

Have you ever wondered how you could get a job as an advertising copywriter? Have you ever wondered if you could get a job as an advertising copywriter? This is your chance to find out. With this copy test. Eight entertaining and involving assignments that should stimulate and challenge you to do the thing you do best. Write.

We're anxious to see clear, imaginative, and compelling answers to these questions. The completed copy tests will be reviewed by some of our

Creative Directors, and the best respondents will join us as trainee copywriters at J. Walter Thompson, New York.

Like the best of you who will ultimately join us, we're good at what we do. This year, Ad Week named us Agency of the Year. And year after year, we produce memorable and compelling advertising for a host of diverse and stimulating clients. Burger King. Ford. Goodyear. Kodak. Nestlé. And more. Clients that you'll come to know and

enjoy as we do.

Opportunities like this don't come along every day. So if you've ever wondered if you could write a great ad, stop wondering. Tear out the page. And get to work if you want to write.

Send completed copies to "Copy Test," J. Walter Thompson, 466 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10017, Attention: Jim Patterson, Executive Creative Director. And please. No phone calls. We're interested in how you write. Not talk.

1 You are the songwriter for hitmaker Poppy Putrid. She's just had three recent No. 1 hits. All love songs. For her next hit, Poppy wants a song about moldy pizza, rancid butter, and flat beer. Her agent is convinced it should be another love song. Make it both. (Don't worry about the music, or adapt a tune you know.)

2 Write a "Dialogue in a Dark Alley." (Not more than 200 words.)

3 You've just learned that the IRS is planning to lower the percentage ratio of income to medical expenses, thus lowering the tax deductions for dental, psychiatric, and medical expenses. You are the star reporter for the daily newspaper, The National Sensational. The editor wants to make this the banner story. Write your head and a two-column story.

4 A delegation of Martians has just landed in Central Park. They do not understand any Earth languages—only very basic symbols. Prepare a short speech (com-

WRITE

IF

YOU

WANT

WORK.

prised of pictures and symbols) to welcome them and to tell them just what kind of place Central Park is. (Please enclose a

plain language version of the speech in an envelope, in case we are confused!)

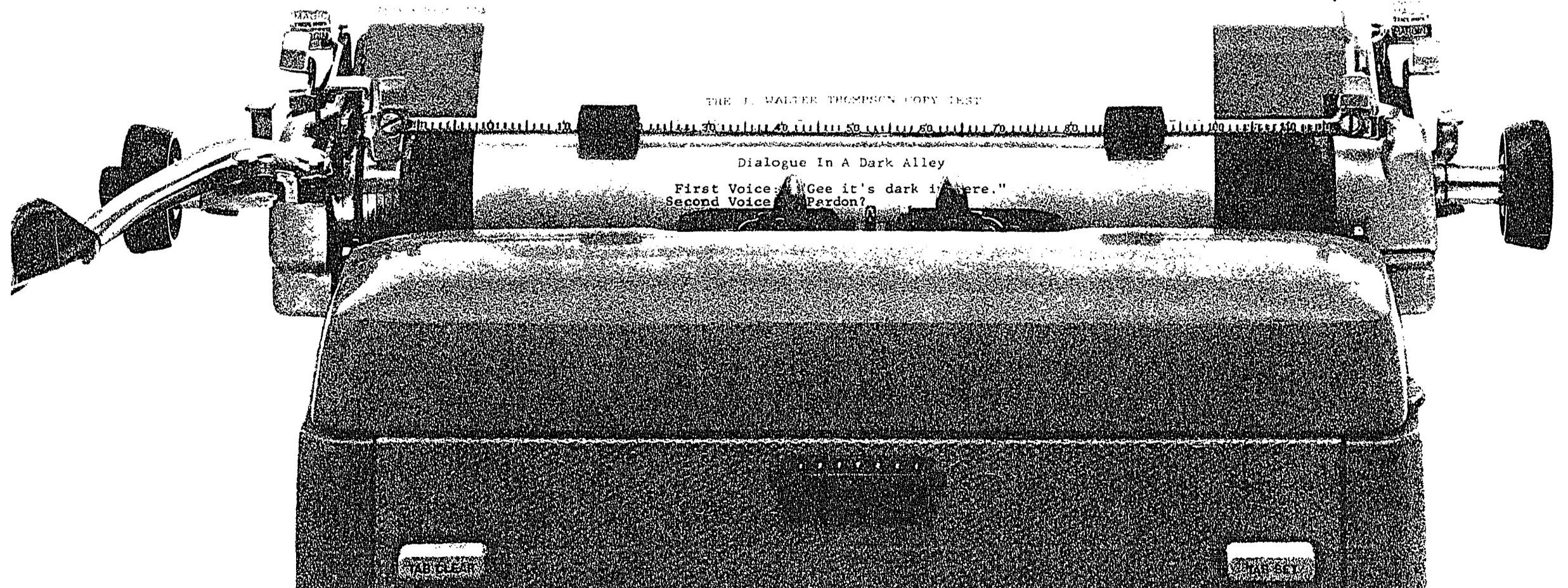
Describe, in not more than 100 words, the plot of the last episode of "Dynasty." **5**

