model 88 Station Wagon by Land-Rover; The Thinker by Rodin.



UNRETOUCHED PHOTO OF LAND-ROVER PARKED ON SAN FRANCISCO HILL!

THE LAND-ROVER, despite its magnificent height, has such an extremely low center of gravity that it is next to impossible to tip over. To prove this we chose the Kearny Street hill, which is so steep (27 degrees) that its sidewalks are stairs.

Even so, the picture was a factual flop; the Land-Rover can maneuver with perfect safety on *much* more vertical terrain. What San Francisco needs is steeper hills. So, to make up for the city's flatness we twisted the picture sideways to give it realism.

The Land-Rover can easily handle slopes of over 45 degrees; the real limiting factor is the flat ground at the bottom which can bash the devil out of the bumpers on take-off or landing. (Mr. Morris Hider, a West Virginia Land-Rover dealer, was recently quoted in the press as saying: "It will climb the side of a building—pulling a house behind it." Bumper-bashing aside, the project would be worth a trip to W. Va. for the resulting architectural effect alone.)

The secret of the Land-Rover's stability is its bottom-heavy construction: an extremely tough aluminum alloy body which will neither rust nor corrode; on top of a steel frame that looks like a stretch of railroad track, only sturdier.

When you fit this magnificent monster with a versatile engine worthy of it (15 gears—4 two-wheel, 8 four-wheel, 3 reverse) you have unquestionably the finest 4-wheel drive vehicle in the world, though we say it ourselves. If you'd like further Land-Rover information, such as where to see one, please write: THE ROVER MOTOR COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA LIMITED, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York.



DOWN ROVER!

IN low-range low and 4-wheel drive, the Land-Rover will crawl by itself* down the steepest slopes at 6 m.p.h. Basic model costs only \$2654 POE.

**Unsuspecting passengers should beware of Alex Joyce, British Land-Rover Ace, whose favorite trick is to head down a precipitous slope—then half-way down quietly step out of the car!*



[Dealer's Name and Address]

[The 1967 Mountain Goat]



HERE YOU SEE THE SIX-CYLINDER 109 LAND-ROVER. It is tough, sure-footed, and nimble. Its chassis is built like a section of railroad track. Its body is of aluminum alloy for two reasons: 1) It doesn't rust, and 2) It is light, so that the Land-Rover's center of gravity is somewhere down around the railroad tracks. This means it can climb any cliff within reason without falling over backward. ■ Furthermore: It has four-wheel drive. Also low-range drive and high-range drive, giving it altogether 8 speeds forward and 2 in reverse. (In low-range you are in four-wheel drive automatically; in high-range you can take it or leave it alone.) ■ And on the highway, fully laden and headed for home, it will do 0 to 50 m.p.h. in 17.2 seconds and 80 to 85 m.p.h. top. It's not always a mountain goat; sometimes it's a combination antelope and pack mule. ■ The price: \$4343 East Coast, \$4529 West Coast, and between at places between. Options so many only your Rover dealer knows for sure.

The Rover Motor Co. of N. America Ltd.: Chrysler Bldg., New York, N. Y. 10017; 231 Johnson Ave., Newark, N. J. 07108; 1040 Bayview Drive, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33304; 373 Shaw Rd., South San Francisco, Calif. 94080; 10889 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90024; Mobile Drive, Toronto 16, Ont.; 156 W. Second Ave., Vancouver 10, B. C.



DESERT-ROVER!

THE tropical roof – which was designed primarily for deserts of Africa and Australia* – keeps the Land-Rover station wagon 10 degrees cooler inside wherever you drive. Basic model costs only

**Where there are road signs which read "Road Open to Land-Rovers Only."*



[Dealer's Name and Address]

HOW YOU CAN

BUY A NEW CAR AND GO TO EUROPE
FOR LESS MONEY THAN
IF YOU TOOK IT UP TO THE LAKE.

Everybody knows that. Buy it on the Overseas Delivery Plan.

Then how come so many people buy cars and then take two glorious weeks at Lake Lotawana.

Maybe they don't know exactly how to break the habit. Here's how.

AS LONG AS

YOU'RE GOING TO EUROPE ANYWAY,
HOW TO BUY A NEW ROVER AND
SAVE ENOUGH TO PAY YOUR FARE
AND THEN SOME.

Everybody knows that. Buy it on the Overseas Delivery Plan.

Then how come so many people come back without cars?

Maybe they think it's too much trouble. It's not.

(From here on we shall confine our remarks to the MK II Rover, the Land-Rover, and the revolutionary Rover 2000 Sports Sedan. It's not only that this is our ad, but if one of these masterly cars doesn't make you happy what is the use of going on? Or abroad, for that matter.)

1. Go to a Rover or Land-Rover dealer, as the case may be. If you don't know where, write us and we will tell you. He will take care of everything, and your warranty after your car is back home.

2. He will ask you where you are going. Do you want a Land-Rover Camper delivered in Africa? A Rover 2000 at your hotel door in Paris? A MK II waiting for you at London Airport?

3. Pick out the exact model, color, leather, etc. you want. If you give us, say, ten weeks' notice, that's normally enough; but even if you give us only ten days we can often find you what you want.

4. Your dealer will arrange for registration and insurance while you're over there and for shipping the car back; all the paper work. And figure out the cost so you can go to the bank.

5. All right, money. Let's take a MK II Rover with automatic transmission and power steering. It lists at \$5495 in New York; it delivers in England for \$4020—a saving of \$1475!

6. Even when you deduct from this all incidental costs including shipping and import duty—which

could be as low as \$450 total—you still are ahead over \$1000! Not to mention the money you save by having free transportation through Europe.

7. (The Rover 2000 lists at \$3885 or \$3985 here, depending on East Coast or West Coast delivery, and \$2986 there. A Model 88 Land-Rover Station Wagon is \$3384 here, \$2435 there. Incidentally, the Land-Rover is not only the finest 4-wheel drive in the world, but the Rover Company is uniquely set up to supply any one of a great variety of models in 160 countries on this price-saving basis.)

8. When you take delivery of your car a Rover representative will meet you, check you out in the car—and the traffic, especially if it's on the wrong side. He'll put you in touch with Rover dealers wherever you are going; under your warranty they will take care of servicing and any other help you may need.

9. When you get ready to come home, leave your car wherever you agreed with the dealer, and we'll take care of the rest. You'll be notified when it's on its way.

10. That's about the lot except you might fill in this coupon.

----- COUPON -----

Dear Patrick Savage, Roverseas Delivery Plan N, 405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.:

Would you please send me complete details on overseas delivery of a

MK II Rover Rover 2000 Sports Sedan Land-Rover

I either want to save a lot of money or would like to look at Lake Como, Lake Geneva, or the Lake District for a change.

Name _____ Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

©1966, Rover Motor Co. of North America, Ltd., 405 Lexington Ave., New York 17.



Land-Rover 109 Station Wagon with Heat Shield Roof.

