

madison avenue

THE MAGAZINE OF NEW YORK ADVERTISING

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DECEMBER 1962 / FORTY CENTS

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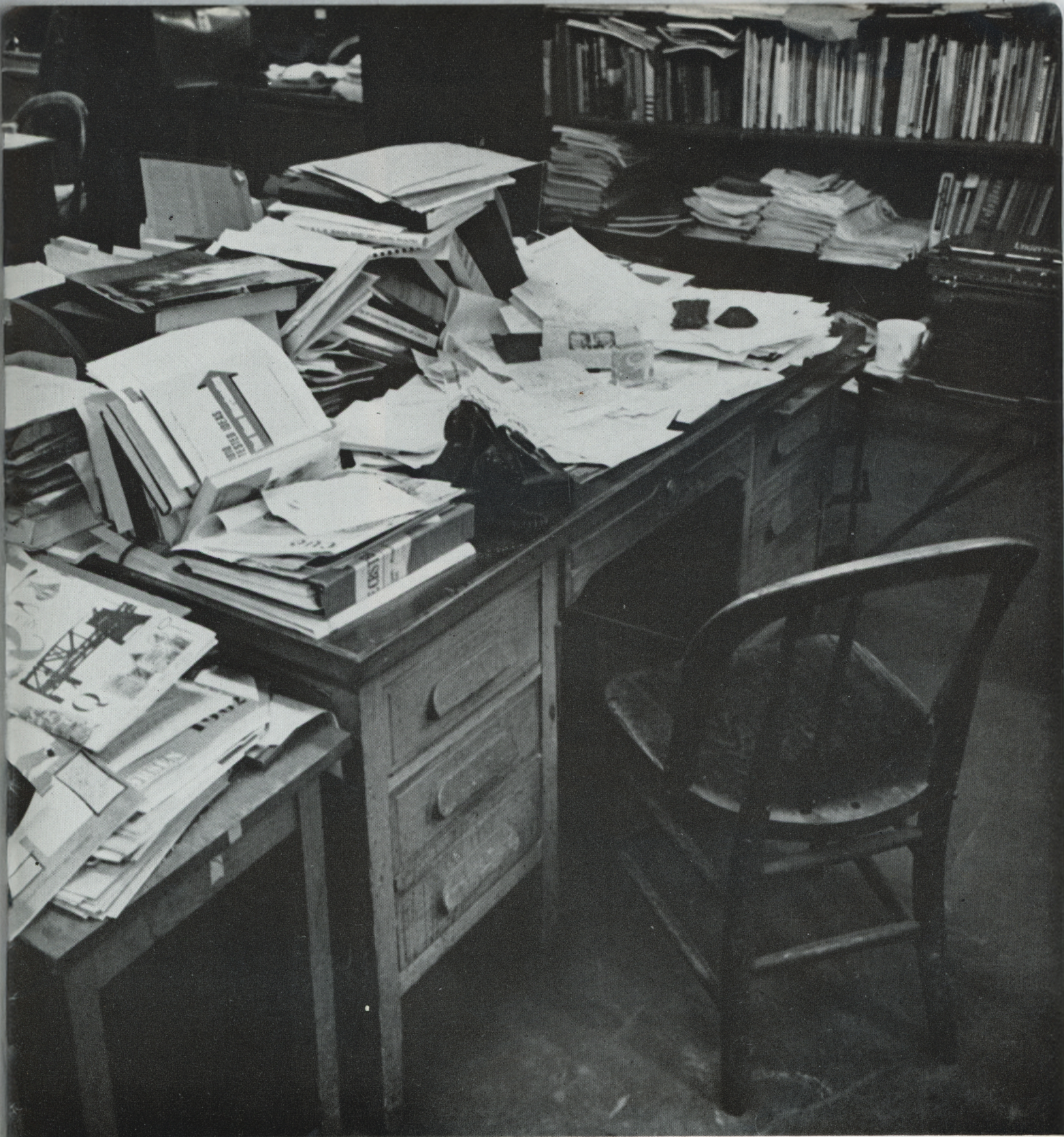
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the working press

Meet the four New York newspaper columnists who call Madison Avenue their beat



At 4A's conference: Bart, O'Dwyer and Kaselow meet in press room, and at right agency president Martin Speckter, Kaselow, talk during recess

Each week, New York's four newspaper advertising columnists file close to 600 column inches of news related to advertising—ranging from the vital statistics of client-and-agency realignments and personnel changes to reports on meetings, new campaigns and interviews with top Madison Avenue management. Nowhere else in the world do metropolitan dailies devote as much space to advertising news.

