

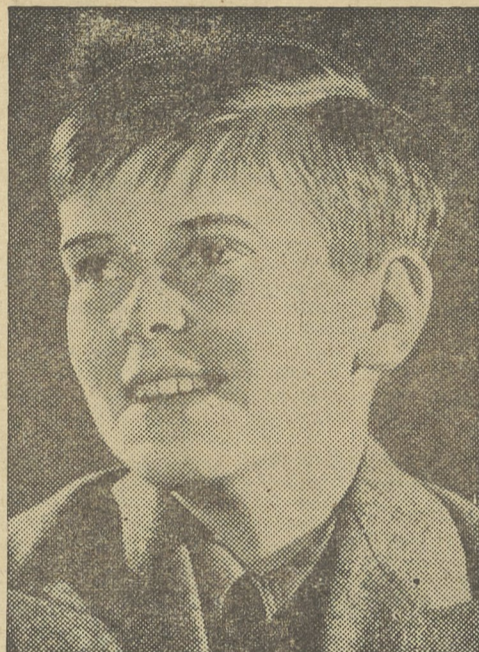
Say!

who reads the ads anyway?

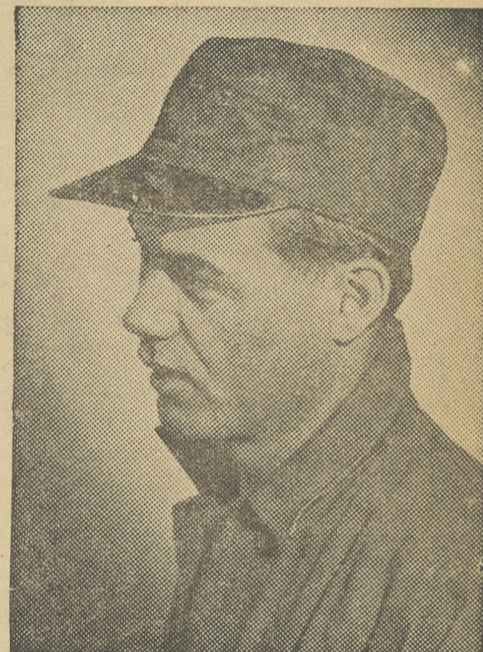
There they are, next to the Kunkle and Huntsville columns, cutting off the news of So-and-So's engagement party so you have to jump clear to the middle of the next column to finish it. Those ads! You know who runs them, their signatures are on 'em—but who reads 'em, anyway? The printer? That's right—but shucks, he's paid to! And the advertiser—sure, he reads them to see if we got the prices right. Who else? What's the great American ad-reader look like? Who reads the ads? Let's solve the mystery... and see!



Belongs to a number of local civic groups, has kept a good business going for a number of years, and has a son who's going into business some day soon. Makes a hobby of his place up at the lake, and won't let a man or truck's ad out of his sight till he's read it all the way through. Finds the Post's ads a good indication of business conditions here... as well as an effective medium for his own business.



Still prefers these colored comics, but graduated into the ad reading last year, when he decided he wanted a suit like the one his buddy Charlie got. Has since found quite a few things he's going to own some day. Sold on one make of bicycle right now and a certain page of The Post has a way of popping up in the prominent place occasionally about the time that Dad's due home.



Had a tough time a couple of years ago. But he found a job through a Post classified ad and he and the wife have been reading the ads for one reason or another ever since. First it was the new furniture they needed when they stopped "doubling up" with her folks, then they needed a used car, and right now, since things look better at the plant, and there's another nest egg laid away, they're looking for another house.



Pretty shrewd, this youngster! Kind of hated to leave the city and go back to the farm, but he's managed to combine the advantages of both places in just a few short years. First saw the radio he now owns in a Post ad. Installed a bathroom after a Post ad told him how inexpensive the fixtures would be. Found that he'd save time by trading in the old truck that a Dallas dealer advertised. And he saved money on a reaper that he picked out of the want ads.