"At 60 miles an hour the loudest noise in this new Land-Rover comes from the roar of the engine"

What makes Land-Rover the most conspicuous car in the world? "There is really no secret," says an eminent Land-Rover enthusiast.

1. "Except for rattles, I am against silence in a car," writes John Steinbeck, a Land-Rover enthusiast, "and I don't know a driver who doesn't want to hear his engine."

2. If this is so, then you may like the Land-Rover very much indeed.

3. Our 4-wheel drive (8 speeds forward, 2 in reverse) masterpiece is not mousey. Its throaty authority is assuring in times of stress; which nowadays is usually.

4. Nor is this claim true only at 60 miles an hour. A Land-Rover is more conspicuous even when it is standing still. With the ignition off.

5. The Land-Rover stands nearly seven feet tall. All its features tend to heroic proportion.

6. Therefore, when driving, you will simply loom over traffic which previously had scared the devil out of you.

7. This is not only safe and enjoyable, but you will exult to observe how other

drivers, awe-inspired by the Land-Rover's casual might, yield in deference.

8. (Small wonder that women are enormously fond of driving Land-Rovers. The easy command of such massive, maneuverable masculinity is heady stuff.)

9. You may have read of tests where "imported cars" fared badly in collisions? It's a pity we weren't in there to help out the side. The Land-Rover is built to resist the charge of a bull rhinoceros; or a bull Lincoln for that matter.

10. The Land-Rover's sturdiness of construction (the under-frame resembles a reinforced section of railway track) makes it ideal for trackless wastes, car pools of small children, wretched ordeals, et cetera.

11. There are perhaps 14 Land-Rover hardy perennials ranging from safari cars and campers to police vans and getaway cars. Our most popular passenger models are the 7-seater Model 88 and the 10-seater Model 109 Station Wagons.

11-A. An attractive feature of the '66 Land-Rover is that it is precisely as attractive as the '65.

12. Both of these have capacious rear doors for unloading bulk or people. The unathletic may use the fold-down step.

13. The after compartment has facing seats. This arrangement, although somewhat reminiscent of riding in a paddy-wagon, is extremely sociable. Late at night, it is hilarious.



LAND-ROVER WITH & WITHOUT TIRE ON HOOD

14. The Land-Rover is available with a spare tire either mounted on the rear door or on top of the hood. The tires are identical in every respect save that it costs \$7.40 more to have one on the hood.

15. People who feel diffident about driving a Land-Rover with the spare tire on the hood can buy the conventional Land-Rover and save \$7.40.

PRICE: The Model 109 Station Wagon illustrated in this advertisement costs **\$3,906** on the Atlantic Coast, **\$4,092** on the Pacific Coast; at places in between, it costs in between. The Model 88 Station Wagon (shorter by 1 door) costs about **\$600** less.

If you would like to listen to the Land-Rover, or to the embarrassingly quiet Mark II Rover Sedan, or to the Rover 2000 Sports Sedan (which has "a little panty mutter when idling that rises to a whispering roar in the lower gears," according to Mr. Steinbeck), please ask any dealer here listed. (LR) signifies a Land-Rover dealer; (R), a Rover dealer; (R & LR), both.

Thank you.

"THE LAND-ROVER AND CRIME"

PREFERRED BY THE POLICE OF 37 COUNTRIES AND THE BANDITS OF AT LEAST 1

DUE TO THE GROWING POPULARITY of the Land-Rover in the commission of grand theft, an interim report seems in order. Apparently our 4-wheel drive vehicle has latent virtues which may be of interest to the prospective owner.

It is not our intent here to point out raffish ways for one to pick up a great deal of extra money in one's spare time. Rather the opposite: to abet law and order by useful suggestion.

For instance: in two recent major crimes Land-Rovers were most helpful in hauling away £2,500,000 (\$7,000,000) and £90,000 (\$252,000), respectively. Now, although it is well-known that the police of the United Kingdom also employ Land-Rovers, *nowhere is it reported that they employed them on these occasions for hot pursuit of the brigands.* Perhaps that was their mistake.

NEAR LEIGHTON BUZZARD, BEDS.

The first theft, widely if grudgingly admired for its sheer bulk of loot, was, of course, the Great Train Robbery which brought the title back to England.

This Olympics of knavery took place, you recall, at Cheddington, just five miles out of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, on August 8 last, a Thursday.

Nearly a week passed before any clues turned up. Then, on Tuesday, August 13, a Times of London article datelined Brill, Buckinghamshire, reported:

"A lonely farmhouse near here, twelve miles from Oxford, was the hideout for the mail train gang and their haul of £2,500,000 in bank notes. Mailbags in three abandoned vehicles—an Army type truck and two Land-Rovers—have been found but no money."

NOT LIKE DARTS

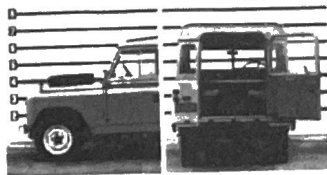
Dismissing the Army lorry, one surmises that the Land-Rovers were given the arduous getaway assignment not only for their rugged dependability, but for their capacious rear doors, as well.

Bank notes in excess of so many tend to be cumbersome. When you are trying to on-load literally bags and bags of the stuff you simply haven't got the time to aim nicely; it's not like darts.

No, robbing a train is a very near thing at best and one has got to have the tools to do the job.

FOUND BY MUSHROOMER

Paradoxically, another Land-Rover feature, its outstanding over-all height, caused the thieves to flee the farm, it is thought. According to The Times:



Left Profile

Rear View

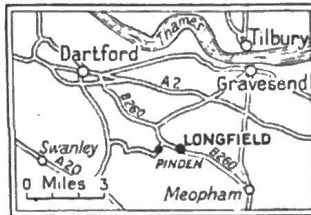
"On Sunday afternoon a local man went mushrooming near the farm and noticed the top of a Land-Rover sticking out of a dilapidated outhouse among the trees." This he duly reported.

The Times account continues: "Police believe that the gang fled in haste. In the garden, near a row of runner beans, was a partly dug hole about 3 ft. deep, a spade still standing in a mound of clay.

"Detective Superintendent Fewtrell,

head of Buckinghamshire's C.I.D., surveyed the hole and commented: 'Presumably they intended burying the evidence. We know they got out before they intended...they must have got the wind up.'"

Naturally we are pleased that, having been an accessory to the crime, the Land-Rover was also helpful in its solution.



LAND-ROVER STRIKES AGAIN

Though piddling by comparison, the latest Land-Rover effort—the Longfield, Kent, job of September 27—was respectable by county competition standards. It also illustrated an entirely different aspect of the Land-Rover's amazing versatility.