It is a tribute to the talent of the four reporters and an indication of widespread interest in advertising that many non-admen, and even housewives, follow the fortunes of this business in the public prints. (That lawyer's wife in Englewood may not want her daughter to marry an adman, but she probably knows how Procter & Gamble is going to sell her their new detergent before the rest of the country does.)

Of the four ad columnists, the *Herald Tribune's* Joe Kaselow is the longest in grade and the *Journal-American's* Jack O'Dwyer the youngest. Peter Bart of the *Times* has the widest circulation and the *World-Telegram's* Al Russell is the one who admits he would have loved to have been an agency copywriter.

While it is still too early to assess the editorial viewpoint O'Dwyer will essay—he took over the column just a month ago—Kaselow, Bart and Russell each display an originality

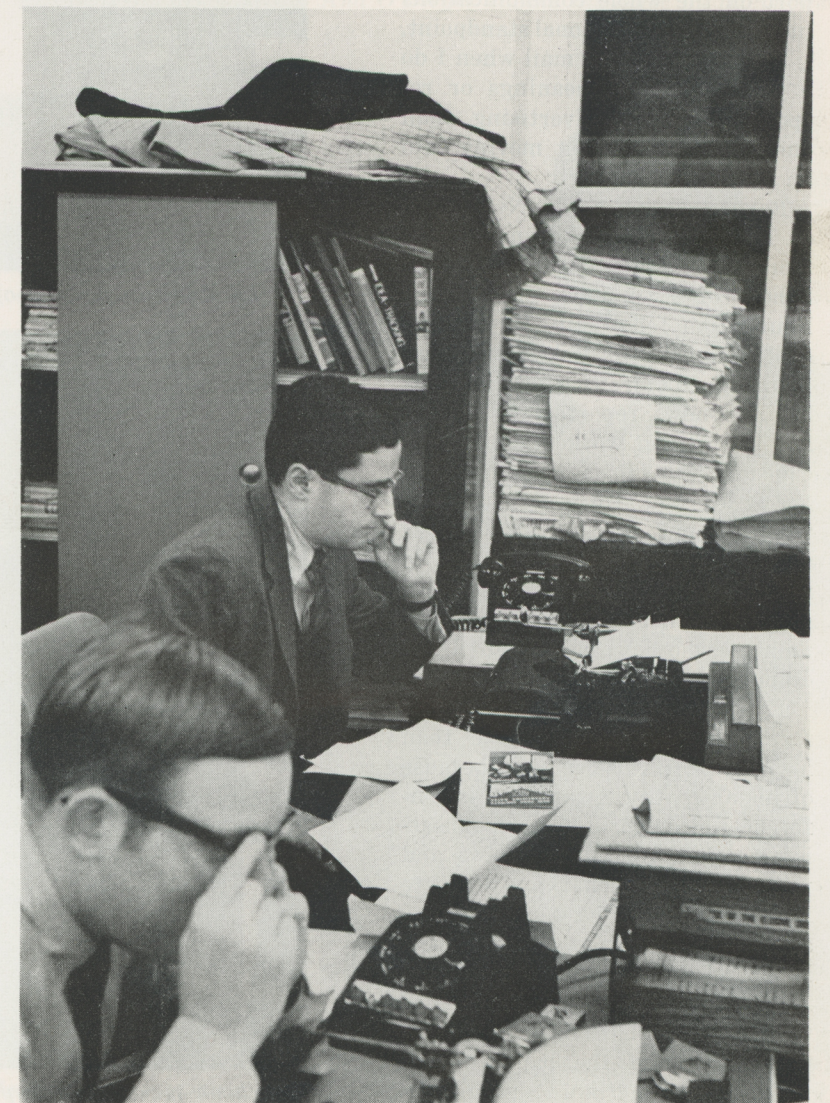
and individuality that has developed partisan support. And this is in spite of the fact that a considerable amount of duplication among the columns is bound to occur, in the listing of personnel and account changes. But the leads to their daily columns (and the special Sunday columns of Bart and Kaselow) reflect the reporters'—and their papers'—slightly different approaches to the news value of advertising.