It's a date! And that, as any bright young member of Dallas High will tell you, means a trip through the Post ads. It may be for some new hose... for a place to have the white coat cleaned... for something really different to wear if it's a dance. But whatever the occasion it's reason enough for a trip through the ad pages, especially when it's almost as much fun as a shopping expedition, and saves the strain on next week's allowance.



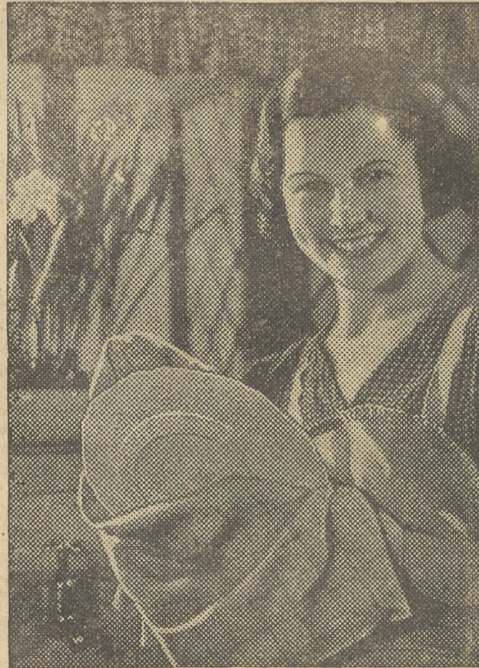
She likes to say that the children are grown up and out of the way now... but just watch her smile when she sees an ad for print wash frocks... size 2 to 6! Keeps a gift list that touches almost every day of the calendar, and half the dates are for children. Entertains a lot, too and manages to belong to quite a few of the clubs. Proud of her home, and not a bit unwilling to take advantage of a grocery bargain when The Post backs it up.

The answer, of course, can be briefly told; everybody reads the ads each week in

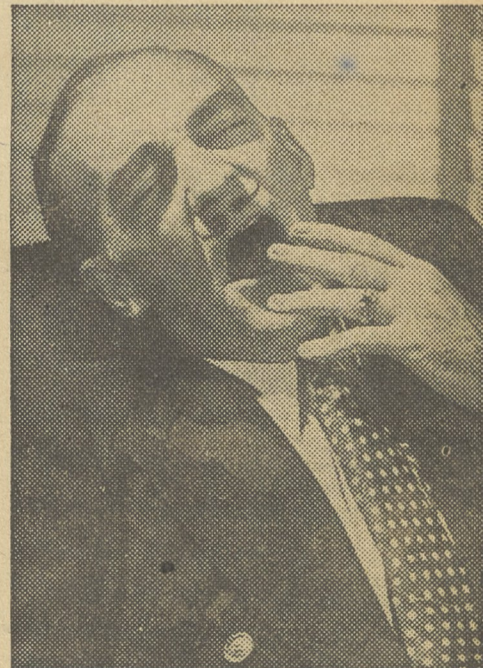
The POST



Not too many free hours in her life! But the Post makes every one of them do double duty, when she starts off on a shopping tour. Clothes have to be smarter, to make up for hours spent in a uniform; cosmetics have to be better, to pass her rigid inspection; everything she buys must get by a sentry-like insistence on perfection. She learned back in her student days that she could rely on Post ads, and she's learned since that she can depend on them to save her off-duty time.



Hers is a pretty complete little world, of course. Two children, a busy young husband, a new house... a little dominion that's pretty hard to crash. But she's made The Post a welcome intruder. Where else, she asks, would she find the same news of her own neighborhood and the lively features which she enjoys in The Post. And how else, if she didn't read the ads, could she keep the house looking so newly furnished on so little? Certainly she reads the ads.



"You wouldn't catch me reading the ads... just a waste of my valuable time." Oh, Oh! Puts us in a bad spot. Your photo must have gotten in here by mistake. Sorry... hey, wait a minute!... that tie you've got on... didn't we see that pattern advertised a few weeks ago in The Post. Uh-huh... well, we thought so!