Under the headlines "£90,000 Stolen In Bank Van Ambush" and "Getaway By 8 Masked Men: Guard Felled By Cosh", The London Times describes how the armoured car was high jacked. The bandits lay in wait with their vehicles along a hedged-in road at the T-junction leading off to Horton Kirby and South Darenth. And then:

"A brick was hurled through the windscreen of the bank van, forcing the driver to stop. The bank van was hemmed in by the Land-Rover and the lorry." Whereupon the bandits leaped from the ambush vehicles armed with pick-axe handles, enveloped the bank van, carried the day, and drove off towards Horton Kirby.

To our knowledge this is the first time the Land-Rover has been used in the actual commission of a stick-up of this magnitude. While this dubious demonstration of its versatility would seem conclusive, one wonders: what would the

(cont. on next page)



"THE LAND-ROVER AND CRIME"

(cont. from previous page)

outcome have been had the victim-vehicle also been a Land-Rover (Model 109 Bank Van)? An interesting conjecture.

LAW-FEARERS ASK

"Why," decent, law-fearing people may ask, "do you sell Land-Rovers to chaps who are going to use them to rob trains and banks?"

Actually, we can't always tell.

We've sold Land-Rovers to all sorts of customers in over 160 countries, including the armed services of 26, the police forces of 37, veritable legions of country squires, desert chieftains, titled persons, oil and gold prospectors, light and heavy sportsmen; and to multitudes of nice families for skiing, beach bugging and other pleasant things. With this limitless range we often don't know precisely how a buyer intends to use his Land-Rover.

NEW OWNER OFTEN CLUELESS

More often than not the new owner doesn't know himself until he's tested its enormous virtuosity. For all we know, the recent bandits were ordinary citizens who only turned to lives of crime *after* they found their Land-Rovers were just the thing for sticking up trains.

As a matter of fact, we can give you what appears to be a character reference on one of our customers; this one also from The London Times of August 13. A member of the Mail Train Mob got the key to the farmhouse hideout from a neighboring housewife (he said he was the new owner).

She describes him thus: "He was a well dressed, well spoken, and charming man. I have not seen him since."

Neither have we; we do hope he's keeping it serviced.

BORED WITH YOUR PRESENT LIFE?

IF YOU STILL TRUST THE MAILS,
MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

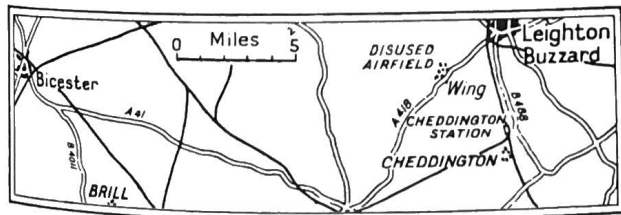
Rover Motor Co. of N. America Ltd.
Section 009
405 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 17.

My name is: _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



[Some Thoughts on Advertising by a Company About to do Some]



HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT BILLBOARDS?

FOR reasons which will surely keep until next time we have not been as aggressive as we might at advertising our Rover cars and Land-Rovers to you. But that is in the past, and now we are prepared to be as aggressive as you please. And we really mean “as you please”; you should not allow yourself to be imposed upon if you can avoid it.

Usually you can avoid it: if a salesman is officious or over-zealous you can, and ought to, walk out on him. (If a Rover salesman should ever prove rude or pushy—or you simply can’t stand him—please let us know immediately and we will take steps and inform you of them by return post.)

If an advertisement displeases you, you can, so to speak walk out on it, too. Unless it is a billboard; it is very difficult to walk out on a billboard. Which is probably why they continue to enjoy the favour of advertisers—despite the fact that many people apparently don’t care for them at all.

How many people? Well, there must be quite a lot, to judge from the enormous amount of anti-billboard legislation and other activity one reads about.

In view of this flood of public opinion it is strange that no advertiser has thought to ask the people to whom he hopes to sell his goods how they feel. It seems to us a prudent and legitimate question to ask, so we shall ask it.

You will note that the wording of the reply form is more explicit than that of the headline above. For this reason: many people who profess to dislike billboards may not, by the same token, dislike the advertising on them. They may even *like* the advertising, or some of it, very much indeed. And some people may not care a fig one way or the other. Hence the three questions.

However, we would not have you think for a minute that this effort at fairness conceals even the slightest impartiality. We don’t mind saying that we personally loathe billboards, and for a highly per-

sonal reason: they tend to diminish our value to you.

We make motor cars, and make them with a great deal of care so that they will please you in every possible way. The Land-Rover is unquestionably the finest four-wheel-drive vehicle—and the most versatile vehicle—in the world. Of the Mark II Rover (Sedan and Coupe) let us say that the only car even comparable to it in engineering or comfort costs thrice the price.

However, the single best feature about a Rover—or any car, for that matter—is the world as you drive through it from one place to another. So, it is to our interest that the world and its views be as attractive as possible; for, to the degree that they are not the car’s value to you decreases. Therefore, it does not seem shrewd for a motor car manufacturer to purposely make the world *less* attractive by publicly sponsoring eyesores.

In passing, however, it would be churlish of us not to admit that the most engaging and clever automobile advertising campaign in the country looks wonderful on billboards; but then, it looks wonderful in magazines and newspapers, too.

Well, we’d appreciate your filling in the form and sending it to us. One other thing: we haven’t allowed room for pictures of our cars or much other information, but if you’d like them just check the appropriate boxes in the postscript. Thank you.

The Rover Motor Company
405 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

- I’d just as soon you didn’t advertise on billboards.
 I have no feeling one way or the other.
 I’d like to see you advertise on billboards.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

- P.S. I would like some information on The Land-Rover;
 The Mark II Rover; Your Overseas Delivery Plan

**TONIGHT
COULD BE THE
NIGHT!**

**EVEN AT
THANKSGIVING
DINNER**

If you've no objections let's not talk about how good Paul Masson California Champagne goes with Thanksgiving Dinner. It's abundantly self-evident to *us* and besides we covered it nicely in the headline. Let's get on.

Still, perhaps we're being too hasty. What, after all, *is* Thanksgiving?

Exactly. It's grateful recognition of the smiles of fortune — and the celebration thereof. Now, we have said all along that you ought to keep a bottle of our California Champagne at the ready in your ice box. (*So when something nice happened you'd be set without a lot of scurrying around and hating yourself.*) Thanksgiving can come anytime, you see.

In November *alone* there are 29 other days and nights, and maybe you think some of them aren't fun! In case your own prospects are a little thin you can always break out the Paul Masson (Brut, Extra Dry, or Pink. Or Sparkling Burgundy) for these: Election Day, Save a Wife Week, Cage Bird Week, and Long Underwear Week.

We haven't heard from you lately. Are you sure you've written? We write back, you know. Oh, yes.

The anxious

Paul Masson



NOVEMBER, in this XIVth Century plate, portrays a man fooling around a wine keg. The artist was probably a dreamy, impractical fellow who never met a vineyard payroll in his life.



Paul Masson said: Tether the horses and set out my brandy!

