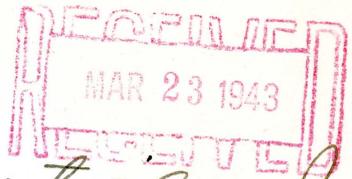


Inch - 22 - '43

Dear Mr. Carter:



This article I am enclosing was written by a 21. year boy — who has "made good."

You probably remember him — He was a friend of Sieman Evans — when Sieman worked for you.

I wrote him about Amos and this is his reply.

What you might like to have it —

We all feel the same way about Amos — and still keeping that faith — Please be brave and keep trusting — Sincerely  
ETA Magendie.

an excellent  
from  
letter.

AMON Jr

I thought about ~~it~~ so much that I wrote the enclosed article. It is more or less a "trade" article, written for the advertising profession's leading trade journal --- they'll put it on a page called "AFTER HOURS", and treat it like an editorial. I've written for them before on controversial subjects, and that is really what the page is for. Thought you might like to read it.

Submitted to PRINTER'S INK

March 15, 1943

## MISSING IN ACTION!

By Herbert F. Thomson  
Horton-Noyes Company

Last night, I heard that a boy I know is "missing in action." This morning, the War is a little closer to me. For this boy represents real flesh and blood, not just a name in the newspaper. He is a real boy --- he always was. Loved, admired and respected by all who knew him.

His father is a leading citizen and newspaper publisher in the South. The boy was raised amidst the principles of democracy and Americanism. As a gangly kid, he probably knew more of the country's "personages" than any other boy in the nation. But, he was never less a boy, for all of that.

He was a fortunate boy? Yes. He, himself, was his own good fortune. He was that kind of boy. He was a leader of other boys by the very fact of the dominant spirit and fundamental good in him. He was never segregated, or coddled. He learned values selling the newspaper his father published. He didn't deliver them --- he sold them in front of the office building where I used to work.

Maybe he was a little neater than less fortunate newsboys. He was quick and pleasant ---- and vital. He went about his job as though it was the most important thing in the world. You sensed his spirit, you felt his smile. Every one of his customers wanted to be his friend. Not because his father was an important man, but honestly

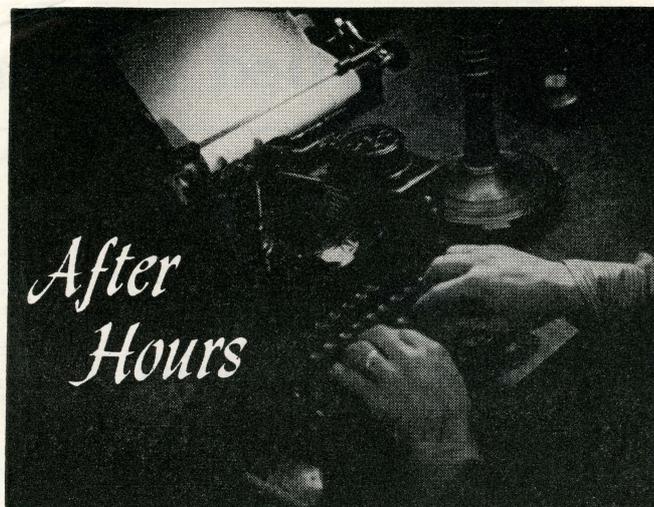
because the boy himself had that special "touch" of sincerity, interest, endeavor and friendliness that everyone admires.

Thinking of this boy, I thumbed through quite a few current and back issues of our leading general consumer and business magazines. I was looking for something definite in some of the so-called human advertisements I had previously read.

I was looking for some truth, and honest-to-God feeling. I wasn't particularly curious, at first. I simply thought that now, maybe, I would be able to understand some of the copy I had read. Maybe I could hope with some of it --- maybe I could get fighting mad with some of it --- or maybe I could sympathize with some of it.

Quite a lot of the copy I read over made me ashamed of being a copywriter. It was obviously "off the top of the desk". Much of it obviously followed supposedly timely angles. It lacked sincerity --- it was confusing, it was trite, it was cumbersome and lost itself often in downright stupidity. Reading some of it, I actually winced --- and thought of the thousands of mothers and fathers whose sons are in Africa and the South Pacific, or soon will be. It made me wonder if the writers had the faintest realization of the hopes and prayers these mothers and fathers lived with, from one day until the next.

One or two of the advertisements did "strike a chord" --- they made me feel something. I tried to put myself in the position of a mother or a father with a boy "lost in action" or "missing in action". Maybe I couldn't get as close as I wanted to, but the simple, honest, direct and human writing in these advertisements carried me along --- enough to tell me that the other 98% were wrong.



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Horton-Noyes Company, Providence

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