You've heard the story about the man who made a fortune selling refrigerators to Eskimos. In not more than 100 words, how would you sell a telephone to a Trappist monk, who is observing the strict Rule of Silence? (But he can nod acceptance at the end.) **6**

Design/draw two posters. One is for legislating strict gun-control laws. The other is in support of the NRA. **7**

The ingredients listed on the tin of baked beans reads: "Beans, Water, Tomatoes, Sugar, Salt, Modified Starch, Vinegar, Spices." Make it sound mouthwatering. **8**

J.
WALTER
NEW YORK



"MOLDY PIZZA NIGHT"*

by Poppy Putrid

*sung to the tune of
Michael Jackson's "Thriller"

It's close to midnight, there's something evil rotting in the fridge.
Under the small light, the one behind that week-old beverage.
You try to breathe, but nausea steals your breath before you take it.
You can't believe, that any scent could so offend your nose, what decomposed?

It's moldy pizza, pizza night.
With that disgusting smell you have to lose your appetite.
It's moldy pizza, pizza night.
And it's been festering for more than 3 weeks, 4 weeks, that's right!

You hear the phone ring, and wonder if you should play deaf and dumb.
If someone smelled it, the Board of Health is guaranteed to come.
You hold your nose, and pray the call is not an accusation.
And you suppose, that although it's too soon for a complaint, you're feeling faint.

It's moldy pizza, pizza night.
And since it has decayed your other food has caught the blight.
Yes, moldy pizza, pizza night.
You wonder what will happen to that, open, can of, Bud Lite...

You lift the phone and before you can groan comes the serenade.
Your sweetest love just like heaven above in your ears, a cause for
cheers, it's the end of your fears!

You hang the phone up, the world around you suddenly is bright.
Back in the kitchen, the odor from the fridge is a delight.
It smells so sweet, your hunger has returned, so you will quench it.
And you will eat; the fungus on the crust makes you robust--you're filled with lust.

On moldy pizza, pizza night.
That month-old smelly slice tastes just like Ray's, so take a bite.
On moldy pizza, pizza night.
That old flat can of Bud Lite tastes like champagne, on ice, high price,
too nice, here tonight!

On moldy pizza, pizza night.
Your heart is filled with trust, spread rancid butter on the crust.
On moldy pizza, pizza night.
Don't matter what you eat, your love will make it, taste sweet, ow!

[Editor's note: If you are unfamiliar with the tune to "Thriller," or if
you're just interested in hearing some exceptionally bad singing, please
refer to enclosed cassette for taped version of the above.]

1

Poppy Putrid's

"MOLDY PIZZA NIGHT"

(performed by Billy Bloom)

Warning: In your N.Y. Times ad, you state that you are interested in how I write. Not talk. I hope you also have little interest in how I sing.

Dialogue in a Dark Alley

Voice 1: Hello.
Voice 2: Wha-a--who's that?!
Voice 1: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you.
Voice 2: Startle me? You almost gave me a heart attack. What are you doing sneaking around back here?
1: Please--excuse me. I wasn't--sneaking around.
2: Oh? You often hang out in dark alleys, then?
1: Dark alle...
2: Or perhaps this is your idea of a hot new social gathering place? Oh, never mind -- maybe a heart attack wouldn't have been such a bad idea.
1: Excuse me?
2: Oh, nothing. I've just been fed up with it all lately. You know, nothing's gone right. You know the story.
1: Your health's been a problem...?
2: No, nothing like that.
1: Family trouble?
2: No, no--I've got a terrific family.
1: Money problems?
2: No, I've got plenty of that. It's my job.
1: I see.
2: I'm not being challenged. I'm being bored.
1: I see.
2: And I'm just fed up. That's all.
1: Perhaps you could look to the things in your life that are good--not bad--and see if that makes a difference.
2: Yeah, maybe so. I'll think about it. Look--thanks, Bub. See ya around--
1: Before you go--
2: Yeah?
1: Won't you please buy a pencil...?

