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...of the twentieth century, which in centuries may become best known for production of the atomic bomb and hide-ash trays.

The main bowl was of white porcelain and looked as if it had no business being in the parlor. It was decorated with green and gilt cupids, nude except for floating pink ribbon that would have interested Isaac Newton. Around its perimeter were four holes, from which four unused cigarettes protruded. If you could forget the cupids, which one couldn't, the whole would have resembled the business portion of a cow, inverted and ready to milk.

A look of pained incredulity, that any such monstrosity could be devised by a fellow human being, passed briefly across Mother's face. For a moment she couldn't say anything.

"I guess you don't like it," said Dan, now looking straight at her. "It doesn't look like much, once you get it home from the store." Mother tried to talk, but at first nothing came. Frank almost laughed, but Anne kicked him.

"I thought it was wrapped real nice, anyway," Dan said desperately, fighting off tears. "And the cupies are pretty, even if nobody smokes."

"Why, Danny, dear," Mother whispered, now fully recovered, "it's just what I've always wanted. And just what we need around here, especially when there's company. Do you mean to tell me you picked this out all by yourself?" She went over to him and kissed him.

"Aw," said Dan, his eyes aglow now, "it's not so much. Do you really like it?"

"Look at it, children," Mother told us. "Isn't it simply lovely? Such perfect taste. And so practical."

"Only cost fifteen cents, too," Dan

think of that, children," Mother said. "Only fifteen cents."

"The price is right," Martha conceded.

"It's really beautiful, Dan."

"Some people have all the luck," Anne said, eying the ten similar packages. "I sure wish someone would give me something like that."

"Do you, honest?" asked Dan. "Honest?"

"Gosh, yes," said Anne.

"Gee, me too," said Frank.

"Same here," said Ernestine. "Lucky Mother!"

Frank went over to the row of presents and picked up another one. "To Fred with love from Dan," he read.

"Gee, give it here," said Fred, who knew a cue when he heard one. "I wonder what in the world it can be?"

Fred started to shred off the green paper. Dan relaxed and sighed. It was a sigh of ecstasy.

SOMEHOW Mother found time to take part in Sunday-school and parent-teacher affairs, to serve on the Montclair Library Board, and to make motion-study speeches throughout the country.

Her platform manner was as natural as if she were talking to us in the parlor. Often she'd crochet or knit until she was introduced. She had a knack of popularizing a technical subject, by illustrating her points with everyday experiences. Her talks always went over well, and colleges and labor and management groups extended an increasing number of invitations for her to address them.

The money from the speeches didn't go toward running the house. Mother used it to set up special funds, so she could give us things that we wanted, but which the budget couldn't otherwise afford.

"The speech in Chicago will go for Martha's new overcoat," she'd say as she ran over her itinerary with us, "and the one in Detroit will be for Ernestine's college wardrobe."

All of us wanted a small sailboat for Nantucket. Mother had Martha open a separate savings account at the bank--the Gilbreth Boat Fund. Certain speeches were earmarked for that account, and within two years it reached its quota.

Mother traveled by bus or upper berth, to keep her expenses down to a minimum. Most of the speeches were on week ends, so they didn't interfere with the course.

None of us liked her to be away from home. But we could see she was doing it for us, and it was easy to co-operate.

No fees, of course, were connected with the talks Mother made at our schools, and we thought that these were speeches she could well forgo. In fact, we would very much have preferred it, because they were a source of constant embarrassment. But we didn't want to hurt her feelings, so we didn't say anything about them at first.

Mother believed that every resident of a community had civic obligations and responsibilities. No matter how busy she was, she'd drop everything for a PTA meeting.

Her biggest school chore was the annual "Be Your Child" session. This was sponsored by the PTA, and the mothers were supposed to sit at their children's desks, meet their teachers, look over their textbooks and review their papers.

The program was geared for mothers of average-sized families, and failed to take into account the unlikely possibility that someone might have eight children simultaneously in the school system.

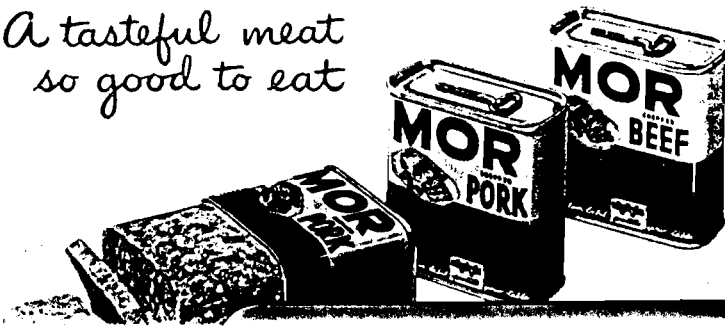
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| MOR SANDWICH SPECIALS | MOR RANCBURGERS | MOR "CLUB" SPECIALS | MOR STYLE "WIENERS" |
| • MOR Pork with cranberry conserve, marmalade, or jelly and lettuce. | • MOR Beef and piccalilli on buttered rolls. | • MOR Beef and MOR Pork on plain or toasted bread. | • Cut the MOR meat into 8 "wienie" sticks. Use hot or cold with mustard or relish. |
| • MOR (Beef or Pork) with crumbled fried bacon. | • MOR Beef and Swiss cheese on hamburger rolls. | • MOR Beef or MOR Pork and cheese with pickle. | • Cheese-stuffed MOR sticks, bacon-wrapped and broiled. |
| • MOR Pork with lettuce and cheese. | • MOR Beef and Bermuda onion with bacon. | • MOR Pork or Beef, with bacon, sliced tomato and lettuce. | • MOR "wieners" with green onions and piccalilli. |
| • MOR (Beef or Pork) and fried egg. | • Hot Barbecued MOR (Beef or Pork) on buns. | • MOR Pork or Beef with chive or onion and cottage cheese. | |

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9/50 LHS

