

the wolves, the peddlers calling themselves advertising men and women. They are with us today, and thus the question: Who merits being called a "professional"? Is it any wonder we are marked as hucksters? A barrister called in to defend a client for alleged false packaging is given carte blanche to sell a lily-white image of the fellow. An advertising expert (for want of a better word) conferring with this same client is treated as an agent hired "to do it my way."

As a pioneer little man in the game, racket, business, or profession, I gape at TV, wondering if those pitchmen and lady barkers are college grads with degrees in "advertising" and all that it embraces, such as marketing, psychological, and creative know-how. I've heard more than one class himself as an advertising man—certainly not a huckster. *We* are branded as the hucksters. Isn't it time the dedicated, respected, qualified Madison Avenuers did something about it?

LOUIS D'ARMAND.

Clearwater Beach, Fla.

Extremists and the Press

WITH REGARD TO James F. Fixx's timely article "When Extremists Attack the Press" [SR, Feb. 13], in which the emphasis, quite correctly, was on the right wing, I must say that I could sympathize with the fourth estate a lot more if so many of its representatives had not so relentlessly created the very climate which has so much to do with producing the brand of extremists now plaguing it. The morbid preoccupation of Americans with Communism inside our borders and out, which Senator William Fulbright vigorously scored a year ago, is almost entirely the product of the news media.

L. EDWIN RITCHIE.

Floral Park, N.Y.

IF BILL SANDERS, the cartoonist of the Kansas City *Star*, who is a man of liberal and decidedly positive views, depicts in his cartoon the "extreme rightist" as a rat, this is his privilege. And if your magazine reprints it, that is again your privilege. After all, we are still living in an almost free country.

But I would like to ask you for one thing: publish a cartoon about the Communists, or about the Communist Party of the USA. . . .

Anyway, I am a subscriber to your magazine, which gives me lots of fun and laughs when I read the writings of your twisted leftist and liberal-minded individuals.

I am a Birchite.

MEL CHONTO.

Davenport, Iowa.

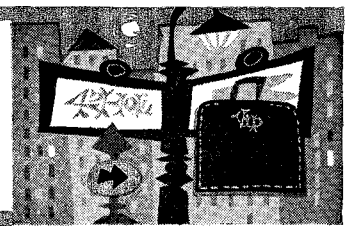
WHY NOT SUBMIT Bill Sanders's wonderful cartoon for a Pulitzer Prize? It's a shame magazine articles aren't eligible for Pulitzers. If they were, Mr. Fixx's piece ought to be submitted, too. Journalism isn't dead when magazines like SR and newspapers like the Kansas City *Star* have the courage to print articles and cartoons like these. Keep it up!

HENRY J. FREYLIGER.

Westport, Conn.

SR/April 10, 1965

Madison Avenue



The Best \$10 Investment

MY FIRST instruction in advertising came through an advertisement in the old *System*, the magazine of business out of which developed the present *Business Week*.

This was in 1908. I had been secretary to the minister who was the elected publishing agent of the Western Methodist Book Concern in Cincinnati. But because I had, as it were, grown up in that institution, with the smell of printer's ink always in my nostrils, I had been given a job as both designer and sales promoter of the religious books that the house published.

System had been developed into a valuable publishing property by Arch W. Shaw. It was unique in its editorial devotion to the then new doctrines of "scientific management" as applied to administrative functions, including marketing. So there was meat in it even for a youngster who had to promote the sale of religious books.

Going through this how-to magazine one day, I came across a full-page, all-type advertisement headed "How to Use Words to Make People Do Things." Probably no advertisement was ever more avidly read than I read this one.

At that time I carried in one coat pocket a notebook in which I entered every new word I ran across, until I could look up its meaning—a book I started because my minister boss, in his dictation, ran heavily to such words as "eleemosynary" and "ecumenical." In another pocket was a book in which, having looked up meanings, I practiced using the new words.

So I was interested in words, and certainly I was interested in how to use them in the circulars and religious publications on which I relied to persuade ministers and other adherents of the faith to buy my books. In short, the headline of this *System* advertisement, "How to Use Words to Make People Do Things," was for me the type of headline that never fails: *it promised me something I already wanted*. It tapped the wellspring of all exciting education: personal motivation.