I.R.S. TO FORCE DEATH, SUFFERING,
INSANITY, AND ROOT CANAL ON AMERICA

The National Sensational has exclusively learned from a source close to the IRS that the already-despised government agency will now cause more pain and misery for Americans everywhere.

According to the highly-reputable source, this government body will soon initiate a complex plan which will poison and degrade the quality of life in the U.S. When the plan takes root in the imminent future, it will result in virtually no allowable tax deductions for medical, psychiatric, and dental expenses, a shake-up that will quickly and mercilessly cause citizens throughout the country to cut back, and in many cases completely eliminate, much-needed health care.

Clark Klugman, a spokesman for the high profile group, CAPAD (Citizens Against Pain And Death), has told the Sensational that his group abhors the plan. "We unequivocally abhor this plan," said Klugman.

Experts predict terrible short-term and long-term repercussions from the controversial legislation. Faith Reed, noted psychic and healer, when reached in her Colorado retreat, said, "I see death and sickness gripping the country for decades...a new ice age...rebirth of the world. It will be beautiful."

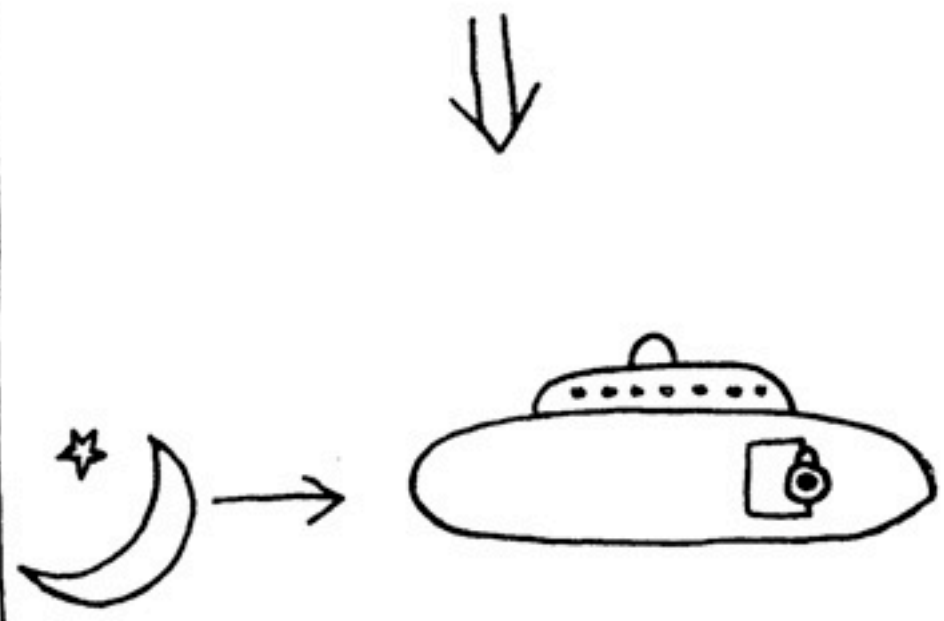
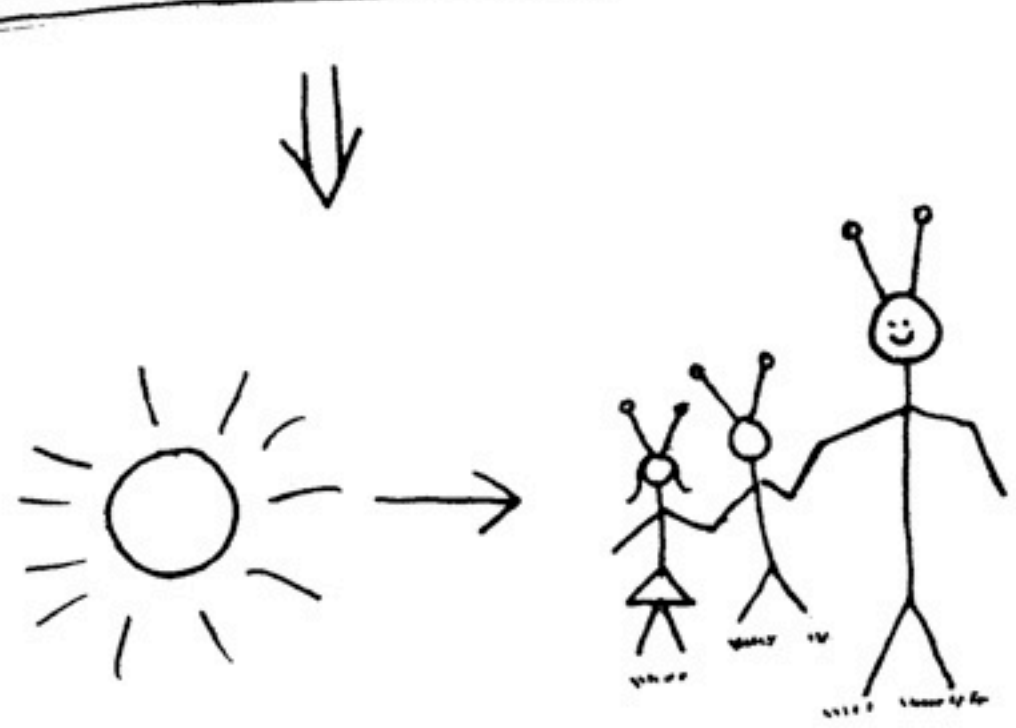
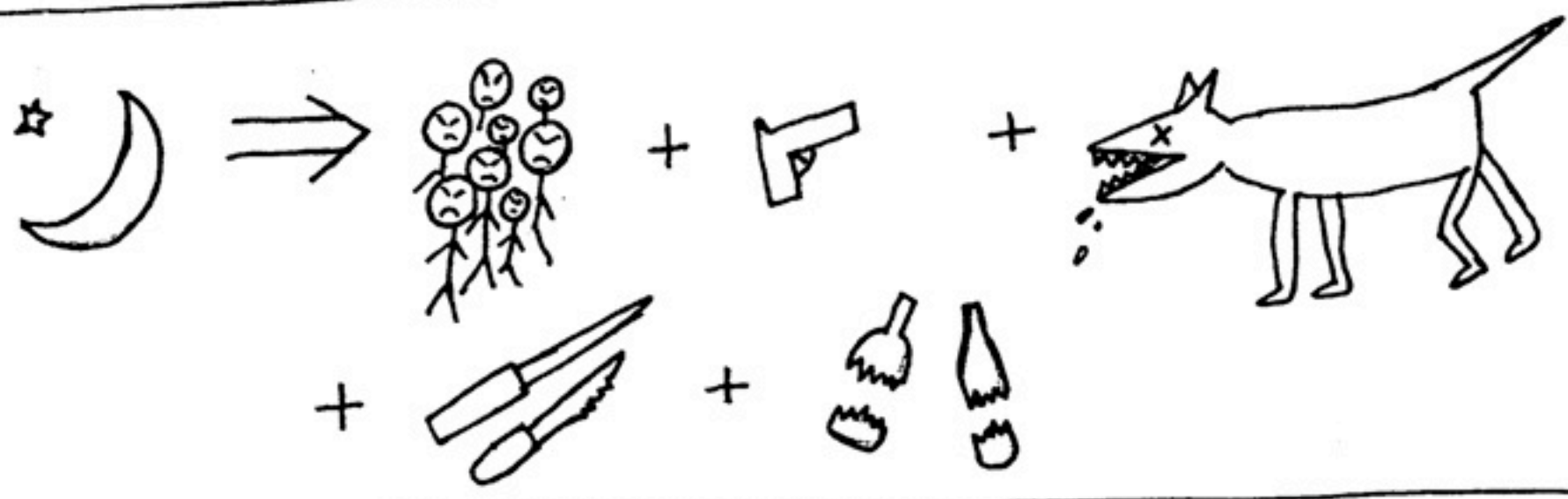
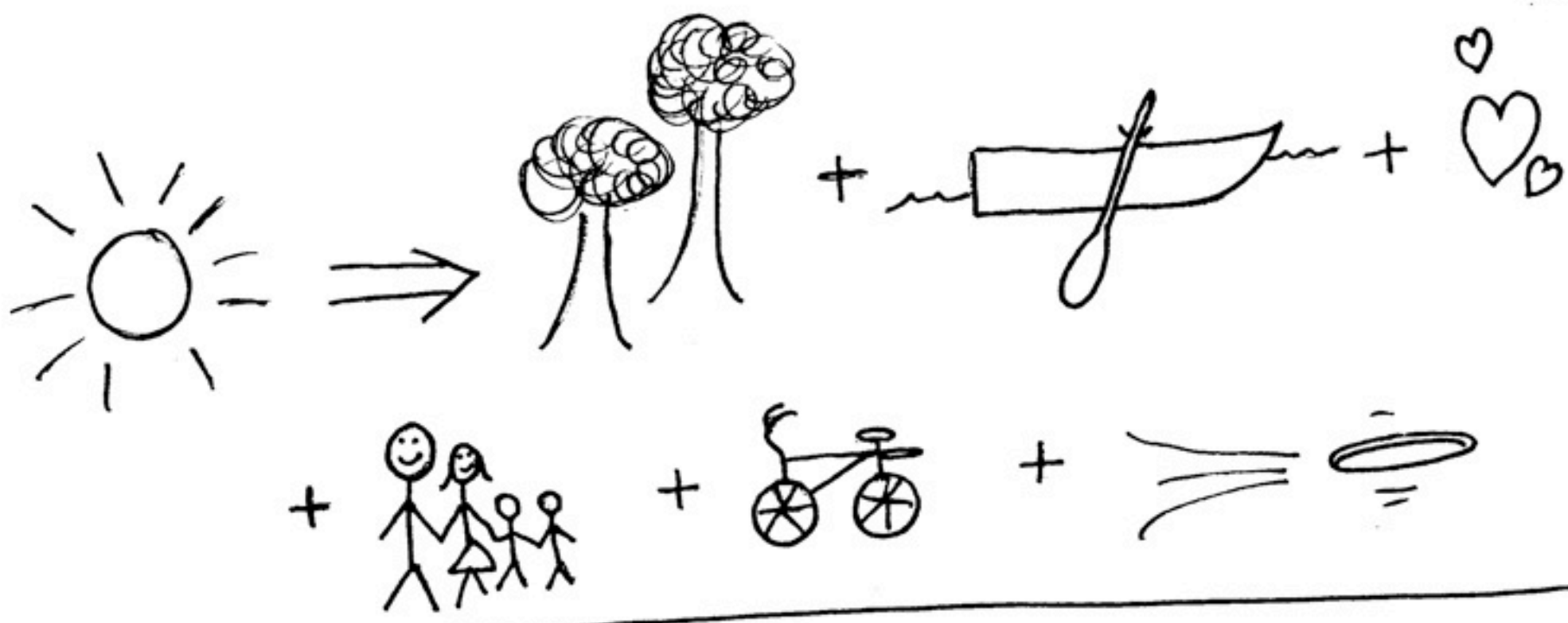
Dr. Bernard Glickstein, spokesman for the American Dental Association, said, "This will spell trouble for all parties concerned. Root canal will be performed regularly. Please, remember to floss twice a day."

