

NEWS LETTER

Vol. XI. No. 44

Confidential—FOR J. WALTER THOMPSON COMPANY ONLY

October 15, 1929

Chicago's Spanish Kitchen Boasts Unique Collection of Foreign Menu Cards

TANTALIZING to bon vivants—inducing happy memories in ex-globe trotters—rousing pangs of envy in many an involuntary participant in our “noble experiment”—a collection of foreign menu cards is securing unusual attention from all visitors to the Chicago office. Embellishing the long corridor leading to the Spanish kitchen and French Provincial dining room, these menu cards very effectively create dramatic interest in what lies beyond the paneled door at the corridor's end. Through the generous coöperation of our European offices, all of Europe's famed restaurants are represented in the collection.

London's cuisine is typified by cards from Simpson's, Kettner's, the Ritz, the Savoy, the Kit Cat and Embassy Clubs, Simpsons-in-Cheapside, Pimm's, and Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese, where Dr. Johnson supped.

France's culinary supremacy is represented by cards from Foyot, Tour d'Argent, Boeuf à la Mode, Pré Catelan, Ciro's, Armenonville, Fouquet's, Café de Paris, Restaurant De L'Escargot, Marguery's, Café Voisin, Le Cheval Pie, Prunier's, and of course, Café de la Paix, where the whole world passes in review.

Berlin contributes cards from Restaurant Gustav Horcher, where one is spared the agony of prices until the bill is rendered; The Pelzer Grill; the spectacular Haus Vaterland with its Rhein-Terrasse, Turkische Cafe, Csarda, Bodega and Arizona Bar, a place of consolation for Ken Hinks. Other German specimens are Auerbach's Keller, Leipzig, the Welthistorische Goethe-Faust Stätte; Der Kloster Keller, Potsdam; Gasthof zur Krone, Assmannshausen am Rhein; the menu of the banquet tendered the subsequently deposed King Aman Ullah of Afghanistan at Dresden; a menu of the banquet tendered des Herrn Reichspräsidenten Von Hindenburg at Hotel Schwarzer Bock in Wiesbaden on his eightieth birthday; the sumptuous Preysing



These beautiful photographs of the Spanish kitchen in our Chicago Office are two of a series taken by Vernon Calvert Hart. A page of color photographs of the kitchen by Floing appears in the October *Ladies Home Journal*.

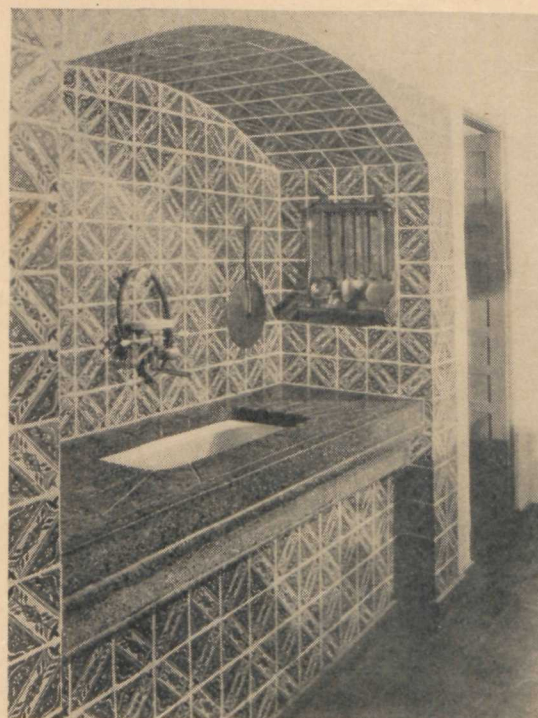
(Left) An electric range is incorporated in the reproduction of a 17th century Spanish stove, made of glazed polychrome tile.

Palais Restaurant and Cafe Luitpold at Munich; the Doctor Weinstube at Berncastle; Ratskellers without end; and crowning the lot a menu card from the S.S. *Bremen* during her record-breaking maiden voyage.

From Vienna, there is a card of the famous Hotel Sacher, where the régime of the Double Eagle still prevails and Madame Sacher's gracious hospitality is dispensed to the impoverished inheritors of the Hapsburg tradition.

Copenhagen is represented by the swank Restaurant Wivel, perhaps the most famous restaurant in Northern Europe, “frequented by nobility and the diplomatic and officer class.”

(Continued on Page 4)



The Spanish “lavadero” (sink) outfitted with American plumbing.