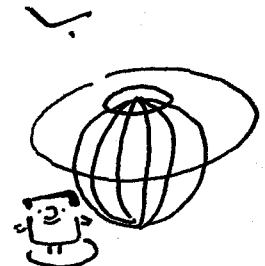
What this *System* advertisement offered was a "course" by Sherwin Cody, whose "Mistakes in English" advertisements are still going strong. But this course was different. The textbooks in English composition of that day dealt

with expository, narrative, and argumentative writing, but had nary a word about *persuasive* writing. "Semantics" was still to be identified, and nobody had yet pointed out how Shakespeare had supplied Marc Antony with an oration that would throw an unfriendly mob into reverse. Nor had I, in my ecclesiastical world, run into the fact that theological schools taught the arts of persuasion in courses called "homiletics."

Actually, this so-called course of Cody's consisted only of ten lessons, printed on ten cards, put up in a small loose-leaf binder. It cost \$10, but could be had for \$1 down—so that even this \$25 a week "advertising manager" could gamble on it.

This \$10 turned out to be the best investment I ever made. It did indeed put me on the track of using words to make people do things. The first circular to which I applied its lessons was one for a book called *Personal Evangelism*, and it produced treble the number of orders ordinarily expected and, in fact, oversold the first printing of the book.

And so Cody's lessons went on working on new books and old shelf-warmers,



until finally, convinced that I had a magic secret, and seeking a broader field of publishing, I sold myself by mail to a New York publisher as his mail sales manager.

In advertising, in the end as in the beginning, is the word—no matter how supported by picture, sound effects, or stagecraft.

People buy the printed media to *read*, and are buying more of them than ever before. And my faith in what I learned from Cody has been recently renewed by dramatic results from a series of all-type, reader ads, only three inches over three columns, in crowded newspapers. Ads that told people how to get something they already wanted.

—JAMES WEBB YOUNG.



THE FORGOTTEN ROOM

Two-thirds of our elementary schools have no library. What you can do.

Experts say a child *needs* a library when he's learning to read. Here are the reasons—and here is how *you* can help your child's school get the library it needs.

GRADES one through six are the Age of the Question Mark. During these years, a child collects more answers than he will in any other period of his life.

Books are his best ally. Yet more than sixty percent of our grade schools have no library.

A few books on a classroom windowsill are better than no books, but they are not a library. Neither is a bundle of books collected at random. And public library service is often inadequate or inaccessible.

Experts say the best answer is a central school library with a trained librarian. A person whose very special knowledge of books will support the good work done by teachers in the classroom.

The most important room

A good school library is the most important room a young reader passes through on the road to growing up.

Here he learns to *love* reading at the same time he's learning to read. Here he solves

schoolwork problems on his own. And here he experiences the thrill of *discovery*.

Quiz for parents

Does your child's school have a library?

If it does, are there enough books to go around?
The American Library Association recommends ten library books per child. But the national average is less than six.

Is there a full-time librarian on the school staff?
In many schools, mothers come in and lend a hand. But they need the direction and help of a professional librarian.

If you can't answer *yes* to all of these questions, there is important work to be done.

How you can help

International Paper in cooperation with The American Library Association has prepared

a *free kit*. Its purpose is to help parents get the school library their children need. No matter how big or small the school may be.

The job demands enthusiasm *and* hard work. But isn't your child's progress worth the effort?

FOR I-P's FREE KIT—"How to get the school library your child needs"—or for *free reprints* of this advertisement, write to: Education Dept., Box 100, International Paper Company, 220 East 42nd Street, New York, 10017.

"Send me a man who reads!"

This series on *children and reading* is sponsored by the men and women of International Paper.

Millions of the words you read—in magazines, books and newspapers—are printed on paper by I-P.

Other International Paper products include business papers, wrapping papers and the frozen food cartons in your freezer.

® and "Send me a man who reads!" are marks of International Paper Company.
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INTERNATIONAL PAPER

A world of paper products—from shipping containers to printing paper

"Send me a man who reads!" A series by International Paper