Long before his employer took the official position that a good newspaper doesn't have to be dull, Joe Kaselow had won the respect of Madison Avenue with an informative column that seldom failed to have a light touch. Kaselow particularly seems to enjoy puncturing any oversized, grandiose balloons that come his way—whether it be the too-pat pronouncement of a vocal member of the advertising community, or the ill-founded sniping of a federal sharp-shooter, or simply the flagrant flackery of an overzealous public-relations man. Avoiding the acerbic, Kaselow just concentrates on trimming the fat from the fatuous. It is this even-tempered, thorough and unpretentious reporting that has attracted the admiration of the people he writes about.

Last month the League of Advertising Agencies gave its 1962 Annual Award to Kaselow for developing "the image and prestige of advertising through his human



Peter Bart interviews president Warner Shelly at N. W. Ayer New York office. Below, Bart writes his column as deadline nears. In foreground assistant Joe Mathewson re-checks fact on phone



approach to its manifold problems . . . with broad experience, analytical mind and an ability to interpret accurately . . ."

Kaselow was born and raised in New York, attended Iowa's Cornell College and subsequently spent several years with the old Cowan & Dengler agency. Switching to the *Trib* just before wartime service with the Navy, Kaselow returned to assignment as a business-news reporter, then, ten years ago, took on the job of advertising columnist.

Peter Bart, the serious young ad columnist of the *Times*, ascribes the individuality of his efforts to the nationwide—even international—complexion of his readers. Bart's column appears in the West Coast and Paris editions of the *Times*, is syndicated to Chicago's *American* and is often picked up by the newspapers serviced by the Times News Service. Consequently, says Bart, it cannot be a "New York agency gossip column," but is rather a report on the whole communications industry from a national standpoint.

"I get much more mail when I do a column on the meanings or responsibilities of advertising than one on a new account moving into an agency," says Bart.

Bart is another native New Yorker. He was graduated from Swarthmore and studied at the London School of Economics on a Ford Foundation fellowship. He has occupied his present desk for the past 18 months, before that was a *Times* business-news reporter for a year and before that worked at both the Chicago *Sun-Times* and the *Wall Street Journal*. He is a journalist, through and through, has never worked in an agency and harbors no thoughts of following the footsteps of other newspaper ad columnists who have moved into agency public-relations jobs.

If Peter Bart is less a familiar face along Madison Avenue than his confreres, it is certainly because of his antipathy towards press conferences. He considers them unsatisfactory for developing news and relies upon personal and private interviews. "We have tremendous access—to anyone we want to see." In point of fact, it is not unusual for an advertising press conference to go from handshake to handout without any of the papers being

Continued on page 49



In the Madison Avenue office of Cunningham & Walsh, Jack Cunningham



and the World-Telegram's Al Russell discuss advertising associations



Luncheon meeting at Top of the Sixes: Joe Kaselow informally addresses



a gathering of the Advertising Agency Office Managers Association



Al Russell has to commute to downtown HQ

And O'Dwyer checks his office by telephone



NATIONAL DISTILLERS' GREENE

Continued from page 40

first World War, came back from the war to go into the tile and advertising businesses, and was an executive with Bellows & Co., which merged with ND ten years ago. Brad's paternal grandfather was dean of students at Colgate.

His mother, Constance Murray Greene, a lecturer and writer, is the stepdaughter of Henry Mills Alden, for many years an editor of *Harper's* magazine. Her late sister, Aline, was the wife of poet Joyce Kilmer.