The News Letter

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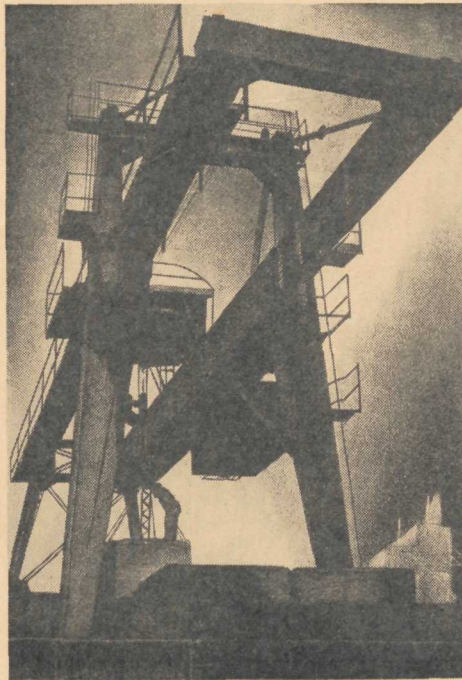
News from Stockholm

Stockholm researchers, approaching with optimism, meet severe rebuff. "Our census was planned in days when trade was vulgar and thinking of it out of hours more so." That was that. Would the trade papers know how many druggists there are in Nyköping? They wouldn't. We walk the streets. Shock troops are imported from London and Copenhagen. More trade papers. Private statisticians. Attachés. Shrug. "Who cares anyway? . . ."

War council, with grim determination. Six telephone books, classified sections. Tens of apoteks, hundreds of herrekipering, thousands of speceriaffärer. Millimeter paper market up seven points . . . stenographers grey-haired. . . . Cherington we are here!

Scandinavian exporters, gloating over the popularity of the new talking movies, find themselves in the thick of battle. While cash registers clang, local professors view with alarm. "Will our people learn through the talkies?" . . . "Is American English?" . . . "They learn slang too soon!" . . . Horrors! And more: "The people in the film can speak only through the nose and yet go on chewing gum with the mouth." . . .

ADRIAN HEAD



ART AND ARTISTS

The above reproduction is a lithograph by Louis Lozowick.

The architectural nature of the subject and careful designing make this very common subject a really interesting and dramatic picture. The black-and-whiteness of such work should produce an interesting series of pictures in any campaign. Mr. Lozowick's subject range includes architecture, industrial pictures and some very interesting still-life work.

The New Museum

This month marks the opening of a Museum of Modern Art in New York City. Its first organized exhibition will be in the Heckscher Building, 57th Street and Fifth Avenue. The paintings will be representative of the first great masters of this particular movement, Cezanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Renoir, Seurat, etc.

Here anyone may spend an exciting hour among the works of men who have "started the building of a new Empire" in the field of painting.

C. O. WOODBURY

Our "Tut Tut" Department

On the very day the last number of THE NEWS LETTER issued from the press, just as the Editors were congratulating themselves upon its superb appearance, Bill Day reduced us to sackcloth and ashes. "An *i* for an *i*", said Mr. Day, "Never an *e* for an *a*! See page 4—Karl Knipe's piece, wherein the well known *aerie* is spelled *erie*". As Webster agrees with Mr. Day, we retract, swallow our word, apologize. (Privately we are flattered that we have such intense reader interest. Thank you, Mr. Day!).

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Major Acland's "Tale of War and Passion"

His friends in the office, to say nothing of the book reviewers, are all talking about Peregrine Acland's* new war novel, "All Else Is Folly". (Coward McCann, \$2.50.) This title comes from Nietzsche, whose philosopher, Zarathustra, says, "Man shall be trained for war, and woman for the recreation of the warrior; all else is folly."

As any ex-soldier knows and every reader of Perry's book must believe, Nietzsche was one of those that jest at scars who never felt a wound. One trip into the line would have wonderfully modified his philosophy, if it didn't actually scare him to death.

I hardly feel qualified to praise the love element in Perry's book. To me, it simply seems a trifle tame. However, I am a veteran of military and advertising campaigns exclusively, not of amorous ones.

I served in the same First Division of Canadians that Perry writes about, wearing the same "red patch" on the shoulders, and I can tell you that the war chapters in this book describe the fighting as we troops saw it. It is not the shuddering of a civilian new to the war nor the bid for admiration of a survivor who has gone soft. Perry never stoops to impress you by reciting the things which horrify us in civilian life but to which we became accustomed in the war.