An early riser and a hard driver. From his Vineyard in the Sky to San Francisco is 50 miles, a good day's ride. But Paul Masson, in full fig, always managed to halloo into the Palace Hotel courtyard in time for a dollop of the best *before* a lingering lunch. And *after*. "In those days I couldn't decide *when* my brandy tasted better," he'd say. "I still can't. Decisions, always decisions."

Paul Masson was the last of the bon vivants until you came along. Don't worry about decisions is what we say. Play both ends but watch that lingering.

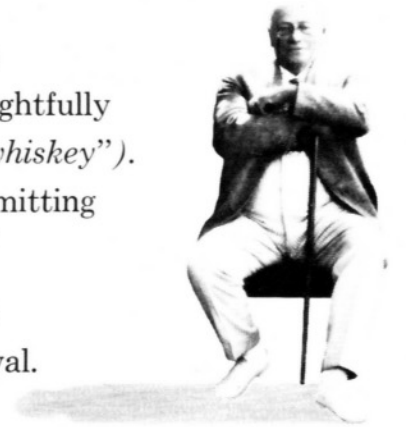
84 PROOF © PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS • SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA



Paul Masson said:
Save that match for your cigar;
my brandy is for drinking

A conservationist and a gourmet. "Mind you, I've no objections to Crêpe Suzette Flambée", remarked the old gentleman as he thoughtfully poured a finger of his brandy (*which he fondly called "California whiskey"*). "Still it seems a piteous waste to use my beautiful brandy for committing arson on pancakes. How nobler to relish it pure and unscorched!"

Paul Masson was the last of the bon vivants until you came along. We'd rather you didn't add fuel to the fire. But if you must, be loyal.



© PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS • SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA • 84 PROOF



Nature. Alcuū temperantē meli' et co. est. mediū eius. unamētū gradatim pcedentib' ad omnia nocumētū. temperatis opletioibus. remotio nocumētū. cū reb' buncētū ibalneo.

autumn in this fourteenth century illumination shows people grape harvesting and crushing. They had better stop where they are and get an empty bucket under that spout if we know anything about it and we do.

the frost is on the paul masson: tonight could be the night!

If you're temporarily short on things to celebrate with frosty champagne *the season is reason enough*. According to the above Mediaeval Latin critique on autumn. We translate:

autumn's nature is: nicely stimulating. **its good:** tingling anticipation. **its benefit:** it overcomes summer's **harmful** vapors and dispels lassitude **by means of** wet compresses (we take this to mean around the *bottle*. In those days there were no re-
frigerators for keeping Paul Masson California champagne at the ready in.) and serene thoughts.

Have a thought for future joys and stand by with *Paul Masson* champagne.
Tonight could be the night!



PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS
SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

Chile con Carne and Sparkling Champagne

Rodgers and Hart mentioned this homey combination in a fine song about romance. And no matter how you (or they) feel about chile, there's no denying that there's a strong affinity between champagne and romance.

If you have a romance going, or hope to have, or you're celebrating the anniversary of one, then you should know about the most enchanting wines ever.

They're created by Paul Masson of Saratoga, California, and you have quite a choice: Champagnes (Brut, Extra Dry and Pink) and Sparkling Burgundy. They come variously priced, variously packaged, each romantically designed for gifting.

You may choose, for example, The Ace Box (a fifth) or The Magnum Box (a magnum). Either is as romantic a gift as we, Paul Masson, or even Rodgers and Hart could think of.

(Insert price lines or distributor name)

Paul Masson

extraordinary
GIFT CHAMPAGNE
and other wines



PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

Who'd put a cellar in a penthouse?

We would. As a matter of fact, we'll go a step further and say you can put a cellar on any floor you please; first, second, fifth, even the basement. You furnish the space. We'll furnish the cellar.

The Paul Masson Home Wine Cellar has this advantage: you can drink it. It contains twelve bottles of our California table wine. Four of red (Burgundy), four of pink (Vin Rose Sec), and four of white (Chablis). A pretty colorful sight. But there's more: the cellar, itself.

It is a sturdy plywood rack in a 14" unit that can be tucked almost anywhere: in your liquor cabinet, in your linen closet, or under your bed (providing it's not a top bunk or sleeping bag).

You need not stop at just one cellar either (though it makes an admirable start). Our Home Wine Cellars can be placed side by side on the floor or shelf to make up a whole year's supply.

Your liquor dealer is the man to see. He has them for around \$16. Which isn't much for so firm a foundation to happiness, we'd say.



© Paul Masson Vineyards • Saratoga, California.
COLLECTED BY COPY LEGENDS

Why there was no rare brandy in Paul Masson's day. For you.

Oh it existed all right. But in the old gentleman's day, you couldn't buy a thimbleful; he kept all the good stuff for himself. He never let it out of his sight.

An inveterate hoarder of fine liquors, Paul Masson guarded his California brandy like a miser. And from time to time, while taste touring through the cellars of his Vineyard in the Sky, he'd discover a brandy of extraordinary aroma and flavor. As his trained nose and tongue savored the goodness, he'd nod grudgingly, take out a piece of chalk and write on the cask: RARE.

And move it to *his* section for further aging and observation. If it continued to improve, he'd have it put in his private cellar. His, all his.

Today, not only can you *see* Paul Masson's Rare Brandy* (at your liquor dealer's) but you can taste it (for about \$14.75). We've bottled a whole fifth gallon of it in a porcelain replica of a XVIIIth Century apothecary jar. It bears the Latin inscription "Spirit. Vini Vitis" which is a rare way of saying Rare Brandy. And so it is.

Paul Masson



© Paul Masson Vineyards • Saratoga, California. *80 proof.

**Only a
stockbroker's
daughter...**

... she was a girl who had everything, and everything was simply splendid. She had an eye for the finer things, you might say. What could you do for such a girl? Plant the North Forty to orchids? Hardly.

Now Paul Masson just happens to create the finest wines ever to grace your Steuben or Fostoria. One of these choice items is California Rare Cream Sherry. It comes in a heart shaped bottle—(which is more than coincidental... this being a love story of sorts), containing a fifth. But we digress.

Well, her young man had the right idea. Next time her doorbell rang, there he stood, hat in hand, grin on face... and under his arm a gift box of Paul Masson Wine.

She was only a stockbroker's daughter, and the stockbroker was his boss.

Sure, there are other roads to success, but none so pleasant.

(Insert price lines or distributor name)

Paul Masson

California

RARE CREAM SHERRY
and other extraordinary wines



*Hooray,
Hooray,*



*It's
Valentine's
Day!*

Bring her an *original* gift. For a change. However, just originality is not enough. A double-bitted axe is loaded with originality but somehow lacks, well, *sentiment*.

A Valentine Gift of our delicious Paul Masson Rare California Wine is all those things. It comes complete; a heart-shaped bottle of Rare Tawny Port or Rare Cream Sherry and four handblown crystal wine glasses. Gift-wrapped magnificently; heady with romance.

