

5 May 1952

Mr. Amon G. Carter,
Fort Worth, Texas.

Dear Amon:


I have received your note, the Eastern advertisement and the color sheets from the Fort Worth Star Telegram. I agree with you on the latter; they are excellent.

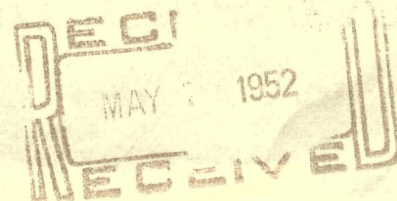
It is difficult to secure agreement on what constitutes good advertising. We have been following the Eastern campaign for a year or more. I am sure that it has its good points but I am equally sure that I could not recommend that general type of advertising for American. It is a bit on the blatant side, and it over-extolls the virtues of anything with which Eastern is connected. Further, it tells a multitude of stories and I have always believed that it was worthwhile to decide what your story was and centralize on that.

We advertise for the purpose of increasing the prestige and gross income of American Airlines. On both of those scores we have consistently exceeded Eastern, year after year. We have the highest prestige in the industry, Eastern is among the low numbers in passenger acceptance. Of course, advertising is not responsible for all of that, the basic service must be good before an advertisement can be effective, and the service of Eastern compares most unfavorably, on the average, with the other large airlines.

I would not want to be out of the newspapers, and a substantial part of our budget goes there, but I would also not like to be entirely out of the national magazines. I believe our advertising effort is better balanced and is more effective than that of Eastern, and I believe that the results indicate that.

I am sending you a magazine advertisement on which we have received many commendations. It is my belief that type of advertisement goes better in a national magazine than in the newspaper, although it would also be effective in the newspaper. But, with a limited budget, there must be a division, and I hope that our present division is in the neighborhood of the right relationship.


C. R. Smith



What a Railroad Man Thinks of Air Travel

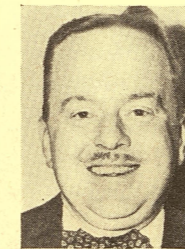
AS REPORTED BY A
FAMOUS WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT



Flying Highballer

By Frederick C. Othman

McLEAN, Va., Oct. 8.—No matter how old you grow, this still is a woman's world. You can ask my



F. C. Othman

father, he's 80.

All his life until his retirement to Henryetta, Okla., a few years ago, he worked for the Burlington Railroad. He loved this railway. Flying machines he regarded as items

of no importance. He had no truck with 'em; when he traveled he chose a Pullman car.

So when he and my mother decided to pay us a visit here on our beaten-up acres outside Washington, he got out his timetables. Mother, who is 76, put a stop to that.

She said this time she intended to bounce across the country in no railway coach. The time had come, she added, to go modern in an airplane. Father put up an argument, but you know what happened. He got two tickets on American Airlines flight two leaving Tulsa yesterday afternoon at

4:45 p.m. He was certain no good would come of this.

Father is an honest man. He arrived here a few hours later and reported what happened. He'd hardly climbed into that flying machine when the captain came back, shook his hand and welcomed him aboard.

There were two stewardesses aboard, one brunette and one blonde. The blonde one announced that the plane would fly at 18,000 feet at a speed of 300 miles an hour.

Father got set for his ears to go haywire, because he'd read about that. Nothing happened. The dark-haired girl explained that the ship was pressurized. Father said he got to worrying about those 18,000 feet between him and the railroad track below. So he kept his eyes on the two pretties, who pampered him with pillows and magazines and orange juice.

The four engines droned pretty loud. A good deal louder, he thought, than a locomotive. Mother said he should throw the switch on his invisible hearing aid and tune them out. He did and all

he heard the rest of the way was a pleasant hum.

Mother kept insisting that he admire the sunset shining pink on the clouds below. He took a look finally and the funny thing was, he said, he didn't seem high at all. Along about dusk he got to wishing for a dining car. Then, he said, one of the dangdest things he ever saw happened.

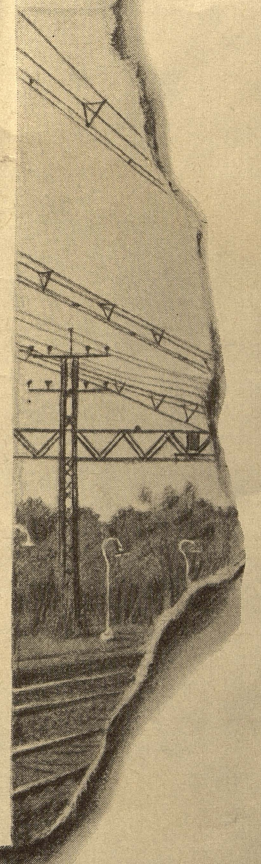
Those two pretty girls started hauling out a banquet for everybody aboard.

He figured he'd spill a good deal of it on his best necktie, on account of the bumps in the air. Only there weren't any. He said it was like rolling slow in a streamliner on a newly ballasted track. Even so, said father, he was prepared to jump, in case of emergencies. Then a horrible thing happened. He fell asleep. Next thing he knew mother was nudging him to take a look at the Washington Monument in its floodlights far below.

The flying machine, my father has concluded, is here to stay, while a woman always gets her way. A good thing, too, he adds, gallantly.

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America's Leading Airline **AMERICAN AIRLINES INC.**

ILLUSTRATED BY *Shark*

Number 4 in a series of advertisements based on actual experiences of Flagship passengers