To me, the drama of the war, the comedy and the tragedy, are in the adjustment of men to conditions. Perry knows the men in the line and how they took the hard work, the fates, and the fortunes of war. He is telling you their story. He leaves the interpretation to you. Unless you are singularly thickheaded, however, you will never agree with Nietzsche that "all else is folly".

True, Perry was an officer and I was always a private. What in dear, democratic Britain is called a "common soldier". Perhaps I saw the fighting and the life from a humbler viewpoint. Possibly I'd tell a slightly different tale of war, as I certainly would of passion. But I recognize this book as the most faithful account of what went on "over there". It is more authentic than "What Price Glory". It is less colored than "All Quiet on the Western Front". It is less sentimental than "Journey's End". It is more touching than "The Big Parade". I click my heels to Perry Acland for "All Else Is Folly"—the truest picture of the war as the fighting battalions saw it.

3036995, PTE. BROWNE, RAYMOND
Late 4th Can. Inf. Bri.

*Major Acland was formerly copywriter with Mr. Mims.

PERSONALS

GEORGE H. FALKNER, who recently joined the radio department writing staff, was graduated from Colgate University, class of 1925; has done newspaper work in New Jersey and New York; publicity work in the Paramount Famous Lasky Corporation, East Coast Office; had a year of agency copy experience in New York before joining our New York Office.

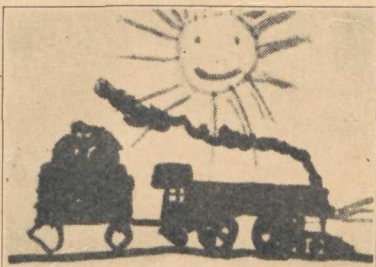
HARRISON McCLUNG joined our Chicago Office on June 15, as a writer, coming to us from the Potts-Turnbull Advertising Company, where he was head of the copy department. Before that, he was with the Flax-li-num Insulating Company, St. Paul, for six years as advertising manager and assistant to the general sales manager. He attended the University of Minnesota until his enlistment, in 1918, in the U. S. Naval Reserve Flying Corps.

OTHER NEW MEMBERS of the New York Office: Dorothy Ingram (stenographer in the radio department), Dorothy Guy (proofreader), Helen Weill (media), Walter C. Meincke (billing), Monica Fitzgerald and Bernard J. Delinski (accounting), Lydia Bowen (mailing), Catherine Tierney, Anna Kesecki, Grace E. Murphy, Adelaide MacMaster (checking).

GRACE BELL, secretary to Donald Augur, married Bernard Charles Carroll on October 2. Mr. and Mrs. Carroll will live in Yonkers, and Mrs. Carroll will continue to act as able assistant to Mr. Augur.

HENRY LEGLER, group head on Scott, Royal and Crowell, reports a third youngster in his family—a son, Gordon, born October 2.

A New Artist for P. R. R.?



The younger generation is so enterprising! The jolly little engine above is the work of the five-year-old son of a member of the New York copy department. Before we know it, the young man will be eligible for the post of Art Director on Pennsylvania Railroad.



Arthur Hartzell
Writes of One of
Europe's Least-
Known Countries

Portugal—Truly a Land of "Mañana"

ALL THOSE who know Europe only from the atlas believe Portugal is nothing more than a spot pasted on the Atlantic side of the Iberian Peninsula that is hard to find on even the biggest maps. It appears in a different color from the rest of Europe, it is true, but one naturally thinks it really ought to be a part of romantic Spain.

And yet, geographically and climatically, as well as historically, Portugal is very much of an entity, an individual rather than a continuation of its neighbor country. Instead of the cloudless skies, thirsty soil and treeless plains of Spain, one notices a distinct change just as soon as the puffing, lurching train climbs over the hills that separate the two countries. One finds oneself in a land that is richly cultivated, a land of humid atmosphere and copious rains.

What then is the truth of this country of which the average man knows so little?—which is little larger than the State of Maine, and yet which governs colonial possessions twenty-three times larger than itself? What is its position in the world of nations today, a country which ranked as one of the most important European monarchies in the sixteenth century only to be left by the ebb and flow of internal and external political tides in semi-obscurity at the close of the nineteenth?

On this, my third trip to Portugal, I was more impressed than ever with what the country is doing to put its house in order and to take its rightful place in the European comity of nations. In three years the government of General Carmona, the dictator, has had a chance to establish itself firmly in power and to begin the reforms that have been so long needed. Business men in Portugal now expect the stabilization of the currency within a short time. The escudo, worth about a dollar before the war, is now approximately four cents.

