

Say! who reads the ads anyway?

There they are, next to the play-by-play dope on the ball game, 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 the paper 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!



This fellow's income is 'way above the average; there are not many like him, we'll admit. Retired from real estate last year; survived the depression nicely, thank you, and will be back from Newport in September. Gets a kick out of picking up \$7 shirts for \$2.79 by waiting for the sales. Reads the ads—not every day—but wouldn't think of buying without checking the price and quality against every value in the paper.



Remember her debut party? She'll be back at the University in the fall; right now she's pretty busy, what with the little car a Register-Guard ad helped sell her Dad, the places all the crowd goes to (they say the boys pick them from the Register-Guard), and the show her club gives every summer. To date she's tracked down material for costumes, arranged for tickets, and has practically closed a deal with a florist... all through the Register-Guard.



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 bargain for it when the Register-Guard backs it up!



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 Register-Guard a welcome intruder. Where else, she asks, would she find the same help in keeping a not-too-big budget straight... how else could she keep the house looking so newly furnished on so little... what other source would be so obliging about tipping her off on dozens of sales every day.



Still prefers the comics, but graduated into the ad reading class last year, when he decided he wanted a prep 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 Guard has a way of popping up in a prominent place each night about the time that Dad's due home.



Belongs to a number of the city's service clubs, has kept a good business going for a number of years, and has a son who's going into the business some day soon. Makes a hobby of his place up the McKenzie, and won't let a gun or tackle ad out of his sight till he's read it all the way through. Finds the Guard ads a good indication of business conditions in the city... as well as an effective medium for his own business.



Still in school, but looking forward to the day when he can buy his first car. Just at present quite satisfied with the buys he finds in sporting goods in the Register-Guard. Interested in what the well dressed young man should wear, and willing to do a little research in the subject. (It's whispered that she lives just a block or two away). Working the family pretty hard for the trip east that he read about in an ad in the Register-Guard.



Had a tough time a couple of years ago, but he found a job through the "Skilled Workmen" section in the classified, 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 Register-Guard ad. Installed a bathroom after a Register-Guard ad told him how inexpensive the fixtures would be. Found that he'd save time by trading in the old truck on a light pick-up that a Eugene dealer advertised. And he saved money on the reaper that he picked out of the wantads!



Not too many free hours in her life! But the Register-Guard 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 Register-Guard ads, and she's learned since that she can depend on them to save her off-duty time.



It's a date! And that, as any bright young member of Eugene High will tell you, means a trip through the Register-Guard ads. It may be for some raw boss... 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.



"You wouldn't catch me reading the ads... just a waste of my valuable time." Oh eh! Put 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 about a week ago? Uh-huh... well, we thought so!

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

Eugene Register-Guard