The wines themselves are what we call Paul Masson Rarities. Why? Because we press them from choice grapes and let them mature in old oaken casks so they possess an extraordinary bouquet and flavor. "Rarity" also means there isn't much of it, so on your mark...

Your liquor dealer is the man to see. Drop us a line after you've given it to her. We'll enjoy hearing how she liked it.

Paul Masson

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

**Paul Masson Rosé,
Liverwurst,
and You**



Paul Masson Rosé Sec, trod from choicest Grenache grapes, well chilled, is just about the prettiest thing in the world for washing down a liverwurst sandwich. Or breast of capon.

Not only pretty but popular and we think the reason is that lots of people like a wine a little lighter than red wine and also one they can ice. That's our Rosé, all right, and anything tastes good with it.

Have we sold you one bottle yet? Good. Now, will you try for a case?

The advantage to a case—outside of the 10% your liquor dealer will knock off—is that when somebody says: "Boy, wouldn't a bottle of Rosé go good with dinner!" everybody won't just sit around and look wistful because there isn't any.

Also, by the time you've savored a few bottles of this fine wine you'll have a firm idea of what a superior Rosé ought to taste like. While we don't want to run down other people's Rosés (though actually we do it all the time and rather enjoy it) not many of them are *nearly* as good as ours. We try to be broad-minded but aren't too successful at it. Neither would you be if your Rosé were as splendid as ours.

Try a case. Drop us a note at Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, California afterwards, or even before. We like fan mail and are good about answering.

Paul Masson

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

[PAUL MASSON'S

As you may remember, Paul Masson's remarkable table was especially designed to display our remarkable variety of award-winning California table wines. After the picture was taken, we thought it only fair to offer this very special piece of furniture to whoever (whomever?) could best utilize all of its remarkable features; several people wrote in. Miss Agatha Acres' table-winning answer

AGATHA L. ACRES OF BALTIMORE WINS PAUL MASSON'S REMARKABLE TABLE!



Dear Sirs:

Please send me that table: I can't think of any clever reasons to give you—it's just that I'm an old lady in Baltimore and it would suit me. My name is Agatha Louise Acres and if I had that table it wouldn't matter so much. I save things—little unimportant ugly things—I'd hide them in those three deep drawers. I have a brown and white cat named Edward—Edward would sit in that center part and keep the guests, which I'd invite, from using that lovely guest towel. I'd put my father's picture on one side and I'd certainly buy some of your wine for the other.

Sincerely, *Agatha Louise Acres*



PAUL MASSON DESIGNS A REMARKABLE TABLE!

And now that we've used it to display our remarkable variety of award-winning* California table wines, we'll be delighted to send the table to you or any friend of yours who can figure out the best way to utilize all of its special features. As you can see, it has three deep drawers like the one balancing the pretty glass under our four outstanding red table wines (*Burgundy, Cabernet Sauvignon, Pinot Noir,*

Gamay Beaujolais), a trim brass guardrail running behind that level to the right side (*Chablis, Pinot Chardonnay, Chateau Masson*), a dandy secret slide-out shelf under the center niche (*Rhine Wine, Rhine Castle, Emerald Dry, Riesling*), and an inlaid cupboard with adjoining corkscrew holder across from the mezzanine shelf (*Vin Rosé Sec, Dry Sauterne*).
*Please note the blue ribbon. All of these wines won high awards!

Dear Paul Masson Vineyards, Dept. Y, Saratoga, California:

I feel I deserve to win the unique table pictured above since it is exactly what I've always needed for reasons enclosed (or mailed separately). I understand your contest ends April 1, 1962 and is void where prohibited by law. However:

Please send me your free booklet that explains all about table wines whether I win the table or not.

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____



TWELVE HINTS TO HELP YOU WIN IT!

(If you don't happen to need a safe of shining gold, just check part one of the coupon below.)

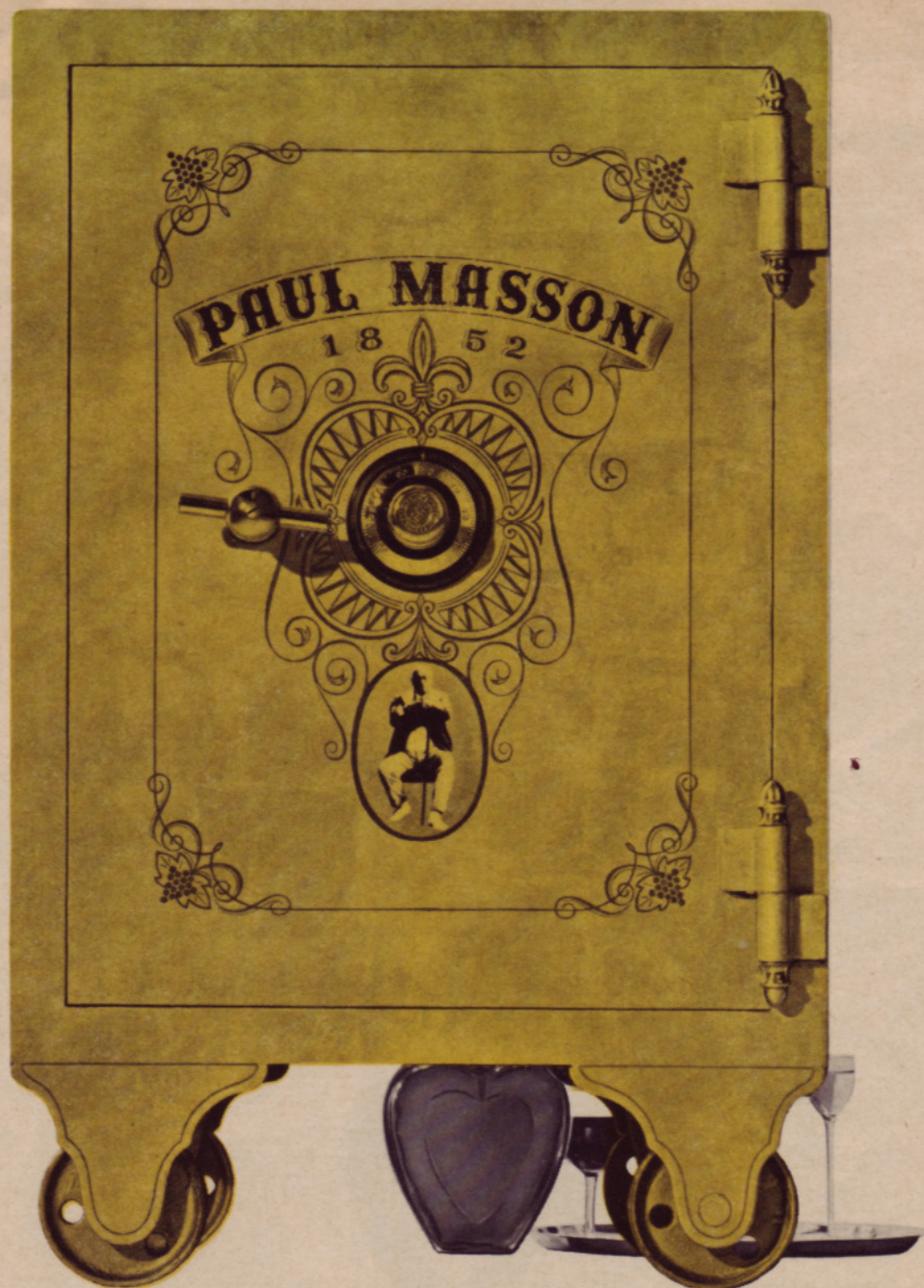
Hint:

