

# Commercializing Our Hero POWs

Will the meeting of Eureka Enterprises please come to order?

Good morning, gentlemen. Your chairman speaking. Now that you have had your prune Danish and coffee, compliments of your hard-working board of directors, let's hear it loud and clear with some ideas on how we can merchandise those brave boys who are coming home from the POW camps.

We've got a goldmine there, gentleman, a portion of which I personally think we should give to the boys themselves. I don't know how you feel about that, but you've been with me long enough to know what a soft touch I am. (Scattered applause.)

Now to the nitty-gritty, as I always say. We've got to put together a clearing house for the boys who have real spellbinding stories to tell. If they can't tell them, we'll hire a stable of ghost-writers who can help those boys who can't spell it binding enough. Nothing's too good for our returning boys, right? (CHEERS.)

Before any selfish, unpatriotic agency grabs them and offers them to the markets, we've got to get in there and get their names down on the dotted line. You know the ground rules as well as I do.

We've got to sign them up before they give too much away to the press and the other media for nothing.

Same as the Mercury astronauts. They signed a nice three million contract with Life through their lawyer, the late great C. Leo DeOrsey, with the consent of NASA, so they were able to share and share alike, whether they flew in sub-orbit, or orbit, or didn't fly at all. It was a good arrangement, even though there were some reporters — I remember there was a guy from the Washington Star named Bill Hines — who kept bugging NASA with insolent questions like, "When will Life magazine let the world press that is covering this shot know what the hell went on?" There's a troublemaker like that in every press box.

The first guys we've got to grab are those whose wives dumped them while they were prisoners. There's a lot of good heartwarming material there. The soap and detergent companies and their agencies will pay plenty for the reaction stuff, for use on the day-time programs. We've got to remember the wives who flew the coop, too. They've got their side to tell, too, and we ought to get them under contract. Suppose the POW husband who looks like Don Rickles is missing 40 years and Clark Gable moves next door to her and has honorable intentions? What's a girl going to do? Say "Fresh!"

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DON'T OVERLOOK the book biz. If we get a good hard-cover out of one of these boys we can package it into a deal which includes the movie rights — how about Paul Newman coming home to Raquel Welch, get it? — plus the paperback. Robin Moore just sold his new one, "The Mafia Takes Over the White House," to the paperbacks for \$350,000. That ain't tin, gentleman, as I always say.

When we get our stable together, I'm prepared to ask a whole new range of prices for television shots. No more of that "scale" jazz that Carson, Douglas, Cavett, Griffin and Paar pay a guest. I'm holding out for at least a grand for the appearance of our boys and I'm willing to let them have a fat ten percent. Minus our promotional expenses, naturally. (STANDING OVATION.)

It goes without saying that every food packager will want to get on the bandwagon with full-page ads on what the boys think of their products after all those years on fish heads. In short, gentlemen, there's nothing about this overall plan that can miss.

VOICE: "Sir, suppose we find a big good-looking heroic type who just wants to get back to his wife and kids, go to work at the shop, and live happily ever after? What will we do with a guy who might think that our plans are cheap sordid commercialism?" (Angry boos.)

CHAIRMAN: (flicking cigar ash) "Lose him."