In Lisbon itself one notices many changes, many evidences of progress. The grass-grown streets and decaying mansions that were familiar sights in former days have disappeared. Much new building is under way, so that Lisbon can again claim rightly its title of being one of the most beautiful cities in Europe. There is no finer street anywhere than the Avenida da Liberdade which sweeps majestically upward from the center of the city to the new suburban section where many of the finest homes are now located. Automobiles, most of them American, are everywhere, symptomatic of a new spirit and a growing purchasing

power. American street cars, of familiar color but bearing strange names, give one a homesick feeling.

O Porto, famous the world over for its bottled goods, is vastly different from Lisbon. It is more picturesque, perhaps, and certainly more interesting. There is probably not a street in O Porto that is on the level. In every direction one goes up or down hill. All the streets are narrow, and automobiles and oxen with an enormous spread of horns vie with each other for the right of way.

Personalities have played a leading rôle in Portugal's history. A dominant personality is now guiding the country into new paths. But, to the average visitor as well as to the advertising man, the most picturesque man in all Portugal is Dom Pereira da Rosa, the owner of *O Seculo* (Lisbon), the country's biggest paper. Here is a man who, at the age of eight, without money, without education—he couldn't even read or write—started to work wrapping up papers in the subscription department. By dint of hard work and night study, he is today, at the age of 43, owner of the biggest newspaper property in the country and the real power behind the republican government. Many people hint he could be president tomorrow if he so desired.

Dom Pereira received me in his private office, luxuriously furnished and typical of the offices of European captains of industry. At his elbow was a battery of telephones and he frequently had to interrupt the conversation to give short, sharp orders, first into one and then another of these instruments. To reach this private office I passed through at least five outer offices, each one of which closed with a steel door and an automatic lock—and each door guarded by a trusted employee. For to royalists Dom Pereira's name is anathema and they have tried on numerous occasions to get rid of him.

The unswerving policy of *O Seculo* is to support the republican government. That is Dom Pereira's creed, and he believes strongly in the future of his country. Every revolution that Portugal has had since 1910 has stormed around his doors. Consequently, extraordinary precautions have been taken not only to protect him but also his newspaper property. Every outer door is equipped with heavy steel safety doors, every window has steel shutters. All these can be closed automatically by the pressing of a button. In addition, a system has been installed which, on command from the owner, showers boiling water into the streets around the building. "Protection of the press" seems a very real term in the case of *O Seculo*!

What of Portugal as a market for American products? With a population of about five and half million—less than New York City—and almost 60 per cent illiterate, it might seem that the prospects are far from

(Continued on Page 4)

Portugal

(Continued from Page 3)

good. Yet in nearly all the shops one sees familiar packages—old friends in tin and cardboard.

Portugal itself produces very little except agricultural products, although around O Porto there is a growing textile industry. Consequently, Portugal looks to England, to France and to the United States for much of her goods.

There are only two cities of major importance, Lisbon and O Porto. Lisbon now claims a million inhabitants and is fast spreading out beyond the seven hills on which it was built. If a manufacturer secures distribution in these two cities, he can branch out to the towns, such as Coimbra, Braga, Setubal and Santarem.

Modern Portugal has put behind it the vanished glories of the monarchy and is determined to make a place for itself for what it is and not for what it was. With this spirit, Portugal's "tomorrow"—instead of being the lackadaisical postponement that "mañana" usually means—becomes the promise of a new national importance and an added outlet for the exporter whose products will aid in the establishment of the standards of living.

ARTHUR HARTZELL

Spanish Kitchen

(Continued from Page 1)

The Stockholm representation includes cards from Den Gyldene Freden (The Golden Fleece), where the atmosphere of Bellman, the famous Swedish minstrel and composer, has been preserved by Anders Zorn; Backahasten (The Steam Horse), and Stadshuskallaren, set by the Sea of Malaren.

From Madrid have come cards of the Palace Hotel where Arthur Hartzell says one may stage a small dinner for about fifty dollars; Casa Botin with its crudeness and dirt completely overshadowed by a 300-year-old reputation for suckling pig; Meson de Segoviano, ancient rendezvous of muleteers whose roisterings today are joined by the rich young bloods of Spain and occasionally by the King, accepted into the company on a basis of equality.