Brad Greene's older brother, Philip, now a merchandising executive at *Time*, formerly sold space there, and his younger brother, Jeffrey, works in an agency on Mead Johnson's Metrecal account. "So, you might say, we have the advertising field surrounded—peddler, buyer, creator," Brad chuckles.

When Brad was a year old the Greens moved to Larchmont, where they still live today. All three boys married Larchmont girls, and Brad still lives there, with Jeffrey only two blocks away.

At Mamaroneck High and later at Colgate (where he was graduated *cum laude* in 1942), Brad engaged in almost all sports, including hockey, football, soccer, lacrosse and tennis, and to this day considers his hobby "sports of practically any kind." He is particularly keen on golf, tennis, badminton and bowling, but also "makes passes" at skating, skiing (both water and snow) and gin rummy. An associate describes him as first-rate at gin rummy, but Greene modestly says, "I had an expensive education."

In college, though he captured a number of A's, he couldn't get one in physics, his major. And anyhow, he says, "The further I got into physics, the less interested I was." With the war already on the year he was graduated, he naturally had no specific business goal in mind, but he distinctly remembers that "I never even thought of the liquor or advertising business."

Like his older brother before him (and his younger brother after him), Brad Greene enlisted in the Army Air Force, serving as a pilot with overseas duty in China, India and Burma from 1942 until 1945. He was awarded the Air Medal with four clusters and the DFC with two clusters and once had to bail out over China.

"It wasn't anything romantic like being shot down," he says. "There was a bad overcast at the field, poor radio facilities, and mountains around us. We flubbed around awhile and then decided to bail out. That was all."

He wasn't mustered out of service until December, 1945, by which time the early discharges had snapped up most of the available jobs. He latched on at *Time* as a copyboy in the expectation that he would move up in a month. By six weeks, he hadn't, so he moved out, taking a trainee job at less pay with Kastor, Farrell, Chesley & Clifford.

The next two and a half years, he got all-round experience in research, billing and finally as traffic manager. But in 1948, he married Anne Marie Rudell, whom he had known since childhood. (They now have three children: Cynthia Anne, ten; Braddock Jr., seven, and Diana Stuart, three.) Greene decided he

would have to move on to boost his income, though he has always felt grateful for the broad experience he received at KFC&C.

"Just the other day, a nice young fellow from Yale was in to ask some advice," he says. "I told him to go either with a big agency with a good trainee program or a small agency that would give him lots of advertising training fast. If you start a career with a client, you can get sidetracked off and fail to get the right experience."

In 1948, he transferred to Bellows & Co. as assistant advertising manager and promotion manager. Four years later, when Bellows merged with ND, he became an assistant advertising manager; then successively assistant advertising director in 1957, director of marketing in June of last year and last December, less than three months after his fortieth birthday, a vice president of the company.

Today, he directs the marketing department that supervises all advertising, sales promotion, packaging and merchandising, working with an assistant director (J. A. Farrell), an administrative assistant (E. H. Franklin) and four marketing managers (J. A. Farrell, J. D. Lethbridge, J. F. Tallman and W. L. Livingston). The four marketing managers, each supported by assistants, are responsible for specific brands.

Greene travels a great deal (which is when he gets in most of his gin rummy), and this past fall made a five-week swing through England, Scotland, Denmark, Switzerland, Germany, Italy, France and Belgium to visit suppliers and media people and survey the bourbon market conditions on the Continent.

Though Old Grand-Dad is the leading American bourbon in the commercial export market, Brad returned with prudent reservations about any immediate big expansion overseas.

"The time is not now for a great big advertising push," he feels. "First, there must be an awareness of what bourbon is. And we would need greater distribution because normally distribution precedes big advertising. Publicity would also be very important—to have bourbon at the right functions, to have the right people drinking it."

There is also a price factor. Scotch, which has been making inroads on the Continental market, currently undersells bourbon and, in fact, is engaged in a price war of its own.

