

What You Want!



Do you want a shirt--a washing machine--
a breakfast food? Competition gives
you a choice. Competition improves
products and increases values. You are
part of that competitive power.

PRODUCE BETTER • LIVE BETTER

The bright lights, screaming spectators and Bob, the repellently unctuous host, nearly overwhelmed Martina, and she had to fight to regain her composure. But regain it, she did; that's why she'd outlasted the other contestants on "What Do *You* Want?" She'd been on the game show for eight episodes so far and had won four hundred and forty dollars – a fortune! And now she was playing for the vaunted Valuable Prizes. She tried to imagine what wondrous merchandise lurked in the Giant Laundry Basket just on the other side of the curtain. One audience member kept yelling "leopard, leopard!" However, a live animal had never appeared on the show before, and she didn't think it would show up now. She had to concentrate ... *concentrate!* She closed her eyes and immediately the image of a gleaming white washing machine came to mind. Of course! The show was hosted by Warner Brothers Washers – what better way to garner a little free publicity! Now, what else? Was that ... a radio? Yes it was, one of those newfangled table models with the walnut trim. A lady with a high, piercing voice called out "shirt," and this time the image in her mind clicked with the suggestion. It was red, too. She was sure of that. A veritable sea of images flooded her mind then, and she picked out a vacuum cleaner, a grocery bag chock full of canned goods, and ... a leopard? In her mind's eye, she watched in horror as the animal leapt from the basket and attacked Bob. Its powerful jaws closed over his throat and the audience screamed. Martina fought to keep her eyes closed as she heard Bob's desperate plea for help before he fell to the floor. Then, abruptly, everything grew strangely quiet. At last, Martina dared to open her eyes. The leopard was gone. So was Bob. And the audience! In fact, the little theater was completely empty, save for the Giant Laundry Basket. She was right about the washer. And the radio and the shirt and the vacuum cleaner. Did that mean she'd won them? Could she just stroll out of the theater with them? She sat down and closed her eyes. But, alas, this time, no images came to mind.