Unlike other collections, such as epitaphs from tombstones, wrappers from loaf sugar, or covers from paper match books, ours has a tangible value in that it is a body of sophisticated source material for those who create J.W.T. food pages. Already an elastic imagination has transmuted the rich Normandy cream in Madame Poulard's omelettes to Libby's Evaporated Milk with no deleterious effect, either to the omelette or to the reputation of this famed hostess of Mont St. Michel.

And so again, our thanks to those heroes of the Foreign Legion who ate their way to success in assembling this collection.

MILTON J. BLAIR

How a "Personality" Feels

How does a "personality" feel—a person who for the first time has his name, photograph, and statement displayed before 6,000,000 readers?

The letter printed here, from a banker who discoursed on the subject of safety in investing, in advertisements prepared for S. W. Straus & Company, reveals how one "personality" reacted to the publicity this advertising gave him. Al K. Thomas, President of the East End Trust Co., Harrisburg, Pa., writes as follows:

"About six or eight weeks ago, the enclosed copy of your advertisement with my picture was sent to me by a number of different people. Among them was one, Alvy Parker, 209 W. Patit Ave., Dayton, Washington, who requests you to send her or him, your booklet. . . .

"Incidentally I would like to say that I have been getting numerous requests from all over the country, and one from Bulgaria, from someone who has seen the advertisement in the Christian Herald. I have received letters from Massachusetts,

Kentucky, Virginia, Pennsylvania and elsewhere. I have had to buy lead pencils, sweet potatoes, and send one crippled lady to the country. If this continues, kindly put me on your payroll or if you would like to have some lead pencils, or sweet potatoes, let me know and I will tell you where to get them. I have gotten quite a 'kick' out of these letters."

The advertisement reproduced below, which shows a photograph of Mr. Thomas, ran in a list of magazines including: *The Outlook* (July 31), *Literary Digest*, (August 10), *Time* (August 5), *Christian Herald* (August 10), and the October issues of *American Magazine*, *Review of Reviews*, *World's Work*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Scribner's* and *Forum*.

It is interesting to record, also, that an inquiry directly traceable to this advertisement resulted in a sale of \$32,000.00 in bonds to a new customer, a woman who read the advertisement in *The Outlook*.

HAROLD WENGLER

"Already, this school teacher has \$20,000 invested in good, solid securities"



AL K. THOMAS, President, East End Trust Co., Harrisburg, Pa. formerly Treasurer of the Pennsylvania State Bankers' Association, and Secretary of the Harrisburg Clearing House is well known for the warm personal interest he has taken in helping hundreds of men and women on the road to financial independence.



The modern bank building of the East End Trust Co., of Harrisburg, Pa., of which Mr. Thomas is president.

Al K. Thomas, President of the East End Trust Co., Harrisburg, Pa., tells how a young woman came to him for advice ten years ago—and how she used his counsel.

"I must have been about ten years ago that Miss L. . . . first came to me for help," said Mr. Thomas. "She was a school-teacher, and she wanted to have enough laid by against the time when she was ready to quit work."

"We talked about how much she could afford to set aside systematically, how she was to invest her money. I worked out for her a definite plan of investing, always based on good, sound securities—she isn't the sort of woman who wants to speculate and risk her principal."

"Miss L. . . . has been investing steadily for these last ten years, and already by persistent saving and reinvesting, she has \$20,000 in good sound securities, all of which I have recommended to her. She says she won't buy anything unless I approve of it. She is still busy saving. When she is ready to quit teaching, she can."

"Miss L. . . . is one of many young women, most of them school teachers, who come to me regularly for investing advice, and who have worked out with my help, a systematic plan of investing. Of course, while I can help them by seeing that they invest their money wisely and safely, their own thrift is what counts. But these young women are willing to make the effort and stick to a systematic plan of safe investing."

Prominent bankers in hundreds of communities are giving depositors in their banks the benefit of their well-rounded knowledge of safe securities. Like Mr. Thomas, they feel a very deep responsibility toward



"I worked out for her a definite plan of investing, based on good, sound securities."

the men and women whom they advise on investments. That is why they recommend, above everything else, safety as a first principle of investing.

Good yield, of course, they regard as important, yet always only after safety of principal has been properly judged. Indeed, the average investor can do nothing wiser than go to his own banker, or a high grade investment banker, for advice.

In hundreds of communities, bankers have chosen from Straus offerings for recommendation to their depositors and for purchase for their own bank reserves. Among Straus offerings are bonds of widely diversified types, real estate mortgage, railway, municipal, public utility, and foreign bonds.

Send for this booklet—As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How to Invest Money." Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. Write for Booklet 0000 or fill in the coupon below.