Interestingly, too, when Europeans invite you for cocktails at 7:30 and dinner at 7:45, they *do* mean 7:30, and dinner starts promptly 15 minutes later. Which scarcely leaves time for even one bourbon and branch.

With increased travel and the Common Market, the old nationalistic feelings about native drinks are dying. Thus, German schnapps has been suffering from the competition of light Scotches, and France has felt the impact of a fine Swiss pear brandy. In the long run, this may prove an auspicious portent for bourbon, but at the moment, the nationalistic mixing of drinks has some rather giddy aspects.

"Vodka—originally a Russian drink, of course—got its present popularity in America," Brad Greene reports, "and now it is growing in Europe."

In a faintly incredulous tone, he adds, "Even in Scotland."

COLUMNISTS

Continued from page 47

represented by their first-string ad columnists. Justifiably they share the jaundiced view that many such gatherings are inflated beyond their worth, so they pick and choose with care. "You develop a 'feel' for this," says one.

The *World-Telegram's* Al Russell puts it this way: "There is more near news and pseudo news in advertising than any other field of journalism. It's a paradox that we get a flood of press releases."

Russell, who has been with his paper for ten years, the last three as advertising columnist, describes his editorial target thus: "I don't want to be a catalog or file system for Madison Avenue. I try to explain advertising to any business-minded reader whose job or civic activities may touch upon advertising. It's not an intra-trade column. Even ad people are seeking broader ideas and I try to filter out the insignificant."

"The advertising business is important to the country, but far less than the country is to the ad business. Admen spend too much time wondering about the innate morality of their business. Increasing their business is enough."

More than the other columnists, Russell allows a little of himself, his own viewpoint, to filter into his columns. It is more a device of style than an attempt to color the news. Russell is equally at home on a speakers' platform.

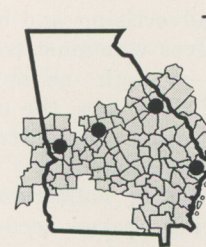
Jack O'Dwyer has been with the *Journal-American* financial department for a year and a half. Before that he was a labor reporter, police reporter and feature writer with the Bridgeport *Post-Telegram*. In the month since he assumed his new duties at the *J-A* he likes to recall that he got an A in advertising at the University of Connecticut.

Each of the four receives an average of about 200 press releases daily. Each also gets perhaps 30 or more phone calls daily saying, "Did you get the release, Joe (or Pete or Al or Jack)? Can I add anything for you?" Without losing anything in the translation, this can be interpreted as "Are you going to run it?" Best advice: buy tomorrow's paper and find out.

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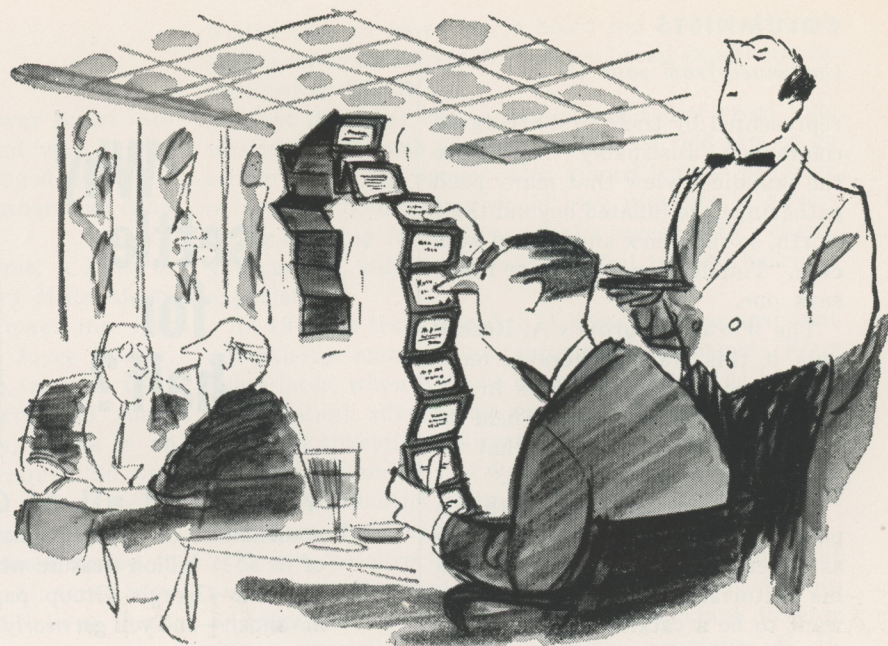
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For many advertising and marketing executives who must travel or entertain—or both—as an integral part of their jobs, the ubiquitous credit cards has virtually rendered cash obsolete.

