

remnants of cloth collected over many years. These pieces were recognized as old friends. Here and there one recognized a dress or blouse long ago outgrown or outworn. Julita took these pieces, cutting them into all shapes, and then reconstructed them with her needle and thread into pieced quilts. Fan shapes and wedding rings made beautiful and warm quilts for wintry nights, and the ingredients were like old friends.

Julita left us many years ago, but her belongings are still with us. Her trunk, without the apples, will probably outlive other members of the family. It holds her clothes and is always referred to as "Julita's Trunk." The sight of that trunk and the smell of ripe apples bring back memories of the one grandmother I knew so well.

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Television Commercials—the Scourge of the Age

Jay Judd

THE American public is today being subjected to one of the most monstrous onslaughts of propaganda in history. Sometimes deceptive, often exaggerated, this propaganda has but one goal—to entice the gullible citizenry to purchase something it often neither needs nor wants. Commonly known as the television commercial, this form of mass paycheck murder comes in a variety of shapes and forms, but it can generally be categorized into one of four basic groups. These are the "Super Salesman Type," the "Something for Nothing Type," the "Best in the Business Type," and the "Negative Approach Type."

The "Super Salesman" commercial is aimed at citizen Gullible Gus, who has too good a credit rating, too little intelligence, and no sales resistance. Gus can readily be convinced that he is presently using an inferior product and, furthermore, is paying too much for it. He is fair prey to the King and Charles Antell, and undoubtedly deserves what he gets.

Gullible Gus is not alone in his affinity for punishment. He is joined by a host of his compatriots in his eagerness to be taken by the "Something for Nothing" boys. He has a house full of topless cereal boxes, wrapperless bars of soap, and unlabeled fruit cans, for which he has received model airplanes, combination potato-peeler-and-back-scratchers, and other worthless trivia. Gus could stop all this, but only at the risk of having little Aloysius call him a traitor to Wild Bill Hickock.

The "Something for Nothing" advertisements, however, have nothing on the "Best in the Business" commercials. Aimed at creating dissatisfaction and undermining competitive products, these commercials keep poor Gus and his neighbors in a tizzy trying to figure

out how Ford can be better than Chevrolet when Chevrolet is better than Plymouth and Plymouth is better than Ford. And how can Gus' brand of cigarettes be good if it's not toasted, has no micron filter, is not treated with Acu-Ray, and provides a treatment instead of a treat?

These problems are of little interest to Gus' wife; considering herself superior to the sales methods we've discussed, she falls prey to the "Negative Approach." She relaxes to the delightful patter of Godfrey and Tennessee Ernie, blissfully unaware of the fact that her subconscious is being bombarded with subtle buying hints. She may be unaware of what is going on, but Gus comes to a rude and sorrowful realization when she comes home from a shopping spree with the family chariot loaded to the roof.

I have treated this problem lightly, but a serious problem it is. Television commercials are necessary if the American populace is to remain entertained; someone must pick up the tab. The answer lies in the hands of the American people. As long as we condone the quality of the advertising we see by purchasing the sponsor's products, we will continue to be deluged with trash. It's up to us.

A Remarkable Piece of Paper

Howell Lloyd

EVERYDAY, everywhere we normal American citizens come in contact with that common substance—paper. The significance of its thousands of uses never enters our minds, although we certainly would be lost in its absence. The money we use to buy both necessities and pleasures is paper; the books and newspapers we read daily are paper; the patterned material that covers the walls of many of our homes is paper; even the legal proof that we were born, our birth certificates, are paper. For me, however, one piece of paper, free for the asking, is a magic key that opens many doors. This key, strange as it may seem, is the ordinary multi-colored map. In the past maps have afforded me both infinite pleasures and solutions to vexing problems; in the future I expect them to make possible many more enjoyable hours and answer the numerous questions I shall have. Each map is, to me, a masterpiece that represents the diligent, but worthwhile labor of many skilled cartographers. The tremendous amount of surveying and drawing, photography and calculating, that enters into the production of these travel guides is very seldom realized or appreciated by their users.

As I gaze at a map, I do not see merely a jumble of lines, colors, and symbols that have no meaning, but an intricate picture—a panorama of beauty and excitement waiting to be viewed and experienced. If the sheet of paper spread out before me is a representation of some distant portion of the globe, my imagination is aroused, and I can see the swiftflowing rivers and placid lakes, majestic mountains and cool valleys, mighty cities and petite villages. If, however, this map