Heddy Toomey, president of Schizophrenics Anonymous, issued the following statement: "This plan will cause horrible mental unrest for millions who might have otherwise been cared for. No, it won't. What it will do is place an unfair burden of payment on the patient. No, it won't. I'm really okay now. No, I'm not..."

The Sensational staff, in a straw poll taken the day the new tax formula was announced, overwhelmingly agreed that results of the IRS move will be devastating. Among the far-reaching effects, Americans should expect:

- Less funds for researching the growing phenomenon of newborns speaking at birth.
- Fewer opportunities for doctors to bring the dead back to life.
- More chainsaw killers at large on the Eastern seaboard.
- The explosion of aspirin sales, causing a new black market in aspirin dealing.

The Sensational plans to follow this story to the end, or at the very least, until next issue.



By day, Central Park is pretty, with trees and rowboats and love and happy families and bicycles and frisbees, which look like flying saucers.

At night, Central Park is filled with mean gangs and guns and rabid dogs and knives and broken bottles.

Martian guests: enjoy Central Park by day, and bring the little Martianettes, too.

But at night, stay home in your spaceship. And keep the door locked.

The plot of the last episode of
"DYNASTY"

Blake Carrington begins rebuilding the Carrington empire that was nearly destroyed by Alexis Carrington Colby, his ex-wife. Blake is saved from bankruptcy by mysterious Dominique DeVereaux, who claims to be Blake's half-sister and desperately wants to be a Carrington. Blake argues with his pregnant wife, Krystle Carrington, but gets along well with his gay son, Steven Carrington, husband to Claudia Carrington, and with his other son, Adam Carrington, who may not truly be a Carrington. We find that young Amanda Bedford may actually be a Carrington. Dex Dexter, who is not a Carrington, begs Alexis to make love.