A wallet-bulging collection of cards signifying charge accounts at restaurants and hotels across the country may, to be sure, be regarded as another outcropping of status symbolism.

One-upmanship aside, however, a "house account" in a few of the bistros you regularly patronize may give your host a more accurate idea of how much you really spend with him—and pay you dividends in better tables and service, get you a last minute reservation and insure that you are greeted by name. While all these may be more important to your ego than your delicate stomach, they are, nonetheless, considerations that can make the mid-Manhattan lunchtime rat race a little less frenetic.

Since many restaurants, like many agencies, have a narrow margin of profit in these days of high operating costs, some restaurateurs much prefer that their regular customers open house accounts rather than use one of the national credit cards that deduct a service charge in making payments to participating restaurants.

Since there is a limit to how many embossed credit cards you can stuff into a wallet, at least one of the national credit cards like the Diners' Club, Carte

Blanche or American Express is a valuable asset to the executive who wants to cash a check in a strange city, eliminate red tape in auto rental, or just have some sort of proof for the accounting department that you really can spend that much on a business lunch for four.

If you don't yet have a national credit card, however, the recent rulings by the Internal Revenue Service on requirements for documenting travel and entertainment expenses in 1963 make the convenient receipts the leading credit card companies now provide for each transaction a necessity to the executive who wants to get his expense money back from his employer or Uncle Sam.

The IRS will require you to keep a daily itemized record of travel and entertainment outlays... including minutiae like taxi fares and hat check tips. An expenditure of more than \$10 must be supported by a receipt or an itemized statement and canceled check. If your company reimburses you for your expenses, they will insist on this documentation from you to insure that they can justify their deductions in the event of an audit of their tax returns.

The new tax rulings have far-reaching ramifications in areas like club memberships, the use of company yachts and the like. For most executives, however, the most significant point may well be that the fellow who actually reaches for the check is the only one who

the inner adman

is going to be able to put it on his expense account.

Since the latest Diners' Club directory, for example, lists over 500 dining establishments in New York City alone, the adman gourmet is not unnecessarily restricted in his search for the type of cuisine that appeals to his palate.

While a credit card system's listing is hardly to be confused with the Guide Michelin in France, we selected a pot pourri of our favorite midtown restaurants that are popular with advertising executives and accept a Diners' charge with élan. In most cases, they accept one or more of the other leading credit cards as well. One charge per tab, that is.

Baccara
203 East Forty-fifth Street
MU 2-4505

Brasserie
100 East Fifty-third Street
PL 1-4840

Cafe Chauveron
139 East Fifty-third Street
PL 1-6480

Cafe Renaissance
338 East Forty-ninth Street
PL 1-3160

Camillo
160 East Forty-eighth Street
PL 5-4388

Charles a La Pomme Soufflee
157 East Fifty-fifth Street
EL 5-8280

Daniel
53 East Fifty-fourth Street
PL 9-5941

Drake Room
440 Park Avenue
PL 5-0600

Gaston
48 East Forty-ninth Street
PL 5-4285

Italian Pavilion
24 West Fifty-fifth Street
JU 6-5950

Laurent
111 East Fifty-sixth Street
PL 3-2729

Le Chanteclair
18 East Forty-ninth Street
PL 5-7731

Le Valois
45 East Fifty-eighth Street
MU 8-7630

Louis and Armand
42 East Fifty-second Street
PL 3-3348

Pierre Grill
Fifth Avenue at Sixty-first Street
TE 8-8000

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9 East Forty-eighth Street
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