

Jif Is Ter-rif!

Kerry Stratton

LAST YEAR while I was still a senior in high school, I participated in interschool speech activities. One area which I enjoyed very much was radio announcing. At one tourney we were to draw an unknown topic and ad lib about it for two minutes. But what can one do in two minutes? Right, very little, and from that day to this I have awaited an opportunity to express myself adequately upon that topic. In this paper I want to amend the past by taking the necessary time to tell, "Why I like Peanut Butter."

First we need a definition of terms; what is peanut butter anyway? The label of a favorite national brand reads, "made from choice roasted peanuts, with partially hardened vegetable oil, sucrose, salt, honey, peanut oil and lecithin." Ahhh . . . isn't that inspiring?

But telling why I like peanut butter isn't the easiest thing in the world to do. Similarly, why do you part your hair the way you do? Or, how did you happen to get hit on the head and robbed by walking along College and Sixteenth streets at 2:00 A. M.? Indeed, it's difficult to say the least.

For as far back as my memory will serve me, I have had a warm spot in my heart for peanut butter. When I was about seven I had experienced difficulties with an eight year old bully. But one day my mommy encouraged me to eat my peanut butter sandwich because "it would make me grow up to be a very strong boy." So later that day when mommy wasn't looking I eagerly devoured the entire jar. Then with my super peanut butter strength I went looking for the bully, of whom I made short work. Although I learned shortly thereafter that peanut butter doesn't really give you superman powers, I never forgot this peanut buttery good turn.

Today, I suppose I'd tell you that I like peanut butter because it is a tasty, tangy treat that one can enjoy any time of the day. It doesn't spoil appetite, and it can be eaten with countless other foods. It is dreamily creamy; and with the greatest of ease it melts in your mouth, and verily slides into your tummy. Mummmmm. And besides that, it has a heavenly fragrance which I would be only too happy to spend the day sniffing if I had the time.

When I sit in my room quietly with my peanut butter sandwich in hand, visions unfold as I begin to munch. With my first bite I envision Jiffy, the peanut butter kangaroo, prancing about on my walls yelling at the top of his voice "Jif is Ter-riff." The second bite reminds me of George Washington Carver working patiently in his laboratory to isolate the peanut's proteins. My next bite brings to mind RNA, which is a biochemical substance formed from amino acids, of which peanuts are chuck full. Scientists believe that RNA is not only important because it produces important proteins, but also because it has bearing upon one's intelligence. . . . And now

my peanut butter sandwich is no more. And it is with sadness that I resolve to do other things. As I leave my room with a pained air I say "Peanut butter," using the term as an interjection expressing my dismay.

But what is the "real" reason that I like peanut butter? Could the reason be continued influence from the "boob tube," that is to say the television? Almost daily the virtues of consuming a particular brand of peanut butter are extolled before my dripping eyes. It might be Skippy; "If you like peanuts, you'll LOVE Skippy." Of perhaps one hears about Peter Pan, it's the "Peanuttiest." Not only is Jif, "Ter-riff" but now it has "more peanut taste." And let's not forget the conservative brand, Planter's, with Mr. Peanut on the label. Now Planter's is fortified with vitamins A and D.

So it seems that to the individual, eating peanut butter has become a critical issue. It has become vital to one's well-being. If you don't eat this or that particular kind of peanut butter you're liable to grow up to be a skinny, bow-legged, knock-kneed, hunch-backed, Indian rubber man with yellow jaundice, weak eyes, and halitosis.

But anyway despite the "real" reason, I think I have several pretty "good" reasons for liking peanut butter. And I can thank my lucky stars for that! For if I lived thirty years ago I'd probably have nothing to say except "I like peanut butter because it tastes good."

Creative Thought: The Key to Progress

Astrid Henkels

THINK is a word which I heard frequently during my last semester in high school. "Think!" my teachers urged again and again when my classmates and I found it difficult to explain symbolism in literary works, to draw conclusions from results of experiments, or to find solutions to complicated mathematical problems. They attempted to teach us to search for hidden meanings, to ask why natural phenomena occurred, and to discover for ourselves the answers to our questions. For the first time, every course which I was studying demanded creative thought. Previously, I had been forced to think about more than the material in textbooks only in my English classes and in a few others. History had been a conglomeration of names, dates, and facts to be memorized; mathematics a series of numbers which could be manipulated in various ways; science an explanation of processes no one could be expected to understand. Now, however, my teachers failed to be impressed by mere repetition of words from the textbooks; they insisted that we depend less on the thoughts of others and more on our own ideas.

In attempting to teach us to think, my teachers were aiming toward the goal of education itself. For as Alan Simpson has pointed out, one of the characteristic traits of an educated man is his ability to think clearly. This skill is his key to all knowledge; with it he can