

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

She is alert and immaculate—whether in calling her men to General Quarters, in being painted for inspection, in staging drills and more drills and proving that in teamwork practice makes perfect, or in submitting to the unheralded deck force, which does the menial tasks no ship could do without. She is a clean ship—and her morale is as high as her mast.

She is a ship of many remembrances . . . a shipmate who came back from liberty one night in Japan, dressed not in uniform but in a kimono; happy hours full of fun and jokes and even some talent as the crew whiled away the time-at-sea; old salts yelling at old, dry western movies; operations with sister ships—Toledo, Los Angeles, St. Paul, Rochester—all cruisers, all sisters under the same armor, fighting for the same cause; and the sudden change in spirits and into dress uniform when “liberty call” is sounded after a hard day’s work.

She is a lonely gal at times. For instance: her men watching a movie on the fantail in the evening ocean breeze, while the stars rock back and forth across the heavens; or eyeing a long diamond ring in her ship’s store, reminding them that home is still where the sweetheart is; or buying cigarettes by the carton after payday—storing up to smoke away the hours at sea; or receiving letters from their best girls, just before shoving off for overseas, and now things are not so bad after all; or working late, swapping sea stories, remembering the never-ending thoughts of home, memories which make time go by so slow. On the lonely nights, there is always something to look forward to: another day at sea.

She is a smart, hardworking ship, and she knows how to pick her men. They come from all over the “48” and team together: a gunner manning his mount, testing shells on an open sky, which at least, doesn’t fire back; a bosn’s mate piping out the routine orders of the day on his shrill whistle; a yeoman typing reports late at night, keeping in rhythm with the sway of the tired but alert vessel; the Captain giving orders from the bridge, with phone-talkers poised to catch ev-er-y syl-la-ble—all proving that there is nothing more proud than a fighting ship—unless it’s her crew.

All this and more is Our Ship, the fighting cruiser USS Helena (CA-75), a beautiful ship with many admirers; a brave ship with many battle ribbons; a proud ship with a similarly proud history and with the heart of a fighting sailor, yet humble and courageous in her purpose of helping to protect the freedom of the seas.

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