- [1] The safe is 21½ inches wide, 19¼ inches deep and 33½ inches high (including wheels). The back has not been removed.
- [2] Paul Masson Pale Dry Sherry (dry & light-bodied) 2 lbs. 12½ oz.
- [3] Paul Masson Fine Sherry (medium-dry & mellow) 2 lbs. 13¼ oz.
- [4] Paul Masson Golden Cream Sherry (rich & smooth) 2 lbs. 13¾ oz.
- [5] Paul Masson Tawny Port (medium sweet) 2 lbs. 14 oz.
- [6] Paul Masson Rich Ruby Port (robust, smooth). . . 2 lbs. 13½ oz.
- [7] Paul Masson Choice Muscatel (sweet, smooth). . . 2 lbs. 13¾ oz.
- [8] Paul Masson Oro Fino (mature aroma and flavor) 2 lbs. 13¾ oz.
- [9] Paul Masson Rare Dry Sherry (special pale, dry) . 2 lbs. 13¼ oz.
- [10] Paul Masson Rare Cream Sherry (extra rich, sweet) . 2 lbs. 14 oz.
- [11] Paul Masson Rare Tawny Port (extra mellow) . . 2 lbs. 14¼ oz.
- [12] The gold is worth its weight in Paul Masson's fine California wine.

Dear Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, California.

1. Please send me your free booklet about the how, when & why of wines.
2. I've always wanted a gold safe weighing exactly _____ lbs. _____ oz. so please send me yours postpaid unless somebody else makes a luckier guess. (I understand that in case of a tie, the first answer received gets the safe—lock, stock and wheels.)

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____



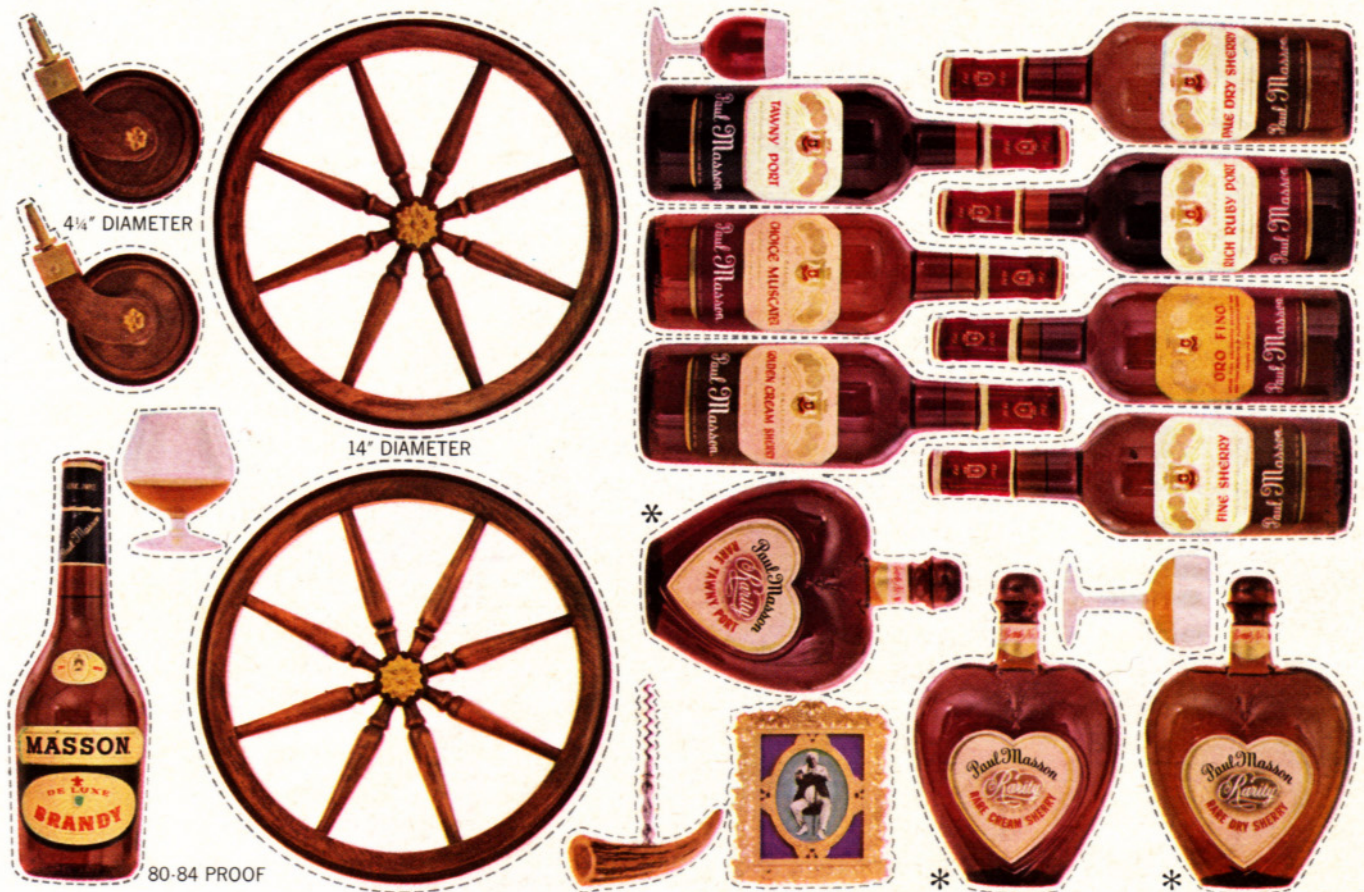
WIN PAUL MASSON'S GENUINE GOLD PLATED SAFE!

(Actually, it's 23 karat gold leaf!) We discovered this dandy little safe one Tuesday morning as we were searching for a way to properly indicate the valuable character of Paul Masson's appetizer wines, dessert wines and rarities. We had it gilded.

