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The average New Bern husband, helping his better half in the family's flower garden, has trouble identifying weeds. Woe be to the hapless male who pulls up the wrong thing, as we have done repeatedly.

What constitutes a weed anyhow, since some weeds have flowers on them and seem to be justifying their existence? Compared with things that aren't weeds but never bloom, these deserve a better break.

Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary (ain't this guy Webster dead yet?) describes a weed as a plant of no value and usually of rank growth; one that tends to overgrow or choke out more desirable plants; an obnoxious growth, thing or person; an animal unfit to breed from.

It, as Webster indicates, a weed is a plant of no value, it is hardly accurate to call tobacco the "golden weed." Here in Craven County it has been worth millions of dollars annually to the economy for years and years.

The cancer scare notwithstanding, the demand for cigarettes, cigars, pipe tobacco, chewing tobacco and snuff continues unabated. The fair sex accounts for a huge chunk of the sales, chiefly in the field of cigarettes.

Making cigarette smoking by women an acceptable thing socially was one of the shrewdest merchandising promotions of all time. In only one bracket has the promotion failed, and that is the all but futile effort to persuade females that puffing a cigarette while walking along the street is quite proper.

Whether or not you smoke, or approve of smoking by others, you'll agree that some of the most attractive commercials on television are the cigarette ads. The photography is often beautiful. You can say the same for many commercials advertising other products too.

In fact, TV for the most part has reached the point where the ads are more appealing than the stuff sandwiched between the commercials. Certainly a lot of the ads that use children for the sales pitch are quite original. Dullest commercials, and the least convincing, are the ones that make extravagant claims for this or that headache remedy.

The gents on New York's Madison Avenue who cook up these medicine-show pitches haven't produced anything really clever since the "Please, mother, I'd rather do it myself" routine that blossomed several years ago, and became a national quip.

Whenever we hear a television announcer parrot the monotonous words that this or that headache pill isn't "habit forming" we think of a local woman, whose name we won't dare mention. "I know headache powders aren't habit forming," she has been known to insist, "I've been taking four or five a day for years, and them."

Ridiculous and distasteful as they are, the performances by some of the actresses who portray head pains, stomach distress, and congested nasal

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SUDDEN SMACK—Mark Smith, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. David Smith of 918 Simmons Street, appears to be more startled than pleased when his older brother, David, Jr., plants an unexpected kiss on his forehead. In many families, jealousy is aroused when a new baby arrives, but little David doesn't suffer from the malady. Of course, things may be different when Mark is old enough to meddle with his older

brother's belongings, or insists on tagging along when David considers him too young to join him in some of his adventures. However, David's present boundless affection would seem to indicate that a day will never come when there won't be room in his schedule for the little fellow who means so much to him now. Incidentally, even if we didn't tell you, you would know that Eunice Wray snapped this Mirror portrait.