

Easy-open containers? Yeah, right ...

The other day, I was slicing a tomato and glanced out the kitchen window to see Grady, our furry groundhog friend. He was in the process of shelling a peanut that I had left outside for him and I was enjoying his antics. In the next instant, however, I had carelessly sliced my finger instead of the tomato and quickly covered the stinging slit with my mouth as I ran to the cabinet to find a bandage.

The "easy to open" bandage was of course difficult to open with just one hand and soon blood was everywhere, including on a pair of freshly laundered white shorts.

Obscenities spewing from my mouth and using two hands now, I threw the bandage aside and reached for another one, hoping that tearing on the easy to open, dotted line would work this time, but the results were the same. Apparently bandages don't open easily when they become soaked with blood. By the time I was able to rip open the third bandage, the bleeding had stopped.

Throwing out the three unused bandages and losing my appetite, I pushed the tomato aside and decided it was time for a glass of wine — and not the twist-off cap kind, but the corked chardonnay stored for special occasions in the back of the fridge. Well, as you wine connoisseurs know only too well, even bottles with corks have that horrid little metal top that has to be pried open before you stick in the corkscrew.

So, it was back to the knife again and, yes, as many of you have probably guessed, the knife only nicked the metal top, but it had no trouble finding another of my nine remaining unscathed fingers.

Later, after wrestling with another couple of bandages and finally relaxing with my much needed chardonnay, I began to think about all the "easy to open" products on the market today that were actually difficult and some close to impossible to open, especially for us older folks whose dexterity seems to have slightly diminished.

For instance, have any of you recently tried to open a CD? The postman had just delivered a terrific CD by Maxwell, a jazz/pop rock/R&B singer, with soothing, stress-busting acoustics, and it was just what I needed to calm my nerves. I fiddled around with the shrink wrap on the CD searching for an easy pull tab for at least five minutes before I realized there wasn't one. Yes, out came the pair of scissors again and after a few jabs, I managed to scrunch up the wrapping and unearth the CD — all without injuring any of my eight remaining fingers.

Then there's the little pop-up or twist-off tabs



*As I
see it*

Peg DeMarco

that you have to pull or twist to open a carton or gallon of milk. It's supposed to be simple to do, but most of the time milk winds up splattering on the counter before I can take control of

the carton.

There's also the easy-to-open lunch meat packages whose "cut along the dotted line" instructions have been creeping into other food stuffs during the past few months. Yes, the scissors come out again, making it almost mandatory that in order to run a smoothly operational kitchen these days one doesn't need a cookbook, but rather a sharp knife and a good pair of scissors. And once the package is finally open and some of its contents removed, the chore of closing the package is now at hand. Have you ever tried to line up the zipper-like closure only to find that it's impossible to do? That's usually about the time when the trusted aluminum foil box finds its way back into my life.

There are other products that have been particularly

