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On our desk is a clipping from the Coastland Times, and we can't resist the urge to pass it along to you for what it may be worth.

"We ask you," it says, "why a man wakes up in the morning after sleeping under an advertised blanket on an advertised mattress and pulls off advertised pajamas, takes a bath in an advertised tub, shaves with an advertised razor, washes with an advertised soap, puts on advertised clothes, eats a breakfast that includes advertised foods and advertised coffee, puts on an advertised hat, rides to work in an advertised car, and then refuses to advertise--says advertising doesn't pay--and, if business is bad, advertises his store for sale."

Someone else has said that failing to advertise is like kissing a pretty girl in the dark. You know what you're doing but no one else does. When and how to advertise is a matter that every owner of a business has to decide for himself.

If, at times, he feels perplexed while trying to figure the best way to get the most for his advertising dollar, it isn't surprising. No one, not even the big advertising agencies along New York's Madison Avenue, can pinpoint with certainty the exact value of this or that promotion.

Some experts are convinced that institutional advertising is good. Others consider it money wasted. Each faction can produce isolated examples to support an argument. Some favor the "soft sell" approach, while it is insisted quite vigorously by the "hard sell" advocates that high pressure does the trick.

New Bernians who have passed their 50th birthday no doubt recognize the similarity between today's television commercials and the pronouncements that spielers made at old-time medicine shows.

The spectacular demonstrations and amazing results claimed for cure-alls in days of yore were hardly more preposterous than some of the current sales pitches for nasal sprays and pain killers.

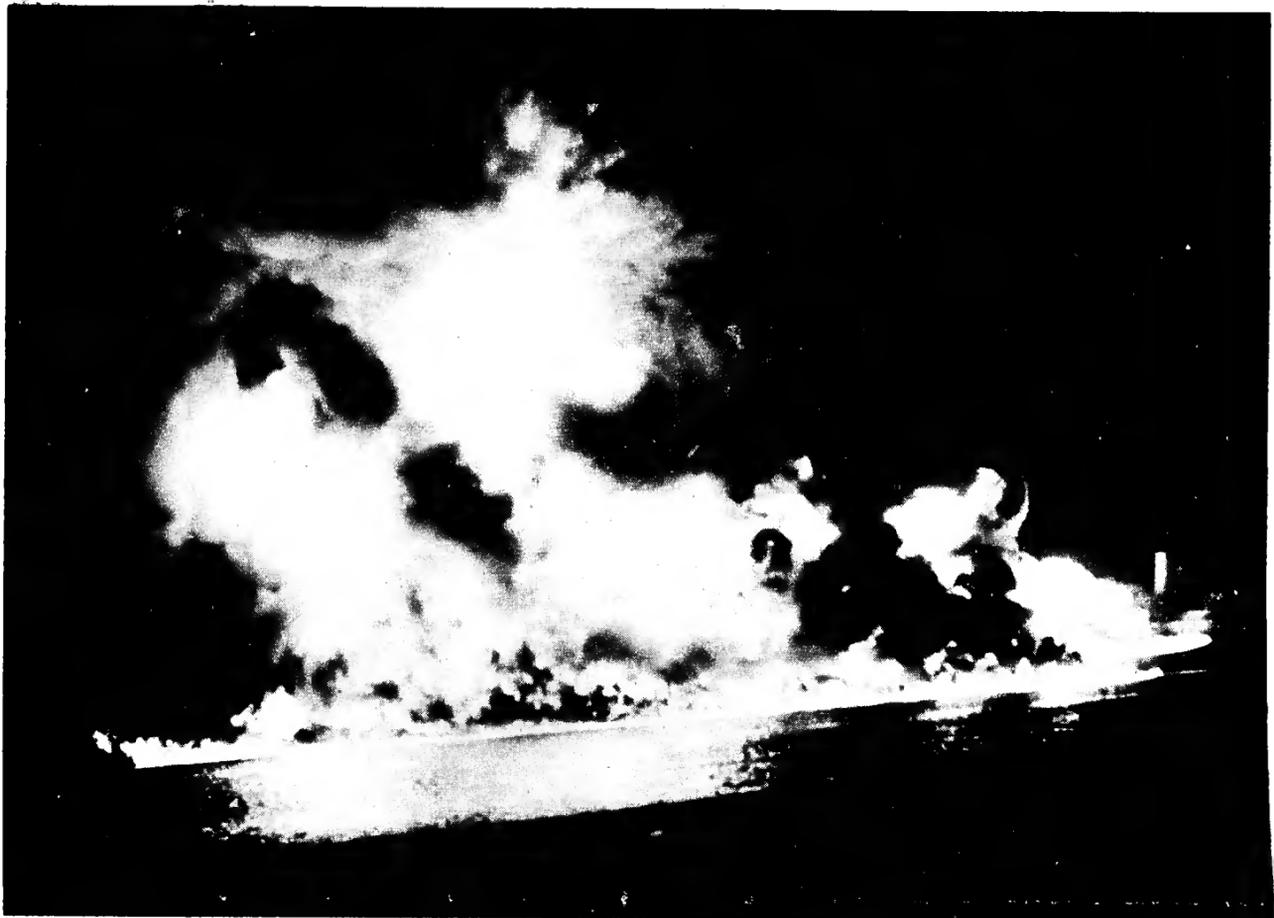
You could always count on the flashy gent presiding over a medicine show to be completely explicit when he discussed ailments that mankind is subject to, and how they could best be disposed of. Some of the descriptions were downright gruesome.

No less blunt, however, are commercials on TV dealing with blocked nasal passages and peculiarities of the alimentary canal. Apparently, this type of drum beating gets results, which proves that moderns despite surface sophistication are as easy to dupe as Grandpa was.

Grandma, bless her heart, saved soap coupons and figured she was getting something for nothing when she swapped them in for premiums. It never occurred to her that she was paying cash for the premiums with her purchases of soap bars and washing powder.

Was she any different from the housewife of today who believes implicitly that tradline stamps are a gift rather than a purchase included in the cost of the various items she buys. Business firms don't operate

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POST MORTEM—Monday in Eastern District Federal Court here, trial gets underway to determine liability for the explosion and fire that destroyed this tanker at Morehead City on September 26, 1961. Billy Benner

risked his life to snap this dramatic Mirror photo, and United Press International sent it by telephone to newspapers and television stations from coast to coast, right in Billy's own studio.



REFLECTED CHARM—New Bern's Barbara Tilley, fourth from the left in the mirror, and other class officers sport "Freshman Blazers" as they pose prettily at Meredith College in Raleigh. Barbara, who was New Bern High school's homecoming queen last year,

is vice-president of the Meredith freshmen. Left to right, the remaining officers are Kay Taylor of Kinston, president; Virginia Herrington Dunston of Elizabeth City, reporter; Fran Smith of Richmond, Va., secretary; and Peggy Knauff of Charlotte, treasurer.