Now that it has served its purpose we'll be delighted to give it to you or anybody you might know who'd really appreciate it. How-

ever, since we have only one safe and we may get several requests, we suppose the fair thing would be to give it to whoever comes closest to guessing the total weight of the safe with ten different bottles of our rare and delicious wines inside. *(If you've got a scientific knack, you'll find some helpful hints on the back of the safe; otherwise just close your eyes and guess like the rest of us.)*

WIN PAUL MASSON'S DESIGN-IT-YOURSELF DESSERT WINE CART



And we'll have it built to your very own specifications by master cabinetmaker Albert Meakin and sent to you free and postpaid. As the kit shown above indicates, a dessert wine cart can be almost anything with wheels that will accommodate our ten different appetizer wines, dessert wines and Rarities* as well as a bottle of our De Luxe Brandy. It may also have a number of convenient drawers, shelves and nooks for wine glasses, brandy snifters, bottle openers, fruit knives, cheese dishes, and other such adjuncts to adequate living you might wish to offer your guests as they gather at your fireside or in the study or on the patio. As the case might be. Naturally, we expect you to design your dessert wine cart in any style from Doric to Danish Modern that best suits your own tastes and furnishings.

RULES: Simply sketch a dessert wine cart, using all the components illustrated, that will suitably

(Offer void where prohibited by law)

accommodate all the fine Paul Masson California wines and brandy shown above and send your sketch along to us before April 1, 1963. There is no limit to how much the winning cart will cost to make; however, a word to the wise: Paul Masson has never felt undue extravagance was necessarily a sign of good taste and any cart costing over two or three hundred dollars will have what you might call a strike against it. Good luck.

Dear Paul Masson Vineyards, Dept. Y-1, Saratoga, California:

- Here is my design for the perfect dessert wine cart; I naturally expect to win, so after Mr. Meakin finishes making it, please send my cart to me, free and postpaid,
- But in case your judges award the dessert wine cart to somebody else, I'd like to have your free booklet, "Ways With Wine", and I'll build my own.

Cordially,

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA



(Order the wine first; be a food snob)

There is a great deal to be said for ordering the wine first, especially if you have never been in the restaurant before. You don't know *it*, but you do know Paul Masson. So you pick one you are in the mood for (our 4 California champagnes and 16 table wines cover a lot of moods)

...and then you say: "Now what dish would you recommend to go with this Paul Masson Chablis (or whichever)?"

©1966, PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS (please visit us), SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

(Quick without looking at the picture)



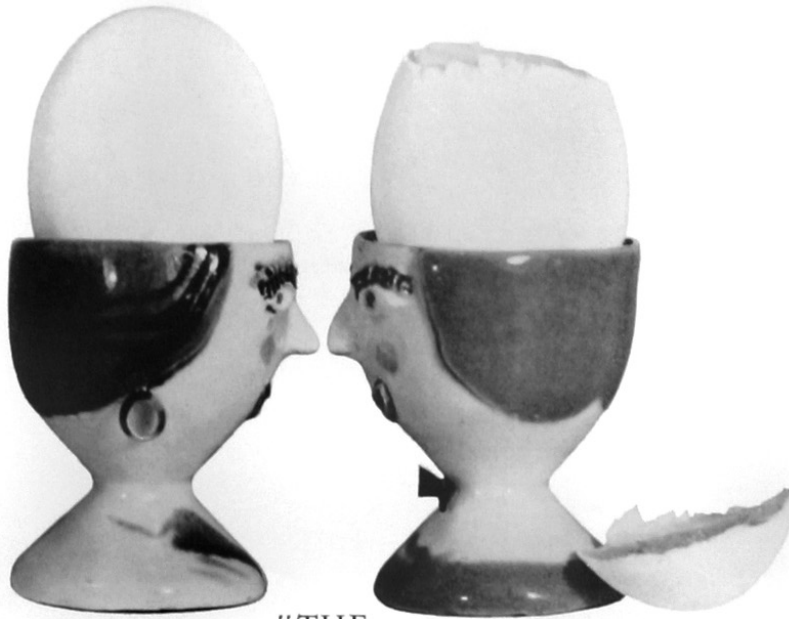
What wine do you drink before (and after) the wine you drink with dinner?

We used to think we knew. Those on the left, cocktail wines; on the right, dessert wines:

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Paul Masson California Cocktail Sherry	Paul Masson California Rare Cream Sherry <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> " " " Pale Dry Sherry	" " " Golden Cream Sherry <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> " " " Rare Dry Sherry	" " " Rare Tawny Port <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> " " " Fine Sherry	" " " Tawny Port <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> " " " Sweet (Red) Vermouth	" " " Rich Ruby Port <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> " " " Double Dry (White) Vermouth	" " " Choice Muscatel <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

...but we found that people don't necessarily drink them that way anymore. They drink them when and how they like them.

© 1976, PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS (please visit us), SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA



“THE
CRITICAL PERIOD IN
MATRIMONY
IS BREAKFAST-TIME”

[Sir Allan Patrick Herbert]

You know the feeling. The married breakfast is an uneasy time, no matter how much in love the participants. You try to escape it by leaving the house before breakfast or sleeping through till lunch. Stop all that. Face up with Champagne. You break out a bottle of our effervescent stuff—midweek, say, when it feels like the bloom is off the marriage. This Breakfast Champagne comes in four different types: Brut, Extra Dry, Pink, and California Sparkling Burgundy.



And five sizes: La Petite, the Half-Bottle, the Bottle, the Magnum, the Jeroboam. When you've faced up to breakfast with it we'd like to hear from you. Fill out the coupon below, adding comments if you choose. We'll reciprocate with a brochure on our Champagnes, Wines, and Brandy. If you're in our neighborhood (Saratoga, California) stop by our splendid Champagne Cellars. We have tours daily, and we'd love to show you around.

PAUL MASSON

CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE

Paul Masson Vineyards, Dept. A
Saratoga, California

Gentlemen:

My spouse and I had your Champagne for breakfast and: it was just the ticket ; we decided after seventeen years of marriage to seed the backyard with bluegrass ; the children missed the school bus and had to take a cab . Other: _____

Name: _____ Address: _____ City: _____ State: _____

MOB-18

(Tonight could be
the night in black,
white, red or pink)



© Copyright 1965, Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, California. (We have shown the bottles sideways to protect their corks. Champagne is properly never upright until it is served. Most people nowadays even chill it in the ice box. It is a nice idea to keep a bottle of the color of your choice in there on its side just in case there is something to celebrate; like its being evening again.) (We have shown the labels sideways to protect your neck.)



Before you decide
what Rubion tastes best with,
perhaps you'd better taste it.

ONE OF SIX RED TABLE WINES BY PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA, © 1966

(Just Checking)



Say, do you know
what day this is?

© Copyright 1965, Paul Masson Vineyards, Saratoga, California. (We note a deplorable tendency to drink Champagne *anytime*, just because it tastes so good. This is all wrong. Champagne should be saved for special occasions; like its being Thursday or having driven home without getting angry once. Or because you did get angry and want to get unangry.) (Is this your birthday?) (Tonight could be the night?)

What to do until the waiter comes back.

