

MIRROR

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
IN THE HEART OF
EASTERN NORTH CAROLINA

NB-Craven Library
400 Johnson St.
New Bern, NC 28560

VOLUME 11

NEW BERN, N. C., FRIDAY, JULY 19, 1968

NUMBER 17



New Bern housewives, shopping for packaged meat at their favorite supermarket, have long yearned to see what both sides of what they're buying looks like. Paper trays prevented that, although not necessarily to help the butcher's cause.

A new day is dawning across the country. Manufacturers of plastic, transparent trays are making great gains in their effort to supplant the molded paper trays that have been reaping \$80 million a year from supermarkets alone. You, of course, as a meat consumer, pay your proportionate part of that huge sum.

You'll pay for the plastic trays too, but if you're a skeptical soul who is suspicious of anything concealed you'll probably consider it worth the price. New York City already requires that meat be visible from all sides, and similar "consumer protection" laws are in the making in California, Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

Putting the best on top is nothing new. It has been the practice of grocers, and farmers who peddled their vegetables and fruits independently, as far back as any mortal remembers. However, in the old days before pre-wrapping you could always take a gander at what was underneath.

Supermarkets still sell some fruit and vegetables from open bins or tables, much to the satisfaction of the lady of the house. Such items take a terrific beating from feminine shoppers who welcome the opportunity to pinch tomatoes or sink a painter finger nail into a kernel of corn to determine its quality.

A male may be gullible when he goes to the store for a supply of food, but no woman unless she is a brand new bride or habitually careless with money takes anything for granted. Even so, in her legendary eagerness for bargains she is not as alert as she should be about checking the ounces contained in a can or carton.

Merchandising has come a long way, as far as packaging is concerned, from the days when the grocer cut you a dime slab of cheese, and we do mean slab, right before your eyes, and filled your fruit jar with molasses drawn from a big drum in the back of the store.

Remember how you furnished your own can for kerosene, and the grocer stuck a small potato on the end of the spout to keep you from spilling it on the way home? "New and improved" soap powders didn't hit the market every week, and you wouldn't have given up your relied on brand if they had. In fact, not until 50 years later did Old Dutch Cleanser yield to the times and drop the "old" from its label.

Some of the best known products of yesteryear have long since gone by the boards, but a few refused to give up the ghost. For the life of us, we can't decide whether it makes us feel even more ancient or younger than springtime to see today's kids enjoying Mary Janes and Tootsie Rolls the way we used to.

When we were growing up, Wrigley's Juicy Fruit chewing

(Continued on page 8)



LOVED TO EAT—There's a moral in what happened to Chirpy, the meadowlark. He got stranded in the backyard of the Jack Layne residence at 2400 Glenwood Avenue, and was helpless and hungry until five year old Melody and three year old Matthew came to the rescue. Here you see Melody feeding the little visitor oatmeal from a medicine dropper, while Matthew supervises. Every time Chirpy opened his mouth, maybe to say "I'm full already," he was served more

oatmeal, and next morning Jack and his wife Sylvia found him deceased. Considering Matthew too young and impressionable for the usual funeral arranged by grieving children, they told their son that Chirpy had gone away. Matthew, accepted the explanation at face value, but one thing disturbed the youthful Good Samaritan. "Why," the tot wanted to know, "didn't he let me see him fly off?"