MONKS HAVE MOTHERS, TOO

You're a Trappist Monk. You've chosen the lifestyle that suits you best. For others, talk is cheap. But not for you. Only through complete silence can you come to appreciate the universe around you.

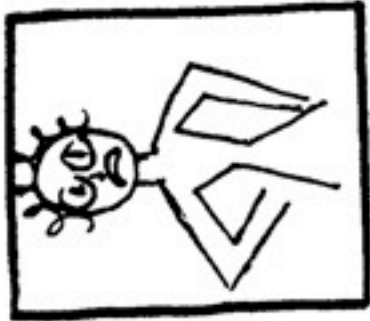
But just because you're silent doesn't mean you can't hear. On the contrary, you pride yourself on your ability to listen. To the sounds of nature. To the creaks in your house. To your mother.

Get the phone that allows you to listen, but not talk. The only phone designed exclusively for the Trappist Monk.

NOSPEAK[®]: The Phone Without A Mouthpiece.

...from A T & T

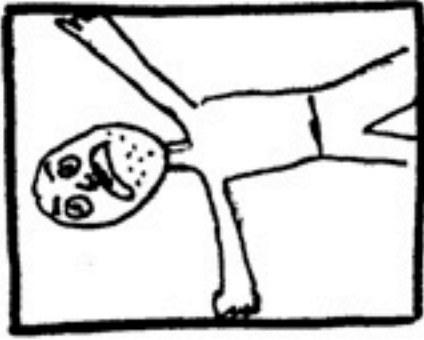
"I WAS SO MAD AT BOB,
I COULD'VE KILLED HIM."



Over half of all shootings in
the home are by fellow family
members. For your own safety,
lock yourself in. And lock guns out.

MAKE GUN CONTROL HAPPEN
BECAUSE GUNS IN THE HOME TAKE LIVES.

MEET GUS SMITH.



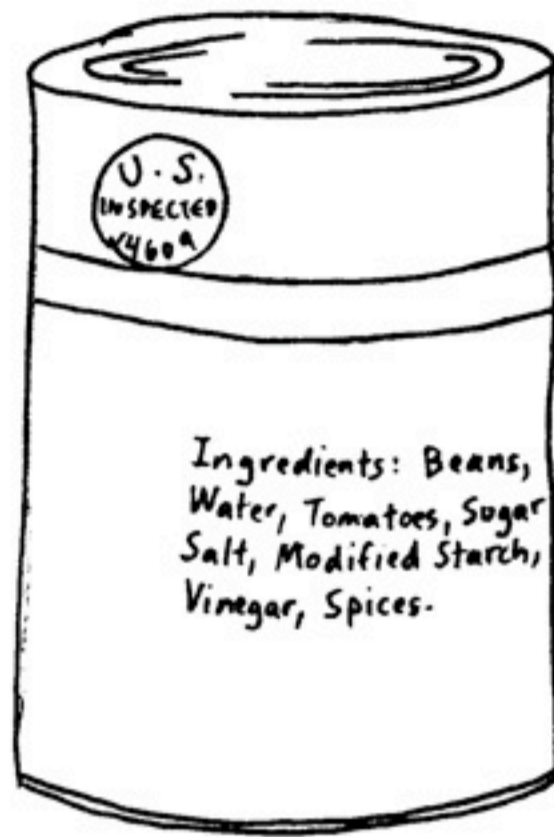
He's been watching your house,
and he knows your schedule.
Tonight, he's going to burglarize you.
He's quite sure you'll be out until 10.

If Gus breaks in and finds you
home, he may have to kill you. It's
his least favorite part of the job.

DEFEND YOUR RIGHT TO SELF-DEFENSE
SUPPORT THE NRA

WE PROUDLY PRESENT...

THE BACK OF OUR CAN



If you've ever had Billy's Baked Beans, you're probably familiar with the view. Once you've tasted our fine blend of ingredients, you just have to know how we do it.

But if you've never tried Billy's, then take a look at our best side. The label tells you there's nothing phony going on -- we believe in keeping our beans scrupulously natural.

Even so, you may have to go one step further to be convinced. You see, only through tasting Billy's can you truly know how delectable a bean can be.

BILLY'S: MORE THAN JUST A CAN OF BEANS