We refer to that pleasant time when you would just as soon sit a bit before you order. There are a number of things you can do besides eating the bread and wondering what it is that the lady in the green dress is having that looks so good:

- 1) Drink the bottle of wine you ordered when the waiter came by. Why wait to enjoy life? Have a glass now.
- 2) "Yes," you might say, "but I haven't decided what I'm going to eat yet!"
- 3) Who says you can't do it the other way around?
- 4) The more we think about it (ordering the food to suit the wine) the better idea it seems. Perhaps we should copyright it.

Copyright 1966, Paul Masson Vineyards, Dept. 2, Saratoga, California. (We have 16 table wines—9 whites, 5 reds, 2 pinks—which you can order food to go with. Write, and we'll send you a complete list.)



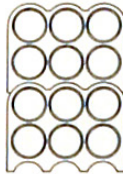
[Paul Masson and the New Leisure]

A hobby you can drink



A wine cellar can run anywhere from a 12-bottle rack to the point where the family is sleeping in pup tents on the lawn. For a starter it might be well to start with just a corner of the basement. We'd hate to see you rip out the furnace before you are quite sure that it is necessary.

Now, as to which wines, we can certainly recommend our own. Paul Masson's list of table wines (15), cocktail and dessert wines (13), and sparkling wines (5) runs to impressive length. (Let's see: 33).



But as a hobby table wine collecting is especially challenging; possibly because one is forever drinking up the very best specimens.

If you'd like some help on getting started you can count on us. Just write to the address below. We'll also send you the labels from

all 15 of our table wines with a description of each so you'll recognize them at the wine store or restaurant. If you're already a wine collector, write anyway; you may find some items of particular interest in our catalog. Thank you.

(The inset modular stackable wine rack is our own design and is available with our wines in states which permit it.)
© 1965 PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, DEPT. Y-8, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA

[Send for Your Free Starter Kit Today!]

WINE COLLECTING TAKES UP
LESS SPACE THAN ANTIQUE CARS,
IS QUIETER THAN HI-FI,
AND TASTES BETTER THAN STAMPS



People always say that every man ought to have a hobby but they never mention the real reason, which is: it's the only way he can be alone at home.

Most men, therefore, will choose a hobby that is so bulky, messy, noisy, or boring that no one can bear to be near him; a high price to pay for solitude.

The wise man will forsake these self-tortures and take up wine collecting. It works just as well, no one will bother him: A) children do not drink and so are not interested; B) women love to have wine at the table, but they feel, quite rightly, that

the collecting of wine is, like hunting, man's work. And so it is.

Wine collecting has one magnificent advantage over other hobbies: you can drink it. Also, it is neither expensive nor complicated to start. One may begin with two or three different reds and two or three whites; but which ones? To help you we will be happy to send you the labels of all thirteen Paul Masson table wines (plus a description of the delicious differences of each) to give you a collector's feel right away. Write: Paul Masson Vineyards, Dept. Y-1, Saratoga, California.



KEEP TIMES SQUARE GREEN!

(A MODEST REFORESTATION PROPOSAL FROM OREGON'S LARGEST & ONLY BREWERY AS A FITTING PRELUDE TO OREGON'S GLORIOUS 1959 CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION)

Just picture what reforestation will do for Times Square! Cool and green, teeming with game, salmon swimming up-Pepsi Cola sign to spawn. Why, it'll be a little corner of Oregon! But let's start at the beginning . . .

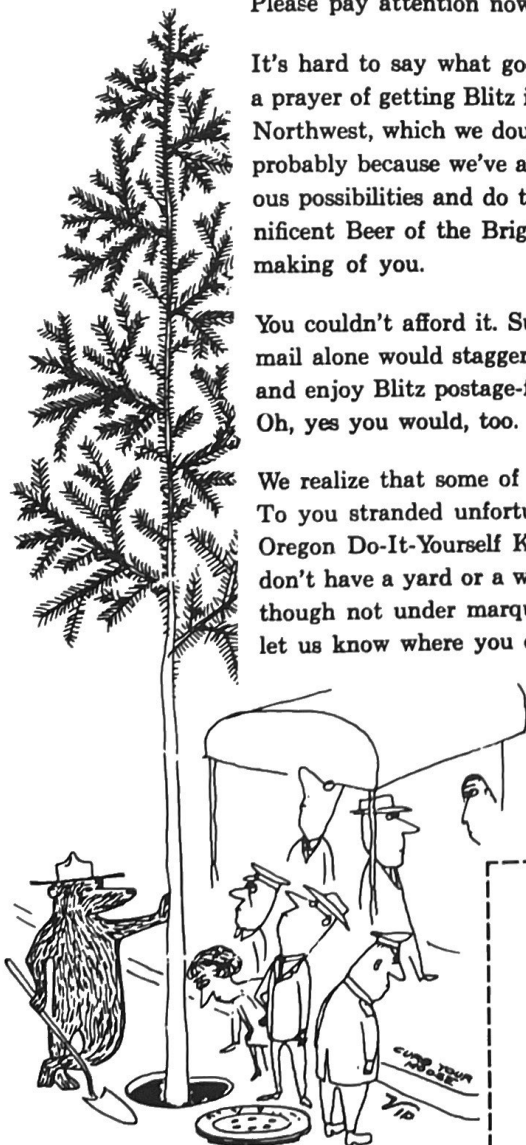
The name of our Beer is Blitz. Perhaps we'd better spell it out for you so you won't claim later that you got us confused with some other beer because we mumbled. Please pay attention now: B-L-I-T-Z. "Beer" is spelled just the way it sounds.

It's hard to say what good this priceless knowledge will do you because you haven't a prayer of getting Blitz in New York or wherever it is you live; unless you live in the Northwest, which we doubt. Especially we like to think of you as living in New York, probably because we've always wanted to get ourselves a nice, old city with marvelous possibilities and do things with it. One thing we won't do is sell you our magnificent Beer of the Bright Cascades (as we say) although it'd very likely be the making of you.

You couldn't afford it. Supposing you rationed yourself to one bottle a day; the air-mail alone would stagger reason. For that kind of money you could move to Oregon and enjoy Blitz postage-free for the rest of your life. And some life! You'd love it. Oh, yes you would, too.

We realize that some of you may not be able to come to Oregon right this minute. To you stranded unfortunates—wherever you are—we will send, absolutely free, an Oregon Do-It-Yourself Kit: an Oregon Fir tree and directions for planting. If you don't have a yard or a window box you might set them out in pots on the street*, though not under marquees; they grow to be a couple of hundred feet tall. Please let us know where you decide.

** Like in front of Lindy's; a delicatessen that may in summer wear a nest of robins in its hair.*



SEND FOR YOUR FREE TREE TODAY!

Blitz-Weinhard Company
1133 W Burnside Street, Portland 9, Oregon

Dear Blitz:
I'd love an Oregon Fir, please send one. I'll let you know where I plant it and how it's doing. Give my very best to the gang. Sincerely,

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

P.S. You understand why I can't come to Oregon right now—I can't get out of that thing on Thursday. I'll be there for the '59 Centennial you can bet.